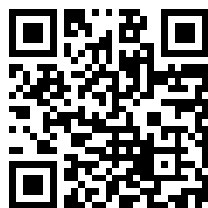

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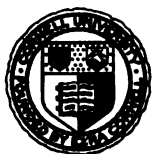
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1869

EDITED BY E. S. DALLAS

JANUARY TO JULY

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ONCE A WEEK

New Series

EDITED BY E. S. DALLAS.

No. 55.

January 16, 1869.

Price 2d.

MORE ABOUT VICTOR HUGO.

IT appears that it is not possible to publish Victor Hugo's new novel in Paris before the end of the month. The delay must be a great disappointment to all who take an interest in these pages; and again I must ask them, while waiting for this work of extraordinary genius, and to Englishmen of extraordinary interest, to accept some account of its distinguished author.

Victor Marie Hugo was born at Besançon, on Septidi (the seventh day of the decade), the 7th Ventose, year 10 of the French Republic (consulate), that is to say on the 26th day of February, 1802. This *enfant sublime*, as he lived to be named by Chateaubriand, came into the world a puny, feeble infant, "not longer than a knife," as his mother said, and the doctor in attendance declared that he could not live. Thanks, however, to the care that was bestowed upon him, the loving care of that "stubborn mother," to use his own words, which made him "twice her child," he did not die.

When quite a child he accompanied his parents to Italy and Spain, and returned with his mother and youngest brother to France at the commencement of the year 1812, when his father (General Hugo, one of Joseph Bonaparte's generals, and who before had served under the Republic,) judged it prudent to send them out of Spain. Victor Hugo's first verses, naturally enough, gave utterance to the opinions he had imbibed from his mother, an ardent royalist, who died whilst he was still quite a youth, in the year 1821. In the following year his marriage took place with Mademoiselle Adèle Foucher. Some little time after his marriage, circumstances drew Victor Hugo nearer to his father. He saw him more and knew him better. Under his influence he began to admire Charles X. less, and Napoleon more. Age and reflection, however, taught

him that liberty was preferable to either. A few years later he proclaimed himself an admirer of liberty in Art as well as in other things, and his preface to *Cromwell*, which appeared in 1827, was the first shot fired against the arbitrary system of laws, which at that time prevailed, not only in the drama, but throughout French literature.

One of the characteristics of Victor Hugo's genius is its wonderful fertility. Poetry, epic and lyric, legend, romance, drama—in every department of literature—has he written, and with the hand of a master. In *Les Orientales* and in *Les Feuilles d'Automne*, he resuscitated lyrical, in *La Légende des Siècles*, he created a style of epic poetry. In *Hernani*, he revolutionized the drama as understood in France up to 1830. In *Le dernier jour d'un condamné* he was a Socialist before even the name was invented. In *Notre Dame de Paris*, he recalled the Middle Ages to life again. In *Les Misérables*, the nineteenth century lives and speaks for itself.

"There is not a poet who has ever lived" (as M. Vacquerie has well said,) "a more militant, or a more heroic existence. The government of Charles X. prohibited the production of one of his dramas, *Marion de Lorme*. Charles X. offered him as compensation a pension of 4000 francs, which he refused. The official censorship of Louis Philippe prohibited another drama of his, *Le Roi s'Amuse*; that of the empire has prohibited all his dramas. Thus, in common with all innovators, he has met with blind or systematic opposition; he has been fought, mocked, insulted, calumniated. Nearly all his pieces have been hissed. *Hernani* and *Le Roi s'Amuse* were the subjects of tempests of violence. Troubling himself not at all about this ephemeral excitement, he continued on his way, producing those brilliant works which will outlive the French language."

In 1841, he was, after having been rejected three times, elected a member of the Academy.

On the 4th of December, 1843, he had the misfortune to lose his eldest daughter, who

was married to Charles Vacquerie, brother of the admirable writer and intimate friend of Victor Hugo, Auguste Vacquerie. Drowned together by the upsetting of a boat in the Seine, the death of Charles Vacquerie and his wife was one of those thrilling events of real life, which surpass those of fiction in pathos and in the emotion their mere narration excites. A powerful swimmer, and able to save his own life, when he saw that he could not save that of his wife, that devoted husband folded his arms around her and died with her.

Two years afterwards Victor Hugo was made peer of France. In the Chamber of Peers he pleaded the popular and liberal cause. One of his most remarkable speeches was one against proscription, especially directed against the exile of the Bonaparte family.

With regard to his elevation to the peerage, I may relate an amusing anecdote which is historically true, and which has never been published before. It will serve, perhaps, to point a moral to a certain school of critics, a rather superficial school, which, at hazard, will pounce upon any little incident having reference to a public character, and thereupon construct a theory more or less, perhaps wholly, at variance with the man's real nature and disposition. Thus, everything that is possible to be said, has been said of M. Victor Hugo. In a distich, improvised one day, in a sportive mood, on himself, he has thus happily summed up the principal calumnies of the hour of which he was the object.

Voici les quatres aspects de cet homme féroce,
Folie, assassinat, ivrognerie et bosse.*

Friends and enemies have vied with each other—the one, who were formerly (perhaps still are,) called *Hugolatres*, in vehement admiration, and the other (such as are to be everywhere found, who delight in flinging stones at every great reputation, not to speak of political enemies), in as vehement detraction.

If chance had not brought to a natural conclusion an interesting conversation between King Louis Philippe and the poet, which took place the evening before the nomination of Victor Hugo to the peerage, it might have been said and believed that the peerage in question had been ardently solicited, and that the king had harshly refused it. Victor Hugo had gone to pay an evening visit at the Tuileries. The queen,

* Heinrich Heine, the German poet, accused him of being humpbacked.

the princesses, the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, and some intimate friends, were in a large drawing-room which communicated, by folding doors, with a long gallery, where the king was in the habit of walking up and down, after dinner, generally with some friend, with whom he conversed the while. On the evening in question, the king and Victor Hugo were in the gallery, walking to and fro together, conversing, stopping every now and then as it generally happens with people who walk and converse at the same time. The doors of the large drawing-room were open, and those who were sitting there could see the king and the peer expectant pass and re-pass, and from time to time stand still for awhile. The king was relating to Victor Hugo an episode of his youth. How, when a youthful general, he had served the republic, as his father Philippe Egalité, Duke of Orleans, had done before him. Wishing to obtain a command in the republican army, he had gone to see Danton, who was at the time Minister of War. Now, the celebrated revolutionist was, as is well-known, exceedingly brusque in his manners and conversation. The king, stopping, without thinking, almost opposite the open doors, had just arrived at the point of his anecdote where he spoke in the words of Danton himself, and imitating the manner and tone of Danton, raised his voice, saying, "Young man! You ask me a favour which is not granted to every body; I do not know you, or how far you are to be trusted. Who is to know that you might not turn against me to-morrow and become my enemy?"

Victor Hugo being the listener, was not so much absorbed by the conversation but he could perceive that everything the king was saying could be heard in the drawing-room, and would, doubtless, be commented upon. It might be thought that the words of Danton to the young Duke of Chartres were addressed by the king to Victor Hugo; so the latter said,—

"The king is not aware, perhaps, that what he says may be heard, and that it would be easy to put a false interpretation upon his words."

The king laughed; and, entering the drawing-room, related and explained the incident. What might not have been said if one of those present had left before the king's explanation, and had said with all the authority of his position at court,—

"The nomination of M. Victor Hugo to the peerage is extremely doubtful. He is most

anxious for it, and has pressed the king upon the matter, who hesitates a good deal. This is what I have seen and heard myself," &c. &c. If one of those chances which occasionally happen in political life had delayed or prevented the appointment, such critics as we have above alluded to would, without doubt, have believed themselves justified in asserting that Victor Hugo had been a self-seeking, hungry applicant for rank and emolument ;—than which nothing could be more the reverse of the truth concerning a character so essentially independent and lofty-minded as his. But thus it is often that history is written !

As this sketch of Victor Hugo's life is made from a literary and personal point of view only, I abstain from alluding further to his political life beyond mentioning bare facts. At the revolution of 1848, he was nominated to represent Paris in the Constituent, and afterwards in the Legislative Assembly. Expelled from France in consequence of the events of the 2nd December, 1851, he took refuge first at Brussels, whence he was expelled, then in Jersey, whence he was also expelled, on account of an article which appeared in a newspaper with which he was wholly unconnected, and for which he was entirely irresponsible. It is only fair to Jersey to add, that he and his companions in exile at Guernsey were subsequently invited to return by an address signed by five hundred of the principal inhabitants of the island.

The first half of M. Hugo's great and distinguished career has been related with an exquisite charm in a work entitled, *Victor Hugo, raconté par un témoin de sa vie*. This witness, it is well known, was Madame Victor Hugo, whose recent death was the object of much and wide-spread regret expressed in every newspaper and in every country ;—a homage to her character and to her many virtues, which was well deserved.

M. Victor Hugo, faithful to the exile which he considers a duty, remains at Guernsey. His entire life is absorbed by unremitting work. Summer and winter he rises with the day, and, entering his *cabinet de travail*, works without intermission till noon, when he allows himself an hour of repose for breakfast and his morning walk ; he then resumes his work till about five o'clock, when he generally finishes his work for the day. He dines at half-past six, and goes to bed invariably at ten. He gives a portion of his time, regularly, in attending to the dispensation of his charity, which is large, and wisely administered. Besides the weekly dinner he gives to forty poor

children, no one, really in need, is ever refused bread or coal at Hauteville House.

Thus is passed the life of Victor Hugo, as all those who know him, his habits, and the ways of his house, are aware. With the exception of the society of a few intimate personal friends, he lives, at Guernsey, a life of absolute solitude. The exiles who were the former companions of his banishment are all dispersed : some in England, some in Belgium, some in Spain, while some have returned to France, having accepted the amnesty. One only excepted, M. E. H. de Kesler (one of those who were at the side of Baudin, on the now celebrated barricade, when he fell), a writer of considerable talent, who lives on terms of the closest friendship with the illustrious poet.

Before I conclude I have a remark to make which may be of importance to some of my readers. It need hardly be said that M. Victor Hugo's correspondence is extensive. He receives on an average considerably more than four thousand letters every year from all parts of the world, from all classes, and on every conceivable subject. I was with him the other day, when he received, amongst others, four letters, each from a different quarter of the globe, and each urgently requesting an immediate reply for publication. Among his correspondents there are a great number of English, and as M. Victor Hugo does not understand the English language, and as he has not his son, François Victor Hugo (the translator of Shakspeare,) always at his side to render him assistance, notwithstanding every wish to do justice to each of his correspondents, there would be a greater probability of his understanding their communications, and therefore of their obtaining answers, if they would address themselves to M. Victor Hugo in French.

I will give, in conclusion, the names, in chronological order, of the works produced by M. Victor Hugo up to the present time :—

- 1822. *Odes et Ballades.*
- 1823. *Hans d'Islande.*
- 1825. *Bug-Fargal.*
- 1827. *Cromwell.*
- 1828. *Les Orientales.*
- " *Le dernier jour d'un condamné.*
- 1830. *Hernani.*
- 1831. *Notre Dame de Paris.*
- " *Marion de Lorme.*
- " *Les Feuilles d'Automne.*
- 1832. *Le Roi s'Amuse.*
- 1833. *Lucrice Borgia.*
- " *Marie Tudor.*
- 1834. *Littérature et Philosophie mêlées.*
- " *Claude Guenx.*

1835. *Angelo.*
 „ *Les Chants du Crépuscule.*
 1837. *Les voix intérieures.*
 1838. *Ruy Blas.*
 1840. *Les Rayons et les Ombres.*
 1842. *Le Rhin.*
 1843. *Les Burgraves.*
 1845-1851. *Discours aux Chambres et aux Assemblées.*
 1852. *Napoléon le Petit.*
 1853. *Les Chatiments.*
 1856. *Les Contemplations.*
 1859. *La Légende des Siècles.*
 1862. *Les Mistrables.*
 1864. *William Shakespeare.*
 1865. *Les Chansons des Rues et des Bois.*
 1866. *Les Travailleurs de la Mer.*
 1869. PAR ORDRE DU ROI.

To this list may be added a work in two volumes, entitled *Actes et Discours pendant l'exil*, consisting of documents already known to the world, but scattered here and there, shortly to be published in a collected form. These are the letters and speeches which have been written and spoken by M. Victor Hugo, since 1851, on political and social subjects, upon occasions when his intervention has been demanded by a people or a cause—as recently in Poland, Italy, Belgium, Crete, and quite recently in Spain.

HOUSE-WALLS.

VISITORS to the Crystal Palace have doubtless observed the wall-surfaces in the Alhambra Court, and it may have occurred to a few, that under other conditions the same method of internal decoration would add greatly to the utility and beauty of modern domestic architecture. In a northern climate like our own, where leaden skies are a rule rather than an exception, and where the winters are so long, highly glazed surfaces broken up into small masses of colour would be unsuitable; the blues, whites, and greens, and the high glaze, with its intense refraction of light, would have a chilling effect upon the eye; but terra-cotta slabs, in a rich brown-red or buff tint, would form a warm and most appropriate covering for internal walls. By a process known to the modern workers in terra-cotta, these slabs can be joined together without visible seam; and thus whether the slabs were plain, panelled, embossed, or enriched by bas-relief, no disfigurement from intruding lines would meet the eye; for the ornamental effects would sweep round in unbroken continuity.

The decoration of our rooms with flimsy papers, too often ugly in pattern and inappro-

priate in colour, cannot long survive any true diffusion of artistic taste. Their use has been long condemned by those who would see work effected in the best manner, and with a view to permanence; and not, as at present, with a view only to renewal and its attendant profit. To cover a room with a light and tasteful paper is a matter of some cost; yet, even in the absence of smoke, dust, or strong sunlight, it has to be renewed in the course of a comparatively brief period. The hanger usually covers the old paper with the new; and this process continued from time to time produces, at length, a festering mass of paste and paper, which, upon the prevalence of the least damp, gives off odours as repulsive, as they are too often productive of disease.

Wall coverings of clay hardened in the fire, would resist dust, damp, and vermin; their decoration would open a perfectly new field to the artist and modeller; and, if their inner surfaces were made to rest upon a frame-work of metal, which would leave a hollow space of half or three quarters of a foot between it and the external or permanent wall, means would be found for ventilation, as also for the introduction of flues for conveying hot air through every part of the largest dwelling. For even more important than the question of improving our wall-surfaces in respect to taste and durability, is that connected with a more efficient system of diffusing heat. In this respect our practical science lags far behind. The super-heating found in the public buildings and private dwellings of America, and in many of those of continental states, and so often complained of by travellers, is not desirable. What is wanted is a genial summer atmosphere equally and generally diffused. Whitaker and Constantine's patent is said to effect this at the cost of twopence per day for a small house. The result of our usual practice is, that our rooms are heated, and that imperfectly, in but one place. If we gather round our fireplaces we may have warmth sufficient. But away from these, as also in unoccupied rooms, in bedrooms, halls, and on staircases, we have to face an atmosphere so different as to be productive of a vast amount of pulmonary disease.

Sixteen centuries or more ago, the Romans met the rigour of our northern winters by means which we have, as yet, only portionally adopted. So far as the walls of their stations and villas remain, they are of immense thickness, though it is impossible to say if these were carried up to the roof-tiles; or, beyond a certain height, were formed of wood-work. Internally, and there is some reason to think

externally, they were usually covered with a thick coating of cement, and on this was laid either painting in fresco, or a thin layer of small tesserae alternately of dark and light colours; and so disposed in horizontal lines as to produce somewhat the effect of chequer-work. The floors of the rooms were laid upon a number of short pillars, formed generally of square tiles placed one upon another to the height of from two to three feet. These pillars were placed near to each other, and in rows; over them were laid larger tiles, and in some cases, as of stations on the Roman Wall, very thick slabs of stone were used. On this flooring was laid a thick mass of well-made cement, and on this again the tessellated pavements we so often find. Sometimes, instead of rows of columns, small parallel walls, forming flues, supported the floors; and flue-tiles, that is square tubes made of baked clay, with a hole on one side, or sometimes on two sides, were placed against the walls end-ways, one upon another, so as to run like pipes up the walls. These arrangements, which were called hypocausts, from two Greek words, signifying *heat underneath*, were used in Italy and Greece, chiefly for heating baths. They had an entrance from the outside, somewhat like the mouth of an oven, and fires being lighted therein, the hot air was driven inwards, and not only filled the space under the floor; but entered the flue-tiles by the holes in the sides, and was carried by them up the inside of the walls, and, no doubt, had some way of escape at the roof.

The floors overlying the hypocausts were usually nine inches thick, and when covered by a concrete or mosaic pavement, would be an inch or two more. "It would require a very powerful furnace to raise this mass of matter to a considerable temperature," says the Rev. Mr. Collingwood Bruce, in his admirable work on the Roman Wall; "on the other hand, if the production of a genial and uniform warmth were the objects in view, no contrivance would be more suitable. The heated air from a small furnace permeating the underground flues and the walls of a suite of apartments, and not passing off until, in its lengthened passage, it had given out the larger part of the warmth it had derived, would, in the lapse of some hours, give the whole building a comfortable temperature, which it would not readily lose. Any inattention to the furnace, either by causing it to burn too fiercely, or too feebly, would not be felt. The thickness of the floors would prevent the air from being scorched, and producing that

disagreeable sensation which is experienced in rooms that are heated by the stoves in common use. It is not improbable that we may return to this method of warming our churches and public halls, even if we do not adopt it in our private buildings."

The average thickness of the walls of a Roman house in Britain, even where they only separated one small room from another, was three feet. This average was usual in the Middle Ages, when, in ordinary dwellings, only the divisions between house and house were of solid masonry. Municipal regulations were strict in this particular, and the records of almost every corporate town in the kingdom bear evidence how stringently they were enforced. In *Liber Albus* are many curious particulars under this head.

Thus, if their dwellings were imperfect in lighting, drainage, and ventilation, the people of the Middle Ages, like the Romans before them, had, what we have not, walls to protect them from the rigour of the seasons. In their northern stations, and it may have been elsewhere, the Romans used double doors; and wainscot-work, where it was used in preference to tapestry, added comfort, and often beauty, to the chambers of our mediæval forefathers. Even at this day, the living-rooms in many mansions of the Elizabethan period are models of comfort, and in some respects of beauty; and though vast improvements undoubtedly lie latent in the arts including and ministrative to architecture, the taste and constructive ability displayed by their builders will not be, assuredly, lost sight of.

At the busy period when railways were being brought rapidly into use, and for some years after, the adoption of iron as a chief material in architecture was greatly recommended. In some cases it was adopted—as in the well-known instance of the City Coal Exchange built by Mr. Bunning, the then city architect; but the experience of twenty years has shown that iron, as a principal material in architecture, can never supersede brick and stone. As an ornamental and useful accessory, its worth is great; but when it is found that, under the influence of great heat, iron columns and supports of every kind bend like reeds, and, with the least flaw, cast-iron is as brittle as glass, there is much reason to suppose that it can, in no way, supplant fine and solid brickwork. The advocates of this kind of architecture proposed the use of double walls, the outer wall to consist of iron-plates welded together, much in the same way as those of an engine-boiler; the other or inner wall to be

placed at a distance varying, as necessity required, from a foot and a half to half a foot, and this to be ornamental in its character. It might assume the shape of lattice-work in various patterns, the interstices to be filled in with gilding, bronze-work, or enamels; or it might be ornamented on the solid, and covered, as with a paint, with a preparation of the carbonate of barytes. These walls were to be held apart by perforating pins placed at certain intervals, and made so as to subserve to ornament, whilst the inner space thus created, would afford room for shutters, and flues for ventilation and heating.

This proposal of inner walls of iron to all the chief apartments of a house, is one not unlikely to hold close connection with great changes in the construction and decorative features of domestic architecture. Construct these, and you at once give the terra-cotta potter a frame-work for his largest or his smallest slabs; he may beautify with small tesserae, or with panellings, tracery, with or without colour, or with bas-reliefs of the finest character. Instead of the difficulties attending the sinking slabs with evenness in a bed of cement, he could readily fix or unfix his work, whilst at the rear lay machinery less ornamental, but not less necessary.

Our flat and ugly ceilings, with their uniform coat of whitewash, have long been utterly condemned by true artists. We pass our lives, as it were, in square boxes, of which even the lid above us must be flat and uniform. Taking a hint from Nature, it may be, that in the majority of cases, ceilings ought to be more or less concave, though, undoubtedly, instances would not unfrequently occur where a plane surface would be necessary to effect. It is maintained by some writers on Art, that all colour and ornament ought to ascend from greater to less, from dark to light—that is to say, all the heavier portions of ornament ought to rest on the ground and spring therefrom; and that all colour should lie darkest at the base of a column, or the skirting of a room. But Nature in her effects is often contradictory to this. Sometimes the crown of the vault of heaven is covered by the darkest clouds; in trees, heavy foliage overlies frail stems and light-hued barks; and, in Gothic architecture, how often does the most airy tracery increase, till in roof it culminates in a very excess and weight of ornament! In reality, there can be no fixed rule for these points. Experience, cultivated taste, and expediency will be the surest guides.

Presuming that the foundations of floors are

lined with the flue-tiles or hollow bricks necessary to the duly heating of rooms made round or elliptical, as the case may be, by cutting off the angles by the framewall, on these would rest a floor of glazed or unglazed tile-work, the middle ordinarily plain, but the borders appropriately ornamented, so as to serve as a rich edging to the carpets, which, differing from the present barbarous method of bringing them to the base of the walls, would only reach as far as the inner edge of the surrounding tile-work. The windows would be large and in accordance with the architectural character of the house—say Italian in the towns, Elizabethan in the country; and in all the larger and nobler class of rooms, as libraries, dining-rooms, and drawing-rooms, fireplaces and chimneys might give place to an artistic class of stoves, set centrally, or within a few feet of either line of the ellipsis. Such stoves might form features of extraordinary beauty. Raised on a bold pediment, formed of beautiful tiles, with rich mouldings superinduced on the crown of the shaft, the fire seen on all the four sides, the angles rounded off, the stove could contain a self-feeding and removal-of-smoke apparatus. And further, if the slabs crowning the top of these stoves were made non-conductive of heat, they would form splendid pedestals for fine works in statuary or pottery.

The inner walls being, as we have seen, light frame-works of metal, strengthened at given intervals by longitudinal bars reaching from floor to ceiling, might be made with horizontal ledges, on which the tiles could rest, if by an inner and outer grooving, too technical to describe here, they were made to overlap. There are several methods by which the tiles could be locked to the frames; and with this machinery of easy adhesion and removal, what scope could be given to the skill and taste of the ornamental potter! If it were said such walls would be cold in both appearance and reality, it would be only by those who know nothing of the impenetrability of well-burnt clay to atmospheric influences, or that the two chief colours of the material the potter produces, brown-reds and buffs, are, if not the most brilliant, amongst the finest in nature for decorative purposes. The ancients knew well the value of that beautiful red which we see in their terra-cotta vases; and the painters, as also the architectural potters of the Renaissance, used it in all its tints with exquisite effect.

With all their skill as potters, the Romans, during their possession of this country, pos-

sibly from an imperfect method of firing, never brought their red-ware, even in approximation, to the true antique tint. In their common vessels, as in their attempts to copy the Arretine ware, their reds had always a flower-pot appearance; nor did the Gaulish-Roman potters, who as artists were far superior, advance greatly beyond its point in colour. M. Tudot, who wrote an elaborate and excellent history* of the discoveries made in 1856 of a large Romano-Gaulish pottery at Toulon, near Moulins-sur-Allier, in France, where kilns, moulds, and even the workmen's tools, were found, makes no attempt to claim for the ware the perfection of colour, form, or artistic decoration possessed by that of antiquity. In this country the mediæval tile-wrights were far more successful. Much of their work during the glorious thirteenth and fourteenth centuries approaches the antique: and from those dates till the close of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the ornamental brickwork was as truly picturesque in colour as in form. Wedgwood, with all his skill, advanced little beyond the "pot-hue," as he confessed to Bentley; and in this respect, as in their heaviness, his Etruscan antique vases fail when compared with the specimens he copied. This failure did not arise from any want of ability in the man, or any dearth of fitting materials. But, as he advanced in life, his time for experimental labours grew less and less, and after he had perfected his jasper-body he had enough to do to adapt and transfer to it the countless objects of antique grace and beauty his patrons offered to his notice. Yet, even before his day, the more ferruginous clays of his own neighbourhood had been made admirable use of by the German brothers Elers. The tea-pots and other tea-table articles made by these really scientific and artistic potters were beautiful in colour, and often in form. They commanded a comparatively high price even in that day; and, in our own, are much sought after. About the middle of the next—the eighteenth century—much fine red clay from the neighbourhood of Bideford, in Devon, and from one or more places in the eastern counties, was imported to Holland, and when wrought by the Dutch potters into excellent imitations of the productions of Japan, imported by the Dutch East India Company, it came back to our shores and was sold as genuine fictilia of the East.

Still, whilst these fine clays, both those which took their colour from chemical changes whilst exposed to a great heat, and those still

finer, which like many of the clay deposits of Greece, Asia Minor, Northern Italy, and Spain, bear a fine coralline hue even prior to passing the fire, were thus comparatively neglected by the ordinary English potters—the workers in clay for architectural purposes were more alive to their merits. The manufacture of ornamental brick-work, though in a gradual state of decadence from the reign of James I., still survived; and, when in the middle of the last century a taste for flimsy ornament in stucco and artificial stone came into fashion, that for ornamental brick-work in some measure revived, and many admirable works were modelled and burnt, at a manufactory for artificial stone set up in Lambeth, about 1768, by a person of the name of Coade. From this date, workers in architectural terra-cotta slowly increased; but neither the architects nor the public were sufficiently educated to perceive the merits of their labours, or to extend sufficient patronage; and thus the period was one of depression for both art and artists. Nevertheless, it served to train a superior body of modellers and scientific potters. Through the labour of these, and the gradual extension of public taste, the progress during the last twenty years has been extraordinary. We need but refer to the tile-work of the Messrs. Maw of Broseley in Shropshire, and Copeland and Minton in Staffordshire; and to the more elaborate works in architectural terra-cotta of Mr. Blashfield of Stamford in Lincolnshire. Some of the secrets of the mediæval tilewrights have yet to be recovered; for permanence of surface and colour is as yet comparatively unattained; but in the more ornamental sections of the art, the success is far greater. Mr. Blashfield, who in originality and enthusiasm may be truly called the Wedgwood of the nineteenth century, for he has taken up the art of ornamental terra-cotta where the great architectural potters of Lombardy left it, executes an almost endless variety of objects with surprising effect. Many of his vases, in delicacy and truth of outline, in colour, and in an exquisite simplicity of ornament, bear comparison with those of antiquity; and his contributions to the architectural decoration of many of our public buildings, are as varied as successful. All that now is wanting to the practical and rapid advance of a new age of very beautiful, and in some phases original decorative art, is more boldness on the part of educated artists, and more receptive humility with those who are their patrons. This last can only grow out of a better and more scientific mental training. When patrons,

* Collection de Figurines en Argile. Paris, 1860.

instead of insisting that practical result be given to their own crude notions of what constitutes fitness and taste, shall understand that every hypothesis or result, if to be true or effectual, must be based on careful observation and earnest inquiry, they will be far more willing than they are at present, to trust the executive judgment and skill of those, who, by peculiar and technical training, and by the possession of original taste, have earned the right to authority in both opinion and practice.

The size and form of ornamental slabs for internal walls will depend undoubtedly upon many circumstances. They may vary in length and breadth from a few inches to some feet. Wedgwood, after many difficulties, prided himself upon firing slabs of three feet; Mr. Blashfield succeeds with bas-reliefs of far greater size and weight. Those in preparation for the chief external walls of the Wedgwood Institute, now building at Burslem in Staffordshire, may be cited as examples. Except in the case of dwellings of a very simple character, wall-surfaces may, as a rule, exhibit panelling of various forms. Of these the sunk portions may serve as receptacles or frames, for paintings in oil or water-colours, for bas-reliefs, for works in bronze, mosaic, or tesserae. The panels may be wholly or partially surrounded by coloured mouldings of an exquisite character, or be variously crowned by medallions in bassi- or alto-relievo. But unlike as in ancient art, modern decoration may chiefly outlie upon the plane of broken surfaces. If the style of architecture be any form of Gothic, what an infinite variety of ornament offers itself to the artist! Every cathedral and abbey, English ones especially, is more or less a mine of exhaustless wealth in this respect, from the groining in the roofs to the capitals of columns in the crypts. If the style be one of the Renaissance period, the quatercento, or cinquecento, for example, the variety of ornament offered to the choice, is equally prodigal. But advancing art will doubtless educe from these exuberant sources new formulas of grace. We know vastly more as to the richness and truth of oriental colouring than the ancients, or the mediævalists did, and we perceive that in Celtic ornament and its derivatives, as the Irish and Saxon missals and goldwork, and in all the varieties of Japanese, Tunisian, and Saracenic design, there is a new and exhaustless field for ornament. Attaining to Greek simplicity of form; seeking for, and possibly acquiring that harmony of detail, that perfection of the whole, which constituted in Greek art its highest and most

æsthetic element, we may add, what our severer climate requires, more colouring, and a greater exuberance, or, if we may so express it, a greater exhilaration of effects. From sources such as these, new processes and results in art will spring. But they will not proceed from schools and mechanically taught systems. The artist, like the modern man of science, must put his heart into his work, and results need not be feared. Every true artist must be necessarily an enthusiast; for his work must be greater than himself, if his aim is to originate and perfect.

If it be surmised that in spite of fitness and splendour in colouring, internal walls of terracotta would have a cold effect, an effect inherent in the material of which they are composed, it is a surmise without foundation. One of the most hopeful signs of modern terracotta, is its flesh-like softness of surface both to sight and touch. This is a test belonging, more or less, to all the finest terracottas of antiquity; and Wedgwood's jasper-body, which is a true terracotta, is immediately to be distinguished from its modern representative by the touch of an accustomed hand; so soft and so smooth is its flesh-like texture. Wall surfaces of this character, not only in touch, but in appearance, would have a wax-like softness, not to be found in either a paper or a wainscot.

If bas-relief would be left to the highest purposes of ornament, as the decoration of picture-galleries, libraries, halls, staircases, noble reception rooms, and the rooms of public buildings, tracery in relief, and superinduced upon the fine reds, buffs, and even blues and grays of the terracotta slabs, would, possibly, form the more prevailing style of ornament. These ground or surface colours might graduate in tint from dark to light, till in the flat or concave ceilings they reached the palest hue desired by the decorator. In the same manner, the tracery might fade into lighter forms and lighter tints, or crown its higher portions in a show of exuberance. Cases there might be in which the reliefs would graduate through the scale of one colour, as a rich umber, orange, blue, or lilac, upon the substratum of buffs and reds; but the greatest skill of the artist will be shown in a combination of fitting colours, undertoned or not with black, so that richness and fulness were produced without gaudiness. It will not be a new art, or do justice to the sources of its elaboration, if it does not indicate a variety, a richness, and yet a chasteness of effect, as yet wholly unconceived.

It may be said that all this would be mere

mechanic art. That slabs which could for the major part be formed in moulds like so many ornamental bricks, would soon become conventional in character; and thus renew that mannerism and monotony of effects which all persons of cultivated taste deplore in the present day. But the best shield against such a result will be found in the increase of public enlightenment; for once give growth to the appreciation of what is really excellent in art, and then most surely artists will not be found wanting.

All parts of a house, as well as special rooms, would afford purposes and features for which ornament in terra-cotta would be useful. Fireplaces, fender ridges, hearths, panelling for doors, mouldings for windows, balusters for staircases—are only a few amongst countless uses. In some measure this was Wedgwood's idea; and so far as he was able, he ornamented the chief rooms of his house at Etruria in this fashion. The covering of entire walls seems never to have occurred to him; but mantel-pieces, friezes, panel-mouldings, were all executed in the jasper-body, and from a letter recently brought to light, it is ascertained that even the window-frames of his drawing-room were set round with the finest medallions in blue and white. He was also the first to introduce finger-plates and door handles made of earthenware. The manufacture of these, and many analogous articles, now forms a large and special branch of trade in the Potteries.

Internal walls might owe to the workers in bronze and electrolyte a portion of their ornament. Ornamental rods might be suspended from the frame walls, along which, from the ceiling downwards, massive curtains of appropriate and in some cases splendid hues, might sweep. Such draperies would clothe the walls at will: when drawn giving a sense of protection and comfort; when thrown back revealing tracery, or medallions, or mouldings, or statuary, or bassi-relievi finely wrought. Such draperies in themselves might, in cases, form gorgeous ornaments almost oriental in effect. Purples or greens, or silvery greys, flushing against the flesh-like walls; whilst fringes and borders of depth and appropriateness lent contrasting hues. Whilst in seasons when our skies were bright, gossamer textures of muslin, lace, or thread, would, through their airy surfaces, reveal the flush of colours, or the variations of form which lay beyond.

When houses are built to last, to make them fire-proof will be a first consideration. In such case, all flooring would be of tile-work, superinduced upon the heating-flues. Where desir-

able, as in the case of bedrooms, light floors of cork, wood, or marquetry, could overlies the tessellæ, and in such a way as to take to pieces and be easily removed, like a child's dissecting map. One reason for this would be obvious: Through the introduction of terra-cotta wall-surfaces, many of our comparatively barbarous customs, with regard to house-cleansing, would be revolutionised. Surfaces of this character could be easily, effectually, and speedily cleansed by simple soap and water, brushes working up and down horizontally on a frame, and a small garden water engine; a final process with soft brushes or rubbers would polish and complete the operation. Small leaden drain-pipes, as in the *atria* of antiquity, the orifices of which could be closed by a plug, and concealed by a tile, removable at will, would, when the floor was finally cleansed, receive the surface water. Thus the processes incident to cleansing and renewal, unlike those of white-washing, papering, and painting, would be merely the work of two or three hours, by persons accustomed to such duty;—to say nothing of the comparative riddance of household annoyance, discomfort, and loss of time.

Wall-surfaces of terra-cotta are applicable to every class of domestic architecture; and to none would it be a greater boon than to that connected with cottages and large blocks of dwellings for the labouring classes. Such surfaces, under these simpler conditions, would admit of the easiest repair; and, were periodic cleansing enforced by a clause in all agreements between landlord and tenant—even in cases of subletting,—a most beneficial reform would be introduced, and one which would greatly conduce to improvements in the health and habits of the people. As things are, nothing can be more melancholy to behold, and more barbarous, in fact, than the ordinary domestic architecture of suburban London and the provincial towns.

"WANTED MIDSHIPMEN FOR FIRST-CLASS SHIPS."

NOTWITHSTANDING the hardships of seafaring life there is never any lack of seamen to man, or officers to command, the countless trading ships which plough the ocean under the British flag. No doubt this is mainly owing to the charms of uncertainty, adventure, and independence, which are always attributed to it by a young imagination. Speaking here exclusively of the Mercantile

Marine, and not of the Royal Navy, I will venture to say that not 999 boys out of 1000 who go to sea have the slightest idea of the real hard work and discomfort they must go through before they can attain any position in the service.

Many youngsters go to sea out of pure love of idleness and hurry to escape from the discipline of school. Misguided innocents ! Before they are well out of the British Channel, they are bemoaning their hard fate ; and often, when turned out of their narrow bunks at eight bells, after a short four hours' uneasy slumber, to stagger on deck into the rain, and wet, and manifold misery, wishing themselves back again under the hospitable roof of Dr. Birch. That rigid pedagogue now begins to loom in the vanishing distance of the past school days a perfect angel in comparison with the gruff officer of the watch, whose harsh voice is heard ordering the midshipmen of the watch to jump up aloft and "clear those top-gallant sheets," far away amidst the clouds. The novice must get at them somehow ; uncheered by a kind word if he succeeds in executing the order ; if he fails, as, at first, he is almost sure to do, Snarler will be down on him like "a thousand of bricks."

"Ah," he says to himself, as he slowly makes his way up the rope-ladder, which shakes, and seems as if it would give way at every step, "I wish I had never left old Floggem's ! I used to be thought a great swell by the fellows there, because I could climb the long rope in the play-ground. What would they think of this ?"

I will not, out of regard for the peace of anxious mothers, attempt to describe his agonised feelings when he arrives at the cat-harpings. "Good Heavens !" he exclaims, "do they expect me to go up here ?" Pausing a minute, but hearing ominous inquiries on deck after the aforementioned sheets, he makes up his mind to die a martyr to his whim of being a sailor ; and, after one hearty curse for the cousin who first put it into his head by the persuasive force of brass buttons and long yarns, up he goes.

If a boy really and earnestly makes up his mind to go to sea and stick to it, he may get on ; but, if he goes because he has a vague idea that it is a jolly thing to be a sailor, with no work to do beyond pacing the quarter-deck and giving orders to the men ; (it has never occurred to him that he cannot give orders until he has learned from practical experience to see them executed properly ;) the experiment will result in the expenditure of a con-

siderable sum of money and a great deal of valuable time, which might be much better employed at school. And, what is worse, he will acquire an almost incurable distaste for anything approaching to office-work, or for any sort of fixed and regular occupation.

It is a curious fact, and one that I have witnessed in many cases, that, however much a young man may dislike the sea when he is at it, there is always a lurking feeling of affection for the life, which takes a long time to die out. I have known many men who have gone to sea for two or three years and have then thrown it up for a shore billet in a bank or office, whom I have heard exclaim, with a sigh and a shrug, "I wish to goodness I was afloat again !" And yet one will hear these very men violently abusing everything connected with a seafaring life, more with a view, I think, of persuading themselves that they have done right in leaving it, than from a true belief in their own words.

It has often been remarked that a sailor is seldom, if ever, met with who does not growl at his profession. There is no denying that there is plenty to find fault with in it,—I am speaking more of the officers than the men at present. Unfortunately, both are equally miserable in many respects ; but I will reserve the forecastle for another occasion.

There is no greater mistake than to imagine because a large premium is paid to a ship-owner for the privilege of sending a lad as midshipman in one of his ships, that the lad is in any way better looked after, has less hardship, or is better fed, than if he signed his indentures for four years' apprenticeship, and put the money thereby saved into his pocket.

When a boy goes to sea he always thinks of being a midshipman. The word has an attraction in itself, which apprentice lacks. "Go to sea as an apprentice ? Not I, indeed !" would be his indignant cry. Indeed, I have no doubt that many boys would rather give the sea up altogether than dispense with the title of midshipman.

The truth is, there is not the slightest difference between the work or position of midshipmen and apprentices on board ship. Both have to do a great deal of work which would fall to the lot of the ship's boys if they were not there to share it ; and both are looked upon by the crew and officers in the same light : except, perhaps, in a ship which carries both, which is not often the case. By the way, I would advise no one to go as apprentice in such a ship. There is, indeed, one

difference. When the officers want the midshipmen, they usually sing out for the "young gentlemen;" more in derision, as it struck my ear, than in compliment. Imagine the officer of the watch calling for young gentlemen, and, on one making his appearance, telling him to go down to the fore peak and lend Jowls a hand to get some coals up—Jowls being a ship's boy of extreme levelling opinions, who hates all "midshipmites," as he calls them, and who has been four years at sea; whereas you have only been one; of which fact Jowls takes advantage, and "won't stand no cheek" from you, to use his own choice language.

The system of taking large premiums for midshipmen is more habitual among London shipowners than among those of Liverpool or Glasgow. The usual amounts are sixty pounds for the first voyage, fifty for the second, and forty for the third. This is not inclusive of mess-money, for which each has to subscribe twelve pounds; the total amount being handed over to the officer who caters for the midshipmen's mess, of which each member is allowed by the ship the same rations as the crew receive, served out daily; the extra stores being an altogether private arrangement.

Then, of course, the outfit costs a considerable sum; and a boy must have a certain amount of pocket-money on each cruise—say, ten or twelve pounds, to pay his washing and other expenses. Generally speaking, the three first voyages of a midshipman will not be completed in any first-class London service under 300*l.*, at a very moderate computation. I never heard of any one doing it for so little. This, to some people, may not sound much, but, when it is considered that each voyage, out and home, takes between six and nine months, and that, after expending all this money, your midshipman is returned upon your hands, "to wait for a ship;" or, in other words, to wait for something in reality very little, if at all, better in the way of remuneration than what he got when he first started,—you begin to look a little uneasy, and may possibly go to the office to ask what they will do for him. They will be very civil, say he is a very promising young man, and all the rest of it, perhaps even propose he should go another voyage as senior, with no premium to pay, and, of course, nothing to receive. The expenses of the voyage this time will probably mulct you to the extent of another forty pounds, for he will unavoidably require to have his outfit replenished, his mess-money to pay, and more money for his own pocket

than formerly, being now more experienced in the ways of this wicked world, and wanting more ways and means at his disposal.

Our young friend may go two or three voyages thus, after which, if he is extraordinarily lucky, he will be promoted to fourth officer, with one pound a month pay; then, in due time, to third, pay from two pounds ten shillings to three pounds ten per month; then to second, with from five pounds to seven, and so on to chief officer, with mayhap ten pounds, till, after having knocked about the world for more years than I should like to reckon, he reaches the highest rung on the ladder—a command with an income ranging from 200*l.* to 500*l.* a year. This is the highest reward his profession has to offer him, and one which—need I add—only a very small fraction of the many who chose this line of life before they could know anything about it, ever attain to.

I have no desire to make it out more dismal than it is; my eyes are quite open to the fact that sixty pounds a year at sea, when food and lodging are provided, is equal to 150*l.* ashore, with all the expenses. Still, I cannot but think that the officers of the mercantile marine are, on the whole, badly paid. It is impossible for a man to marry comfortably on ten pounds a month, even though he has not to keep himself. Many people say that a sailor has no right to marry, but I cannot see why, during the two or three months he is ashore out of the twelve, he should not snatch a taste of connubial felicity.

A boy will always get on better if he begins as apprentice. He signs his indentures for four years, and pays, in most cases, forty pounds to the owners; this amount he forfeits if he breaks his engagement; but, if he fulfils it, he receives his money back again, in the shape of pay, so much the first year, so much the second, and so on, till his four years have expired; and, by that time, he ought to be able to pass the Board of Trade examination as second officer, when his employers will usually give him a berth as third mate, from which, if his conduct is satisfactory, he will soon rise.

The advantages of this plan are obvious. In the first place, you save all the money otherwise expended in premiums and mess-money, and the forty pounds will do for pocket-money. But the best of signing indentures is that you always know exactly where you are, and what you have to expect. You know precisely what expenses you will be put to, and you also know that you can release yourself from the engagement at any time

upon forfeiting your money. Besides, in most cases, the owners bind themselves to give their apprentices employment when they have passed, so that it is manifestly their interest to take some trouble to make them efficient officers.

A midshipman only signs his papers for the voyage. A bad principle, as he can leave his ship for several months at the end of a cruise, and then, getting tired of the shore, pay his second premium, and go away again in a different ship, thereby lessening his chances of promotion; the longer he has been in a ship the more right he has to reap the advantage when a vacancy occurs. I have often seen eight or ten youngsters in one ship, and, as they cannot all be promoted, perhaps that is the reason why owners and their officers do all in their power to disgust them with the profession. Many go and pay their premiums, sometimes one, sometimes two, and often the whole three, and after having thrown it all away, "knock it off," and get something ashore.

It is a mistake to suppose that it does a boy good to send him to sea; it is the very worst career for him unless he means to go through with it. He comes to consider life on shore as a perpetual casino, wherein to make merry, waste money, and play the fool;—an impression some old youngsters seem never to get rid of. No doubt there are exceptions to every rule.

The first voyage I ever made was as midshipman in a first-class Blackwall liner, running between London and Melbourne. For the first four or five nights I had no place to sleep in even, except on the top of my chest. I well remember, after keeping the middle watch from twelve to four, going down soaked and dreary, and lying down on the chest in my dripping clothes.

How I regretted ever having been such an idiot as to come to sea! We had watch and watch all that cruise, which means four hours on deck and four hours below continually, except in bad weather, and when there was any extra work to do, and then it was all watch and no going below.

Our ordinary work consisted chiefly in striking the bells every half hour, scraping wood-work clean, filling the cisterns by means of pumps, for the convenience of passengers, and, in fact, making ourselves generally, and I may add, menially useful. But as for any one caring whether we learnt our profession or not, that would have been absurd. "What did you come to sea for, I should like to know?" would have been the answer to any grumbings.

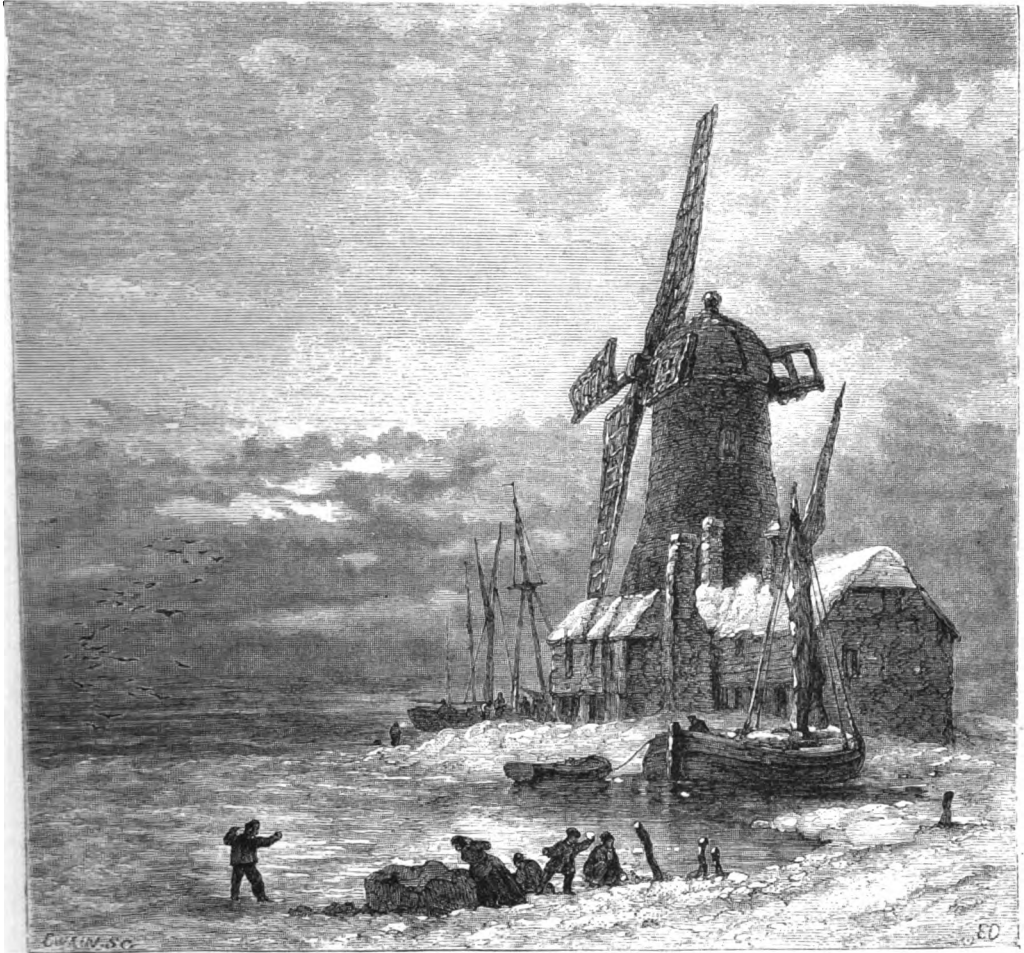
I was never asked to do one iota of navigation the whole time I was in the ship, nor were any of my messmates. I think I hear some studious reader exclaim, "If you were anxious to learn you could have taught yourself that." Yes, to be sure we could, and did in some cases; but I can assure you, my friend, that if you will try sleeping four hours at a spell, and do four hours work in the intervals, you will find the time too short, and body and mind too jaded, to do you much good.

It must not be supposed that we sleep twelve hours out of the twenty-four; from the time below is to be deducted so much for dressing, eating, and—that supreme consolation—smoking. Then there is the dogwatch, two hours, once in twenty-four, when no one would think of sleeping; so that we have no excessive amount of leisure to devote to the "sweet, oblivious antidote" of snoring.

I hold that, if shipowners take a lad to sea, and are paid for doing so, they are bound in honesty to teach him his duty both as a navigator and a seaman, and not leave it altogether to chance whether the youngster learns it or not. He has to do a great deal of work which ought not to be imposed upon him; his friends have not sent him to sea to be a ship's boy, and why should he do the drudgery of one? "Oh!" they say, "he will never learn his work if he does not take the roughs and the smooths together." Granted; but is scraping woodwork and filling cisterns necessary to fit him to be an efficient officer? I think not. I fully agree that an officer ought to be able to hand, reef, and steer, as well as (or rather better than) any member of his ship's company; but I simply deny that he is any the better qualified to be put in authority over a crew for being able to do the dirty work that usually falls to the lot of young gentlemen in the Mercantile Marine.

Much depends on the master of a ship. I have heard of some who take their youngsters in hand, and who require that they work out the position of the ship every day at noon. But these instances are, I fear, few and far between.

No one, I trust, who reads this, will impute to me any desire of running down the Mercantile Marine service. I am in it myself, and intend to stick to it, although I have no hesitation in saying that I have gone through as much hardship as most lads who go to sea under the delusive title of midshipmen. I stick to it, not from any remaining illusions about the life, but from the difficulty of finding anything suitable to seafaring habits ashore.



Once a Week.]

[Jan. 16, 1869.]

MILL NEAR HAVANT, LANGSTON HARBOUR, HANTS.

By E. DUNCAN.

A mill—dull, plodding, energetic, constant,
That by the mobile, multitudinous sea
Stood fast with outstretched arms....
And, blown by revolutionary winds,
Observed routine of duty.

TALES FROM THE FJELD.

V.

WHEN *Grumblegizzard* was over, we all laughed so that Peter was quite in good humour. At first he had not liked the doubt thrown on his vision of the old fairy man, but our applause soothed his ruffled spirit.

"As you like stories," he said, "I'll tell you three short ones right off, and then I'll call on Anders to tell one. The first is *Father Bruin in the Corner*, and it shows too what tongues old wives have and how there's no stopping them even in a pitfall. Many's the time I've trapped Bruin, and Graylegs, and Reynard, in a pit, but I never yet trapped an old woman, and I hope I never shall. It would be like shearing a pig, "all cry and no wool." But here is the story.

FATHER BRUIN IN THE CORNER.

ONCE on a time there was a man who lived far, far away in the wood. He had many, many goats and sheep, but never a one could he keep for fear of Graylegs, the wolf.

At last, he said, "I'll soon trap Grayboots," and so he set to work digging a pitfall. When he had dug it deep enough, he put a pole down in the midst of the pit, and on the top of the pole he set a board, and on the board he put a little dog. Over the pit itself he spread boughs and branches and leaves, and other rubbish, and a-top of all he strewed snow, so that Graylegs might not see there was a pit underneath.

So when it got on in the night, the little dog grew weary of sitting there: "Bow-wow, bow-wow," it said, and bayed at the moon. Just then up came a fox, slouching and sneaking, and thought here was a fine time for marketing, and with that gave a jump—head over heels down into the pitfall.

And when it got a little farther on in the night, the little dog got so weary and so hungry, and it fell to yelping and howling: "Bow-wow, bow-wow," it cried out. Just at that very moment up came Graylegs, trotting and trotting. He, too, thought he should get a fat steak, and he too made a spring—head over heels down into the pitfall.

When it was getting on towards gray dawn in the morning, down fell snow, with a north wind, and it grew so cold that the little dog stood and froze, and shivered and shook; it was so weary and hungry, "Bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow," it called out, and barked and yelled and howled. Then up came a bear,

tramping and tramping along, and thought to himself how he could get a morsel for breakfast at the very top of the morning, and so he thought and thought among the boughs and branches till he too went bump—head over heels down into the pitfall.

So when it got a little further on in the morning, an old beggar wife came walking by, who toddled from farm to farm with a bag on her back. When she set eyes on the little dog that stood there and howled, she couldn't help going near to look and see if any wild beasts had fallen into the pit during the night. So she crawled up on her knees and peeped down into it.

"Art thou come into the pit at last, Reynard?" she said to the fox, for he was the first she saw; "a very good place, too, for such a hen-roost robber as thou: and thou, too, Graypaw," she said to the wolf; "many a goat and sheep hast thou torn and rent, and now thou shalt be plagued and punished to death. Bless my heart! Thou, too, Bruin! art thou, too, sitting in this room, thou marefayer? Thee, too, will we strip, and thee shall we flay, and thy skull shall be nailed up on the wall." All this the old lass screeched out as she bent over towards the bear. But just then her bag fell over her ears, and dragged her down, and slap! down went the old crone—head over heels into the pitfall.

So there they all four sat and glared at one another, each in a corner. The fox in one, Graylegs in another, Bruin in a third, and the old crone in a fourth.

But as soon as it was broad daylight, Reynard began to peep and peer, and to twist and turn about, for he thought he might as well try to get out. But the old lass cried out,—

"Canst thou not sit still, thou whirligig thief, and not go twisting and turning? Only look at Father Bruin himself in the corner, how he sits as grave as a judge," for now she thought she might as well make friends with the bear. But just then up came the man who owned the pitfall. First he drew up the old wife, and after that he slew all the beasts, and neither spared father Bruin himself in the corner, nor Graylegs, nor Reynard the whirligig thief. That night, at least, he thought he had made a good haul.

"The next story," said Peter, "is also out of the wood. It isn't often that Reynard gets cheated, but even the wisest folk sometimes get the worst of it, and so it was with Reynard in this story.

REYNARD AND CHANTICLEER.

ONCE on a time there was a Cock who stood on a dung-heap, and crew, and flapped his wings. Then the Fox came by.

"Good day," said Reynard, "I heard you crowing so nicely; but can you stand on one leg and crow, and wink your eyes?"

"Oh, yes," said Chanticleer. "I can do that very well." So he stood on one leg and crew; but he winked only with one eye, and when he had done that he made himself big and flapped his wings, as though he had done a great thing.

"Very pretty, to be sure," said Reynard. "Almost as pretty as when the parson preaches in church; but can you stand on one leg and wink both your eyes at once? I hardly think you can."

"Can't I though," said Chanticleer, and stood on one leg, and winked both his eyes, and crew. But Reynard caught hold of him, took him by the throat, and threw him over his back, so that he was off to the wood before he had crowed his crow out, as fast as Reynard could lay legs to the ground.

When they had come under an old spruce fir, Reynard threw Chanticleer on the ground, set his paw on his breast, and was going to take a bite!

"You are a heathen, Reynard!" said Chanticleer. "Good christians say grace, and ask a blessing before they eat."

But Reynard would be no heathen. God forbid it! So he let go his hold, and was about to fold his paws over his breast and say grace—but pop! up flew Chanticleer into a tree.

"You sha'n't get off for all that," said Reynard to himself. So he went away, and came again with a few chips, which the woodcutters had left. Chanticleer peeped and peered to see what they could be.

"Whatever have you got there?" he asked.

"These are letters I have just got," said Reynard; "won't you help me to read them, for I don't know how to read writing."

"I'd be so happy, but I dare not read them now," said Chanticleer; "for here comes a hunter, I see him, I see him, as I sit by the tree trunk."

When Reynard heard Chanticleer chattering about a hunter, he took to his heels as quick as he could.

This time it was Reynard who was made game of.

"The third story," said Peter, "is about an

old fellow who was as deaf as a post, and who had a goody who was no better than she should have been. Where he lived I'm sure I don't know, but I've heard it said he lived in different parts of the country, both north of Stad, and south of Stad; but at any rate this is the story.

GOODMAN AXEHAFT.

THERE was once a ferryman who was so hard of hearing he could neither hear nor catch anything that anyone said to him. He had a goody and a daughter, and they did not care a pin for the goodman, but lived in mirth and jollity so long as there was aught to live on, and then they took to running up a bill with the innkeeper, and gave parties, and had feasts every day.

So when no one would trust them any longer, the sheriff was to come and seize for what they owed and had wasted. Then the goody and her child set off for her kinsfolk, and left the deaf husband behind, all alone, to see the sheriff and the bailiff.

Well, there stood the man and potted about and wondered what the sheriff wanted to ask, and what he should say when he came.

"If I take to doing something," he said to himself, "he'll be sure to ask me something about it. I'll just begin to cut out an axehaft, so when he asks me what that is to be, I shall answer, 'Axehaft.' Then he'll ask how long it is to be, and I'll say, 'Up as far as this twig that sticks out.' Then he'll ask, 'What's become of the ferry-boat?' and I'll say, 'I am going to tar her; and yonder she lies on the strand, split at both ends.' Then he'll ask, 'Where's your grey mare?' and I'll answer, 'She is standing in the stable, big with foal.' Then he'll ask, 'Whereabouts is your sheepcote and shieling?' and I'll say, 'Not far off; when you get a bit up the hill you'll soon see them.'"

All this he thought well-planned.

A little while after in came the sheriff; he was true to time, but as for his man, he had gone another way round by an inn, and there he sat still drinking.

"Good-day, sir," he said.

"Axehaft," said the ferryman.

"So, so," said the sheriff. "How far off is it to the inn?"

"Right up to this twig," said the man, and pointed a little way up the piece of timber.

The sheriff shook his head and stared at him open-mouthed.

"Where is your mistress, pray?"

"I am just going to tar her," said the ferry-

man, "for yonder she lies on the strand, split open at both ends."

"Where is your daughter?"

"Oh, she stands in the stable, big with foal," answered the man, who thought he answered very much to the purpose.

"Oh, go to hell with you," said the sheriff.

"Very good; 'tis not so far off; when you get a bit up the hill, you'll soon get there," said the man.

So the sheriff was floored, and went away.

UNREADY RECKONERS.

MR. GLADSTONE'S remark that Homer cannot multiply, was found amusing enough to one of his critics, who gravely expressed a doubt whether a rule of three sum occurs even in the *Henriade*.

But if Homer is not to be too hastily referred to the category of dunces in arithmetic—on the score of his loose handling of figures and quotients—examples less equivocal are not wanting among celebrated names, of diverse talents and divers orders.

While Jedediah Buxton had a prodigious memory for figures, others find it difficult, as Sir Benjamin Brodie observes, to cast up even a few numerals in a simple sum; a fact not quite to be explained away by saying that it is all a matter of attention; for it is common to see one person who remembers things with what may be regarded as a moderate degree of attention, while another fails though he take the greatest pains to succeed.

Arithmetic, which, as a biographer of Beethoven remarks, is so closely akin to the scientific part of music, and in which Mozart especially excelled, never came home to the composer of *Fidelio* and of the *Choral Fantasia*. We are told that Beethoven used to make long accounts on his window-shutters, using lines of 2s, some yards in length, to find out how much twice fifty made; and that his calculations of how many florins went to one hundred ducats occupied several shutters in his house near Vienna. "Some collector has an autograph of Beethoven's, with corrections by a tradesman. Beethoven ordered his cook to buy a number of little things, which he wrote down on a paper with the prices attached, and the total added up below; but the tradesman, at whose shop the things were bought, found mistakes in the summing up, and corrected them, not without some severe reflections, we may suppose, on the great composer's ignorance of what every schoolboy

knew." One may, nevertheless, surmise that the tradesman possibly tampered with the several items of prices, as well as "corrected" the sum total; especially if there was an understanding between him and the cook: for readers of Beethoven's letters will remember how continual and how vehement are the composer's outbursts of wrath at the servants who wasted his substance and vexed his righteous soul. That he was deficient in casting up accounts, however, and that he was conscious of the deficiency, and sought to supply it, appears from his noting down in his diary an elementary work on mercantile reckoning, apparently with the design of making a practical study of it, and so of sparing his shutters.

Sydney Smith, in a paragraph of his memorial sketch of Sir James Mackintosh, intended to show how utterly unfit was that political philosopher for the common business of life, says that he was well aware that a guinea represented a quantity of shillings, and would barter for a quantity of cloth; "but the accurate number of the baser coin, or the just measurement of the manufactured article, to which he was entitled for his gold, he could never learn, and it was impossible to teach him." Hence his life is described as offering an example of the ancient and melancholy struggle of genius with the difficulties of existence. As wisely as sententiously is it said by Epicharmus, that the life of man stands decidedly in need of calculation and arithmetic: *ὁ βίος ἀνθρώπου λογισμοῦ καὶ ἈΡΙΘΜΟΤ' δεῖται πάνυ*. The always more or less embarrassed circumstances of the late Mr. Leigh Hunt, are partly traced by his son to a sheer incapacity on his part to understand any subject that was reduced to figures. His biographer declares it to have been no affectation when he professed himself entirely incompetent to deal with the simplest question of arithmetic; the very commonest sum was a bewilderment to him; and he is said to have learned addition in order to fit himself for his place in a public office. Mr. Thornton Hunt calls it a born incapacity, like that of people who cannot distinguish the notes of music or the colours of the prism; and remarks of his father that, perpetually reproached with it, and very conscious of his mistakes, he took the deficiency greatly to heart, and came to regard himself as a sort of idiot in the handling of figures; the consequence being that he was incapacitated for many subjects which he could handle very well when they were explained to him in another form. Those who have read his autobiography will remember a

passage in which he explains how, at Christ's Hospital, all the schools being then kept quite distinct, a boy might arrive at the age of fifteen in the grammar-school and not know his multiplication-table; "which," he goes on to say, "was the case with myself. Nor do I know it to this day! Shades of Horace Walpole and Lord Lyttelton! come to my assistance, and enable me to bear the confession: but so it is. The fault was not my fault at the time; but I ought to have repaired it when I went out in the world; and great is the mischief which it has done me."

With regard to the shades invoked by Leontius, mention may be made of a story told by Malone, of Warburton observing on Dowdeswell succeeding Lyttelton as Chancellor of the Exchequer, that there was a curious contrast between the two ministers: "The one just turned out, Lord Lyttelton, never in his life could learn that two and two made four; while the other knew nothing else." Malone adds, that Lyttelton, though the accounts were all written down in *words* instead of figures, made such a miserable figure himself when he attempted, on the usual day, to represent the state of the nation and to demand a supply, that all his friends were greatly distressed for him. Then again, as to Horace Walpole. To say nothing of mathematics, which his tutor, the celebrated blind Sanderson, advised him to give up as utterly and hopelessly beyond his powers,—the prince of polite letter-writers assures one correspondent after another of his sheer incapacity for arithmetic. To Lady Ossory, for instance, he writes: "I am a woful arithmetician, and never could learn my multiplication-table." A couple of years later, he makes the same avowal to the same correspondent: "It is late, to be sure, to learn economy, but I must do it, though it is a little grievous, as I never was able to say the multiplication-table. Well! before I come to the rule of three it will be all over; and then an obolus will serve to pay the ferryman. How he will stare if I cry, 'No, stay, I cannot give you that; it is a Queen Anne's farthing!'" Some eight years later still, Horace being by this time within five of becoming an octogenarian, we have him reiterating the avowal, and hoping soon to be released from "business for which I have no talent; and it is too late for me to learn the multiplication-table." In a subsequent letter again, "I betray my ignorance in figures and calculations on every transaction." And once more—to Marshal Conway this time—"I, who could never learn the multiplication-table, was

not intended to transact leases, negotiate for lowering interest on mortgages, &c."

It is edifying to find Mr. Pepys, clerk of the Acts of the Admiralty though he be, noting down in his diary the laudable efforts he made to ground himself in arithmetic, not, however, without ultimate designs on mathematics. "Comes Mr. Cooper, mate of the Royall Charles," we read in one entry: "after an hour's being with him at arithmetique, my first attempt being to learn the multiplication table; then we parted till to-morrow." Succeeding entries report progress. And it would seem that, at any rate, Mr. Pepys gained interest enough in ciphering to desire to extend the benefit to those dear to him. His wife is set to learn figures before long. "This evening I begun to enter my wife in arithmetique . . . and she takes it very well; and I hope I shall bring her to understand many fine things." And a month or two later we have this entry in the *Dies Pepysiana*: "(Lord's Day.) My wife and I all the afternoon at arithmetique, and she is come to do addition, subtraction, and multiplication very well." In effect, both Mr. and Mistress Samuel had evidently no inborn or inbred incapacity for becoming ready reckoners; which did *not* vex him. Rousseau it did vex to find all his arithmetical lessons thrown away on Thérèse. She could not put two and two together, in spite of all his didactic endeavours. "Elle ne connait pas un seul chiffre, malgré tous les soins que j'ai pris pour les lui montrer. Elle ne sait ni compter l'argent ni le prix d'aucune chose." The heart of Leigh Hunt would have warmed, or, at least, have softened, towards her on this account—he of whom we are assured by a writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* that "he has been seen unable to find three and sixpence in a drawer full of half-crowns and shillings, since he could not see the 'sixpence.'" It was this, among other characteristic details, that inclined some people to declare him the positive original of Harold Skimpole. Educated for the medical profession, Mr. Skimpole confesses to have been "always a mere child in point of weights and measures," and never to have known anything about them (except that they disgusted him). "See, my dear Miss Summerson," he airily exclaims, taking a handful of loose silver and halfpence from his pocket, when owning himself innocent of the state of solvency, "there's so much money; I have not an idea how much. I have not the power of counting. Call it four-and-nindepence—call it four pound nine," &c. So, again, recalling the fact of a

friend stepping in recently to save him from the bailiffs: "Somebody was so good as to step in and pay the money—something and fourpence was the amount; I forget the pounds and shillings, but I know it ended in fourpence, because it struck me at the time as being so odd that I could owe anybody fourpence." And the same jaunty philosopher meets a subsequent remonstrance with the gay disclaimer that he knows nothing about money, and is incapable of bargaining. "Suppose I say to a man, how much? Suppose the man says to me, seven and sixpence. I know nothing about seven and sixpence. It is impossible for me to pursue the subject with any consideration for the man." Mr. Skimpole pleads that he don't go about asking busy people what seven and sixpence is in Moorish,—which he don't understand. Why should he go about asking them what seven and sixpence is in money, which he don't understand? We may suppose Sydney Smith to have taken note of Skimpoles, and their ways and ends—a bad way and a bad end—when he put such pastoral earnestness into one of his hortatory letters to a young lady: "And Lucy, dear child, mind your arithmetic. You know, in the first sum of yours I ever saw, there was a mistake. You had carried two (as a cab is licensed to do), and you ought, dear Lucy, to have carried but one. Is this a trifle? What would life be without arithmetic, but a scene of horrors?" So Lady Mary Wortley Montague, writing to her daughter (the Countess of Bute), in gratified appreciation of the satisfactory progress of her eldest grandchild, observes, "I am particularly pleased to hear she is a good arithmetician; it is the best proof of understanding. The knowledge of numbers is one of the chief distinctions between us and the brutes." Her ladyship's scorn would have been supreme for such an unready reckoner, of her own sphere in life, as Lady Eskdale, in the *Semi-attached Couple*, who babbles her hopes and expectations, touching the result of the election, in sentences to this effect: "There are 230 voters still unpolled, and Mr. Mullins assures me that of these we are sure of 120 or 130, I forget which; and do you see, my loves, we must subtract 130 from 250, and 287 from 130, and then add—No, that is not right—sums are so difficult; but that the result would give us a majority, I know, because Mullins says so." Quite to Lady Mary's mind, on the other hand, would have been such a demoiselle as Tolla, in M. Edmond About's story, who is described as having been in early girlhood charmed with

the curt, dry, precise rules of arithmetic, seeing at once how ingenious they are in their simplicity. "And I hardly think," says M. About, "that, since the days of Pythagoras himself, any person has ever been found to take such delight in Pythagoras's table." Not that Lady Mary could ever have become the terror of her grandchildren, as Mr. Pumblechook was of Pip, in *Great Expectations*, by constantly catechising that unhappy youngster on multiples and units, worrying him before breakfast with the pompous demand, "Seven times nine, boy?" which how should Pip answer, dodged in that way, on an empty stomach! "I was hungry; but before I had swallowed a morsel, he began a running sum that lasted all through the breakfast. 'Seven; and four; and eight; and six; and two; and ten;' and so on." And on another occasion the persecutor institutes a demand as to the quotient of forty-three pence; and Pip calculates the consequences of replying, "Four hundred pound;" and, finding them against him, goes as near the answer as he can—which is somewhere about eightpence off. Mr. Pumblechook then puts him through his pence table from "twelve pence make one shilling," up to "forty pence make three and four-pence;" and then triumphantly demands, "*Now!* how much is forty-three pence?" "To which I replied," writes Pip, "after a long series of reflection, 'I don't know.' And I was so aggravated, that I almost doubt if I did know." There are schoolmasters of the Pumblechook order, who tend to make their scholars "no scholars" for life, by the mode they adopt of schooling them into scholarship. Dr. Oliver W. Holmes somewhere records his disparaging estimate of the calculating power *per se*. He owns to have been troubled at times at not having a deeper intuitive apprehension of the relations of numbers; but the triumph of the ciphering hand-organ consoled him.

Washington Irving, when at school, being as backward in sums as he was forward in any fancy composition, used to make an exchange of tasks with the other boys. He would write their themes, while they would work out his sums; "for arithmetic," says his biographer, "was the most tedious of all his studies," and certainly one he never took to in after life.

We are told of the late Mr. Assheton Smith and his Eton career, that what he did *not* learn at Eton was arithmetic. But he became a ready reckoner, notwithstanding, all in good time; for, according to Sir Eardley Wilmot, he acquired "this most useful science" to

great perfection while laid up in Melton Mowbray with a broken ankle, after one of his severe falls out hunting. Limping about the town, he one day entered the post-office, and, seeing how rapidly the fair official cast up a bill, he said, "I wish you would teach me arithmetic." The bargain was soon struck, and the Squire is said to have completed his education in this branch of science in six weeks, and ever afterwards to have been remarkable for his skill in figures and calculations. Else, so far as Eton was concerned, he had continued through life a pronounced defaulter in this respect.

The accomplishments claimed by M. Alexandre Dumas in his autobiography are so numerous, that he can easily afford to admit, if not to glory in, the fact that, man or boy, he never could master short division.

Lord Byron is described by Mr. Trelawney as in a quandary with the casting up of some "cursed bills," one of which he had been poring over for the best part of two hours, though the amount was under six pounds. "In cases of lunacy," his lordship is here said to have said, "the old demon Eldon decided men's sanity by figures. If I had been had up before him (I was very near being so), and he had given me the simplest sum in arithmetic, I should have been consigned to durance vile; for

The rule of three it puzzles me,
And practice drives me mad."

Yet the old demon on the woollack aforesaid by no means plumed himself on his powers in casting up accounts. There is a letter of Lord Eldon's, dated April, 1825, which favours us with this graphic fragment of domestic autobiography, in which we see Old Bags to the life: "I have the happiness of having finished my accounts with mamma this morning, as we generally try my ability in arithmetic in an Easter week. My good father spared no expense in teaching me addition, multiplication, &c.; but expense without diligence does not prevent Jack's being a dull boy or dunce; and so I remain to this day rather puzzle-headed as to figures. However, mamma compliments me rather, I think, upon my performance this morning. I did not blunder quite so much as usual." Evidently, however, the Lord High Chancellor of England, if tested by his own alleged gauge of sanity, might, before some of his learned brethren, have been proved *non compos*. Not that senior wranglers on the bench (several have graced it) would be extreme to mark what is done amiss in ciphering; for many a transcendent mathematician is ill at ease in

simple arithmetic. Even Chancellors of the Exchequer have been understood to get on pretty well with a very deficient mastery of the elementary rules. Sheridan, as Lord Macaulay reminds us, was very near being made Chancellor of the Exchequer once—he "who could not work a sum in long division." But had the brilliant Richard Brinsley been made finance minister, and failed, it is possible his failure might have been due to other causes, negative or positive, than the effect defective of duncedom in figures.

TABLE TALK.

A RECENT number of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in an article entitled *Our Funerals*, drew attention to the sinful and expensive mummeries with which custom has surrounded the saddest scenes in life; and, unless people give explicit directions for the conduct of their own funerals, restricting the expenses to a definite sum, we must expect to submit to the tyranny of undertakers and fashion. Charles Lamb said that there were people who could even joke while attending a funeral; but, however that may be, the antecedents of a funeral, as conducted after the modern fashion denounced by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, are frequently provocative of jests. In particular, has the Mitigated Affliction Department of a Drapery Mourning House often served as the medium for witticisms, which, more or less, are the offspring of a glorious original,—a sketch of a "Mason de Dool," written by Thomas Hood, and published February, 1844, in No. 2 of *Hood's Magazine* (pages 190—194). It was the same number of the Magazine that contained his powerful poem *The Lady's Dream*. I suppose that costumes are still in fashion for the various stages of grief—from "the Second Stage of Distress" to "Settled Grief," as well as "the Intermediate Sorrow," "the Inconsolable," "the Gleam of Comfort," and "the Luxury of Woe;" for, not long since, I was at a largely-attended funeral, and, on being shown into a room where were two or three shopmen presiding over a dinner-table spread with hatbands, scarves, and gloves, I was addressed thus by the chief undertaker, "Are you a crape mourner, sir; or a silk mourner?" So, I suppose, to paraphrase Pope's line, that a mourner in crape is twice the mourner to one in silk.

THE hunting season may not be an inappropriate time to ask, why a broken-down

horse is called "a screw." This is not a conundrum, but an etymological inquiry. I asked the question sixteen years ago in *Notes and Queries*, but, up to the present time, the learned and ingenious correspondents of that most useful and entertaining periodical have been unable to give me an answer. No light is thrown upon the derivation of the word in any of our dictionaries, including even the latest edition of Mr. Hotten's *Slang Dictionary*. One hunting-man told me that a broken-down horse was called a screw because he had a screw loose. But a second Nimrod told me that it was because a force equivalent to the screw-propeller must be applied to get him along. Perhaps neither of these is right; and some one who reads this may be able to suggest the correct derivative for the epithet.

IT is said that some of the Ritualists will try to evade the recent decision relative to altar lights at a morning service, by making the "dim religious light" of the painted-windowed chancel still darker, by covering those windows with shutters, and thus creating a need for lighted candles. When this matter was mentioned at "the Athenæum," the other day, a reverend non-ritualist observed, "I should advise them, instead of putting up shutters, to shut up."

THE old-fashioned pantomime, with the old-fashioned clown and red-hot poker, still stands up bravely against the rising tide of burlesque and extravaganza, and maintains its sway at our two largest national theatres—Covent Garden and Drury Lane, and also at the Lyceum, to say nothing of the Crystal Palace and the theatres on the Surrey side of the Thames, whose audiences would probably rise in rebellion against the managers if they foisted upon them a burlesque in place of the legitimate Christmas entertainment. The performance of Mr. Payne and his two sons, in the Covent Garden pantomime, is, as usual, exceptionally good; and every lover of intelligent fooling ought to see them in *Robinson Crusoe*, with the additional treat of those three exquisite scenes by Hawes Craven, Telbin, and Matt Morgan, and the procession of the tribes, by Mr. A. Harris. It may sound paradoxical; but, nevertheless, I would say that the chiefest joys of this season's pantomimes are the Paynes at Covent Garden.

THE celebrated Prince Talleyrand had a scale for asking the people who dined with

him whether they would eat of this or that dish? It was a descending one, beginning by *Dukes* and finishing with the plain *Mrs.* He habitually carved himself, and would say, for instance: "Monsieur le Duc, will your grace do me the honour of taking some beef?" "Mon Prince" (which not being a French title, but a Roman one, is of a lesser rank), "shall I have the honour of sending you some beef?" "Monsieur le Marquis, shall I have the honour to offer you some beef?" "Monsieur le Comte, shall I have the pleasure of sending you some beef?" "Monsieur le Baron, will you have some beef?" And then, when he had attained to the humble commoner, he merely tapped his knife upon his plate with his right hand, fixing his eyes upon the face of the guest who was "last and least" till the latter perceived that the appeal was addressed to him; upon which, the illustrious statesman was wont, monosyllabically, to say, "Bœuf?"

IN addition to the various accounts of meteors seen in this country and in other parts of Europe, may be mentioned one seen in China, a description of which is contained in the *North China Herald*, delivered in London on the 28th December, by the Marseilles route. The writer says: At a quarter past 3 o'clock on the 30th October, when the sky had not a cloud in it, a meteor going from north-east to south-west, appeared and exploded. Seeing foreigners and Chinese looking up into the sky, he ran out, and perceived a long streak, like a cloud, in the heavens. He examined it with his glass, and it appeared to him like the smoke made by a railway-engine when the air is heavy and there is no wind. Previous to his attention being drawn to the persons who were looking upwards, he had heard an explosion like the report of a cannon at a distance, and after he had gone outside, he and others heard a rumbling noise like continuous distant thunder, that lasted several minutes. He thought he could feel the earth shake, and the same impression was produced on the mind of a foreigner five miles from the place where he was himself standing. Some of the foreigners and Chinese told him that they heard a rushing noise overhead, and saw a dark object like a ball flying through the air, and then explode in the manner just described.

I HAVE always thought that the principal fault to be found with the ordinary style of Double Acrostic, was its want of consecutive-

ness. In the following I have endeavoured to remedy this. The blanks marked (1), &c., are, of course, to be filled in by words, the initial and final letters of which compose the puzzle.

As (1) in speech, as cautious in debate,
As e'er (2) in a Turkish state ;—
Able, with (3) good arguments to pile,
Though loving, (4) like, to raise a smile ;
As skilled a sum in (5) to solve,
As in a (6) opponents to involve ;—
It needs an (7) to proclaim thy glories,
The principal of " (8) *Senatores*."
Come, rede me this, and tell me, if you can,
What are the names of this surprising man ?

HAVE you seen these original verses, which are supposed to be by Alg*rn*n Ch*rl's Sw*nb*rn* ?

If it be but a dream or a vision,
The life which is after the grave,
The moil of the metaphysician
Is vain,—but an answer I crave ;
Amid bright intellectual flambeaux
I shall find no light clearer than thee,
O sable and sensual Sambo,
The servant of me !

I beheld thee beholding the ballet,
Dumps doleful display'd deep despair,
Thou didst think of thine own land, my valet,
The land in which nought thou didst wear.

* * * * *

—O statue, us Philistines loathing,
Of Phoebus !—our tailors we fear,
Come down, and redeem us from clothing,
O nude Belvidere !

We are wise—and we make ourselves hazy,
We are foolish—and, so, go to church ;
While Sambo but laughs, and is lazy,
(Vile Discipline ! lend me thy birch) ;
He dreams of no life save the present,
His virtue is but when it suits ;
Sometimes, which is not quite so pleasant,
I miss coat or boots.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS the younger came one day so much too late to a dinner to which he had been invited, that, instead of going at once into the dining-room, he preferred to await his friend in the drawing-room. This apartment he found tenanted only by a parrot on its perch. "As-tu déjeûné, Jacquot?" began the celebrated dramatist (that being the approved manner in France of entering into conversation with a parrot). Imprudently he followed up his words by trying to take the bird upon his finger, but Jacquot, not understanding this advance, bit the finger through and through. Dumas simply wrung the bird's neck, and threw it out of sight under a sofa. More than a twelvemonth after, Dumas being again a guest in the same house,

the conversation happened to fall upon the habit attributed to some animals of hiding themselves from all eyes to die. "I have a most striking example of the kind to relate," said Mr. G., the master of the house. "You remember, all of you, my poor old Jacquot, don't you? Well, he was found one day, about a year ago, dead under a sofa in the drawing-room. He must have got down from his perch and deliberately retired into concealment for his last moments. We missed him all at once, and quite unexpectedly; and, after two days' search, found him at last lying under the sofa in question." Dumas did not state his view of the case, and to this day the credulous Frenchman believes that he has had under his own observation a most striking example of the desire for solitude evinced by certain animals on the approach of death.

IN a country-place in France, the lady of one of the neighbouring châteaux was accustomed, as most French ladies are, to have what might be called her "beggars in ordinary." One of these was waiting, a few months ago, at the above-mentioned château in the early hours of the day. Having gone to bed late the night before, the lady had not risen betimes, and the beggar waxed impatient. At last, turning to the footman, "How long d'y'e suppose she'll be before she comes?" said he. "Really can't say," answered the valet; "may be ten minutes, may be an hour and a half." "Then I'll tell ye what it is," retorted the mendicant, "she may provide herself with another beggar—tell her that from me." And so saying, away he went.

AUBER, like Molière and a great many other men of genius, has a woman-servant about him who makes him feel her influence sharply, and who has managed his house for the last fifty years. Some time ago she was grumbling bitterly at the immense amount of exertion she had to go through in the day. "Well," said her master, goodhumouredly, "look at me, Sophie, I work hard enough; I am always at work." "You, indeed!" she exclaimed. "A fine sort of labour, truly! Why, you work seated."

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

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TALES FROM THE FJELD.

VI.

WHEN Anders had ended the *Companion*, that strangely wild story, we all admired it, but he too had his call, and, turning to Karin, he said.

"Now do you tell *The Shopboy and his Cheese*, I know you know it for I heard you telling it to the children last winter over the stove."

So Karin began

THE SHOPBOY AND HIS CHEESE.

ONCE on a time there was a shopboy who was so well liked by all who knew him, that they thought him too good to stand behind the counter with a yard measure, and weights and scales. So they made up their minds to send him out with a venture to foreign parts, and they let him choose what he would take out. He chose old cheese, and set off with it to Turkey. There he sold his cheeses very well; but as he was on his way home, he met two who had slain a man, and it was not enough that they had slain him in this life, but they ill-treated his body after he was dead. This the shopboy could not bear to see, how wickedly they behaved; so he bought the body of them, and got a grave with his money, and buried it, and then he had spent all he had.

After a long, long time, he got safe home, and was both illcomed and welcomed. Some of those who had helped and fitted him out thought he had done a good deed; but others were ill-pleased that he should have so thrown away his money. But for all that they were ready to try if he could not do better another time, so they let him choose his lading again. He chose the same freight, and took the same way, and sold his cheese even better than before. But, as he was on his way home, he

met two who had stolen a king's daughter, and they had put harness on her, and had got so far as to drive her; they had stripped off her clothes to the waist, and one went on either side of her and whipped her. The lad's heart melted at this, for she was a lovely lass. So he asked if they would sell her. Yes, if he would pay down her weight in silver he might have her, and there was no long bargaining: he paid all they asked.

After a long, long time, he got safe home; but those who had fitted him out were one and all so ill-pleased at his dealing, that they banished him the land. So he had to set off to England. There he stayed for four years with his sweetheart, and the way they got their living was by her weaving ribbons, which she wove so well that he sold two shillings' worth a-day.

One day he met two who were foes, and one wished to thrash the other because he owed him eighteen-pence. That seemed to the lad wrong, and he paid the debt for him. Another day he met two travellers, who began to talk with him, and asked if he had anything to sell. "Nothing but ribbons," he said. Well, they would have three shillings' worth, and asked him where he lived, and fixed a day to come and fetch them; and when the day came, they came too, and lo! when they came, if one of them was not the princess's brother, and the other an emperor's son, to whom she was betrothed. So they got the ribbons for which they had bargained, and wanted to take her home with them. But she wouldn't go unless they would let him go with them, and take care of him; for she would not forsake the man who had freed her, so long as she had breath in her body. So they had to give way to her if they were to take her at all. But when they were to go on board ship, the brother and sister went first into the boat, and when the emperor's son was to get into her, he shoved her off, and jumped into her himself, and so the lad was left standing on the shore. The ship lay ready for sea, and they sailed as soon as ever they came on board. But then

up came the man for whom the lad had paid eighteen-pence, in a boat and put him on board. Then the princess was so glad, and took a gold ring off her finger and gave it to him, and made him go down into the cabin where she lay.

Well! they sailed many days, till they came to a desert island, where they landed to look for game, and they settled things so that the brother, and the Norseman who had saved the princess's life, were to go each on his side of the island, and the emperor's son in the middle, and when the lad was well gone, so that they could neither see him, nor he them, they got on board, and he was left to walk about the island alone. Then he saw there was no help for it but to stay there; and there he stayed seven years. He got his food from a fruit-bearing tree which he found, and when the seven years were up, an old, old man came to him and said,—

"To-day your true-love is to be married. They have not got a kind word out of her these seven years, since you parted; but for all that the emperor's son wants to marry her, for that he knows she is wise and witty, and for that she is so rich."

After that, the man asked if he had not a mind to be at the wedding. So he said: and what he said any one can guess, but he saw no way of getting there. But lo! in a little while there he stood in the palace where the wedding was to be. Then he wanted to know what kind of man that was who had brought him thither. He was no man he said; but a spirit. He it was whose body he had bought and buried in Turkey.

After that, he gave him a glass and a bottle, with wine in it, and told him to send some one in with a message to the cook to come out to him.

"When he comes, you must first pour out a glass and drink it yourself; and then another, and give it to the cook; and then you must pour out a third, and send it in to the bride; but first of all you must take the ring off your finger, and put it into the glass which you send her."

So when the cook came in with the glass, they all cried out, "She mustn't drink." But the cook said, "First he drank, and then I drank, so she may very safely drink the wine."

And when she drank the glass out, she saw the ring that lay at the bottom, and ran out, and as soon as she got outside she knew him again, and fell on his neck and kissed him, all shaggy as he was, for you may fancy, he had

neither lather nor razor on his beard for seven years.

But now the king came after, and wanted to know the meaning of all this fondling between them. So they were brought into a room, and told the whole story from first to last. Then the king bade them go and fetch a barber, and scrape the bristles off him, and trim him; and a tailor with a new court dress; and then the king went into the bridal hall, and asked the bridegroom, that emperor's son, what doom should be passed on one who had robbed a man both of life and honour. He answered,—

"Such a scoundrel should be first hanged on a gallows, and then his body should be burnt quick."

So he was taken at his word, and suffered the doom that he uttered over himself, and the shopboy was wedded to the king's daughter, and lived both long and luckily.

After that I was no longer with them, and I don't know how they fared; but this I know, that he who last told this Tale is alive this very day, and he is Ole Olsen, of Hitli, in Roldale.

When *The Shopboy and his Cheese* was over, Anders, who ordered about his cousins like a Turk, called on Christina for *Peik*; but nothing could get the story out of her. There was something in it she did not like. It was not a girl's story. He had better tell it himself.

"Well, I will," said Anders; "I'm sure there's no harm in it; but judge for yourselves."

PEIK.

ONCE on a time there was a man, and he had a wife; they had a son and a daughter who were twins, and they were so like, no one could tell the one from the other by anything else than their clothing. The boy they called Peik. He was of little good while his father and mother lived, for he had no mood to do aught else than to befool folk, and he was so full of tricks and pranks that no one could be at peace for him; but when they were dead it got worse and worse, he wouldn't turn his hand to anything; all he would do was to squander what they left behind them, and as for his neighbours he fell out with all of them. His sister toiled and moiled all she could, but it helped little; so at last she said to him how silly this was that he would do naught for her house, and ended by asking him,

"What shall we have to live on when you have wasted everything?"

"Oh, I'll go out and befool somebody," said Peik.

"Yes, Peik, I'll be bound you'll do that soon enough," said his sister.

"Well, I'll try," said Peik.

So at last they had nothing more, for there was an end of everything; and Peik trotted off, and walked and walked till he came to the King's Grange. There stood the King in the porch, and as soon as he set eyes on the lad, he said,—

"Whither away to day, Peik?"

"Oh, I was going out to see if I could befool anybody," said Peik.

"Can't you befool me, now?" said the King.

"No, I'm sure I can't," said Peik, "for I've forgotten my fooling rods at home."

"Can't you go and fetch them?" said the King, "for I should be very glad to see if you are such a trickster as folks say."

"I've no strength to walk," said Peik.

"I'll lend you a horse and saddle," said the King.

"But I can't ride either," said Peik.

"Then we'll lift you up," said the King, "then you'll be able to stick on."

Well, Peik stood and clawed and scratched his head, as though he would pull the hair off, and let them lift him up into the saddle, and there he sat swinging this side and that so long as the King could see him, and the King laughed till the tears came into his eyes, for such a tailor on horseback he had never before seen. But when Peik was come well into the wood behind the hill, so that he was out of the King's sight, he sat as though he were nailed to the horse, and off he rode as though he had stolen both steed and bridle, and when he got to the town, he sold both horse and saddle.

All the while the King walked up and down, and loitered and waited for Peik to come tottering back again with his fooling rods; and every now and then he laughed when he called to mind how wretched he looked as he sat swinging about on the horse like a sack of corn, not knowing on which side to fall off; but this lasted for seven lengths and seven breadths, and no Peik came, and so at last the King saw that he was fooled and cheated out of his horse and saddle, even though Peik had not his fooling rods with him. And so there was another story, for the King got wroth, and was all for setting off to kill Peik.

But Peik had found out the day he was coming, and told his sister she must put on the big boiler with a drop of water in it. But just as the King came in Peik dragged the

boiler off the fire and ran off with it to the chopping-block, and so boiled the porridge on the block.

The King wondered at that, and wondered on and on so much that he clean forgot what brought him there.

"What do you want for that pot?" said he.

"I can't spare it," said Peik.

"Why not?" said the King, "I'll pay what you ask."

"No, no!" said Peik. "It saves me time and money, woodhire, and choppinghire, carting and carrying."

"Never mind," said the King, "I'll give you a hundred dollars. It's true you've fooled me out of a horse and saddle, and bridle besides, but all that shall go for nothing if I can only get the pot."

"Well! if you must have it you must," said Peik.

When the King got home he asked guests and made a feast, but the meat was to be boiled in the new pot, and so he took it up and set it in the middle of the floor. The guests thought the King had lost his wits, and went about elbowing one another, and laughing at him. But he walked round and round the pot, and cackled and chattered, saying all in a breath,—

"Well, well! bide a bit, bide a bit! 'twill boil in a minute."

But there was no boiling. So he saw that Peik had been out again with his fooling rods and cheated him, and now he would set off at once and slay him.

When the King came Peik stood out by the barn door.

"Wouldn't it boil?" he asked.

"No! it would not," said the King; "but now you shall smart for it," and so he was just going to unsheath his knife.

"I can well believe that," said Peik, "for you did not take the block too."

"I wish I thought," said the King, "you weren't telling me a pack of lies."

"I tell you it's all because of the block it stands on; it won't boil without it," said Peik.

"Well! what did he want for it?" It was well worth three hundred dollars; but for the King's sake it should go for two. So he got the block and travelled home with it, and bade guests again, and made a feast, and set the pot on the chopping-block in the middle of the room. The guests thought he was both daft and mad, and they went about making game of him, while he cackled and chattered round the pot calling out "Bide a bit, now it boils! now it boils in a trice."

But it wouldn't boil a bit more on the block than on the bare floor. So he saw again that Peik had been out with his fooling rods this time too. Then he fell a-tearing his hair, and swore he would set off at once and slay him. He wouldn't spare him this time whether he put a good or a bad face on it.

But Peik had taken steps to meet him again. He slaughtered a wether and caught the blood in the bladder, and stuffed it into his sister's bosom, and told her what to say and do.

"Where's Peik!" screeched out the King. He was in such a rage that his tongue faltered.

"He is so poorly that he can't stir hand or foot," she said, "and now he's trying to get a nap."

"Wake him up," said the King.

"Nay, I daren't; he's so hasty," said the sister.

"Well! I'm hastier still," said the King, "and if you don't wake him, I will," and with that he tapped his side where his knife hung.

Well! she would go and wake him; but Peik turned hastily in his bed, drew out a little knife, and ripped open the bladder in her bosom, so that a stream of blood gushed out, and down she fell on the floor as though she were dead.

"What a dare-devil you are, Peik," said the King, "if you haven't stabbed your sister to death, and here I stood by and saw it with my own eyes."

"There's no risk with her body so long as there's breath in my nostrils;" and with that he pulled out a ramshorn, and began to toot upon it, and when he had tooted a bridal tune, he put the end to her body and blew life into her again, and up she rose as though there was naught the matter with her.

"Bless me, Peik! can you kill folk and blow life into them again? Can you do that!" said the King.

"Why!" said Peik, "how could I get on at all if I couldn't. I'm always killing everyone I come near; don't you know I'm very hasty."

"So am I hot-tempered," said the King, "and that horn I must have; I'll give you a hundred dollars for it, and besides I'll forgive you for cheating me out of my horse, and for fooling me about the pot, and the block, and all else."

Peik was very loth to part with it, but for his sake he would let him have it, and so the King went off home with it, and he had hardly got back before he must try it. So he fell a-wrangling and quarrelling with the Queen and

his eldest daughter, and they paid him back in the same coin; but before they knew a word about it he whipped out his knife and cut their throats, so that they fell down stone dead, and everyone else ran out of the room, they were so afraid.

The King walked and paced about the floor for a while, and kept chattering that there was no harm done, so long as there was breath in him, and a pack of such stuff which had flowed out of Peik's mouth, and then he pulled out the horn and began to blow "Toot-i-too, Toot-i-too," but though he blew and tooted as hard as he could all that day and the next too, he couldn't blow life into them again. Dead they were, and dead they stayed, both the Queen and his daughter, and he was forced to buy graves for them in the churchyard, and to spend money on their funeral ale into the bargain.

So he must and would go and cut Peik off; but Peik had his spies out, and knew when the King was coming, and then he said to his sister,—

"Now you must change clothes with me and set off. If you will do that you may have all we have got."

Well! she changed clothes with him, and packed up and started off as fast as she could; but Peik sat all alone in his sister's clothes.

"Where is that Peik?" said the King, as he came in a towering rage through the door.

"He has run away," said Peik.

"Ah! had he been at home," said the King, "I'd have slain him on the spot. It's no good sparing the life of such a rogue."

"Yes! he knew by his spies that your Majesty was coming, and was going to take his life for his wicked tricks; but he has left me all alone without a morsel of bread or a penny in my purse," said Peik, who made himself as soft and mealy-mouthed as a young lady.

"Come along then to the King's Grange, and you shall have enough to live on. There's no good sitting here and starving in this cabin by yourself," said the King.

Yes! he was glad to do that; so the King took him with him, and had him taught everything, and treated him as his own daughter, and it was almost as if the King had his three daughters again, for Miss Peik sewed and stitched, and sung and played with the others, and was with them early and late.

After a time a king's son came to look for a wife.

"Yes! I have three daughters," said the King; "it rests with you which you will have?"

So he got leave to go up to their bower to make friends with them, and the end was that he liked Miss Peik best, and threw a silk kerchief into her lap as a love token. So they set to work to get ready the bridal feast, and in a little while his kinsfolk came, and the King's men, and they all fell to feasting and drinking on the bridal eve; but as night was falling Miss Peik daren't stay longer, but ran away from the King's Grange, out into the wide world, and the bride was lost; but there was worse behind, for just then both the other princesses felt very queer, and all at once two little princes came travelling into the world, and folk had to break up and go home just as the fun and feasting were highest.

The King got both wroth and sorrowful, and began to wonder if it wasn't Peik again that had a finger in this pie.

So he mounted his horse and rode out, for he thought it dull work staying at home; but when he got out among the ploughed fields, there sat Peik on a stone playing on a Jew's harp.

"What! are you sitting there, Peik?" said the King.

"Here I sit, sure enough," said Peik. "Where else should I sit?"

"Now you have cheated me foully, time after time," said the king; "but now you must come along home with me, and I'll kill you."

"Well, well," said Peik, "if it can't be helped it can't; I suppose I must go along with you."

When they got home to the King's Grange, they got ready a cask which Peik was to be put in, and when it was ready they carted it up to a high fell; there he was to lie three days thinking on all the evil he had done, then they were to roll him down the fell into the firth.

The third day a rich man passed by, but Peik sat inside the cask and sang,—

To heaven's bliss and Paradise,
To heaven's bliss and Paradise.

"I'd sooner far stay here and not be made an angel."

When the man heard that, he asked what he would take to change places with him.

"It ought to be a good sum," said Peik, "for there wasn't a coach ready to start for Paradise every day."

So the man said he would give all he had, and so he knocked out the head of the cask and crept into it instead of Peik.

"A happy journey," said the King, when he came to roll him down; "now you'll go faster to the firth than if you were in a sledge with reindeer; and now it's all over with you and your fooling rods."

Before the cask was half-way down the fell, there wasn't a whole stave of it left, nor a limb of him who was inside. But when the King came back to the Grange, Peik was there before him, and sat in the courtyard playing on the Jew's harp.

"What! you sitting here, you Peik?"

"Yes! here I sit, sure enough; where else should I sit?" said Peik. "Maybe I can get house-room here for all my horses and sheep and money."

"But whither was it that I rolled you that you got all this wealth?" asked the King.

"Oh, you rolled me into the firth," said Peik, "and when I got to the bottom there was more than enough and to spare, both of horses and sheep and of gold and silver. The cattle went about in great flocks, and the gold and silver lay in large heaps as big as houses."

"What will you take to roll me down the same way?" asked the King.

"Oh," said Peik, "it costs little or nothing to do it. Besides, you took nothing from me, and so I'll take nothing from you either."

So he stuffed the King into a cask and rolled him over, and when he had given him a ride down to the firth for nothing, he went home to the King's Grange. Then he began to hold his bridal feast with the youngest princess, and afterwards he ruled both land and realm, but he kept his fooling rods to himself, and kept them so well that nothing was ever afterwards heard of Peik and his tricks, but only of OURSELF THE KING.

CONVERSATIONS WITH ROSSINI.

V.

"WERE you ever much upset by your extraordinary successes?" I asked Rossini, one day.

"My extraordinary successes!" said the maestro, smiling in his peculiar way; "but seriously, I have always kept pretty quiet, both after success and failure, which I owe to an impression of my earliest youth that I have never forgotten. Before my first operetta came out, I was present in Venice at the first performance of a one-act opera of Simon Mair's. Mair, you know, was then the hero of the day, and had brought out about twenty operas in Venice with immense success. And yet that evening the public treated him as if he were a mere ignorant boy; I never saw such rudeness, it utterly amazed me. So that's the way, said I to myself, you reward a man who has provided you with pleasure for years and years?"

Have you the right to do this because you pay a few pauls for admission? If so, your judgment is not worth a rush,—and for the future, I made that my principle as much as possible.”

“They have not always been very gentle with you?” said I.

“I should think not! you know how they used me when the *Barbieri* was brought out; and that was not the only time. One evening, however, the Venetians quite moved me. It was the first performance of an opera called *Sigismonde*, which bored them intensely. I could see how gladly they would have given vent to their disgust, but they kept it down, and let the music go on undisturbed. This amiable behaviour made me feel quite soft.”

“I can easily imagine that,” said I, laughing.

“To tell the truth, I was then the most insolent creature in the world. I loved my parents dearly, and was uneasy until I could get the length of securing a competence for them. But beyond that I cared not a straw for anything or anybody. It may have been wrong, but I couldn’t help it; I was made so.”

“It was lucky you were, for otherwise you wouldn’t have composed the *Barbieri*. But, *à propos*, I have sometimes heard that Marcellina’s song in the second act is not your own; is that true?”

“You mean the *Aria di Sorbetto*?” said Rossini; “I do boast of having composed that, and it reminds me of another *Aria di Sorbetto* which was funny enough. I had an awful Secunda-Donna for my opera, *Ciro in Babilonia*. Besides being hideously ugly, she had the most wretched voice. After trying it with the utmost care I discovered that she possessed one single good note, the B flat above the lines. So I wrote a song for her in which she had nothing but this note to sing; all the rest I put into the orchestra, and as it was liked and applauded, my singer of the one note was delighted with her triumph.”

“Anyhow she was modest. But this *Ciro*? I have never seen or heard it.”

“It was one of my fiascos. When I came back to Bologna after it, I found an invitation to a picnic awaiting me. I ordered the confectioner to make a sugar ship with *Ciro* on its flag; the mast was broken, the sail torn, and it lay on its side in an ocean of sweet cream. My friends demolished my shipwrecked vessel with much laughter.”

“However, that doesn’t prove that your Persian conqueror deserved his fate. *Zelmira* is one of your least known operas, and is certainly one of your best.”

“Whilst I was in Vienna,” said Rossini, “it

had great success; but it requires as splendid a cast as I had then. The days I spent there were delightful.”

“Were you satisfied with their musical means?”

“The chorus was capital. The orchestra was very good but weak, which, however, may possibly have been owing to the house. Did you know Weigl?”

“In my earliest boyhood I just saw him; did he conduct?”

“Yes. He knew that he had been spoken of to me as one of my great opponents. To convince me of the contrary he rehearsed my *Zelmira* with such infinite pains as I never experienced anywhere else. Sometimes I was tempted to tell him not to exaggerate his care, but I was obliged to confess that it went beautifully. At that time I heard several of my operas in German, and to my entire satisfaction. The German language suited my music much better than French, as I afterwards convinced myself. The arrangements of my operas for the Grand Opéra have often made me doubt my ears, and the words seemed to me quite impossible and unbearable. Nourrit, however, to whom I complained, thought it all right, and nobody noticed it. It would have been ridiculous to be more severe than the French, and so I let it be; but I could not get over the impression it made. Well! when the music really moves one the words lose their importance. And if the music does not carry you away, what’s the good of it? It becomes unnecessary, if not superfluous, or even disturbing.”

VI.

“TELL me something about your beginning. How came you to make your *début* at Venice?”

“Chance has a great deal to do with our lives,” answered Rossini. “At thirteen I was engaged as *maestro al cembalo* to the Opera, at Sinigaglia. There I found a singer with a pretty good voice, but not an idea of music. One day she finished up an air with a cadence, setting all the laws of harmony at defiance in the most barefaced way. I tried to show her that she must pay some regard to the harmony in the orchestra, and she seemed to a certain degree to grasp the truth of this remark, but, at the performance, she again trusted to her own inspiration and made a cadence which sent me into fits of laughter. The pit also roared, and the donna became furious. She complained to her special protector, the manager, a very rich and well-known

Venetian, who had a great deal of property in Sinigaglia; and he accused me of having made the public laugh by my unseemly behaviour. I was ordered before this gentleman, who was very stern, and pitched into me tremendously, threatening me with imprisonment for my impudence in making fun of a great artist. He could have done it too, but I did not allow myself to be frightened, and so the thing took another turn. I explained to him about the harmony, convinced him of my innocence, and instead of sending me to prison, he took an immense fancy to me, and said that when I was ready to write an opera, I was to come to him and he would arrange the thing for me. And it is to him that I owe my first *scrittura* in Venice, and the 200 francs I got for it, which was a fortune for me in those days."

"That was in the San Mosé, wasn't it?"

"Yes; that theatre has since failed, and it is a great loss to young Italian composers. They used to do short comic operas for four or five persons, without chorus or change of scene; things which could be rehearsed in no time, and cost the manager hardly anything. In that way one easily got one's things performed, and gained experience. A great number of noted composers made their *début* there. Now-a-days, when a young Italian composer wants to make a first attempt for the stage, he will find it difficult to manage without a few thousand francs. It is true the requirements are very different now, and the manager can hardly be expected to throw them in into the bargain."

"It's a pity the Italians have so entirely given up the opera buffa, for in that they really excelled."

"The Neapolitans especially had a great turn for it," answered Rossini. "It requires not so much musical talent as a thorough knowledge of stage business. But we have not got the singers for it. Their continual flourishing of daggers destroys all graceful and easy motion."

VII.

"YOU must have heard Paganini?"

"For many years he was almost constantly in my neighbourhood. He declared that he followed my star, as he called it; and wherever I was he was sure to follow. He sat by me whole days and nights whilst I composed."

"Was he interesting to talk to?"

"Full of original ideas, and a strange creature. But what talent! You should have

heard him read music! He took in half a page at a glance. You know the story about him and Lafont in Milan? I was staying there. Lafont came to Milan with the curious prejudice that Paganini was a kind of charlatan, and thought to make short work with him; so he asked him to play something with him at his concert in the Scala. Paganini came to me to know if he should accept. 'You must,' said I, 'or he will think that you are afraid of him.' Lafont sent him the solo part, but Paganini would not look at it, and said that the rehearsal with the orchestra was enough. At the rehearsal he read off his part very demurely; but, in the evening, he repeated the variations which Lafont had just played, in octaves, thirds, and sixths, so that the poor Frenchman got into the greatest confusion, and did not even play as well as he could. I reproached Paganini for this disloyal behaviour, but he only laughed in his sleeve. Meanwhile, Lafont returned to Paris furious, and Paganini was considered a charlatan by the Parisians till he himself taught them better."

"Is it true that at first he had a fuller tone and played on thicker strings?"

"The difficulties he met with in an increased number of parts obliged him to use thinner strings, and when he went abroad he was no longer in his prime, so there may be some truth in it. What always astonished me most in him was the power he had of suddenly changing from excitement to repose, when he came upon the most difficult passages after the most passionate melodies; he would get all at once as rigid as an automaton, and I almost believe that at such times he grew physically cold."

"I suppose there is little truth in the many extraordinary stories told of his early life?"

"None at all. For some time he held an appointment at the court of Prince Bacciocchi, and then wandered about Italy giving concerts. In that way he could not get rich; Italy is not the place for that."

"And yet it is said that he had a passion for money."

"His stinginess was equal to his talent, and that is saying a good deal. When he was making thousands in Paris, he would dine at a restaurant with his son for two francs, and take away a pear and a bit of bread for the boy's breakfast. He had the queer wish to be a baron, and found a man in Germany who helped him to manage it; but who, finally, demanded no small sum for it. It made him ill for months with anger and vexation."

"And yet he made Berlioz a magnificent present?"

"So says Paris," said Rossini, shrugging his shoulders, "and I suppose I must believe it, though it really seems impossible."

"There are so many wonders in the world, that one more or less makes but little difference. Isn't it wonderful that you have not written anything for twenty-two years? What do you do with all the musical thoughts that must be buzzing about in your head? How can you exist without composing?"

"Without inducement, without excitement, without the fixed purpose of creating a definite work? I never required much to make me compose; my opera-books prove that. But something is necessary."

"You have often contented yourself with very mediocre libretti."

"If that had been all! In Italy I never had a complete libretto when I began to write; I composed the introductions long before the words of the next numbers were finished. And often my poets were people who, though they did not write badly, had not the least idea of the requirements of music, so that I had to work with them instead of they for me, and that always in a hurry. When I was under Barbaja, in Naples, I had to attend to the whole opera, and hear all the rehearsals. Barbaja never would pay a bill that I did not sign; and, with all that, I was under an agreement to write two operas a year."

"And wrote four?"

"I sometimes got leave of absence, which I made use of. My whole income was only 8000 francs: true, I lived in Barbaja's house, and had no household cares."

"Barbaja must have been a genial fellow in his way."

"He carried on his business in a grand sort of style, and prided himself particularly on having the best opera. But what a splendid orchestra there was at the San Carlo then!" exclaimed Rossini. "Festa, of whom I spoke to you before, was an eminent conductor. Next to that of the Grand Opéra in Paris, that orchestra in Naples was the best I ever met with at a theatre."

"The Paris one is still capital, but as to power it never made much impression on me."

"The house is too big; I particularly dislike these monster houses—they kill everything. The effect of a locality cannot be sufficiently taken into account. Transfer the orchestra of the Conservatoire with all its splendour to the Grand Opéra, you would not know it again."

FINE LADIES AND GOOD HOUSEWIVES.

SHOULD it be the good fortune of Clarissa Harlowe to become popular once again—herself, as well as her story—one could wish that proper regard might be paid to that excellent quality of good housewifery upon which her author lays such earnest stress, as one of the model young lady's distinctive characteristics. There might be more of the *bourgeois* than of the *gentilhomme* in good old Samuel Richardson's belongings, but he managed to win the ear of the fine ladies of his day, any one of whom, while Clarissa was the rage, would have been ready to assure him, in the ecstasy of excitement, "Had I three ears I'd hear thee." It was no fault of his if fine ladyism continued to think scorn of good housewifery. He exalted the practice of domestic economy as a feminine accomplishment in the charming instance, and by the eminent example, of Clarissa; and in a subsequent labour of love—if not equally a great work, quite equally a big book, *The History of Sir Charles Grandison and the Honourable Miss Byron*,—Richardson was even more direct and emphatic in his praise of this household virtue.

Clarissa's mother is described in one of the letters as "relieved of the household cares" only when this young lady is at home—her other daughter having "no turn" that way. Elsewhere we hear of the heroine's grandfather "indulging her in erecting and fitting up a dairy-house in her own taste." Miss Howe admiringly rallies her most constant of correspondents, on her exceptional power of confining herself within her own respectable rounds of the needle, the housekeeper's bills, the dairy, "and all the really useful branches of domestic management." And Lovelace, in one of those parentheses of panegyric in which he vows, as his manner is, that no selfish consideration shall hinder him from "doing justice to this admirable creature,"—records of a certain conversation he has just had with her, that in it "she demonstrated so much prudent knowledge in everything that relates to that part of the domestic management which falls under the care of the mistress of a family, that I believe she has no equal of her years in the world." Then again in *Sir Charles Grandison* we have one male model of the proprieties exacting as an indispensable condition in any wife of his choosing, that she be well "acquainted with the theory of the domestic

duties, and not ashamed, occasionally, to enter into the direction of the practice." Further on we have the Honourable (and adorable) Miss Byron reporting of an exemplar of her sex, to whom she has been paying a visit, that in addition to being extremely ingenious, and perfectly unaffected, she has a pronounced talent for writing finely, but has not suffered her pen to run away with her needle, "nor her reading to interfere with that housewifery which the best judges hold so indispensable in the character of a good woman." Take, again, Miss Grandison, the vivacious sister of Sir Charles: "She is an excellent manager in a family, finely as she has been educated. . . She knows everything, and how to direct what should be done, from the private family dinner to a sumptuous entertainment; and every day inspects, and approves, or alters, the bill of fare." Anon we have the Countess thus addressing Miss Byron herself: "I am thought to be a managing woman. . . You, I understand, are an excellent economist. (A glorious character in this age for a young woman! Persons of the highest quality ought not to think themselves above it.)" And once more: after Miss Byron is become Lady Grandison, we read in one of her letters, descriptive of the ease with which she manages to manage her new household, and of her popularity with the servants,—“You, my dearest grandmamma, from my earliest youth, have told me, that to be respected, even by servants, it is necessary to be able to direct them, and not be thought ignorant of those matters that becomes a mistress of a family to be acquainted with.”

But Richardson was such a solemn old prig, the girl of the period that now is may object, or, as the girl of the period that then was would have put it, such a tedious old put. Granted, in some respects. And Fielding satirised him sharply, and caricatured him broadly, in some of his weak points; indeed, wherever he lay really open to attack. But Fielding, who had nothing of the sedate old prig, or solemn old put, in *his* composition, so far from ridiculing his elder's praise of good housewifery, takes pains in more than one of his own novels to insist on the value of such an attribute, and is eager to endow with it those of his female characters who are meant to be loved. When Parson Adams owns himself to have often lamented that his wife did not understand Greek, Squire Wilson, with a smile, meant to be re-assuring, goes on to say that “my Harriet, I assure you, is a notable housewife, and the housekeepers of few gentlemen understand cookery or confectionery

better.” And observe of Amelia, preparing the captain's supper, that a special paragraph is devoted to the fact that, as soon as the clock struck seven, the good creature went down into the kitchen, and began to exercise her talents of cookery, of which she was a great mistress, as she was (it is added) of every economical office, from the highest to the lowest; and as no woman could outshine her in a drawing-room, so none could make the drawing-room itself shine brighter than Amelia. “And if I may speak a bold truth,” exclaims Henry Fielding, who, by the way, is held to have drawn Amelia (nose included) from that dear original, his own tried and trusty wife, “I question whether it be possible to view this fine creature in a more amiable light, than while she was dressing her husband's supper with her little children playing round her.” Is it too bold a wish to wish that the Richardson and the Fielding of the present age, whoever they may be agreed upon to be, and allowing the choice of identification to include as many as can be suggested besides a Charles Reade and a Charles Dickens,—to wish that they would as frankly and forcibly exalt the merits of the good housewife, as the authors of *Clarissa* and of *Amelia* did more than a century ago?

A French author some time since published a series of aphorisms with the view of fixing what women are entitled to rank as *honnête*, i.e., entitled to be objects of consideration in society. One of these aphorisms is that “une femme qui fait la cuisine dans son ménage n'est pas une femme honnête.” He would have subscribed his *ex animo* assent and consent to the drift of what Comus argues:—

It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; coarse complexions,
And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply
The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool,—

to say nothing of standing over a kitchen range. “Now, missis,” says Aunt Chloe, who, “can't do nothing with ladies in the kitchen,” to her too easy-going mistress, “do jist look at dem beautiful white hands o' yours, with long fingers, and all a sparkling with rings, like my white lilies when de dew's on 'em; and look at my great black stumping hands. Now, don't ye think dat de Lord must have mean *me* to make de pie-crust, and you to stay in de parlour?” The fine lady was ready enough to be convinced of her inborn and inbred superiority to good housewifery; so “she kinder larked in her eyes, and, says she, ‘Well, Aunt Chloe, I think you are about in the right on't,’ says she; and she went off in de parlour.” Long ago, Sam Slick took, or found, occasion

to charge us Britishers with rearing or "raising" an undue surplusage of "idle, extravagant women, that's a fact." "Some on 'em ought to be kept to home, or else their homes must be bad taken care of. Who the plague looks after their helps when they are off frolickin'? Who does the presarvin', or makes the pies and apple-sarce and dough-nuts? Who does the spinnin', and cardin', and bleachin', or mends their husband's shirts, or darns their stockin's?" No, no, one of Mr. Jerrold's shrewd youngsters tells his superfine sisters,—you're too good, too fine, too embroidered, for the plain work of matrimony:—"Bless your little filagree hearts, before you marry you ought to perform quarantine in cotton, and serve seven years to pies and puddings." So fresh, instead of stale, flat, and unprofitable, century after century, is the satire of the old ballad on you

—new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and spare,
Who never knew what belonged to good housekeeping,
or care,

Who buys gaudy-coloured fans to play with wanton air,
And seven or eight different dressings of other women's
hair.

The Lady Harriet of that once deservedly popular, and now perhaps undeservedly forgotten novel, *Granby*, fires up at the charge against some lady-friend of being "not domestic,"—an expression she denounces as horrid, so exasperating she finds it to hear of domestic people,—a term always associated by her with a vulgar, housewifely, bustling body, that goes rummaging about the house with a jingling bunch of keys in her pocket, and a ball of worsted in her hand, and thinks it the first best duty of a wife to make good tea, and hem cravats, and carve a turkey for sixteen people, and know, at first sight, when she sits down to table, if the fish is done a bubble too little. But my lady in this instance, is stopped short by one who best ought to know, with the protest that she is libelling herself:—"My dear Harriet, spare your philippic. You are yourself an excellent tea-maker, and I have no doubt a genius equal either to hemming a cravat, or carving a turkey"—a compliment, however, which fails to reconcile her fine ladyship to the opprobrium of being thought domestic. Nor is to be forgotten the impatience of Mrs. Bennett, in one of Miss Austen's tales, when complimented on her dinner arrangements by a *distinguished* guest, who begs to know to which of his fair cousins the excellence of the cookery is owing. "But here he was set right by Mrs. Bennett, who assured him, with some asperity, that they were very well able to keep a good cook, and that her daughters had

nothing to do in the kitchen." In that house, therefore, no *exigant* Cœlebs in search of a wife need apply. It scarcely adds to the charms—which are many and real ones—of Diana Vernon, that she, frank and unsophisticated creature as she is, is fain to own that she can neither sew a tucker, nor work cross-stitch, nor make a pudding, nor, as the vicar's fat wife with as much truth as elegance, good-will, and politeness, is pleased to say in her behalf, "do any other useful thing in the varsal world."

It is strange, as a social essayist has repeatedly insisted, to observe into what unreasonable disrepute active housekeeping, "woman's first natural duty," has fallen in England; where things too are getting worse, not better, and our young women are less useful even than their mothers—so out of sight, out of mind, are the good housekeeping ladies of olden times, who knew every secret of domestic economy, and made a point of honour of a wise and pleasant "distribution of bread." The plain question is more easily put than answered, What is there in practical housekeeping less honourable than the ordinary work of middle-class gentlewomen? and why should women shrink from doing for utility, and for the general comfort of the family, what they would at any time do for vanity or idleness? No one, it is at once conceded, need go into extremes, and wish our middle-class gentlewomen to become Cinderellas sitting among the kitchen ashes, Nausicaas washing linen, or Penelopes spending their lives in needlework only. But it is rightly contended, without undertaking anything unpleasant to her senses or degrading to her condition, a lady might do hundreds of things that are now left undone in a house altogether, or are given up to the coarse handling of servants, and domestic life would gain infinitely in consequence. "The snobbish half of the middle-classes hold housewifely work as degrading, save in the trumpery pretentiousness of 'giving orders.' A woman may sit in a dirty drawing-room which the slipshod maid has not had time to clean, but she must not take a duster in her hands and polish the legs of the chairs; there is no disgrace in the dust, only in the duster. She may do fancywork of no earthly use, but she must not be caught making a gown." We have cited a Richardson and a Fielding to the rescue; and here, by way of conclusion, is a pithy excerpt from Pope:—

Oh, if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charm'd the small-pox, or chased old age away,
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?



[Jan. 23, 1869.]

THE STREET ARTIST.—By F. W. LAWSON.

Once a Week.

FRENCH PUBLIC MEETINGS.

I HAVE been to public meetings enough in England, but I had never yet seen one in France when, a short while ago, turning over in Paris one of those wonderful little sheets of gossip and scandal which our lively neighbours term literary journals, I came upon a paragraph which announced, "Un meeting public" as intended to be held in a well-known concert-room at seven o'clock that very night. I should have gone in any case, had the weather been wet or fine, but I happened to be fortunate in that respect, and the umbrella from which—British fashion—I never depart in my walks abroad, served only to draw down a rebuke upon my head as I stalked up to the door and prayed for admittance; for the first sounds I heard were, "Monsieur, on n'entre pas avec ça." Which meant, in other words, that my gingham was deemed an offensive weapon, and as such, debarred from all share in the entertainment. Whereupon I surrendered the gingham to an old lady behind a counter, paid a compulsory two-pence for its custody, and walked in.

The room was a large one, and only half full, for I was twenty minutes before the time. As far as I could judge, both sexes were represented in about equal proportions; but, in justice to the economical spirit that had presided over the arrangements, I must say that the gas was turned down so low that it was difficult to see ten yards before one. Moreover, there reigned a profound silence, so that by the time I got to my seat the whole thing had impressed me so solemnly that I found myself thinking of a Quakers' meeting. It was a policeman—that is a *sergent de ville* with cocked hat and sword—who allotted to me my place. He did so in a courteous but peremptory tone, and for reasons best known to himself, located me between a workman who smelled of garlic and a lady of ripe aspect armed with a voluminous bundle of papers. I have forgotten to state that the subject we were met to discuss was that of the "Rights of Women," and I may as well add at once that my female neighbour held very decided views upon this question, and had formed the triumphant design of gratifying us with a speech.

As the hour approached, the room kept filling; but somehow or other the same silence continued to hang over us—a fact which I attributed as much to the striking number of policemen who filled up the gangway as to that indefinable spirit of uneasiness which op-

presses people who are exercising a newly conceded right; more especially when that right enjoys but a precarious sort of existence, and may be suppressed at any moment for a word out of place, or for even less than that.

Ever since the establishment of the Second Empire up to the year 1868, the French had been prohibited from meeting together for public discussion under any pretext whatsoever. There were even some pleasant anomalies in this law, for whilst on the one hand it was lawful for workmen to "strike," it was quite unlawful to concert a strike, and still more unlawful when once the strike had been brought about to hold any conference with a view of putting an end to it. However, the French bore this in their usual cheerful way; neither is it very sure that they felt the hardship of it, for when once the Government began to talk of changing this state of things, a fair number of them boded that no good would come of it, and talked in a dismal way of what happened in 1848, when every workshop was a debating room, and every street corner a tribune. But the Government, less timid, or perhaps more confident in its strength, insisted upon passing the new law it had proposed. And so the law *was* passed, and a curious law it is, as one may judge from the following clauses.

Article 1. All Frenchmen are free to meet together for the purpose of discussing any subject they please, *save those relating to politics, religion, or political economy.*

Art. 2. In order to convoke a meeting, it is necessary that seven citizens resident in the quarter where the meeting is to be held should apprise the prefect of the fact by means of a written notice, stating the day and hour of the meeting, and the subjects to be discussed there.

Art. 3. The Minister of the Interior may interdict the meeting if he think fit, without being obliged to furnish his reasons.

Art. 4. The seven promoters of the meeting must elect a chairman, who will be held responsible to the law in the event of any seditious or improper speeches.

Art. 5. A commissary of police, or his delegate, will have a seat on the platform, and be empowered to dissolve the meeting on the first symptoms of disorder.

Art. 6. No meeting shall be prolonged later than eleven o'clock at night.

The other clauses bear reference to the penalties that are applicable in case of non-compliance with the preceding regulations. These penalties comprise various terms of

imprisonment, and a sliding scale of fines, ranging from £2 to £400. All this I knew when I sat down, and I was perfectly well aware, moreover, that if it suited anybody to create a disturbance, I was quite as likely as not to be hauled off summarily to the station and deprived of liberty for a week, on that immortal principle of French justice that the innocent should always as much as possible be made to pay for the guilty. Nevertheless, to use a statesman-like phrase, I confided in the good sense of my friend with the garlic on the right, and my fair neighbour with the bundle of papers on the left, and I am proud to say that, as far as I was personally concerned, my trust was not misplaced.

By a few minutes before seven the room was chock full, and punctually as the hour struck the gas was turned on, and the sudden blaze of light revealed to me a crowd of fifteen hundred souls as tightly packed as wedging could make them. At one end of the room was a platform with a semicircular row of chairs all empty—a circumstance which had the effect of provoking the hilarity of the audience, and setting their tongues all wagging together. This transformation from abject silence to noisy merriment was so abrupt that it would have needed nothing else to convince me that I was in the midst of Frenchmen. It is only they who can thus leap in a moment from cold to hot, from extreme to extreme, without the slightest shadow of reason. A few minutes before, I had thought the policemen too many, I felt convinced now that ten times their number would not have sufficed to keep order. After going into paroxysms of laughter at a scared looking servant who brought a decanter of water and two glasses on to the platform table, the whole congregation, men and women, gentlemen and artisans, boys and girls, began rapping their heels on the floor, whilst a choice spirit in the centre of the room struck up "Le Sire de Framboisy," followed by an enthusiastic and appreciative chorus. It was in the middle of this appropriate melody that the seven promoters of the meeting made their appearance, amidst loud cheers, cock-crowings, cat-calls, and inquiries as to why they had not brought their wives with them. My neighbour on the right was especially demonstrative, and howled out a series of jokes which appeared to delight him vastly, much as they amazed and disconcerted me. It was not until every imaginable form of jest had been exhausted that there was anything like a lull in the wind. One of the seven on the platform then walked

up to the table and shouted out that the debates would be opened as soon as the commissaire arrived. Almost at the same moment that functionary himself emerged from a back door, and strutted forward all glorious in a swallow-tail coat, white neck-tie, and gaudy tricolour sash, concealing half his waistcoat. He was an insignificant, weaselly-looking little man, but he was the representative of "Order," and his appearance was the signal for a general and profound silence. Not, by the way, that the Parisians are very great friends of the principle of order, but a man in a tricolour sash is always a curiosity, and doubly so when, as in this case, he betrays any symptoms of wishing to speak. The commissaire's remarks were few, but to the point. He read out the law on public meetings, observed incidentally that he was there to perform a duty, and wound up by declaring that if there were the slightest disturbance he should certainly dissolve the meeting and have the rioters arrested.

This pleasant commencement seemed to set everybody at their ease. The formality of electing a chairman was gone through by the seven gentlemen on the platform, and the leanest, most wizen of them having been appointed to the dignity, the remaining six at once collapsed into their respective seats, and the proceedings were declared to have begun. I might fill many pages were I to attempt a report of all the speeches that were uttered, but such is not my intention. I had quite enough of it in listening to them. The first orator was of course the chairman, who appealed to us somewhat plaintively, to the end that we should not bring him into trouble. He advised us to remember that all political matter must be eschewed in the debate, and that the question as to the rights of women must be considered from "a purely social point of view." Hereupon the commissaire rose once more, and remarked that the penalty incurred by political allusions might extend to a month's imprisonment. He evidently dwelt upon this contingency with the very keenest relish. When he sat down again the chairman's bell was rung, and the speeches began in earnest.

I discovered then that every one of the orators had been inscribed on the chairman's list at least three or four weeks beforehand. There was no getting up to speak extempore. My female neighbour on the left explained to me that meetings on the rights of women had been held every week since the beginning of August, and would probably continue to be held until everybody had spoken on the

subject, which might be in about a hundred years hence. Each speaker upon ascending the platform was called upon by the commissaire to give his (or her) name and address, and as a check against diffuseness, no one was allowed to speak longer than a quarter of an hour. All these arrangements were so admirable, that during the four mortal hours that the entertainment lasted, the commissaire of police appeared to me to have solved the problem of perpetual movement. He was continually on his legs, now to warn some obstinate speaker that his fifteen minutes were over, now to inform some too incautious tongue that it had better mind its sayings, now again to "protest energetically" whenever anybody threw walnut shells on the platform. The only thing which he did not do, but which he ought to have done, was to order silence whilst the orators were speaking. He seemed, however, to be profoundly indifferent as to what amount of noise was made so long as his own voice was not drowned. And the consequence was, that except in isolated instances, where the speakers had stentorian lungs, it must have been quite impossible to hear them at more than a few yards off. I am sorry to say that my fair neighbour with the papers could not so much as obtain a hearing. She was persistently howled at for ten minutes, and at last gave it up in despair. When the proceedings were at length brought to a summary close by the commissaire rising to say it was eleven o'clock, and that the meeting was adjourned to that day week, I left the place convinced that "*paternal government*" was an excellent thing, but that it was just possible to have too much of it.

THE LOCH FYNE HERRING FISHERY.

LOCH FYNE herrings are celebrated all the world over. Sam Slick speaks of them as Glasgow baillies, which is the sobriquet given to them from the circumstance that the finest specimens of the fish had to be presented to the baillie of the river—who is called the Skate Bailie—by the vendors who brought their boat-loads up to the Broomielaw. These herrings were appreciated upwards of a thousand years ago; for, as early as the year 836, the Netherlands came to Loch Fyne to purchase them. The Dutch continued to trade largely with the herring, and to cure the Loch Fyne fish in such enor-

mous quantities, that many a fortune was created by their means even in Amsterdam itself, which, according to their proverb, was built on herring bones, much after the fashion that our own London bridge was said to have been built on woolsacks. To a certain extent, this enrichment of the Dutch was at the expense of the West-Highlanders, who considered the whale fishery to be preferable to that of the herring. Not that they altogether despised the herring; on the contrary, they thought so highly of this denizen of Loch Fyne, that (as we are told by Professor Cosmo Innes) a Lord Breadalbane, in 1590, received a portion of his rent, from a Loch Fyne tenant, in Loch Fyne herrings. But they devoted more time and skill to harpooning the mighty whale than in netting the tiny herring. At length, however, their eyes were opened to the fact that, while they were losing, the Dutch were gaining; so they re-adjusted matters and gradually brought back the herring-fishery into their own hands, and, during the last century, raised it to the greatest importance. At the present time the Scottish herring fishery far exceeds that of any other country. At Wick and Pulteneytown, at Stornoway and Dunbar, the take of herrings is enormous. At Wick alone, as many as 120,000 crans of herrings—each cran holding forty-five gallons of fish—have been cured in a year.

During the last few years, the worth of the herring fishery in Loch Fyne and off the Cantire coast has been computed at an annual value of £25,000. As many as five or six hundred herring-boats might occasionally be seen together in the Loch, whose waters swarmed to such an extent with the herring-shoals, that it was a common saying among the fishermen that the Loch was one part water and two parts fish. The Gaelic name of the fish is *Sgadan*, but we get its name of herring from the German *Heer*, an army, denoting a legion. As many as 20,000 barrels of Loch Fyne herrings have been cured in a year, each barrel containing from 500 to 800 fish; the price of a barrel being about fifty shillings. It is singular that there should be such a difference between the Loch Fyne herrings and those taken in the Kyles of Bute; but the latter are comparatively useless for curing, and bring one shilling per 100 less in the market. This would seem to show that this capricious fish is local to particular places, for, although charts of the migration of the herring have been published, and it has been stated that an Iceland herring-shoal visits the eastern and western coasts of Scotland and

occupies a superficies as large as that of Great Britain and Ireland, yet it is certain that the herring is a very different fish in one place to what it is in another. The Yarmouth bloater and the Thurso herring are as unlike each other as are the Frith of Forth and Loch Fyne herring. The fish of Loch Fyne is plump and white, and of surpassing delicacy.

East Tarbert, at the head of the peninsula of Cantire, with its landlocked harbour opening immediately upon Loch Fyne, naturally formed a convenient port for the fleets of vessels engaged on the fisheries. Till recently these vessels were called Busses, which word was used as early as 1471, in an enactment of James III. for the revival of the trade, "ships, busses, and other pink boats;" and they varied in size from 20 to 94 tons burden, the larger vessels being manned by eighteen men and provided with three boats and 20,000 square yards of nets. The approach to East Tarbert from Loch Fyne is by an intricate and labyrinthine passage amid confused masses of rugged rocks, the resting-places of those thousands of gulls and gannets whose movements tell the fishermen of the position of the herring-shoals. Lord Teignmouth very correctly compared the appearance of this East Loch Tarbert to a painting by Salvator Rosa; "the rude outworks of its rocks, apparently barring access; the overhanging keep of its ruined castle; the village and the innumerable fishing-boats choking up every nook and crevice, form a scene singularly picturesque." A vessel's course through this eastern loch is about a mile from Loch Fyne to East Tarbert quay, the southern side of which, under the rock that is crowned by the ruined castle, is its busiest portion. Here the Glasgow steamers load and unload, and here are great piles of herring-boxes that make the air redolent with other perfumes than those of Araby the blest. The quay forms three sides of a square, the town being chiefly built round two of those sides, with the white-washed houses looking up the vista of the labyrinthine loch and on the busy scene of the harbour. The population of Tarbert, in 1865, numbered 1245; and the town has its two churches, bank, inns, and shops. The position of the castle on the summit of the precipitous rock made it the key of Cantire, though it was but one of a chain of strongholds. Here Robert Bruce held his court, and James II. was also here; the former had his boats carried hither across the narrow isthmus from West Loch Tarbert, in the manner so vividly described by Scott in *The Lord of the Isles*. The word Tarbert, in fact, means boat-carrying,

and is often met with in similar places in Scotland, between two arms of the sea, or between two fresh-water lochs, where these Tarberts were similar to the Canadian "portages," the North American "carrying-places," and the Grecian "diolkoi." The distance across the isthmus from East Loch Tarbert to the lovely western loch is about a mile; and, as there is a communication with Islay by steamer from the head of the western loch, it has been frequently proposed to connect the two lochs by a canal, which might also compete with the Crinan canal and do away with the hazardous route round the Mull of Cantire. The engineering difficulties would not be great, but the shallowness of the western loch, and the tidal differences (of some hours) between the two lochs, have hitherto been considered as fatal objections to the prosecution of the canal scheme. Perhaps a short railway across the isthmus, running from pier to pier, would be found to answer. Telegraph posts and wires are already to be seen there.

The other chief harbour for the Cantire Loch Fyne herring fleet is Campbelton, which also, like Tarbert, may be said to be situated on an isthmus, for it is less than five miles from the head of the harbour, on the eastern coast, to Machrihanish Bay, on the Atlantic, on the western coast, and, over this low tract of land, it is evident that the sea has formerly flowed. From the commodiousness of its harbour, and from other local circumstances, more especially from the fact that boats and busses were built here, Campbelton surpassed East Tarbert in importance in its connection with the herring fishery, and it was specially appointed by the Government as the harbour for the busses, as many as 260 of which have been seen here at one time. The first bounty on the exportation of herrings was granted by the Scottish Parliament in 1705; and a herring bounty of 30s. a ton—a sum finally increased to 50s.—was given by the Government to all those who claimed it at Campbelton. The bounty thus granted for the encouragement of British adventurers gave a fresh impulse to the exertions of the enterprising merchants and proprietors of Cantire who had embarked their fortunes in the herring fishery. But this liberality on the part of the Government proceeded from other causes than a philanthropic sentiment for the West Highland herring-curers; and, when the flower of the Cantire peasantry had been converted into able seamen by their three-months' duties on board the busses, the Government found it expedient to withdraw the herring-bounty and to impress

the fishermen to serve as sailors in their men-of-war.

From the blow thus received, the Campbelton herring-fishery languished up to the present day. Money was invested in distilleries instead of in busses and boats, and the sway of whisky displaced the rule of herrings. "The bare-footed Highlander" (as neat whisky was called) became of more importance than "the Glasgow bailie." But, during the last few years, the trade in herrings has somewhat revived—although the Loch Fyne herring-shoals are said to have greatly decreased—and Campbelton's former fame for boat-building has also been resuscitated. In 1863, a company was formed in Campbelton for prosecuting the herring-fishery; and within the first year they built and dispatched from its port twelve boats, which, when equipped, cost £400 each. In May of that year, twenty-seven other boats sailed from Campbelton New Quay for the Stornoway herring-fishery; and on the morning of the 3rd of June, it was a beautiful sight to see, in that lovely land-locked harbour, 140 boats laden with those silvery gems and phosphoric splendours for which the herring is so remarkable. The earliest boats obtained eight shillings the hundred (120 being reckoned to the "hundred"), which price gradually fell to half that sum. Six hundred is termed a "maze." The price given for the fish varies in an astonishing way. It is said that as high as one pound per hundred has been given early in the season and as low as sixpence per hundred late in the season; but I cannot vouch for the truth of this statement. The lowest price reached within my own knowledge was in 1843, when the price obtained by the crews of sixty-five boats from Skipness and Carradale, Cantire, was no more than fifteen pence per hundred (of 120). In 1845, the average price was not more than half-a-crown per hundred, both at Tarbert and Campbelton: 1863 was another bad season to the Skipness fishermen, who would have been reduced to great straits, had it not been for the kindness of Captain Fraser of Skipness Castle. In the past season of 1868, the commencement was favourable. In May, 1868, the fleet that sailed out of Campbelton harbour numbered thirty-six smacks. One of these brought in thirty maze of trawled herrings, from six to eight maze being the number taken with the drift nets. The best fish were retailed at 1½d each; then, at eight for 6d., with inferior fish at fifteen for 6d.; but the profit on these sums went to the women who sold the fish, as they were pur-

chased from the boats at 3s. and 3s. 6d. per hundred. Similarly, the cod-fish sold, in April last, by the Campbelton fishermen for 9d. or 1s. each, had marvellously increased in price by the time that it had reached the consumer. I was told of some boats which had made from £120 to £130 each in last year's herring-fishery; and as each boat is owned by two men who have a man or boy to assist them, the profit to each owner, after paying about £10 in wages and £10 to £20 in expenses, would be about £50. But the general average was considered to be from £20 to £30 profit for each part owner. This was for seven months' work, from June 1 to January 1; and from this would have to be deducted the hire or cost of the boat with its nets and equipment. Some fishermen are rich enough to hire two assistants, and to keep the whole profits themselves, and some possess a share in a boat. But where this is not the case, the earnings of the herring-fisher are but small, and are very hardly obtained; and, in some instances, the hirer of the boat begins the season overwhelmed by debts that nothing but an extraordinary profit could pay off. The poverty of many of the herring-fishers is also caused by their improvidence and indolence, and their indisposition to apply themselves to other kinds of labour. The destruction to their nets, and the wear and tear of their boats, must also be taken into consideration. At the end of the last century the Duke of Argyll, at his own expense, planted a colony at Ross for the herring-fishers off Mull; and gave the men their boats and nets, and also cottages and crofts; but his benevolent experiment was unsuccessful. The equipment of a boat with its train of nets, was reckoned at about £70. These trains varied in length, but generally consisted of thirty-six nets, making a total length of about 436 yards. A train of fifty or sixty nets was considered to be very long, but their length has rapidly increased, and as many as 300 nets are now often used to one train. A net of 100 yards length is called "a barrel," and a cutter will sometimes have twenty "barrels" on board. Catechu is now used instead of bark for the tanning of the nets, which have been improved and cheapened by being made by machinery instead of by the fishermen and their children, from twine spun at home or twisted at a rope-walk. Mr. Thomas Brown has an establishment for the making of herring-nets, in Bolgam Street, Campbelton.

Unlike the law that rules the capture of the salmon, the herring can be taken when gravid,

or "full fish," as they are called, if they have not spawned; and the Commissioners who reported on the Loch-Fyne fisheries, went so far as to say that a herring might be taken at any period of its life. But, as to the method of its capture, the law has laid down a very strict rule: the herring must not be trawled, but taken with a drift-net—at any rate, in Loch Fyne; for it may be trawled on the eastern coast of Scotland, and north of Ardnarmurchan Point on the western coast; an anomaly for which the fishermen do not echo the popular cry, "God bless the Duke of Argyll." But trawling is very largely followed in Loch Fyne, in defiance of the law and the policemen of Tarbert and Campbeltown; and the steamers convey many boxes of trawled herrings from Cantire to Glasgow. The trawling is accomplished with a seine-net, to which there is a "sole," or bottom rope; and it is not so expensive to the fishermen as the drift-net. The trawl-net is managed by three or four boats' crews, who row round in a circle, immersing the net to a slight depth in the water and dragging it until they can join its two extreme ends, the shoal of fish being enclosed in the midst. The slower process of the drift-net obliges it to be paid-out by the cutter or smack in a straight direction, its course being marked on the surface of the water by the corks, bladders, or "bows," made of tarred sheepskins. The fish thus caught are not crowded or crushed or otherwise damaged; and, although the drift-net process is less expeditious and more expensive than that of the trawl-net, yet the fish are so much superior, that the experienced purchasers can at once detect the legal drift-net herring from the illegal trawl-net herring. Nevertheless, the fishermen prefer the trawling, and find a way to put it in practice.

The herring is chiefly caught during the night, as it is then that it approaches nearer to the surface of the water. The phosphoric properties of the fish—the "bleeze," as the fishermen term it—render their shoals visible in the darkest night, and produce the appearance of a floating mass of brilliant gems. The fishermen seem to dread what they term "scowders" and "buckers" almost as much as they do the official police-boat that so often interferes with their trawling. The "scowders" are jelly-fishes that block up their nets: and the "buckers" are the large porpoises of "the Grampus" order, which prey upon the herrings and injure the nets. Occasionally, however, a grampus becomes so entangled in the nets, that he, in his turn, falls a prey to

the fisherman. The position of the herring-shoals can only be guessed at, and it is usual to search for them, as the boat is slowly drifted or propelled by the oars, either by stamping with the foot or jingling the anchor. This causes sufficient noise to frighten the fish, and the fisherman in the bow of the boat sees by the phosphorescent "bleeze" when and where it will be proper to let down the net. Sometimes they raise a portion of the net to see if they have any take of fish; and, after this "preen on," as they term it, they wait until they can "hale," or take up the full net. Sometimes the fishermen enjoy themselves, when at their night's work, and wile away the time with boat-songs, called *iorrams*, which, however rude and inharmonious they may be when heard on board the smacks, sound not unpleasantly to the listener on the shore as they are borne to him over the waves.

In the morning, when the boats have reached the quay with their cargoes, which are reckoned by barrows-full, or crans—a "cran" being a measure of forty-five gallons of ungutted fish—they are taken to the curing trough, where a busy, but somewhat disgusting, sight is to be seen. The fish to be cured have the entrails taken out by a peculiar nip, which leaves the melt and roe: but they are not opened. They are then put into a strong brine, where they are allowed to remain from twelve to sixteen hours, when they are taken out, well drained, and packed closely on their backs in a circular form, the cooper finishing the process by putting in the heads of the barrels very tightly. This is called the white-pickle. Red-herrings must be kept in the salt water twenty-four hours; they are then strung by the head on wooden spits, and placed, to the number of many thousands, in chimneys, where brushwood and turf is kindled on the floor, and so managed as to give a great deal of smoke without flame—from which is derived their peculiar flavour and colour. They are generally dry in about twenty-four hours, when they are put into barrels for keeping. You can scarcely enter a cottage in Cantire without seeing these smoke-dried herrings hanging from lines suspended across the angles of the room, or from a triangular frame of wood, called the "hake," from which project little pegs, on which the fish are fastened. The herring is one of the very few fish to which the West Highlander does not seem utterly indifferent; and the Celtic prejudice against a fish diet would appear to have exempted the "good red-herring,"—perhaps, because it deemed it to be otherwise than "fish or flesh."

The recent efforts in Cantire to further the revival of the Loch Fyne herring-fishery, have met with so large a share of success, that it is but reasonable to conclude that this particular trade will be greatly beneficial both to Tarbert and Campbelton, and will help to establish either or both towns as most eligible spots for boat and ship-building. Campbelton, indeed, eminently possesses the requirements, as well as the advantages, for this purpose; and, its beautiful harbour of two miles long, is not only sheltered, and land-locked, and easily entered at any state of the tide, but has excellent holding-ground, with a depth of water varying from five to thirteen fathoms, and is spacious enough to contain a fleet of vessels that could sail close up to the quays. Although the railway has not yet penetrated into this western highland peninsula, yet the capital of the old Scottish kingdom is connected by telegraph with all the great centres of civilisation. The wires traverse it from end to end—from the Mull to Tarbert; and so do the very best of turnpikeless roads, along which a coach runs three days a week from Campbelton to Tarbert, and the other three days from Tarbert to Campbelton. If any tourist wishes thoroughly to enjoy himself, by getting out of the beaten track into a romantic and beautiful country, let him visit the west highland peninsula of Cantire; and there, amid its many attractions, have a look at the Loch Fyne herring-fishery.

TALES OF MY GRANDMOTHER.

"I THINK," said my grandmother, "that there are some men who would not break into a church to steal the plate; but if they saw the door open, and the plate exposed, they would not mind walking in and taking it."

"I know one of these," she said. "I don't imagine for a moment that he would put his hand into a man's pocket, and rob him of his pocket-handkerchief; but if he saw the handkerchief hanging out, I think, that *then* he would take it; don't you?"

I agreed with her, and helped myself from her snuff-box. I certainly was her favourite grandchild. One of these days I will tell you how I lost that appointment.

A young pair, whose union was spoken of in our family circle as more than a probability, had not, for some days, appeared to be on the very best terms with each other.

"It's a long engagement," I observed to my grandmother.

"It must be," returned the old lady, "for they are perpetually fighting." "But," she added, after a few minutes' consideration; "I doubt if marriage will bring the flag of truce."

My grandmother taught me, having regard to some herrings on table for breakfast, that all the females possessed hard roes, and the males soft ones. This was in confirmation of her opinion that Nature always adjusted her weights and measures with an equal hand, and supported by this theory she was contented, she said, to be one of the soft sex.

Talking of herrings reminds me of her remark to Father Tonsler, an excellent Dominican, who used to visit us frequently. His reverence, if he accidentally looked in on a Friday, would always find a dish of fish carefully provided for him. One day my grandmother asked him why the Catholic church prescribed fish as food for abstinence-days. This not being a theological or controversial matter, Father Tonsler was unprepared with an explanation, doctrinally, and was about to make some sort of reply commencing, "Antiquity, my dear madam, I may say as far back as the time of the Apostles—" when the old lady interrupted him with, "Of course, I quite forgot, the majority of them were fishermen. Had they been *butchers*, you would have been ordered an extra joint, or at least a chop on a Friday." Dr. Tonsler smiled, and ate his fish in silence.

An "Evangelical" of her acquaintance (for she knew, and was liked, and respected by, men of all creeds and shades of opinion) presented her with a work on the Apocalypse, in which he fixed the end of the world within three years from the date of the publication of his first edition.

"I hope you don't give this to your son to read: upon the strength of this he will run into debt."

So he did, and ruined his father. It was, I believe, a question with the commissioner, whether the bankruptcy wasn't fraudulent, seeing that the insolvent had relied upon his creditor's ignorance of the time appointed (by his father) for the end of all things.

My grandmother heard that I had taken to smoking. She accordingly read me a lecture upon this, as she termed it, bad habit, which she classed with drinking and general profligacy.

She found fault with it, too, as a selfish habit, annoying other people. I ventured to retaliate upon her snuffing propensity, for, as I have before said, she was never without her box, and was always taking tobacco in a powdered state. I pointed out to her its similarity to smoking in respect of selfishness, and annoyance to others. "I have taken snuff," she said, "for more than thirty years, and nobody has ever complained of being annoyed by it. Are you?" she inquired, sniffing up a prodigious pinch.

"No, of course not," I replied immediately.

My grandmother was very rich, and most of her money, over and above her marriage settlement, was at her own disposal.

I got into some youthful scrape and came to her to assist me in getting out again. I owned I had been previously warned by my uncle, whereat she smiled. "Experience teaches: but who learns? Dr. Tonsler," she continued, "would argue that what has happened may happen again; but what has happened *mayn't* happen again, is the reasoning of the majority." Which I have found subsequently is your only warranty for purchasing a broken-kneed horse. My grandmother termed this a belief in the impossible. "Any one," she would say, "holding this theory, and denying a miracle, was a walking inconsistency." It was this sentiment which caused a cordial interchange of snuffs between Dr. Tonsler and my grandmother.

Once she was very ill. Even the doctor ventured to say that he despaired of her recovery. "Then leave me," she said to him, "*it is my only chance.*" In three days she was convalescent.

Apropos of our small table napkins in England. "Give," said my grandmother, who had lived a long time abroad, "a poor starving Italian or Frenchman a clean napkin and he has dined; give him his food, *without it*, and he has *not* dined."

"Rich and poor," quoth a philosophic guest, dictatorially, "are only comparative terms."

"Indeed!" said my grandmother, "I should like to be a beggar with five thousand a year."

The same superficial gentleman gave his dictum that good and evil were but comparative and uncertain terms. "Christians," said he, "consider it a good and pious thing to

support their mothers. The devotees of some creed (I forget which) think it equally good and pious to kill them."

"In a very pious place of that description, sir," exclaimed my relative, "what a curiosity a grandmother must be!"

I smiled at this; but I had rather she said it than I, though it makes no difference *now*.

When my grandmother was at all unwell, she was somewhat irritable. A fidgety, nervous, chatty man, called upon her on one of her bad days. "Good heavens!" cried the old lady to him, "either sit down or stand up, but *don't do both at once.*"

No one was ever angry with my grandmother, while she was alive.

She could hate intensely. A parson (I have said what sort of parson she liked, and what detested) hearing her express strong sentiments about her enemies, addressed her thus: "My dear madam, you must recollect that we are taught in Scripture to forgive and forget."

"There's not such a sentiment in the Bible," she replied, taking a sweet pinch and dwelling on it.

The clergyman considered, and then went home to find the passage. I don't think he called again for a year.

TABLE TALK.

WHAT a deal there is to be got out of this earth of ours before it can be declared used up. Folks talk about the giving out of the coal store as if that would determine the race of man; for, say they, without fire the rest of the world's resources will be of no avail to future generations. We have seen what posterity may expect from the utilised heat of the sun: but this is not all. Is there not an inexhaustible store of heat cased up within the earth, and why should not some of it be turned to account? The idea is a sublime one, no doubt, but it is not foolish: it may seem so, because it is before its time. Wilder schemes have been proposed, and some of them have seen perfection. But before it comes to this we have to exhaust the supply of combustible gas which mother-earth has stowed away in her pockets. The Americans have tapped the terrestrial gasometer. A certain brass-working factory in Erie derives its heat, for steam boilers, and its light from the carburetted hydrogen that comes from an unproductive

oil-well twelve hundred feet distant. A three-inch main is always charged, and maintained at constant pressure: when the works are stopped, and the gas is not wanted for use, it is simply turned into a large pipe running to the top of a building, and lighted, to burn down to waste during the day but to illuminate the neighbourhood at night. This is not a solitary case; the oil regions supply many a factory with natural gas. Nor is the application novel: the Chinese have been gas burners probably for centuries. Their salt-makers, in boring for salt water, often encounter beds of coal which give out inflammable gas in jets thirty or forty feet high. From these the vapour is carried by pipes to the evaporating pans wherein the salt is crystallised out of the water; and other tubes are led to streets and houses for lighting and cooking purposes.

A RECENT notice of "a double egg of a fowl," in the *Annals of Natural History*, has induced Mr. Spence Bate, the well-known Plymouth naturalist, to send to the same journal the views of a Devonshire farmer on this mysterious subject. A discussion occurred between several farmers in the common room of a small inn as to whether "any on 'em there could tell the weight of a guse's egg." Several statements were made, but eight or more ounces met with most approval. At this point of the conversation a certain vagueness occurs, which may possibly be traced to the influence of cyder, one man observing, "Now, I reckon you had one wi' a double yolk, so I do say eighteen ounces." "Thee beest nigh the mark, for 'twere nineteen ounces; but 'twan't a double yolk, at least, not a double yolk like most double yolks; for when I broke the shell, there comed out, oh! a lot o' stinking trade, sure 'nough; but when all that beastliness were out, why, I'm blessed if there warn't a proper egg inside, quite gude. 'Twere the largest egg I ever seed in my life, and he 'most killed the ould guse for to lay 'en; her never laid no eggs afterwards, her didn't." It is much to be regretted that the magnificent result of the "ould guse's" final effort to perpetuate her race did not fall into more scientific hands.

THE shoemakers are to have a newspaper of their own, to be called *St. Crispin*, after their patron saint; though it is not a very happy name for a weekly English journal, especially as Crispin and his brother Crispinian, born in Rome, lived, died, and made their fame in France. The Kentish legend, mentioned in

Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, of the graves of the brothers on the beach at Widge, near Stonend, is as trustworthy as that other Anglicised version of their adventures told in the curious and rare little book, *The History of the Gentle Craft*. I might suggest that *The Gentle Craft* would be a better title for the paper; and it might be edited by the writer of *The Gentle Life*. There is no reason why shoemakers should not possess "a trade organ" of their own. At the last census, they were nearly 300,000 in number; and they headed all the London trades with the figures 33,481. The highest number of army recruits who had followed a trade was also attained by the shoemakers, with the figures 3,279, and of these, 1,297 followed their trade after their enlistment. The projected newspaper is to "convey information:" will it tell us why a shoemaker is called "a snob?" for no one has as yet been able to elucidate this abstruse bit of etymology; and it is clear that it has nothing to do with the contractions, *sine nobilitate*, or *sine obolo* ("not worth a rap"). The reason why shoemakers are called "slobberers" has been told by Mr. Baring Gould in the Jewish legend that dates to the Saviour's bearing of the cross; and such other names as "restorers," "vampers," and "translators," are explained by certain tricks of the trade. The projected paper is also to "give biographies of noted shoemakers." This list includes Hans Sach, Luther's friend, Richard Savage, the poet Bloomfield and his brother, and a whole constellation of minor bards, headed by James Lackington, of *The Temple of the Muses*, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, Sir William Read Gifford, of the *Quarterly*, Sir Simon Eyre, Benedict Baudoin, John Partridge, Jacob Boehmen, Samuel Drew, George Fox, William Huntingdon, John Pounds, John Brand, Hans Christian Andersen, Dr. Carey, Dr. Morrison, Dr. Ebenezer Henderson, Dr. Marshman, and Dr. John Kitto.

THE *Times* has recently devoted a leader to the subject of Hair Dyes, many of which contain salts of lead,* (either the acetate, commonly known as sugar of lead, or the carbonate) in such quantities as to occasion lead-poisoning, in the form either of lead-colic or palsy, by absorption into the scalp. There are many other insidious ways in which lead

* A friend of mine lately used a hair-restorer which was advertised in the first English papers with some success, but the gold chain which she wore round her neck became of a light grey colour: from whence it may be safely inferred that a soluble salt of mercury (probably corrosive sublimate) was one of the ingredients.

finds its way into the human body. Many kinds of snuff are so impregnated with lead-salts as to cause all the symptoms of severe lead-poisoning. I have just heard of another mode of taking in the poison, namely, by the hand; and as the observation which led to the discovery of it was made long ago, I am surprised that it has not been generally known till the present time. The Vienna correspondent of the *Medical Press and Circular*, tells us that Professor Oppolzer of Vienna, now one of the most celebrated of physicians in Europe, first came into notice while still an assistant to a Prague professor, by the following singular case. He was consulted by an old general, who tried all remedies (external and internal) against a continual convulsion (clonic cramps) of the right hand. Oppolzer examined very carefully the hand, and asked him to show his stick, which had a silver knob. After having remarked a grey circle in the palm of the hand, he declared that the knob of the stick was not genuine silver, but falsified with lead. The general would not allow that he carried anything false. But chemical analysis proved the fact. The two different metals (electrically opposed) formed with the sour sweat of the hand a voltaic pillar; and thus the convulsions can easily be explained. Oppolzer ordered that the silver knob should be put away or the stick changed, and this being done, the convulsions soon ceased, without any further remedy.

ANSWER to Double Acrostic in last Number :

B ol D
E ffend I
N ou S
J este R
A lgebr A
M az E
I dy L
N at I

Making Benjamin Disraeli.

If the report be true that a young Parisian chemist has succeeded in forming an artificial sulphate of quinine, a great step has indeed been made in the application of science to the wants of daily life. It is sold at half the price of ordinary sulphate of quinine. In appearance it is a white crystalline powder; but a microscopic examination shows that the crystals are shorter and thicker than those of the ordinary salt, although otherwise similar in form. It contains three equivalents of quinine to one of sulphuric acid, whereas the ordinary salt contains two equivalents of the base to one

of the acid. It is stated to have been used with success in several cases of intermittent fever. There is no chemical impossibility involved in the statement that quinine may be artificially formed; but we have a strong suspicion that in this instance our ingenious young chemist (who does not reveal his name) is attempting to hoax the profession.

NOTHING is more tedious than incessantly harping upon the same string, so I have endeavoured to condense all the remaining Election Petitions into as small a space as possible :—

Is it true that the gentlemen bargained and chaffered
At Manchester, Wallingford, Westminster, Stafford?
All justice and honesty wilfully stamped on
At Guildford, Northallerton, Cambridge, Southampton?
Will the present good members be called on to walk
Out of Salisbury, Stalybridge, Taunton, and York?
Will a similar fate attend those who are in
For Bridgewater, Hereford, Horsham, and Lynn?
Will the slur of corruption and treating be tossed on
South Durham, and Falmouth, South Hampshire, and
Boston?
Have they bribed 'em, corrupted 'em, forced 'em,
cajoled 'em
At Christchurch, and Coventry, Pembroke, and Oldham?
Must we laugh at their beards, till we drive to the
shaving dish
North and South Derbyshire (Arkwright and Caven-
dish)?
Will the fear of inglorious dismissal hang over
John Hardy in Warwickshire, Dickson at Dover?
Will the ribaldry mongers unite in deriding
Thirsk, Salford, and Yorkshire's South Westerly Riding?
There is only one name that is left me to jest on,
So I make you a bow, and a rhyme upon Preston.

THE "Compliments of the Season" is a phrase very much in vogue at Christmas and the early part of the year; but, I heard the other day an analogous phrase that might be seasonable all the year round. A labourer's wife was speaking to me of a gentleman who had stopped to talk to her. "Very pleasant he made hisself. He passed upon me the compliment of the weather, and then asked about John's rheumatics, &c., &c." There was the phrase, "the compliment of the weather." And what should we English people do if we had not that compliment to pass upon each other whenever we meet in the street or drawing-room?

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

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TALES FROM THE FJELD.

VII.

W E ALL thought Peter's three stories first-rate, but he was not going to be put off with praise, and asked Anders if he knew *The Companion*.

"Yes," was the answer, "but it's a long story, though a very good one."

"If it's long, the sooner you begin it the better," said Peter; "and then it will be sooner over."

Anders made no more mouths about it, but began

THE COMPANION.

O NCE on a time there was a farmer's son who dreamt that he was to marry a princess far, far out in the world. She was as red and white as milk and blood, and so rich there was no end to her riches. When he awoke he seemed to see her still standing bright and living before him, and he thought her so sweet and lovely that his life was not worth having unless he had her too. So he sold all he had, and set off into the world to find her out. Well, he went far, and farther than far, and about winter he came to a land where all the high-roads lay right straight on end; there wasn't a bend in any of them. When he had wandered on and on for a quarter of a year he came to a town, and outside the church-door lay a big block of ice, in which there stood a dead body, and the whole parish spat on it as they passed by to church. The lad wondered at this, and when the priest came out of church he asked him what it all meant.

"It is a great wrong-doer," said the priest. "He has been executed for his ungodliness, and set up there to be mocked and spat upon."

"But what was his wrong-doing?" asked the lad.

"When he was alive here he was a vintner," said the priest, "and he mixed water with his wine."

The lad thought that no such dreadful sin.

"Well," he said, "after he had atoned for it with his life you might as well have let him have Christian burial and peace after death."

But the priest said that could not be in any wise, for there must be folk to break him out of the ice, and money to buy a grave from the church; then the grave-digger must be paid for digging the grave, and the sexton for tolling the bell, and the clerk for singing the hymns, and the priest for sprinkling dust over him.

"Do you think now there would be anyone who would be willing to pay all this for an executed sinner?"

"Yes," said the lad. If he could only get him buried in Christian earth he would be sure to pay for his funeral ale out of his scanty means.

Even after that the priest hemmed and hawed; but when the lad came with two witnesses, and asked him right out in their hearing if he could refuse to sprinkle dust over the corpse, he was forced to answer that he could not.

So they broke the vintner out of the block of ice, and laid him in Christian earth, and they tolled the bell and sang hymns over him, and the priest sprinkled dust over him, and they drank his funeral ale till they wept and laughed by turns; but when the lad had paid for the ale he hadn't many pence left in his pocket.

He set off on his way again, but he hadn't got far ere a man overtook him who asked if he did not think it dull work walking on all alone.

No; the lad did not think it dull. "I have always something to think about," he said.

Then the man asked if he wouldn't like to have a servant.

"No," said the lad; "I am wont to be my own servant, therefore I have need of none; and even if I wanted one ever so much, I have

no means to get one, for I have no money to pay for his food and wages."

"You do need a servant, that I know better than you," said the man, "and you have need of one whom you can trust in life and death. If you won't have me as a servant, you may take me as your companion; I give you my word I will stand you in good stead, and it shan't cost you a penny. I will pay my own fare, and as for food and clothing, you shall have no trouble about them.

Well, on those terms he was willing enough to have him as his companion; so after that they travelled together, and the man for the most part went on ahead and showed the lad the way.

So after they had travelled on and on from land to land, over hill and wood, they came to a crossfell that stopped the way. There the companion went up and knocked, and bade them open the door; and the rock opened sure enough, and when they got inside the hill up came an old witch with a chair, and asked them, "Be so good as to sit down. No doubt ye are weary."

"Sit on it yourself," said the man. So she was forced to take her seat, and as soon as she sat down she stuck fast, for the chair was such that it let no one loose that came near it. Meanwhile they went about inside the hill, and the companion looked round till he saw a sword hanging over the door. That he would have, and if he got it he gave his word to the old witch that he would let her loose out of the chair.

"Nay, nay," she screeched out; "ask me anything else. Anything else you may have but not that, for it is my Three-Sister Sword; we are three sisters who own it together."

"Very well; then you may sit there till the end of the world," said the man. But when she heard that, she said he might have it if he would only set her free.

So he took the sword and went off with it, and left her still sitting there.

When they had gone far, far away over naked fells and wide wastes, they came to another crossfell. There, too, the companion knocked and bade them open the door, and the same thing happened as happened before; the rock opened, and when they had got a good way into the hill another old witch came up to them with a chair and begged them to sit down. "Ye may well be weary," she said.

"Sit down yourself," said the companion. And so she fared as her sister had fared, she did not dare to say nay, and as soon as she came on the chair she stuck fast. Meanwhile

the lad and his companion went about in the hill, and the man broke open all the chests and drawers till he found what he sought, and that was a golden ball of yarn. That he set his heart on, and he promised the old witch to set her free if she would give him the golden ball. She said he might take all she had, but that she could not part with it; it was her Three-Sister Ball. But when she heard that she should sit there till Doomsday unless he got it, she said he might take it all the same if he would only set her free. So the companion took the golden ball, but he left her sitting where she sat.

So on they went for many days, over waste and wood, till they came to a third crossfell. There all went as it had gone twice before. The companion knocked, the rock opened, and inside the hill an old witch came up, and asked them to sit on her chair, they must be tired. But the companion said again, "Sit on it yourself," and there she sat. They had not gone through many rooms before they saw an old hat which hung on a peg behind the door. That the companion must and would have; but the old witch couldn't part with it. It was her Three-Sister Hat, and if she gave it away, all her luck would be lost. But when she heard that she would have to sit there till the end of the world unless he got it, she said he might take it if he would only let her loose. When the companion had got well hold of the hat, he went off, and bade her sit there still, like the rest of her sisters.

After a long, long time, they came to a Sound; then the companion took the golden ball of yarn, and threw it so hard against the rock on the other side of the stream that it bounded back, and after he had thrown it backwards and forwards a few times it became a bridge. On that bridge they went over the Sound, and when they reached the other side, the man bade the lad to be quick and wind up the yarn again as soon as he could, for, said he:—

"If we don't wind it up quick, all those witches will come after us, and tear us to bits."

So the lad wound and wound with all his might and main, and when there was no more to wind than the very last thread, up came the old witches on the wings of the wind. They flew to the water, so that the spray rose before them, and snatched at the end of the thread; but they could not quite get hold of it, and so they were drowned in the Sound.

When they had gone on a few days further, the companion said, "Now we are soon coming to the castle where she is, the princess of whom

you dreamt, and when we get there, you must go in and tell the king what you dreamt, and what it is you are seeking."

So when they reached it he did what the man told him, and was very heartily welcomed. He had a room for himself, and another for his companion, which they were to live in, and when dinner-time drew near, he was bidden to dine at the king's own board. As soon as ever he set eyes on the princess he knew her at once, and saw it was she of whom he had dreamt as his bride. Then he told her his business, and she answered that she liked him well enough, and would gladly have him; but first he must undergo three trials. So when they had dined she gave him a pair of golden scissors, and said,—

"The first proof is that you must take these scissors and keep them, and give them to me at mid-day to-morrow. It is not so very great a trial, I fancy," she said, and made a face; "but if you can't stand it, you lose your life; it is the law, and so you will be drawn and quartered, and your body will be stuck on stakes, and your head over the gate, just like those lovers of mine, whose skulls and skeletons you see outside the king's castle."

"That is no such great art," thought the lad.

But the princess was so merry and mad, and flirted so much with him, that he forgot all about the scissors and himself, and so while they played and sported, she stole the scissors away from him without his knowing it. When he went up to his room at night, and told how he had fared, and what she had said to him, and about the scissors she gave him to keep, the companion said,—

"Of course you have the scissors safe and sure."

Then he searched in all his pockets; but there were no scissors, and the lad was in a sad way when he found them wanting.

"Well! well!" said the companion; "I'll see if I can't get you them again."

With that he went down into the stable, and there stood a big, fat Billygoat, which belonged to the princess, and it was of that breed that it could fly many times faster through the air than it could run on land. So he took the Three-Sister Sword, and gave it a stroke between the horns, and said,—

"When rides the princess to see her lover to-night?"

The Billygoat baaed, and said it dared not say, but when it had another stroke, it said the princess was coming at eleven o'clock. Then the companion put on the Three-Sister Hat,

and all at once he became invisible, and so he waited for her. When she came, she took and rubbed the Billygoat with an ointment which she had in a great horn, and said,—

"Away, away, o'er roostree and steeple, o'er land, o'er sea, o'er hill, o'er dale, to my true love who awaits me in the fell this night."

At the very moment that the goat set off, the companion threw himself on behind, and away they went like a blast through the air. They were not long on the way, and in a trice they came to a crossfell. There she knocked, and so the goat passed through the fell to the Troll, who was her lover.

"Now, my dear," she said, "a new lover is come, whose heart is set on having me. He is young and handsome; but I will have no other than you," and so she coaxed and petted the Troll.

"So I set him a trial, and here are the scissors he was to watch and keep; now do you keep them," she said.

So the two laughed heartily, just as though they had the lad already on wheel and stake.

"Yes! yes!" said the Troll; "I'll keep them safe enough."

And I shall sleep on the bride's white arm,
While ravens round his skeleton swarm."

And so he laid the scissors in an iron chest with three locks; but just as he dropped them into the chest, the companion snapped them up. Neither of them could see him, for he had on the Three-Sister Hat; and so the Troll locked up the chest for naught, and he hid the keys he had in the hollow eye-tooth in which he had the toothache. There it would be hard work for anyone to find them, the Troll thought.

So when midnight was past she set off home again. The companion got up behind the goat, and they lost no time on the way back.

Next day, about noon, the lad was asked down to the king's board; but then the princess gave herself such airs, and was so high and mighty, she would scarce look towards the side where the lad sat. After they had dined, she dressed her face in holiday garb, and said, as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth,—

"May be you have those scissors which I begged you to keep, yesterday?"

"Oh, yes, I have;" said the lad, "and here they are," and with that he pulled them out, and drove them into the board, till it jumped again. The princess could not have been more vexed had he driven the scissors into her face; but for all that she made herself soft and gentle, and said,—

"Since you have kept the scissors so well, it won't be any trouble to you to keep my golden ball of yarn, and take care you give it me to-morrow at noon; but if you have lost it, you shall lose your life on the scaffold. It is the law."

The lad thought that an easy thing, so he took and put the golden ball into his pocket. But she fell a-playing and flirting with him again, so that he forgot both himself and the golden ball, and while they were at the height of their games and pranks, she stole it from him, and sent him off to bed.

Then when he came up to his bed-room, and told what they had said and done, his companion asked,—

"Of course you have the golden ball she gave you."

"Yes! yes!" said the lad, and felt in his pocket where he had put it; but no, there was no ball to be found, and he fell again into such an ill mood, and knew not which way to turn.

"Well! well! bear up a bit," said the companion. "I'll see if I can't lay hands on it;" and with that he took the sword and hat and strode off to a smith, and got twelve pounds of iron welded on to the back of the sword-blade. Then he went down to the stable, and gave the Billygoat a stroke between his horns, so that the brute went head over heels, and he asked,—

"When rides the princess to see her lover to-night?"

"At twelve o'clock," baaed the Billygoat.

So the companion put on the Three-Sister Hat again, and waited till she came, tearing along with her horn of ointment, and greased the Billygoat. Then she said, as she had said the first time,—

"Away, away, o'er rooftree and steeple, o'er land, o'er sea, o'er hill, o'er dale, to my true love who awaits me in the fell this night."

In a trice they were off, and the companion threw himself on behind the Billygoat, and away they went like a blast through the air. In the twinkling of an eye they came to the Troll's hill; and, when she had knocked three times, they passed through the rock to the Troll, who was her lover.

"Where was it you hid the golden scissors I gave you yesterday, my darling?" cried out the princess. "My wooer had it and gave it back to me."

"That was quite impossible," said the Troll; for he had locked it up in a chest with three locks and hidden the keys in the hollow of his eye-tooth: but, when they unlocked the chest,

and looked for it, the Troll had no scissors in his chest.

So the princess told him how she had given her suitor her golden ball.

"And here it is," she said; "for I took it from him again without his knowing it. But what shall we hit upon now, since he is master of such craft?"

Well, the Troll hardly knew; but, after they had thought a bit, they made up their minds to light a large fire and burn the golden ball; and so they would be cock-sure that he could not get at it. But, just as she tossed it into the fire, the companion stood ready and caught it; and neither of them saw him, for he had on the Three-Sister Hat.

When the princess had been with the Troll a little while, and it began to grow towards dawn, she set off home again, and the companion got up behind her on the goat, and they got back fast and safe.

Next day, when the lad was bidden down to dinner, the companion gave him the ball. The princess was even more high and haughty than the day before, and, after they had dined, she perked up her mouth, and said, in a daifty voice,—

"Perhaps it is too much to look for that you should give me back my golden ball, which I gave you to keep yesterday?"

"Is it?" said the lad. "You shall soon have it. Here it is safe enough;" and, as he said that, he threw it down on the board so hard, that it shook again; and, as for the king, he gave a jump high up into the air.

The princess got as pale as a corpse, but she soon came to herself again, and said, in a sweet, small voice,—

"Well done, well done!" Now, he had only one more trial left, and it was this:

"If you are so clever as to bring me what I am now thinking of by dinner-time to-morrow, you shall win me, and have me to wife."

That was what she said.

The lad felt like one doomed to death, for he thought it quite impossible to know what she was thinking about, and still harder to bring it to her; and so, when he went up to his bed-room, it was hard work to comfort him at all. His companion told him to be easy, he would see if he could not get the right end of the stick this time too, as he had done twice before. So the lad at last took heart, and lay down to sleep.

Meanwhile, the companion went to the smith and got twenty-four pounds of iron welded on to his sword; and, when that was done, he went down to the stable and let fly at the Billy-

goat between the horns with such a blow, that he went right head over heels against the wall.

"When rides the princess to her lover to-night?" he asked.

"At one o'clock," baaed the Billygoat.

So, when the hour drew near, the companion stood in the stable with his Three-Sister Hat on; and, when she had greased the goat, and uttered the same words that they were to fly through the air to her true love, who was waiting for her in the fell, off they went again, on the wings of the wind; and, all the while, the companion sat behind.

But he was not light-handed this time; for, every now and then, he gave the princess a slap, so that he almost beat the breath out of her body.

And when they came to the wall of rock, she knocked at the door, and it opened, and they passed on into the fell to her lover.

As soon as she got there, she fell to bewailing, and was very cross, and said she never knew the air could deal such buffets; she almost thought, indeed, that some one sat behind, who beat both the Billygoat and herself; she was sure she was black and blue all over her body, such a hard flight had she had through the air.

Then she went on to tell how her lover had brought her the golden ball too; how it happened, neither she nor the Troll could tell.

"But now do you know what I have hit upon?"

No; the Troll did not.

"Well," she went on; "I have told him to bring me what I was then thinking of by dinner-time to-morrow, and what I thought of was your head. Do you think he can get that, my darling?" said the princess, and began to fondle the Troll.

"No, I don't think he can," said the Troll. He would take his oath he couldn't; and then the Troll burst out laughing, and scunnered worse than any ghost, and both the princess and the Troll thought the lad would be drawn and quartered, and that the crows would peck out his eyes, before he could get the Troll's head.

So when it turned towards dawn, she had to set off home again; but she was afraid, she said, for she thought there was some one behind her, and so she was afraid to ride home alone. The Troll must go with her on the way. Yes; the Troll would go with her, and he led out his Billygoat (for he had one that matched the princess's), and he smeared it and greased it between the horns. And when the Troll got up, the companion crept on

behind, and so off they set through the air to the King's Grange. But all the way the companion thrashed the Troll and his Billygoat, and gave them cut and thrust and thrust and cut with his sword, till they got weaker and weaker, and at last were well on the way to sink down into the sea over which they passed. Now the Troll thought the weather was so wild, he went right home with the princess up to the King's Grange, and stood outside to see that she got home safe and well. But just as she shut the door behind her, the companion struck off the Troll's head and ran up with it to the lad's bedroom.

"Here is what the princess thought of," said he.

Well they were merry and joyful one may think, and when the lad was bidden down to dinner, and they had dined, the princess was as lively as a lark.

"No doubt you have got what I thought of?" said she.

"Aye; aye; I have it," said the lad, and he tore it out from under his coat, and threw it down on the board with such a thump that the board, trestles and all was upset. As for the princess, she was as though she had been dead and buried; but she could not say that this was not what she was thinking of, and so now he was to have her to wife as she had given her word. So they made a bridal feast, and there was drinking and gladness all over the kingdom.

But the companion took the lad on one side, and told him that he might just shut his eyes and sham sleep on the bridal night; but if he held his life dear, and would listen to him, he wouldn't let a wink come over them till he had stripped her of her troll-skin, which had been thrown over her; but he must flog it off her with a rod made of nine new birch twigs, and he must tear it off her in three tubs of milk: first he was to scrub her in a tub of year-old whey, and then he was to scour her in the tub of buttermilk, and lastly, he was to rub her in a tub of new milk. The birch twigs lay under the bed, and the tubs he had set in the corner of the room. Everything was ready to his hand. Yes; the lad gave his word to do as he was bid and to listen to him. So when they got into the bridal bed at even, the lad shammed as though he had given himself up to sleep. Then the princess raised herself up on her elbow and looked at him to see if he slept, and tickled him under the nose; but the lad slept on still. Then she tugged his hair and his beard; but he lay like a log, as she thought. After that she drew out a big

butcher's knife from under the bolster, and was just going to hack off his head ; but the lad jumped up, dashed the knife out of her hand, and caught her by the hair. Then he flogged her with the birchrods, and wore them out upon her till there was not a twig left. When that was over he tumbled her into the tub of whey, and then he got to see what sort of beast she was : she was black as a raven all over her body ; but when he scrubbed her well in the whey, and scoured her with butter-milk, and rubbed her well in new milk, her troll-skin dropped off her, and she was fair and lovely and gentle ; so lovely she had never looked before.

Next day the companion said they must set off home. Yes ; the lad was ready enough, and the princess too, for her dower had been long waiting. In the night the companion fetched to the King's Grange all the gold and silver, and precious things which the Troll had left behind him in the Fell, and when they were ready to start in the morning the whole grange was so full of silver, and gold, and jewels, there was no walking without treading on them. That dower was worth more than all the king's land and realm, and they were at their wits' end to know how to carry it with them. But the companion knew a way out of every strait. The Troll left behind him six billygoats, who could all fly through the air. Those he so laded with silver and gold that they were forced to walk along the ground, and had no strength to mount aloft and fly, and what the billygoats could not carry had to stay behind in the King's Grange. So they travelled far and farther than far, but at last the billygoats got so footsore and tired they could not go another step. The lad and the princess knew not what to do ; but when the companion saw they could not get on, he took the whole dower on his back, and the billygoats atop of it, and bore it all so far on that there was only half a mile left to the lad's home.

Then the companion said : " Now we must part. I can't stay with you any longer."

But the lad would not part from him, he would not lose him for much or little. Well, he went with them a quarter of a mile more ; but farther he could not go, and when the lad begged and prayed him to go home and stay with him altogether, or at least as long as they had drunk his home-coming ale in his father's house, the companion said, " No." That could not be. Now he must part, for he heard heaven's bells ringing for him. He was the vintner who had stood in the block of ice out-

side the church door, whom all spat upon ; and he had been his companion and helped him because he had given all he had to get him peace and rest in Christian earth.

" I had leave," he said, " to follow you a year, and now the year is out."

When he was gone the lad laid together all his wealth in a safe place, and went home without any baggage. Then they drank his home-coming ale, till the news spread far and wide, over seven kingdoms, and when they had got to the end of the feast, they had carting and carrying all the winter both with the billy-goats and the twelve horses which his father had before they got all that gold and silver safely carted home.

HOW THE PORTUGUESE LEARN ENGLISH.

WHEN the Vicar of Wakefield's son (supposed to represent Goldsmith himself, whose birthright it was to make practical bulls) landed in Holland with the intention of paying his way across the Continent by teaching English, it then first occurred to him that for that purpose it was desirable that he should possess the language of the natives. As he knew not a word of Dutch, he threw up the game at once, deeming his ignorance an insuperable bar to success in his original project, and fell back upon his flute. He would not have been so easily beaten, had he been endowed with the pluck that distinguishes the author of a little book now before us, which it is a real pleasure to introduce to our readers. It is written by a Portuguese for the instruction of the youth of his nation in the English language ; but his own preface sets forth so much better than we can do it, both his design and his competence to put it in execution, that we will let him speak for himself. " A choice of familiar dialogues clean of gallicisms and despoiled phrases, it was missing yet to studious portuguese and brazilian Youth, and also to persons of other nations, that wish to know the portuguese language. We sought all we may do, to correct that want, composing and divising the present little work in two parts. The first includes a greatest vocabulary proper names by alphabetical order ; and the second fourty-three Dialogues adapted to the usual precisions of the life. For that reason we did put, with a scrupulous exactness, a great variety own expressions to english and portuguese idioms without to attach us selves (as make some others) almost at a literal translation ;

translation what only will be for to accustom the portuguese pupils, or-foreign, to speak very bad any of the mentioned idioms. . . The works which we were conferring for this labour, fond use us for nothing ; but those what were publishing to Portugal or out they were almost all composed for some foreign, or for some national little acquainted in the spirit of both languages. It was resulting from that carelessness to rest these *Works* fill of imperfections, and anomalies of style ; in spite of the infinite typographical faults which sometimes invert the sense of the periods. It increase not to contain any of those *Works* the figured pronunciation of the english words, nor the prosodical accent in the portuguese : indispensable object whom wish to speak the english and portuguese languages correctly. We expect then who the little book (for the care what we wrote him and for her typographical correction) that may be worth the acceptation of the studious persons, and especially of the Youth, at which we dedicate him particularly."

There is a rhythmical march in these sentences which reminds one of what Lord Byron said of the "perfect harmony" of Coleridge's poetry ; that if he wrote nonsense verses their melody would so completely satisfy the ear as to lull the intellect to sleep for a time. It is not till we have nearly got through the preface that we waken to the conviction that if not absolutely unintelligible, it is at least a very difficult nut to crack. What does pierce through the husk in which it is involved, is a sort of noble confidence in himself which great authors—Milton, for example, and Horace in his *Exegi monumentum* ode—have not been ashamed to confess, and which is as far as possible from the Devil's darling sin, the pride that apes humility. It would perhaps have been more graceful to have omitted the strictures upon his predecessors and their works in which the writer indulges ; and indeed his merits in his own line are so transcendent that they require no such foil to set them off. The portico, highly ornamented as it is, does not belie the richness of the interior. Having crossed the threshold, and proceeding to examine in detail the "own expressions, idiotisms, dialogues adapted to all the precisions of life, and proverbs," new and varied beauties of style crowd upon us at every step, till the climax of enjoyment is reached in the series of witty and instructive anecdotes. The *modus operandi* of the author seems to have been simple but painstaking. Not being acquainted with a single syllable of the language he has undertaken to teach but being, apparently—

we will not vouch for the fact—tolerably conversant with French, he has furnished himself with complete Portuguese-French, and French-English Dictionaries, and translated, or as he might say traduced, every word and sentence literally. The key to his method is given us by a comparative anatomy of the Proverbs, and once in possession of it our readers will find little difficulty in making sense of his English by re-translating it into French. We give a few instances :—

"A take is worth two you shall have."

Un Tiens vaut deux tu l'auras.

"Few, few the bird make her nest."

Petit à petit l'oiseau fait son nid.

"A thing is tell another is make."

Dire est une, faire est autre.

"Who is alike to meet ones."

Les pareils se rencontrent.

"To do the fine spirit."

Faire le bel esprit.

"Fatten his foot."

Graissez sa patte.

Many more of our familiar proverbs appear in an entirely new costume. "The mountain in work put out a mouse." "So many go the jar to spring that at last rest there." "The stone as roll not heap up not foam." This last word suggests one of the many difficulties which beset his path and which would have discouraged an ordinary man. The English tongue being richer in synonyms than the French, dictionary makers are apt to give a puzzling variety of renderings of the same word—How choose, when all are equally new and unknown? Our author, like all men of genius, has trusted to his own fine instinct, and we are bound to say it has never misled him into taking the right word when he had the chance of a wrong one. *Mousse*, in French, he finds equivalent to "Moss—foam—lather," &c., in English. He selects the second word without hesitation. (We almost wonder he did not go a little farther and choose "Midshipman.") To *maigre*, again, the meanings given are "thin—slim—slight—lean." He dips in the lucky bag and draws out the third of these. "Will you mutton? Fat or slight?" says an interlocutor in one of the dialogues. "Do" and "make," recurring very frequently, are used with the strictest impartiality as the equivalents of *faire*, and so are "tell" and "say" for *dire*. "You have me done to expect too." (*Vous m'avez fait trop attendre.*) "You not make who to babble." (*Vous ne faites que babiller.*) "You shall make me into any

slippers," is rather a startling order to give a shoemaker; and a tailor would stare a little at being asked, "Can you do me a coat?" as well as at the following moral reflection, "That a coat go too well it must that he be just!" If he seemed puzzled, however, he would be reproached with "Do not might one's understand to speak?"

Jeu, is translated indifferently by game, pack, play, and gaming, but always with that singular felicity which leads the author to embellish all that he touches.

"Do you like the gaming?"

"I don't like the play."

"At what pack will you that we does play?"

"To the cards."

"Waiter, give us a card's game."

"What is the trump?"

"The club's king."

"That bad game; there is not a trump."

"This time I have a great deal pack."

"Don't speak on in the game."

"Do not look my game."

When all is excellent the difficulty of selection becomes distracting. To use one of his own phrases, "I want all that—but can't one to buy all at once. I must choice myself." We cannot transcribe the whole book, but must content ourselves with setting before our readers a few bricks only from this remarkably homogeneous edifice, of which it may be said, in the words of a Hampton Court gardener concerning the famous vine, "No deficiency is wanting to make it complete."

Dialogue 18.—*For to ride a horse.*

"Here is a horse who have a bad looks. Give mi another, I will not that. He not sall know to march, he is pursy, he is foundered. Don't you are ashamed to give me a jade as like? he is unshoed, he is with nails up; it want to lead to the farrier. He go limp, he is disable."

"Let us prick. Go us more fast never i was seen a so much bad beast; she will not nor to bring forward nor to put back."

"Strek him the bridle hold him the reins shorters. Pique strongly make to marsh him."

"I have pricked him enough, but i can't to make march him."

"Go down, i shall make march."

"Take care that he not give you a foot kick's."

"Then he kicks for that i look? Look here if I knew to tame his!"

The dialogues are all exquisite, but "it is difficult to enjoy well so much several," and we must find space for two or three anecdotes,

so, with much regret, we tear ourselves from the dramatic to give a few specimens of the narrative form.

"Two friends who from long they were not seen meet one's selves for hazard. 'How do is thou?' told one of the two.—'No very well,' told the other, 'and i am married from that i saw thee.'—'Good news.'—'Not quit, because i had married with a bad woman.'—'So much worse.'—'Not so much great deal worse; because her dower was from two thousand lewis.'—'Well that comfort.'—'Not absolutely; why i had employed this sum for to buy some muttons which are all deads of the rot.'—'That is indeed very sorry.'—'Not so sorry, because the selling of hers hide have bring me above the price of the muttons.'—'So you are then indemnified?'—'Not quit, because my house where i was deposed my money, finish to be consumed of the flames.'—'Oh here is great misfortune!'—'Not so great nor i either because my wife and my house are burned together.'"

"Philip, king's Macedonia, being fall, and seeing the extension of her body drawed upon the dust was cry, 'Greats Gods! that we may have little part in this univers!'"

"At the middle of a night very dark, a blind was walk in the streets with a light on the hand and a full jar upon the back. Some one which ran do meet him, and surprised of that light; 'Simple that you are,' told him, 'what serve you this light? The night and the day are not them the same by you?'—'It is not for me,' was answering the blind, 'that i bring this light, it is to the and the giddies which seem to you do not come to run against me and make to break my jar.'"

To quote the enthusiastic reviewer of another publication, "This book is an unmixed delight from beginning to end, except, of course, that it has an end," and we regret extremely our inability to bid the reader judge for himself by straightway procuring it. But alas! this treasure of philology has been considered too precious for the vulgar eye, and ruthlessly withdrawn from circulation by the Parisian publisher. We have, therefore, taken this opportunity of rescuing from oblivion a few of its flowers of rhetoric, and making them up into the nosegay we present for our readers' acceptance. As a *bouquet d'adieu* we wind up with a letter inserted by the author for the sake of its style, but which, we must confess, has hitherto baffled our attempts to construe it.

ROUSSEAU to M. BOLET.

"With a single friend as you, sir, should be one's self always quiet, if the acknowledgment was exclude the confusion. The mine grow to the sight of yours kindnesses. It is true that having now, by to serv me, three or four persons that it must to maintain and to pay them, i went some a helps; but I went not that of the fourth part what you send me. I am too much better, but i saw not to keep as a fillet so thin what the attachment at the idle trashes from that world. There it a moment, sir, where all fancy disappear, and to the appiness what one owe to content one's self to work."

In conclusion we would offer our best acknowledgments to the Senhor José de Fonseca for having invented and introduced to us, by means of this unpretending little work, a language pre-eminently calculated to fulfil the object of all language (according to Talleyrand)—that of concealing our meaning.

THE MARTYRDOM OF ACCURACY.

THE thoroughly useless penalties which many men delight to inflict on themselves in obedience to some occult theory of living, or notion of duty, would be less disagreeable if they did not occasionally fall on the wrong persons. So long as these people do not insist upon including their neighbours in their system of social martyrdom, we have no right to complain. "Look at this impertinent fellow," says the injured wife, in *Le Médecin malgré lui*, "who would prevent husbands from beating their wives!" But there never was a martyr who was not also a propagandist. He will demonstrate to you the sublime delight of going to the stake; and the delicious satisfaction you will have in wearing thumb-screws. The men whom one constantly meets who are martyrs to a mania for precision and accuracy—whose life is regulated by geometric lines and the figures of a chronometer—are never satisfied unless they convince you of the folly and wickedness of being comfortable. Look, for instance, at the man who never missed a train—a perfect vampire in his way. Suppose you are going off on a holiday-excursion with him; all the portman-teaus packed; directions left about letters; the children at the window waiting to wave their hands to you.

"Send for a cab," you say.

"My dear fellow!" he protests, looking at the face of his watch with awful solemnity, "what nonsense! train at 10.45; we shall go

in forty minutes to the station; therefore we needn't start till 10.5; and there is no use in sending for a cab for ten minutes yet."

Getting into the cab, he significantly informs the cabman that he has precisely forty minutes in which to take us to the station. If you then ask why we might not as well have left ten minutes sooner, he exclaims,—

"It's only women who cannot time a cab—who go an hour too soon, and hang about the waiting-rooms."

A block on the way delays the cab two minutes; and we reach the station at 10.47. A fearful scramble ensues about tickets and luggage; and we stagger breathless into the train, which has also been a few minutes late; while the accurate man laughs triumphantly and gives you to understand that, "he knows how to do it." He does not admit that he has been in a cold sweat for the last half-hour.

Accuracy is a good thing; but it may be purchased at a ghastly price. The constant tremor of watchfulness, the misery of anticipation, and the innumerable personal sacrifices which the superhumanly accurate man has to suffer, ought to count against the priggish satisfaction he has in regarding his less virtuous neighbours. It is awkward to have no salt in the luncheon hamper which you packed; it is stupid to leave your soap behind you in a foreign hotel; it is absurd to reach a theatre before the orchestra has commenced its gloomy labours. But, on a calculation of relative pains and pleasures, these little inconveniences may be vastly preferable to the nervous turmoil which some men suffer in avoiding them. In looking at a play you have to count the cost of the candles.

In a novel which was published a good many years ago, for the instruction and guidance of possible husbands and wives, the heroine, before her marriage, is showing a water-colour drawing of hers to a group of her friends. They all admire it, and pay such compliments as courtesy demands on such occasions. Presently, however, enters her future husband, who goes over to the picture, points out its false perspective, shows how the colours are smudged, and overwhelms the poor girl with shame and mortification before her companions. She is grieved and offended at first; but afterwards she recognises the grand self-sacrifice her lover has made in "speaking his mind," and confesses as much to him after she marries him. Now, that the conduct of such a hideous prig should be set up for admiration is curious. God did not send him into the world to preach a crusade against bad perspective; and it is to be feared that it was a rather obvious vanity—

or at least a selfish consistency—which led him to consider the outlines of a drawing of more value than his sweetheart's peace of mind. Why could he not say that the picture was "very pretty," and demonstrate the mistaken "point of sight," in the more argumentative period of after-marriage?

If the man, we say, who is hopelessly given over to a mania for accuracy only tormented himself, it would not matter. But once a man has, by habit, disposition, or of set purpose, acquired a custom of continually setting the small world around him to rights, he invades the rest of others as well as his own.

"It was very cold yesterday, was it not?" asks a timid young lady, beginning a conversation in that nervous way peculiar to girls of seventeen.

"Why, no," he says, with a touch of Johnsonian boorishness, "it was particularly mild for the season. The thermometer stood at — degrees."

Now, what can it matter to him whether yesterday was a July day or a day of hard frost? He might just as well, instead of crushing the girl, have said that, "Yes, the day was rather chilly." The day was chilly—to somebody; if he must needs argue. The girl is sorry she mentioned the subject of temperature; and the philosopher thinks he has arrived at truth.

Or you take him to a friend's house, and the mistress of the house asks him if he has seen the curious new carpets at Messrs. So-and-So's, about which everybody is talking, and what he thinks of them? He replies, calmly, that shaded representations of flowers or any object in apparent relief is an absurd and monstrous thing on a flat surface like a carpet; and all the while he is staring down upon elaborate bunches of roses and lilies, tied together with a red band, which adorn the floor of the lady's drawing-room. If such a man as this were to meet an angel he would ask him, for goodness' sake! to brush his feathers straight before he came out.

It must always be a moot question, however, whether the penalties of self-sacrifice imposed by this supernatural creature are not more than compensated by the tremendous sense of virtue which he reaps as the result. We outsiders regard his self-abnegation as only an absurd and useless whim. We observe that he settles before dinner the exact number of glasses of wine he means to take; and if that number be three, heaven and earth won't change it to four. The martyr never abandons himself to the impulse of the moment. If he smokes a cigar

he calculates the quantity of nicotine he is absorbing into his system. When he goes to church, he watches for the least inconsistency in his clergyman, and is certain to write him a severe letter about it. But this constant and uneasy struggling for precision, has its rewards as well as its discomforts. Sometimes it is not the result of a man's naturally inherited disposition; but of a high theory of duty which he has set before him. If he fulfil the exactions of this lofty code, shall he not reap the reward of self-congratulation? Shall he not further have the satisfaction of regarding the weaknesses of his neighbours—their poor shifty notions of expediency, their bungling over trains, their inability to calculate pennings and kreutzers in a German restaurant, their getting into trouble about confused taxes, and what not? "Tous ces défauts humains," says Philinte, "nous donnent dans la vie, des moyens d'exercer notre philosophie." Be sure this paragon of exactitude never inscribed his sweetheart's name at the top of a page in his ledger, as the creditor of somebody else; and that he did not leave the wedding-ring in his other waistcoat pocket when he went to get married; that he never gave a cabman an extra sixpence even when his first baby was born; that he never said a witty thing never did a generous thing, and will leave the world without being much regretted by anybody.

So we venture to put in this protest against the propagandism of the monster of accuracy. Life is already sufficiently full of angles and awkwardness without our increasing these by artificial means. Self-control and self-abnegation are beautiful things when they have a purpose, but the burlesque of self-abnegation offered by the petty sacrifices of the accurate man contains no moral, is valueless, and therefore a blunder. The average human being's life is not too full of comfort. Voluntarily to harass what ease we have by a succession of fruitless little efforts to reach a ridiculous standard of self-imposed duty is simply a waste of the chances of life. If the martyr to needless accuracy finds intense pleasure in his martyrdom, good; but that example should not seduce people who have no natural aptitude for this extreme exactitude into imitating so much of it as shall only render their lives miserable to themselves and a nuisance to their friends. We are for the boiling of the peas for the pilgrim's shoes; for in these days one's boots are unconscionably tight, and there is no need to make the road additionally wearisome by a stupid and unnecessary penance.



Once a Week.

THE DUET.—By S. L. Fildes.

[Jan. 30, 1899.]

APPLE-PIETY.

ONE of Tom Moore's delectable mornings with Royalty, duly recorded in his *Diary*, was at Lady Donegal's, "to meet the Princesses"—Augusta, Sophia, and Mary, to wit,—in the summer of 1824; and the chief amusement at "the repast," which "went off very agreeably," appears to have been the wholesale retailing and detailing of jokes at the expense of the then late Lord Kenyon. The Princesses could tell with glee of the tricks their august papa loved to play on his parsimonious lordship; while Jekyll set the table in a roar by alleging that Kenyon died of eating apple-pie crust at breakfast, to save the expense of muffins; and that Lord Ellenborough, who succeeded to the Chief Justiceship in consequence, always bowed with great reverence to apple pie, as the means of his promotion. Which reverence, said Jekyll, "we used to call apple-piety."

Did the story, coming how and where it did, remind their Royal Highnesses of the predilection of great George our king, third of the series, for apple-dumplings, as commemorated by Peter Pindar? *Them* were the jockeys for him, as Coleridge's reticent friend expressed the preference. Where was the seam? was the eager query of the monarch, at first view of an apple-dumpling; and how the dickens did the apple get inside? he demanded, perplexed in the extreme:—

On which the dame the curious scheme revealed,
By which the apple lay so slyly concealed,
Which made the Solomon of Britain start;
Who to the palace with full speed repaired,
And queen and princesses, so beauteous, stared,
All with the wonders of the dumpling art.

There did he labour one whole week to show
The wisdom of an apple-dumpling maker;
And, lo! so deep was majesty in dough,
The palace seemed the lodging of a baker.

Apple pie-making would have offered ampler scope for artistic display and æsthetic effects—as suggested incidentally by Petruchio's exclamation:—

What! up and down, carved like an apple-tart!
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish and slash.

But homely Farmer George haply thought dumplings the wholesomer. And, indeed,—be the comparative digestibility of crusts what it may—the dyspeptic issues of devotion to pie-crust may properly stagger the faith and practice of confirmed apple-pietists. A philosophic inquirer into the properties of tobacco,

without any wish to slur over its bad effects, has expressed a doubt whether, in the classes of society that can afford to purchase both, pastry does not do more harm than tobacco. The people in England, he says, who could afford to have apple-pie every day, if that luxury were always in season, can also afford a cigar a day; and in this class there is, he conjectures, more dyspepsia from pie-crust than from tobacco. With regard to apple-dumplings, by the way, Coleridge himself appears to have been the C—— intimated by *Elia*, as holding that the man cannot have a pure mind who refuses them. "I am not certain but he is right," adds *Elia*. "With the decay of my first innocence, I confess a less and less relish daily for those innocuous cates." Brave words, the two last, to describe Farmer George's delight. "Princely," indeed, Bon Gaultier (in the *Wife's Invocation*) styles them; but without any apparent reference to their royal patron:—

And a princely apple-dumpling,
Which my own fair fingers wrought,
Shall unfold its nectar'd treasures
To thy lips, all smoking hot.

The comparative merits of dumplings and tarts are gravely discussed by connoisseurs in *cuisinerie*. Mr. Hayward, in his celebrated treatise on the *Art of Dining*, rules with authority, for instance, that although a green apricot tart is commonly considered the best tart that is made, a green apricot pudding is a much better thing. "A cherry-dumpling," he further decides, "is better than a cherry-tart." It is in connection with this branch of his subject, that he tells how the late Lord Dudley could not dine comfortably "without an apple-pie, as he insisted on calling it, contending that the term *tart* is only applied to open pastry. Dining, when Foreign Secretary, at a grand dinner at Prince Esterhazy's, he was terribly put out on finding that his favourite delicacy was wanting, and kept on murmuring pretty audibly, in his absent way, 'God bless my soul! no apple-pie!'" Mr. Thackeray recounts with zest, in his *Irish Sketch-book*, how he dined with a select company, at Macavoy's hotel, "and had just begun to think we had dined very sufficiently, when a squadron of apple-pies came smoking in, and convinced us that, in such a glorious cause, Britons are never at fault. We ate up the apple-pies," he adds, with touching emphasis, before he proceeds to recite the *nunc est bibendum—necnon loquendum*—order of the day.

Robert Greene, in one of his epilogues, testifies to the appreciation of apple-pie flavours

by Britons in Elizabethan days, when he makes Doron, amid his grotesque love-compliments to Camerla—such as that her goodly eyes resemble the golden ball that Venus gained, and her lips two cucumbers fair, and her teeth the tusks of fattest swine,—introduce this “appetising” simile:—

When cherries' juice is jumbled therewithal,
Thy breath is like the steam of apple-pies.

But, gooseberry-pie is best, contends Robert Southey in his *Pindaric Ode*, imitative of Pindar's own *ariston men hydor*.

The flour, the sugar, and the fruit,
Commingled well, how well they suit !

What though the sunbeams of the West,
mature within the turtle's breast, “blood glutinous and fat of verdant hue?” Turtle is excellent, and excellent is venison:—

Give them their honours due . . .
But gooseberry-pie is best.

Readers of Southey's letters will remember how frequently expressed is Robert the Rhymer's homage to this favourite fare. In one epistle from Lisbon he utters his longing that the voyage home were over, and his eager anticipation of a meeting with his friends, “and a proof-sheet, and a gooseberry-pie.” “I love gooseberry-pie, Grosvenor,” he assures Mr. Grosvenor Bedford in a subsequent letter. “You are no lover of professions,” he writes to Mr. Rickman, “and I, for my part, profess nothing, except the faculty and practice of eating more gooseberry-pie than any other man upon earth.” It must have been with a pang, that, writing from outlandish parts, he tells his wife of meeting with “an uneatable cold gooseberry-pie.” And Southey had begun to feel age telling upon him, when, in one of his cordial letters to Mrs. Hughes, he said: “I have retained a good many childish tastes, Heaven be thanked for it. I like gooseberry-pie as well as ever I did.” Henry Nelson Coleridge, almost one of the family, seems to have shared the Laureate's preferential estimate: for, speaking, in his admirable little book on the West Indies, of an enormous grape tart it was his privilege to taste in Antigua, made by some good Moravian women, of “seaside grapes”—something between a gooseberry and a golden pippin—“it equalled fresh gooseberries,” he bears witness, “which *secundum subjectam materiam* is as much as can be said for any mortal fruit-pie.”

Herr Von Raumer, on the publication of his big book on England, was taxed, among other things, by home critics, with being much

fuller in his account of rhubarb tart than in his exposition of the prospects of England. “I take, however, great precautions,” writes the travelled Teuton, “and am a very industrious eater of rhubarb tart. The first time this was offered me I was alarmed; but it is not made of the root of the Asiatic, but of the stalk of the English rhubarb, and tastes very like apple tart.” Some unsympathetic lookers-on and fellow-guests would seem to have felt as unkindly towards this rhubarb-pietist as Netta Proudie did, in *Barchester Towers*, towards the reverend Mr. Slope: “He has the horrid eyes I ever saw in a man's head,” said Miss Proudie; “and I tell you what, he's terribly greedy; did you see all the currant-pie he ate yesterday?” But to return to the letter of the text, from the spirit of which we have not wandered,—apples.

The first case that ever Lord Eldon tried was an apple-pie case, and his expeditious administration of justice in the same has been admired. John Scott was not on the bench at the time, but was a senior fellow at University College (Oxford), and two of the undergraduates came to complain to him, that the cook had sent them “an apple-pie that could not be eaten.” So the don said he would hear both sides. He summoned the college cook to make his defence; who alleged that he always paid the utmost attention to the provisions of the college, that he never had anything unfit for the table, and that there was then a remarkably fine fillet of veal in the kitchen. Now here Mr. Scott was at fault; for he could not understand, he says, what a fillet of veal in the kitchen had to do with an apple-pie in the hall. So, in order that he might come to a right understanding of the merits of the case, he ordered the pie itself to be brought before him. “Then came an easy decision; for the messenger returned and informed me that the other undergraduates had taken advantage of the absence of the two complainants, and had eaten the whole of the apple-pie; so you know it was impossible for me to decide that *that* was not eatable, which was actually eaten. I often wished in after-life that all the causes were apple-pie causes: fine easy work it would have been.” The case incidentally shows that, as now, so a hundred years ago, or nearly as many, college cooks and undergraduates did not agree *de gustibus nil disputare*.

With Moore's recital in prose of Lord Ellenborough's apple-piety this cold collation of scraps and snatches began; and with a fragment or two of Moore's application, or misap-

plication, of that apple-piety, in verse, it may conclude :—

Whenever Lord Kenyon doth chance to behold
A cold apple-pie—mind, the pie *must* be cold,—
His Lordship looks solemn (few people know why),
And he makes a low bow to the said apple-pie.

Mis-applied, and rather cruelly. For the whig satirist scruples not to impute to the tory peer—the son of the judge—that feeling of gratitude towards fatal pie-crust which in the original story is felt by the Chief Justice's successor, Lord Ellenborough. In fact he coolly avers that

Lord Kenyon's respected old father (like many
Respected old fathers) was fond of a penny ;
And loved so to save, that—there's not the least ques-
tion—

His death was brought on by a bad indigestion ;
From cold apple-pie crust his Lordship *would* stuff in,
At breakfast, to save the expense of hot muffin—

and that

Hence it is, and hence only, that cold apple-pies
Are beheld by his heir with such reverent eyes :
Just as honest king Stephen his beaver might doff
To the fishes that carried his kind uncle off.
And while *filial* piety urges so many on,
'Tis pure *apple-piety* moves my Lord Kenyon.

Neither wit nor humour can excuse the heart-
lessness of such satire as that.

QUICK AS THOUGHT.

VARIOUS attempts have been recently made by the combined labours of physicists and physiologists, to measure the velocities of certain movements which take place in the bodies of animals and men. By various experiments, conducted with most complicated pieces of apparatus, attempts have been made for determining the rate of propagation of the nervous agent in the nerves of sensation and motion, and in the spinal cord, the velocity of muscular contraction, the time required for sensation and volition in the brain, and the rapidity of visual and auditory impressions.

In order that the reader may have a clear idea of what is meant by nerves of sensation and nerves of motion, or *sensory* and *motor* nerves as they are often termed, it may be expedient to mention that every spinal nerve arises from the spinal cord by two distinct roots, an anterior and a posterior, of which the latter is the larger. Each root emerges separately from the spinal cavity, and immediately after its emergence the posterior root presents an enlargement or ganglion, on the anterior surface of which the anterior root lies imbedded. Immediately beyond the ganglion the nervous

fibres of both roots intermix, and what is termed a *mixed* or *compound* nerve results. Experiments show that the fibres of this mixed nerve, which come from the anterior root, convey motor power on the muscles to which they proceed, while those originating from the posterior (ganglionic) root go mainly to the skin, which they render sensitive. Besides the spinal nerves and those given off by the brain, there are other nerves going to the extremities, which arise from networks or plexuses, some of which are purely motor and others sensory. Thus the great ischiatic or sciatic nerve that runs down the back of the thigh, and is the largest nerve in the body, is solely motor. In consequence of its size it has been selected for many experiments, and amongst others, for the determination of the rapidity of the nerve-force in motor nerves ; and the result has been that in the frog this velocity is equal to about 27 mètres in a second (the mètre being nearly equal to one yard and one-tenth). Interesting as this fact is, in its way, it does not do to decide rashly that this velocity is uniform for all nerves in all animals ; and consequently the following ingenious experiment has been made to determine the rate of transmission of sensation in the nerves of man. An induced or secondary electric current (such as is used in medicine under the name of Faradisation, in preference in many cases to the direct current or galvanisation) is made to impinge alternately upon two different parts of the surface of the body, so as to cause a very slight sensation of pain. The two parts should be such as are supplied with sensory fibres from the same region of the spinal cord, but having very different lengths. The great toe and the groin satisfy this condition. The person on whom the experiment is made, is desired as soon as he feels the shock or sensation signal, to answer it by another, which may be termed the volition signal. This latter consists in making a simple movement so as to complete or intercept an electric current at the instant when the sensation signal is given ; delicate mechanical means being provided for realising the time elapsing between the two signals. A very little consideration will show that this time, which may be called T, comprises not only (1) the time required for the transmission of sensation to the brain, (2) that for its perception there, (3) that for volition, (4) that for the transmission of volition to the muscles, and (5) that for muscular contraction ; but likewise the time (6) lost in the mechanical process of signalling. This lost time (6) may with good instruments and careful practice be reduced to almost nothing,

and may be disregarded. Now if the value of T when the toe is stimulated be always greater than when the groin is stimulated, and if the difference between these values is nearly constant, then it obviously follows that the difference of time must depend upon the unequal distances which the nervous agent has to travel from the part stimulated to the brain.

For the original idea of this experiment the scientific world is indebted to Helmholtz, a German physiologist of great eminence, whom some of our readers may recollect as having a few years ago delivered an admirable course of lectures at the Royal Institution. The idea was thrown out as early as 1850. Ten or eleven years later Dr. Hirsch, the Neufchâtel astronomer, took up the question, and was the first to obtain correct results; and since then the subject has been again investigated by Dr. Schelske of the Utrecht observatory by means of an ingenious chronograph,* constructed to enable astronomers to register their observations. By his observations, originally published in 1864 in a scientific German periodical, it appears that the velocity of the nervous agent in the nerves of common sensation in the living body of man is 29·6 mètres, or a very little more than 32·5 yards in one second.

The next question which Dr. Schelske took up and successfully solved was the velocity of sensation in the spinal cord of man. He takes two distant spots, as in the previous experiment; but those he now selects are on the upper and lower parts of the back bone, that is to say, high up to the back of the neck and low down in the loins. The sensitive nerves passing from the spinal cord to each of these spots, are comparatively short, and equal in length in both cases; so that the difference of time noticed in stimulating the upper and lower spots, which in a tall man are nearly two feet asunder, would approximately represent the rapidity of nervous transmission in the cord. He thus finds that the time required for the transmission through 590 millimètres, or rather more than 23 inches, is 0·019, or not quite $\frac{1}{50}$ th of a second, and the rate of transmission is about 31·05 metres or 34 yards in one second.

Dr. De Jaagar lately repeated Dr. Schelske's experiments in Professor Donders' laboratory at Utrecht, and by a simple modification of them has succeeded in determining *the time*

required for sensation and volition in the brain. This modification consisted in giving the shock either on the right or the left side at will. In one set of experiments the person had to answer the right-side shock with a spring-key in the right hand, and the left-side shock with a similar key in the left hand; and he knew beforehand on which side he was going to be stimulated, and would have to answer. In another set of experiments, the person did not know which side was to be stimulated, and after receiving the shock, had to consider which side had received the shock, and with which hand he had accordingly to act. Now the mean result of the first set of experiments was 0·205 of a second, and of the second set 0·272 of a second, and the difference of these times, which is 0·067 of a second, obviously represents the time occupied in the cerebral operation required in the second case, but not in the first.

In conclusion, a few words may be said regarding the rapidity of visual and auditory impressions. Dr. Hirsch showed that the sensation-signal being an electric spark, the time that elapsed before the volition-signal could be given was 0·204 of a second; but in subsequent trials, somewhat modified, he found that only 0·077 of a second was required. Dr. De Jaager repeated these experiments, and found that with red as well as with white light, 0·200 of a second was on an average required for answering the signals. In such cases the colour of the light that was to appear was previously known to the person who was the subject of the experiment, and all that he had to do was to answer the signal with the right or with the left hand, according to what had been previously agreed on. Other experiments were, however, made, in which the colour was not previously known, and it was agreed that red light should be answered with the right hand, while white light should be answered with the left hand. The time required for answering the signal under these conditions was found to be 0·355 of a second, or 0·155 of a second longer than in the first case, the latter figure representing the time spent in the brain-work.

Dr. Hirsch has ascertained that the period intervening between a signal received by the ear, and answered by so delicate an apparatus that no time is lost in the mechanical process of signalling, is only 0·149, or about $\frac{1}{6}$ th of a second. By a perfectly different course of procedure, Dr. De Jaager, in association with Professor Donders, obtained tolerably similar results. He makes use of a very inge-

* A description of this instrument may be found in Morgan's *Electro-Physiology and Therapeutics*, pp. 399, 400, just published at New York—a work to which we fancied that we were indebted for most of the facts contained in this article, until (after these pages had gone to press) we discovered that he had borrowed them without acknowledgment from a lecture by Professor Du Bois-Reymond.

nious apparatus, known to physicists as Scott and Koenig's phonautograph. "This," says Mr. Brooke in *The Elements of Natural Philosophy*, 6th ed. p. 302, "may be briefly described as a large conical drum, one head being much smaller than the other. When two or more different sets of vibrations impinge on the larger head, the resultant series of vibrations is transmitted by the intervening air to the smaller, which actuates by means of a simple mechanism a tracing point that rests on the surface of a blackened cylinder, which rotates by clockwork." Two persons, A. and B., separated by a screen sit down before the large head of the apparatus. A. utters a sharp explosive syllable, as *ka*, *ke*, or *ki*. B. endeavours instantly to repeat the sound. The times at which both A. and B. begin to utter their respective sounds are plainly indicated by the tracing point on the cylinder. If the syllable to be repeated has been previously agreed on, the interval varies from 0.180 to 0.250 of a second, the excess of the latter figure over the former being probably due to causes that with attention might be eliminated. If the syllable be not pre-arranged, about 0.088, or about $\frac{1}{11}$ th of a second longer is required, which is expended in B.'s brain-work.

Hence the rapidity of the transmission of the nervous agent along the nerves (whether motor or sensory) is by no means so great as is popularly supposed, and cannot bear the slightest comparison with other velocities with which physicists are acquainted. The velocity of electricity is at least 500,000,000 yards in one second, that of light, according to late corrections, is 325,000,000 yards, that of shooting stars upwards 70,000 yards, that of sound transmitted along iron 5607, and transmitted through the air 364 yards, that of an eagle at its quickest flight 38 yards. The velocity of the nervous agent is from 28 to 33 yards, which is between the velocity of the eagle and that of the race-horse or greyhound. "Hence," as Professor Du Bois-Reymond observes, "in the race-horse and greyhound, when they are running at full speed, the nervous agent will nearly rest in space, because its motion is destroyed by the rapid onward progression of the animal, and in the flying eagle it will even be carried in the opposite direction. As in these cases, the whole body of the animal is darted through space at a rate equal, or even superior, to that of the nervous agent, it will be less a matter of surprise that man is able to move his hand almost as quickly as that agent moves along his nerves."

We have postponed to the end of this article

the few remarks we have to make regarding the velocity of *muscular contraction*, or the rate at which the wave (or successive local thickening and thinning) runs along the course of the fibre when one end of the muscle is stimulated. This velocity, as measured by a complicated instrument termed a myographion, is in the fresh muscles of the frog only about one yard in a second, so that the velocity of wave-transmission along a nerve is (roughly speaking) about 30 times as great as along a muscle. Those who are acquainted with physics are aware, that in all kinds of wave-propagation the length of the wave is equal to the product of the wave velocity and the rate of vibration, or (to express it in symbols) that $\lambda = Vt$, where λ is the wave-length, V is the wave-velocity, and t the rate of vibration. Now from various physiological experiments it appears that V varies inversely as t when the muscles and nerves are compared; it consequently follows that λ , or the wave-length of the transmission of muscular and nervous action, is *constant*, and lies between 1.125 and 1.225 inches. This conclusion, if correct, as it seems to be, leads to many important consequences, which are noticed by Professor Haughton of Dublin, in a memoir "On the wave-lengths of the Transmission of Muscular and Nervous Action," in a recent volume of the *Philosophical Magazine*, but are of too technical a nature for insertion in our pages.

CHRISTMAS MUSIC.

COMMEMORATIVE works of art rarely acquire lasting repute. The remark applies to works of poetry, painting, and music alike. Dryden says somewhere in one of his dedications, the servile character of which is so unworthy of his genius, that "the priests of Apollo have not inspiration when they please, but must wait till the god comes rushing on them and invades them with a fury which they are not able to resist;"—in which modest allusion to his own case, he accounts for the inferiority of poems written to order. And so with paintings. No coronation picture—battle-piece—hardly any representation on canvas of an historical incident, painted at the time of its occurrence, possesses that worth which belongs to a pictorial illustration of the same subject in which the memory, and, consequently, the imagination, of the artist are of necessity brought into play. If it be thus with commemorative poetry and painting, music made to order is still more transient

in its popularity than either. Of all the national anthems ever composed there are but two—*God Save the Queen* and *Gott erhalt den Kaiser*—which still fulfil the object for which they were originally intended. Others owe their celebrity to accident, and are constantly in jeopardy of being superseded. Incidental music of all kinds, triumphal marches, songs, choruses, and overtures, composed for special occasions, are neglected and forgotten as soon as they have served their turn.

Such, however, is not the case when certain music, by chance, has become identified with certain recurring events. Carols, for instance, are associated with Christmas, although they are equally appropriate to many other festivals of the church. They seem to have a charmed existence, and some magic association with the anniversary of the Nativity. Their use at Easter and Whitsuntide has been discontinued, until the word carol is, at last, almost inseparable from the time of year at which these tunes are now sung.

According to Dr. Rimbault, "the practice of carol-singing is of great antiquity, and may be traced back to the time of the early Christians. The custom is referred to both by St. Paul and St. James; and Pliny the younger, in his letter to Trajan, respecting the Christians, A.D. 107, says: "They were wont to meet together on a stated day, before it was light, and sing among themselves alternately to Christ as to God." The term carol, continues Dr. Rimbault, appears originally to have signified songs intermingled with dancing, or a sort of divertissement, and it is used in that sense in *Le Roman de la Rose*, and by Chaucer and other old writers. It was afterwards applied to festive songs, and these became prevalent during Christmas: it has, for a long time past, designated (though not exclusively) those sung during that feast. Then, again, the melody known as the *Christmas Hymn*, although of foreign origin, is so identified with the Protestant church service of the particular day that its omission is most unusual and causes serious disappointment. No more impressive effect can be made by sweet sounds than is produced by this pure and simple melody, elevating as it does the thoughts of all listeners, and recalling, by its associations with home, the circumstances of the past.

But music written exclusively for the festive season affords no exception to the observations I have made on music composed for special occasions. Christmas music of any importance, is, on the contrary, very scarce. I do not, of course, allude to carols and hymns,

which are plentiful. By Christmas music I mean such musical compositions as correspond in importance to Correggio's *Night*, Raphael's *Holy Family*, and other celebrated paintings. Musical works of that standard of excellence having reference to the Nativity are rare.

Handel's *Messiah* stands first on the list; although not composed expressly as such, it is Christmas music in every sense of the word. It is so well known that any description of it here would be quite superfluous. There is, however, a circumstance connected with the incidental pastoral symphony, that is worth notice. It has been frequently asserted that Handel was indebted for the subject of this movement to older writers, and many sources from which it originated have been mentioned. "But, singularly enough," says an authority in antiquarian matters, "all those who have examined the original MS. of the *Messiah* have overlooked the very point which decides the question. Over the pastoral symphony, Handel himself has written the word "Pif," an abbreviation of Pifferari (pipers), which at once explains its origin. During the festivities of Christmas and of the New Year at Rome, the Pifferari or Calabrian peasants perform a kind of mendicant pilgrimage to the principal shrines of the Eternal City, before which they chant their traditional hymns or melodies, which, having descended unaltered from century to century, are, in the opinions of the Romans themselves, as ancient as the time of Romulus—if, indeed, they be not derived from a still earlier period. This simple melody, which is noted in a MS. collection of ancient hymns in 1630, was probably thus listened to by Handel when he was at Rome in 1709, and afterwards fashioned into the pastoral symphony.

Next comes a Christmas oratorio by Sebastian Bach, one of the finest compositions of the old contrapuntist. It is a sacred lyric drama in six parts or acts. Each part is complete in itself, and yet forms an essential portion of the whole. The text, taken from St. Luke ii., 1 to 21, and St. Matthew ii., 1 to 12, has been freely handled by the German poet. Although unquestionably that which has been designated intellectual music, the expression of joy and gladness is unmistakeable throughout the work, which, however, contains less fugue writing than might be expected from a master whose speciality was that abstruse branch of the art.

No fewer than eleven pieces out of the sixty-four, of which the Christmas oratorio consists, were transferred by Bach from other

compositions of his own—an example followed by Handel some eight years later, when writing the *Messiah*. The different parts of the oratorio are intended for performance on certain days during Christmas time. The work itself is a remarkable instance of the fate of occasional music, being rarely heard in its native land, and nearly unknown elsewhere. One or two of the detached pieces are sometimes performed in the German churches, especially the chorale

Brich an o schönes Morgenlicht.

The original MS. is in the Imperial library at Berlin, where it lies like some sculptured block of granite, covered with the dust of ages, an enduring monument of the genius of him who shaped it. It bears a superscription in Bach's own handwriting :—

ORATORIUM

Tempore Nativitatis Christi. Feria I.

Jauchzet, Frohlochet, Aufpreiset,

A 4 voci, 3 trombe, tamburi, 2 traversi, 2 hautb., 2 violini, viola e continuo di

Job : Seb : Bach.

to which a note is added by C. Ph. E. Bach, to the effect that the work was composed in 1734, in the fiftieth year of the musician's age. The oratorio has, within the last few years, been published by the Bach Society of Berlin in full score, and in a form similar to the publications of the London Handel Society. A sacred cantata of recent date, having for its subject the incidents of the Nativity, is *L'Enfance du Christ* by Hector Berlioz, a strict classic in his way, whose music has not yet been universally accepted. It is admired enthusiastically by a devout few ; but to others the absence of melodic rhythm, and general uncomfortable character of the music (if such a word can be applied æsthetically), do not atone for the great resources of the composer as a master of the art of instrumentation.

There is no musician more capable of arranging the works of others for the orchestra—no more able critic—than Hector Berlioz ; but as a composer, his time for being appreciated by those who love pure and passionate music has either not yet come, or is already past. The cantata, *L'Enfance du Christ*, is called a sacred trilogy, being divided into three parts : Part I. King Herod's Dream. Part II. The Flight into Egypt. Part III. The Coming to Sais. It contains solos and concerted pieces for soprano, tenors, basses, and baritone. The Night-march, with which the first part commences, is impressive ; but

Herod's Song (*andante misterioso*) vague, and either so profound or so meaningless as to be beyond the power of an ordinary mind to understand, is a fair type of the prevailing character of the whole work. To borrow a comparison from the sister art, the outlines of the music lack precision, and the effect produced is consequently bewildering and unsatisfactory.

The text of the sacred trilogy has been translated from the French by Mr. Chorley, whose English version is called *The Holy Family*. Considering its subject, and the reputation of the composer for classic severity, some of the stage directions for performance are, to say the least, remarkable. Thus, in scene the sixth, the Chorus of Angels is directed to be sung "in a room near the orchestra, the door of which should be left open ;" and further on, "the door of the room is to be closed." Then it is said, "if the work is executed in a theatre, the chorus should be placed so as to have a curtain before them. This should be let down to the level of their heads at the beginning of this finale, in order that, by letting it fall completely, the sound may be softened. Further, for the due effect of the last five bars, the chorus should turn round, and sing them *from* not *to* the public, to produce the utmost pianissimo possible." That such stage directions as these should be deemed necessary by a composer, shows, at least, a want of confidence in his own work. They are puerile in the extreme, and assuredly inconsistent with the great literary and artistic reputation Hector Berlioz so deservedly enjoys.

Amongst the English musicians who have composed anthems and other short pieces for Christmas are Purcell, Pearsall, Goss, Elvey, Hopkins, Hatton, and others. A goodly collection of these occasional compositions is contained in Novello's excellent publication the *Musical Times*. They are principally settings of words taken from Holy Writ. Gounod has this year added to their number. His contribution, in the form of a chorus and soli for female voices, is a capital specimen of his peculiar style of harmony and vocal effects.

Secular Christmas music is even scarcer than that of a sacred character. The social festival has not been chosen as the subject for an elaborate musical work, except by Macfarren, who, in his cantata called *Christmas*, consisting of choruses, songs, and a duettino, has written some truly English music to celebrate the jollity of Merrie England at this season of the year. The poem of the cantata is by

John Oxenford, and contains some hearty verse, full of healthy thought and genuine sentiment, poetically expressed. One of the principal features of the cantata is a chorus in F minor, the melody of which is an old carol arranged in a most masterly manner. The well-known tune is sung at first in unison by all the voices, and then in simple harmony—such harmony as many who have treated the same carol would do well to study. When the tune is next introduced it is instrumentally accompanied in 6-4 time—a dashing, spirited accompaniment to the melody which goes on in common time. Nothing can be more effective than the contrast this affords—a contrast and effect obtained by the simplest means, and yet most splendidly characteristic. It is one of the happiest combinations of the thoughtful musician. Of the songs, that for the bass voice is the least pleasing. It relates a story which is too long, and of but little interest. The sustained choral harmonies are somewhat misplaced, and do not relieve the monotony of the song. On the other hand a canzonet for the soprano is a very gem of inspiration, “a thing of beauty and a joy for ever” to all who take delight in charming musical phrases, albeit some of the phrases may not be quite original. The duettino is quaint, and may, without disparagement, be said to be in the style of Offenbach. The first few bars are just those which the sprightly foreigner would have written to the same words. A jovial, rollicking *finale*, purely English in its nature, brings the cantata to a close. The work bears the indelible stamp of a very able musician’s hand throughout. As an important specimen of secular Christmas music, it stands alone, and as combining intrinsic excellence with the elements of nationality, it is music such as probably no other English composer but Macfarren could have produced.

In this discussion we have apparently descended two ladders of musical fame. Placing Handel on the topmost rung of one, we stepped to Bach, and then precipitately we fell to Hector Berlioz, from whose position to that of the sacred anthem writers, the progression was easy and agreeable. On the other sliding scale we find Macfarren occupying the most prominent position, holding a wreath of holly and mistletoe aloft, with no one near him to share the trophy or wrest it from his grasp. Below, on the ground around our musical Parnassus, Christmas musicians innumerable are at work, some in churches, some in theatres, others in the streets, all trying to turn the merry season to some account. They care not what noise they make nor how appropriate or otherwise is

the clamour raised. Some in the churches are ambitious, and, discarding the simple tunes so well known, and so dear to their congregations, give forth new fangled compositions of their own, as destitute of the charms of association as of the merits of good harmony; some in the theatres set their fiddlers to play vulgar songs and horrible medleys, which distract the ears of many, and degrade the taste of all. More terrible still, those in the streets arouse quiet neighbourhoods with the most discordant noises at the dead of night. These, one and all, disgrace the art, and few indeed make that which is worthy of being called Christmas Music.

TABLE TALK.

ONE of the daily newspapers has (very properly) objected to *Champagne Charlie* and *Tommy Dodd* being “improved” by certain people at Peckham who have paraded the streets, shouting out those music-hall tunes adapted to words of a so-called sacred character. I do not desire to be the apologist of these Peckham ranters. I only wish to point out the fact, that the tune of *The Ratcatcher’s Daughter* is sung in half the churches and chapels in England, although the singers may not know it. At least, this is one way of stating the case; but, to state it more truly, I ought to say, that the melody (and a very pretty one, too,) of that popular song relative to the young lady who lived “on the t’other side of the water,” was adapted from the psalm tune, which, in its turn, was adapted from an air by Mozart. The psalm tune is known as *Belmont*; and, although it may not be to the taste of the Gregorian-loving Ritualists, yet it is deservedly popular in thousands of Protestant congregations. I suppose that the author of the *Recreations of a Country Parson* was not aware of this, or he would not have written (in his Second Series) that “the contemptible *Ratcatcher’s Daughter* was without a thing to recommend it and had no music,” and was merely a song of “the vivacious Cowell’s.” So that he also was unaware of that other fact, that it was an old song revived: and I have now before me an edition of the song, printed in lithography in 1842, and cleverly illustrated with seven drawings by an amateur artist, Miss Brigstocke. The alteration of time and rhythm will totally alter the character of a melody. Rodwell’s *Nix my dolly pals, fake away*, from *Fack Sheppard*, became a popular drawing-room song when disguised

as *Haste to the woodlands, haste away*; and I know that it was once played (slowly) in a church as a voluntary. When Miss Agnes Strickland was publishing the volumes of her *Mary Stuart*, I had the pleasure of communicating to her some local traditions, one of which illustrates the subject of this note. I cannot do better than give it in her own words:—"An adagio piece of old music, of a similar character to the death-march in *Saul*, has been lately discovered in MS. at Oxford, with a statement that it was performed on Queen Mary's entrance into the hall at Fotheringhay; but, as there is no mention of music in any of the minute contemporary accounts of her execution, it is more probable that it was played to amuse the people who thronged the

courts of the castle without; and it is a remarkable fact, that this air, which, according to the slow time arranged, produces the most solemn and pathetic effect conceivable, is discovered, when played fast, to be the old popular tune called *Jumping Joan*, invariably played in those days, and sung with appropriate words, to brutalise the rabble at the burning of a witch. The adagio arrangement, however, proves that if this detestable exercise of malice were decreed by Mary Stuart's foes to embitter her last moments, it was defeated by the band performing it in the solemn style of church music, as a funeral march." (*Queens of Scotland*, vii. 487: foot-note.) I have good reason to believe that this piece of music has never yet been published. Here is a copy of it:—

MARCH PLAYED AT THE EXECUTION OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.



NICEPHORE NIEPCE has been credited with the invention of the velocipede; but it is certain that the vehicle was known half a century before the date at which he is said to have written about it. In the *Journal de Paris* for July 27, 1779, there is an account of "une espèce de carrosse qui va sans le secours de chevaux," but which was propelled with great rapidity by a man, apparently without fatigue, "en pressant alternativement des deux pieds." The rest of the description tallies with the well-known machine of to-day, or rather, perhaps, with the four-wheel form of it in vogue a few years ago. The constructors were MM. Blanchard and Masurier. The pedal-chariot was a sensation: it would seem that it was a

somewhat imposing affair, for there is mention of a flying eagle as a kind of figure-head. There was also a boot, or something analogous, to screen the legs. Velocipede-makers may take a hint from this for a lady's machine.

MY friend Y. Z., who sets up for a wit—though with a very small stock-in-trade—last evening captured an unoffending clubman in a corner of the smoking-room, and did not allow him to escape until he had thus addressed him: "Heard a doosid good thing the other day!"—this is the modest way in which he prefaces the publication of his own manufactured jokes:—"What is John Bright's last

step? 'Right Hon.'" By way of apology, he added, "Can't help the aspirate:" but he extorted the desired admiration by saying, "Doosid good, isn't it?"

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Athenæum* (Jan. 9), who is "anxious, in justice to the memory" of the poet Cowper, "to point out an error" in this couplet from *Truth*,

Who stole her slipper, filled it with tokay,
And drank the little bumper ev'ry day,

says that "this couplet involves the absurdity of supposing a lady's slipper capable of being converted into a drinking-cup, and of being so used day after day." Instead of "slipper" he proposes to read "thimble," which correction, he thinks, "vindicates Cowper from having departed in this instance from his usual accuracy and propriety of language." This correction of the poet of *Table Talk* may aptly be corrected in this prose *Table Talk*. The couplet, in fact, stands in no need of correction, but very correctly describes a drinking custom of the bucks and gallants of the period; and, if the words "ev'ry day" would seem to be an exaggeration, it is to be borne in mind that Cowper so intended it, and made it to be one of the boasts of the ancient prude, Miss Bridget, who told these incidents of her early days "not always with an eye to truth." Even Pitt, "the heaven-born statesman," drank to a reigning "toast" out of her own slipper. Perhaps this use (or abuse) of the shoe did not always stop at its being turned into a wine-goblet; for it is recorded that, after the shoe of a noted beauty had been thus filled with wine, and when bumpers all round had been quaffed from it, the shoe was handed to Tom Pierce, the noted cook at the Castle, Covent Garden, who cooked it in some marvellous way, and served it at supper as the chief dish. Probably it was equally as savoury as Madame Maintenon's curl-papers round the mutton-cutlets. The Celts made their shoes useful both for drinking and eating purposes; and one of the legends told of Robert Bruce in the days of his adversity is to the effect that, when spent with hunger, he met a beggar-man who had but a little barley-meal, which he shared with Bruce, the king taking off his shoe and moistening the meal with water in his shoe: after which meal he said, "Hunger is a good cook: it is bad to slight food; barley-meal brose out of my shoe is the best food that ever I used."

Do you know why the Chinese won't tolerate railways? Because they have no cemeteries

for burying their dead, but inter them wherever it is most convenient. The whole country is like an assemblage of graveyards, and a railway would produce shocking desecration of the dead, for whom, it would consequently appear, these peculiar people have more respect than for the living.

Elfinward, Hayward's Heath.

SIR,—In *Table Talk* for the 9th of January, I see it stated that swallows have already arrived in Kent! Now I venture to suggest that these birds have never been out of England; and that they are a second batch which were not strong enough to leave with the others when the general muster took place. I know that this is sometimes the case; for in the autumn of sixty-three I was at S— Rectory, in Kent, and we observed that the great company of swallows took flight the second week in October, but they left behind two families of young birds. The summer of that year was long, dry, and hot, something like last summer in these respects. The following winter, and the spring of sixty-four, was almost frostless, and the young birds grew strong; and remained flying about the sunny side of the Rectory, until they were rejoined by their friends, and we lost sight of them in the general community. We have a swallow here now, but his case is very curious. He is a handsome-looking bird, but for some reason he is in disgrace, and is now undergoing a sentence of banishment from respectable swallows' society. A few swallows honour us with their company every year, and build their nests in the same place. Last year they arrived early, and were seven in number. They established themselves in their old quarters, but had not been there many days before they began to illtreat number seven in a manner that appeared quite cruel; and he was several times glad to take refuge in the house, while his wicked persecutors would follow him to the window, and there scold us, and call us such names that it used to make me feel quite nervous. At last they drove him from their end of house and grounds altogether, and went away in October leaving him here. What his crime may have been it is impossible to say; but I cannot help thinking that a wifeless, nestless bird is regarded by respectable married swallows as a sort of rogue and vagabond.

I am, sir, yours truly,
C. E. S. A.

AN error has been committed in the order in which the *Tales from the Fjeld* are published. No. VII., which appears this week, should change places with No. VI., which appeared last week.

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THE LIFE-GUARDSMAN.

PART I.

HOW I CAME TO ENLIST.

"**W**HO is on the kiln, Jim?"
"I have seen no one come in since you and I have been sitting in the kiln-hole, master."

"By Jove, Jim, it must be an excise officer! Run round and get through the pit door, and listen if anyone is dipping the kiln."

The above conversation occurred between the foreman and myself, at a large maltings, situated on the River Thames, early in the season 1859-60. I was in the employ of a gentleman who owned several such maltings, and it was my duty to keep a strict account of the stock, and to have the general direction of all transactions immediately connected with the working of the houses. With this I was well conversant, having served an apprenticeship of seven years with the same master by whom I was now employed. The duties, however, that I paid the most particular attention to, as they yielded me considerable emoluments, were the so arranging and working the malt from cistern to malt loft as to keep the duty chargeable thereon as low as possible. The saving anything below twenty-one shillings and eight-pence per quarter, the legal duty, my employers shared equally—out of which I paid the maltsters as might be arranged between us. But I was held responsible should any breach of the excise laws be found out, and would have to suffer either in pocket or person.

It would take up too much space if I was to describe the numerous schemes we had of "running the duty;" they are pretty well known to Her Majesty's Commissioners of Inland Revenue. Suffice it to say, that at the particular moment when the above chronicled conversation occurred, we had thought all was clear, the ordinary visit of the excise officer having been made, and he had informed us (I

supplied him with beer and tobacco, free of all cost) that the supervisor had gone in quite a different direction, and it was very unlikely he would make an official visit that day. Consequently, we had some eight quarters in excess on the kiln than legally should have been there, laying us open to a fine and imprisonment should any excise officer make a visit, and by dipping find the illegal excess. Jim and I were in the kiln-hole, keeping the fires going, so as to rapidly dry off the "run" malt, and throw it into the loft, when all excise surveillance ceases. This we had nearly accomplished, and the kiln was fully twelve hours further advanced than was entered in the specimen by the excise officer, when at the maltings in the morning. This in itself was suspicious; and should an officer be now on the kiln, I knew if he dipped it we were decidedly "up a tree."

At the time I am now writing about, owing to a wet harvest, the barley had become stained, and we were in the habit of using sulphur when the corn was first thrown on the kiln, so as to bleach it. This was against the law, but was to a certain extent winked at; although now I believe there is a most stringent regulation against it. The sulphur was pounded fine and thrown on the fires, and was thence carried upwards by the draught as a vapour, the fumes whereof being of a most pungent nature would at once drive off anyone on the kiln.

It is necessary to mention this to account for what now followed.

Jim had only been away about two minutes, when he came rushing back with fear on his countenance, saying,—

"Master, the super is on the kiln, and I hear him putting his rod together; so dab on the sulphur, and have him off sharp."

Before this I had prepared for action by opening the sulphur box. Seizing a shovel each, we threw three shovel-fuls on to each of the four fires. This was enough to kill a horse, far less an old asthmatical supervisor; but fear had shaken our nerves, and to get him off the kiln was our *sine quâ non*. We then took

a long and heavy draw at a pot of Sich's (of Chiswick) half-and-half, to give us a little Dutch courage, and awaited the result.

After the lapse of five minutes, I cautiously crept round the slopes and went up the ladder, to see what had become of the supervisor. I could see that the kiln doors were still open, but noticed that no one was on the floors ; so I walked towards the kiln. As soon as I came in a line, so as to see on to it, I observed the body of a man lying full length on its face. To rush on to the kiln, drag the body on to the floor (where the air was fresh), was the work of a moment, and to this hour I do not know how I managed it. I shouted for Jim to fetch water, and untied the shirt-collar, as respiration seemed stopped ; the eyes were staring and almost out of their sockets, and there was every appearance of a violent death by suffocation.

When Jim came to the top of the ladder, and saw me holding on my knee the apparently dead head of a man, he uttered a horrible yell, dropped the jug of water, and then dropped himself. This so upset my equanimity, and the Dutch courage having evaporated by the subsequent excitement and exertion, that I also shrieked out, let fall the head,—fortunately on to some corn that was the next ready to be thrown on the kiln,—rushed for the ladder, missed my footing, and fell heavily on to Jim, who had not had time to gather himself up ; nearly knocking all the wind out of him also. We both got up and made for the kiln-hole ; seized hold of the can containing the half-and-half, and endeavoured to gather together our senses by another long pull.

Jim then began to blubber, and talk about his wife and 275 of children ; that we were quite undone, and that on the following Monday we would both be hanged at Newgate, and a lot more rot of that sort. I had previously been teaching him decimals, and the use of the sliding-rule, so as to check the excise calculations, and also enable him to see how the charges were going on, and to work any "run" malt accordingly. His remark, therefore, about 275, meant that he had two children, and shortly expected another. He then made all sorts of proposals as to the disposal of the body ; and as he had only lately been studying the Newgate Calendar, his proposals were as absurd as well could be imagined. After reflection, I told him that he must stand fast ; and as I had no such dear and near relations as he had depending upon me, that I would disappear, and all blame would then be thrown upon me. I also said, that as the supervisor had come into the malthouse by a door little

used, and that was entered from a back lane, it was highly probable that no one had observed his entrance ; that he (Jim) had better go home to his dinner, return late, and leave it to some of the other workmen to discover the corpse.

I had come up the river that morning from maltings where our head-office was, and where I lived ; and as the tide served very early in the morning, I had rowed to the houses where the scene I have described occurred. The tide had turned by this time, and I determined to row back, pack up a few clothes, and take whatever money I had ; and making for some seaport, get quickly out of the country. I accordingly shook hands with Jim, and told him I was off, and he would most likely never see me again. Poor fellow ! he cried worse than ever, as we had been constantly associated together ; and during the nine years never an angry word had passed between us. But time was flying ; so I jumped into the boat, and turning her head down river, rowed with all my might ; and as the tide was running strongly, I could see that I should reach my destination in less than an hour's time.

When I got well out into the centre of the river, so as to have the best of the current, I began to reflect bitterly how my prospects had changed, and to feel what a horrid ban was on me. I could then well imagine the curse Cain carried with him, as the slightest thing made me start, and I was losing all nerve. I thought of my poor father and sisters (fortunately, my mother was dead), and the ignominy they would suffer through me ; moreover, I assisted with the education of two of the latter, as my father was not in a position to give them other than a plain schooling, and I had arranged to pay for a finishing two years' education for them in Germany, where they had been for six months. These, with other thoughts, quite broke me down ; and I followed suit with Jim, and had a good blubber.

By this time I was in sight of my destination, and making for the stairs, gave the boat into the hands of a boy who usually attended to it, and then made for the office.

It being Monday, the clerks and other office hands were at the Corn Exchange, Mark Lane ; so I found the counting-house empty. I had a key ; so opening the door, I left in its usual place my pocket-book, with the several mems. of what had been done during the day for the clerk whose duty it was to enter them in the respective books and under their several heads. I then went up into my room, which was directly over the office, and packed in a carpet bag a few clothes. On

opening my desk, I found I had £121 in notes and gold; this sum I placed in an inner pocket of my flannel shirt. After this I went down the yard to the malthouse, to speak to the foreman. I told him that the last three hundred quarters of malt we had sent to Portsmouth had been refused, owing to its not being equal to sample, and that I was ordered down to settle the matter. This was a dodge to account for the carpet bag he would most likely notice, or hear of from the man whom we kept at the gates. He noticed I looked queer, and asked me if anything had happened; but giving him an evasive answer, I asked him to come and have a glass of ale at the public-house outside. This he did, and I speedily parted from him and walked towards the main road. There was at that time a solitary omnibus that used to run from Wandsworth, called the Chelsea-Wandsworth; it made two or three trips a day to the Bank, running over Battersea Bridge, and then coming into the track of the ordinary Chelsea 'busses. As I approached the main road from the malthouses, I saw this 'bus; and as I found the bag tiring, I hailed it and got outside. Approaching the top of Sloane Street, I observed an Islington and Chelsea omnibus that I knew ran near Euston Square, and I then made up my mind to go by the five o'clock express train to Liverpool, and from there watch the course of events, and, if need be, at once cross over to New York. I was pretty well known to almost every omnibus driver on the West-end route, owing to my employer being an owner of racehorses and a well-known member of Tattersall's; and it was rumoured that I was in the secret of his stables and (which was far more important to racing men) of his book. We had been very fortunate during the previous racing season, and I had been able to inform, or, in racing parlance, give the tip to several of the sporting drivers and conductors on the route I have named, whereby they had won, in some instances, considerable sums of money. This had made me well known, as there is a sort of freemasonry amongst this class of men, and any particular information spreads rapidly. I should not, therefore, under ordinary circumstances, have felt astonished when the driver of the Islington and Chelsea greeted me with the remark, "You seem to be going a journey, Mr. —;" but in my then frame of mind, I was so startled and looked so excited, that the man jokingly followed up his first observation by saying, "You seem to have been backing the brewer, governor," which simply meant

that I had been imbibing. This remark somewhat reassured me, and I was able to make some common-place reply. I could feel that I must get out of London, or that upon the news of the murder getting abroad, my immediate arrest was a matter of certainty.

I got off the omnibus near the Euston Square station, and on approaching found I had half an hour to wait before the train started.

I was going towards the refreshment bar, in the large hall, when one of the railway inspectors came towards me, and, saluting me by name, asked where I was going. This circumstance so frightened me, that I quite lost all presence of mind; and mumbling something, turned round and passed on to the platform.

I mention these two circumstances to show the state my mind was in, and to prove how it is likely any one situated as I was would act. I cannot myself conceive how a man who has committed a premeditated murder, and done it with his own hands in cold blood, could escape detection, as I feel convinced that nine men out of ten would have acted as I did, and should the circumstances have been brought to light, detection was a certainty.

When I got on the platform, I so far recovered my senses as to see that my manner must look most suspicious; and returning, I accosted the inspector and apologised for my abruptness, stating it was caused by nervousness brought on by sleepless nights through earache.

He accepted my explanation, and after a few minutes' talk about the next year's Derby, he procured me a first-class ticket for Crewe, to which place I stated I was going on business, and from thence to Manchester. I did this, as I could proceed to several places from Crewe by taking a fresh ticket.

The train started punctually at five o'clock, and I found I had a compartment quite to myself. I fairly gave way now, and the feeling that I was leaving everything behind me, and going as it were into a new world, with a curse upon me, was horrible; and I felt tempted to end it all by a leap from the train, now at express speed. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the country looked so quiet and beautiful, compared with my black thoughts, that I wondered how I could have been tempted to lead the life of carelessness that I had done, and, by infringing the laws of my country, have at last been led to commit such a fearful deed as to be accessory in taking the life of a fellow-being. Oh! that I had not

yielded to the many temptations that had come in my way during the last few years,—temptations that, by creating false appetites, had plunged me into dissipations that made it imperative for me to get money, and the enticements thrown in my way by the trade I followed left me an easy prey to the sophism, that it was no sin to rob the excise, and no murder to kill an excise officer—an argument very common in the malt trade at the time I write of.

The train arrived at Rugby about seven o'clock. I had by this time quite recovered my usual equanimity, and determined to be circumspect and collected, as, otherwise, I would draw upon myself observation and suspicion.

I entered the refreshment room and met there a traveller for one of the hop firms in the Borough, with whom I entered into conversation, and found he was proceeding to Manchester by my train; and we arranged to travel together as far as Crewe. Arriving at that station about nine o'clock, I parted with my hop friend, and as the train here divided itself into three portions, viz., for Manchester, Chester and Holyhead, and Liverpool, I had ample time to book myself on to the latter place, where I arrived at 11.30 P.M., and took up my quarters at the George Hotel, which is close to the Lime Street Station.

The next morning I looked anxiously out for the arrival of the London papers, my imagination picturing the large type announcement of another mysterious murder. But in this I was agreeably disappointed, as after reading through the *Times* and other morning papers, I found no mention of the, to me, all absorbing topic. This continued for three days, and, in the meantime, I had given myself up to every dissipation rife in Liverpool, so as to drown thought. On the fifth day, I observed the following advertisement in the third column of the *Times* supplement.

WILLIAM.—The officers on the alert, keep close, do not leave the country; but be so situated that you can communicate with me at once, when it will be safe.—Further through this medium.

My name being William I came at once to the conclusion that this was intended for me, and so it ultimately proved. I was tired of leading a dissipated life, and it was also telling upon me; so, as I had heard and knew of several young fellows of good connection, who had through wildness come to grief, enlisting in the Life Guards, where they were safe from observation, until things blew over and quieted down; I made up my mind to go back to

London, make my way to Windsor, and enlist in whatever regiment might be lying there belonging to Her Majesty's household cavalry. I accordingly started that afternoon by a parliamentary train that arrived in London about four o'clock in the morning, had a good breakfast in the Edgware Road, crossed into Hyde Park, remained there until dusk, so as not to be noticed by any of the omnibus drivers or conductors on the Hammersmith Road, and about five o'clock made for Brentford, and from thence to Hounslow, stopping there at the Bell, from whence I intended taking a 'bus that then ran to Colnbrook. I arrived at the latter place about ten o'clock, and stopped there for half an hour while I had something to eat, and, inquiring my way to Windsor, started. I found it a long and dreary walk, and, as it was dark, I could not see the sign-posts, and was fearful I had missed my way; but about one o'clock I heard a cart approaching, which proved to be one of Neville Reid's, the Windsor brewer's, drays.

The drayman directed me the nearest way, and I soon afterwards crossed the Thames by an untolled bridge, the name of which to this day I do not know, and entered Windsor about three o'clock in the morning. After wandering some time I met an antiquated looking policeman (I believe they kept the old Charley system up in Windsor at that time—at all events, I never saw a young or smart-looking man in the force), from whom I inquired my way to the Cavalry Barracks. He eyed me suspiciously, and asked if I was returning from leave; I told him no, but that I had a brother in the regiment. He then said I was a deserter, and that, in the Queen's name, he arrested me.

Now I was a young fellow, standing, in my stockings, six feet three and a quarter inches, built in proportion, and had been accustomed to hard work and constant exercise, and, moreover, it would never do, in my then position, to be brought before a magistrate and cause any inquiry to be made, more especially as I could give no address or proper account of myself. So I took the liberty of knocking Master Charley down, and made off up a lane, which happened to be Clewer Lane, that fortunately led to the very place I wanted. I had not gone far when I heard the policeman's rattle go and a patter of footsteps, which made me run the faster, thinking I was on the high road for the country, which, as soon as I entered, I could make across.

I had run for about ten minutes when I approached a long dead wall, with a large closed

gate, the appearance of which I took to belonging to a barracks ; as I heard footsteps in the distance, accompanied with shouting and rattles going, I knocked violently at the gate, and was immediately challenged by the sentry inside. I said I was a comrade, who had got into a row with the police, and begged him to open the wicket without delay. This he did, first, however, calling out for the corporal of the guard. I had just time to get in, when up came the police, running and blowing like so many grampus ; they stopped at the gate and knocked ; the sentry again challenged, and they replied that they were in chase of a deserter. He upon this called out the guard. Meanwhile I had hurriedly explained the whole affair to the corporal, and told him I had got into pecuniary difficulties in London, and that I wished to enlist, and that he would get the enlistment money (17s. 6d., I believe) for me, and I asked him to stow me away and get rid of the bobbies. There is a great antipathy between soldiers and policemen, and he readily acquiesced, putting me in the sentry box, which was some little distance from the gate, and where I could not be seen, but could hear all that passed. By this time the guard had turned out, and the knocking had increased. The corporal then opened the gate, and a parley ensued ; the unfortunate fellow I had knocked down had come up, and he entered into a lengthy statement, but spoke very indistinctly, through his jaw being knocked all on one side. He made a tremendous story of it, and I was almost unable to contain myself when I heard his statement of how he had struggled with me, who he was sure was a deserter, and how, after half-an-hour's struggle, I made off. The corporal of the guard told them there was no deserter down on his list, and that very probably the man must have been one of the foot-guards, and after a good deal of chaff, he shut the wicket, and told them that Her Majesty's First Life-guards could look after, and, if necessary, capture their own men, without the assistance of a lot of half-dead bluebottles.

After this, the guard was dismissed, and the corporal and I went into the guard-room, where I sat before the fire until early morning ; when, the guard being relieved, I went with the corporal to his barrack room, where I had breakfast.

About nine o'clock we went together to the orderly room, and I saw the adjutant ; he seemed to remember me, but said he could not recollect where he had seen me, and I did not think it judicious to enlighten him, although I

had often seen and spoken to him at race meetings. He very kindly warned me as to the step I was about taking ; but I told him if he did not enlist me I would go either to the Second Life-guards or the Blues.

Upon this the adjutant asked the corporal if he had enlisted me, and he replied no, as he was waiting until pay-time to enable him to give me the shilling. The adjutant then handed me the shilling, and I was duly enlisted.

THE PLANET OF WAR.

FIFTEEN years have passed since the ominous conjunction of Mars and Cor Leonis was held by the fanciful to betoken, or rather to accord with, the breaking out of the war between Turkey, France, and England, on the one hand, and Russia on the other. Our readers need hardly be reminded, perhaps, of the beautiful lines in which Tennyson has associated this epoch with the return to reason of him "whose life had crept so long on a broken wing." "It fell on a time of year," he sings of Maud,

When the face of night is fair on the dewy downs,
And the shining daffodil dies, and the Charioteer
And starry Gemini hang like glorious crowns
Over Orion's grave low down in the west,
That like a silent lightning under the stars
She seem'd to divide in a dream from a band of the
blest,

And spoke of a hope for the world in the coming wars—
"And in that hope, dear soul, let trouble have rest,
Knowing I tarry for thee," and pointed to Mars
As he glow'd like a ruddy shield on the Lion's breast.

And now again Mars has returned to the breast of Leo—*absit omen*—and rises each evening, towards the east, as Orion sinks low in his western grave.

During the last few years astronomers have discovered many features of interest in the ruddy planet. Although Mars is one of the smallest members of the solar system, he is the one which we are able to observe under the most favourable circumstances. Venus approaches us much more closely, and Jupiter presents a far nobler aspect in the telescope, but the former, when nearest to us, is hidden by the overpowering light of the sun, while Jupiter owes his splendour to the real magnificence of his dimensions, and not to nearness. On the other hand, when Mars approaches us most nearly, he shines out brilliantly upon the dark background of the midnight sky, and at such epochs his distance from us is scarcely one-tenth of that which separates Jupiter from the earth. Thus we see Mars under more favour-

able circumstances than any celestial body, except only our own moon.

As Mars will be a brilliant object in the evening skies during the next three or four months, our readers may be interested to know something about a planet which—so far as can be judged—resembles the earth much more closely than any of the other members of the solar system.

Mars travels round the sun in an orbit which may be described as circular, since the sharpest eye can detect no evidence of ellipticity when the true figure of the orbit is traced down on paper. The radius of this circle is $139\frac{1}{2}$ millions of miles. But the sun does not occupy the centre of the orbit, so that Mars is sometimes as far as $152\frac{1}{2}$ millions of miles from the sun, at others less than $126\frac{1}{2}$ millions of miles from him. The difference is very much larger, actually as well as relatively, than the corresponding difference in the case of the earth's path round the sun.

Now the earth travels in an orbit having a mean radius of $91\frac{1}{2}$ millions of miles, and not very eccentric. Thus, when Mars and the earth are together on the same side of the sun, they are separated by a distance of 48, 61, or 35 millions of miles, according as Mars is at his mean distance from the sun, at his greatest, or at his least. Instead, therefore, of appearing always with equal brilliancy when in opposition (that is, when he is on the opposite side of the earth from the sun) Mars shines with very variable lustre. At the present opposition, for instance, he is nearly as far from us as he can possibly be at such a time, and though a very conspicuous object, far outshining the brightest of the fixed stars, he is yet not nearly so bright as he was at the opposition which took place in 1863.

It is related by Sir W. Herschel, that once when Mars happened to be in opposition almost at the exact point of his orbit where he is nearest to the sun, his brilliancy was so surprising that people thought a new star had made its appearance. For he shines with a ruddy light very different from the brilliant light of Jupiter; and, indeed, even at such oppositions as the present, his appearance distinguishes him in a very marked manner from the surrounding stars. When he is low down towards the horizon, so that his natural red colour is strengthened by the ruddiness derived from our atmosphere, his appearance fully entitles him to the name *ἡ πυρρὴ* (the fiery one, which was given to him by the Greek astronomers.

The globe of Mars is much smaller than

that of our earth. His diameter has been variously estimated by observers, in fact it is no easy task to obtain exact measurements of so small and so distant an object. It is probable that 5000 miles is pretty near the mark, however, as all the measures obtained lie between 4000 and 5800 miles. With such a diameter his surface is less than that of the earth in the proportion of about 5 to 13, and his volume is less than that of the earth in the proportion of about 5 to 20.

Mars has seasons very much resembling those of the earth, though probably somewhat more marked. We know that the earth's seasons are caused by the inclination of its equator to the plane in which it travels. This inclination is $23\frac{1}{2}$ degrees; the corresponding inclination in the case of Mars is $27\frac{1}{2}$ degrees. Thus, in his temperate zones, there is a greater contrast between summer and winter weather than on our earth. Also his arctic regions extend farther, in proportion, from his poles, and the torrid zones are wider, in the same proportion. The temperate zones are, of course, correspondingly diminished. Thus, whereas on the earth the temperate zones have a width of about 43 degrees, on Mars they have a width of about 36 degrees only.

Then his seasons are much longer than ours. For he travels once round in his orbit in a period of about 687 days, so that if the Martialists divide their year into four seasons, each of these has (on an average) $171\frac{1}{2}$ days, or nearly six of our months. We say, on an average, because the Martial summers and winters are not equal in length. Owing to the eccentricity of his orbit he moves with variable velocity at different seasons, and thus it results, according to the calculations of Sir William Herschel, that the spring of his northern hemisphere contains 192 days, summer 180, autumn 150, and winter 147 days. Of course these relations are reversed for the southern hemisphere. But we are not to suppose that the North-Martialists receive more heat during their long summer than the South-Martialists in their short one. The distance of the planet from the sun varies in such a manner as exactly to counterbalance the effects due to the varying duration of the seasons; and thus, as on our own earth, either hemisphere receives during its summer and its winter exactly the same amount of heat as is received by the other at the corresponding seasons.

But it need hardly be said that the climates prevailing in one hemisphere must differ in a very marked manner from those which prevail in the other. The South-Martialists

have a short but very hot summer, a long and very cold winter. The North-Martialists have a long and moderately hot summer, a short and moderately cold winter. On the whole, therefore, we may assume that the latter have the best time of it. Their case, in fact, corresponds to that of the inhabitants of our own earth, only the contrasts experienced by the South-Martialists during the course of their year are much more marked than those experienced by dwellers upon the southern hemisphere of our earth.

If the Martialists divide their year into twelve parts as we do, instead of about 30 days each part would contain 57. But as they have no moon (at least none has ever been detected), it is not likely that they adopt any division resembling that which we have founded on the lunar motions. Perhaps they may have a small moon which has escaped the observation of our astronomers. If there were a Martial satellite bearing the same relation to its primary as our moon bears to the earth, it could not possibly have escaped detection. But when we consider how minute a proportion Jupiter's moons bear to his mass, we can conceive that there might be an attendant on Mars equally minute in proportion to the smaller globe of the planet. It has been calculated that such a satellite as this might very readily escape detection, especially if it travels close round its primary. When we remember, that one of Saturn's satellites remained undetected until within the last few years, we can readily conceive that such a small body as might be expected to attend on a comparatively insignificant planet like Mars might be very easily overlooked.

The Martialists have a day very similar in length to our own. Astronomers have paid a great deal of attention to the Martial day, inasmuch that the most recent determination assigns its length within the hundredth part of a second. The way in which this has been done is sufficiently simple. First a rough measure was obtained by noticing the intervals in which certain conspicuous and easily recognisable spots upon the planet came successively into view. A few rotations observed in this way gave the length of the Martial day (which is, of course, no other than his period of rotation on his axis) to within a few minutes. Next, a longer period was taken—one of three or four months, and, of course, by dividing the number of minutes which had elapsed between epochs at which the planet had presented a given aspect, by the number of rotations which had taken place in the interval, a yet closer

approximation to the truth was obtained. We should rather say *ought* to have been obtained, for, as a matter of fact, Sir W. Herschel, who was the first to work at this problem, obtained (through some accident) a less exact result from the longer period than he had already deduced from the shorter. However, the experiment is one which has been repeated several times, and lately by MM. Beer and Mädler with complete success. Well, when so close a result as should follow from this method has been obtained, the planet may safely be allowed to pass away to its next opposition—more than two years later. We shall be sure not to miss a rotation even in that long interval, if our first experiments have been properly made. Herschel, indeed, missed a single rotation owing to the mistake he had made as above-mentioned, and thus finally adopted 24h. 39m. 22s., as the length of the planet's day. However, the researches of Beer and Mädler set this matter straight; and eventually, extending their inquiries over a period of several years, they arrived at a Martial day of 24h. 37m. 23⁸/₁₀s. More recently, Professor Kaiser, of Leyden, has carried the inquiry yet further, deducing a Martial day of 24h. 37m. 22⁶/₁₀s. Finally, a paper has recently appeared in the *Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society*, in which Mr. Proctor, after taking into account all the Martial rotations which have taken place in a period of 201 years—viz., from the date when Hooke drew a certain aspect of Mars in 1666, to that on which Mr. Browning, in 1867, saw the same face of the planet—has deduced a day of 24h. 37m. 22⁷/₁₀35s, with a probable error of about the hundredth part of a second.

It was long since noticed by astronomers that Mars, when seen with a telescope of moderate power, exhibits two brilliantly white spots at opposite edges of his disc. The French observer, Maraldi, scrutinizing these spots more carefully than former observers, found that they vary in figure. Indeed he went so far as to predict that one of the spots would disappear altogether before many years. This result, however, was not observed to happen; and when, half a century later, the elder Herschel began to examine Mars with his powerful reflectors, the spots presented an appearance very similar to that which they had when first discovered.

Sir William Herschel paid great attention to these two white spots. He found that they really vary in figure as Maraldi had supposed; but he noticed that the increase of one was accompanied by the decrease of the other, and

vice versa. This singular reciprocity of change led him to associate the white spots with a phenomenon we on earth are sufficiently familiar with : viz., the alternate increase and decrease of the polar snows. He watched Mars so long that he was enabled to confirm this view. For, having found out by a careful series of observations, the parts of Mars' orbit where the planet entered upon its various seasons, he noted that, soon after mid-winter of the northern hemisphere, the northern white spot attained its greatest dimensions, while the southern was reduced to a tiny oval of light ; whereas half a Martial year later, the southern spot was at its largest, and the northern a mere speck when compared with its winter appearance.

A little consideration will show how important the variation of these spots must be, to become perceptible to the terrestrial observer. In the heart of the Martial winter (northern) the north pole of the planet is so turned away from the sun that no part of the arctic regions is warmed by his rays. Now, at such a time, if the planet is in opposition—that is, if the earth is directly between the sun and Mars—it is quite clear that the north pole of the planet is turned away from us just as much as from the sun. If a line were drawn from St. Paul's in any direction, and two persons on this line, one two miles off, the other five, were to look at the dome, it is obvious that the same view would be presented to both, only on a different scale. Just so it is with Mars when in opposition ; and as he is nearly always close to opposition when examined telescopically (for, at other times, he is much too far off to be well seen), it is plain that we look at nearly the same face of the planet as the sun is shining upon. It will be conceived, therefore, how largely the north polar snows must extend in winter beyond their usual limits, when, though thus turned away from the earth, they yet present a larger visible surface than the southern snows, which are as much turned towards us.

The discovery that the white spots on Mars resemble our terrestrial snows so closely in character, and the highly probable conclusion which may thence be deduced that these spots are really snow-caps, appear to us to be among the most striking results ever obtained by astronomers. Until the time of this discovery we had absolutely no evidence whatever that the surfaces of the planets present similar relations to those of our own earth. These noble globes sweeping in their widely-extended orbits around the sun, might,

for aught that was known to the contrary, be as dissimilar from the earth as the moon is known to be. The surface of Jupiter, for example, seems to be nearly always hidden under a dense vaporous envelope, nor have any physical changes been observed among his belts which could be associated with terrestrial atmospheric changes. But the discovery that Mars has snowy poles, involved a series of important conclusions, which at once marked this planet as fit to be the abode of living creatures.

To begin with, the snow-caps of Mars cover an extent of surface which must be estimated by millions of square miles. If we assume the globe of Mars to be spherical (and nothing very satisfactory has yet been learned about any flattening of the Martial globe) and its diameter 5000 miles, the whole surface of the planet is about $78\frac{1}{2}$ millions of square miles. In winter a snow-cap extends some forty degrees of Martial latitude from the pole : this being so, it may readily be calculated that the polar cap, at this time, covers nearly fourteen millions of square miles. Here then, at once, we have an important mass of congealed water—so that we cannot doubt the existence of water in large quantities on the planet. But it need hardly be said that an estimate, founded on the assumption that a large proportion of the Martial water is represented by the wintry snow-cap, would fall very far short of the truth. The snows which lie upon the Martial poles must be due to the evaporation of the surface water of widely extended oceans in the temperate and torrid Martial zones. Knowing that the process of evaporation and subsequent condensation must bear a close resemblance in many respects to what takes place on earth, we conclude that the surface of the Martial oceans must be far larger than that of the polar snow-caps.

Here, then, is our first result. We have established the existence of widely extended oceans upon the ruddy planet of war.

But, next, we must account for the transfer of aqueous vapour from the temperate zones to the polar regions. This transfer proves the existence of a Martial atmosphere sufficiently dense to waft clouds. And not only so, but we learn the existence of air-currents from equatorial to polar regions. Such air-currents involve the necessity of return currents. Thence, as on our earth, there must arise trade-winds, and counter-trades. In fact, there must be a system of aerial circulation resembling in all important habitudes that which prevails upon our own earth.

With oceans, atmosphere, and clouds, Mars at once presents itself to our contemplation as the probable abode of life. And this view seems strengthened when we consider how large an amount of activity is involved in the relations we have presented. Clouds cannot be raised from an ocean without extensive evaporation. This evaporation must inevitably result in the formation of ocean currents, precisely as the equatorial evaporation on our own earth generates the system of oceanic circulation. Again, the clouds cannot pass from the torrid towards the temperate and polar regions without producing showers of rain, and "dropping fatness" on the Martial soil. Nor can the transfer of aqueous vapour take place without causing occasional storms. Indeed, Professor Phillips, of Oxford, has expressed the opinion that in all probability the hurricanes on Mars are more intense than those which sweep over the earth, because the contrast of the Martial seasons is more remarkable, and the interchange of vapour between the two hemispheres is more complete than on our earth.

But it may be asked whether there is nothing in the aspect of Mars, except the polar snow-caps, to justify us in deducing so many conclusions respecting Martial habitudes. Although these conclusions may be logically justified by the arguments drawn from terrestrial analogies, it will appear to most minds that corroborative evidence is required. Fortunately we have such evidence in abundance.

It has been already mentioned that there are spots on Mars, so distinct in outline and so constant in figure, as to have enabled astronomers to determine with the utmost accuracy the rotation-period of the planet. These spots, according to the opinion of most observers, have a greenish tint, though others describe them as having a light indigo or neutral tint colour. The remainder of the surface of Mars has a reddish tint. This colour, however, is less marked when large telescopes are used, than when Mars is seen with the naked eye or by means of a small telescope. It seems not unreasonable to conclude that the ruddy portion of Mars' surface is land, and the greenish part water. According to this view it appears that the Martial oceans, though of large extent, are not so disproportioned to the continents as our own oceans. In fact, they rather fall short of the continents in extent. Their arrangement is also peculiar. The Martial continents, of which there seem to be four, are arranged round the equator of the planet, while the principal seas lie in the temperate zones. Long

inlets extend between the continents, and either connect the northern and the southern seas or run very nearly across from one to the other. In the midst of the seas there are large islands, and in a long strip of land, surrounding the northern polar seas, there is a large inland sea or lake.

Then, also, we have clear evidence of atmospheric processes much resembling those which take place on our earth. During the winter of either hemisphere cloudy weather seems nearly always to prevail, insomuch that the outlines of continents and oceans are rendered almost indistinguishable. The contrast between the two hemispheres is sometimes quite remarkable, and we have seen pictures of Mars, in which one hemisphere shews all its markings with the most perfect clearness, while the other presents a semicircle of mixed light and shade, with no recognisable markings.

Then again there seem to be diurnal atmospheric changes. For round the edge of the planet's disc the markings are not traceable, precisely as though they were hidden under clouds. It need hardly be remarked, perhaps, that those parts of Mars where it is mid-day, are at the centre of the disc: so that the phenomenon just mentioned seems to show that the Martial skies are clearest during the middle of the day. It has been recently shown, however, that even if clouds were not more prevalent in the mornings and evenings, the foreshortened edges of the disc should appear much whiter than the centre. Be this as it may, no doubt can exist that there are Martial clouds, for even near the centre of the disc, astronomers have seen white patches of light, which have gradually melted away even while the observer has watched them.

But, lastly, we might doubt whether the liquid which forms the Martial oceans be really water, were it not for the subtle evidence of the spectroscope. When the sun is low down, so that his rays shine through a considerable depth of air, the solar spectrum is seen to be crossed by several dark lines not seen at other times. It has been proved that several of these lines, and nearly all of those which appear near the hour of sunset, are due to the presence of aqueous vapour in the atmosphere. Now the spectrum produced by the light of Mars (which, of course, is reflected solar light) has been found to exhibit these very lines, when Mars is so high above the horizon that the lines cannot be ascribed to our own atmosphere. This proof of the existence of aqueous vapour in the Martial atmosphere is beyond dispute. Like the existence of the polar snow-caps, it

proves also that there is a Martial atmosphere, that there are Martial oceans, and finally that active processes of change are continually taking place on this distant globe, which are altogether meaningless unless they teach us that Mars is the abode of living creatures to whose wants the physical relations of the planet are adapted.

NATURAL HISTORY JOTTINGS.

I.

A MARINE CANDLE.

THERE is found on the coasts of British Columbia, Russian America, and Vancouver's Island, a little fish not larger than a smelt, clad in glittering armour, which is fat almost beyond conception. It is popularly known as the candle-fish, but its scientific name is *Salmo Pacificus*. Mr. Lord has carefully studied the habits and manners of this fish, and the uses to which it may be applied. Living with the Indians, he joined their excursions against the candle-fish which, sporting in the moonlight on the surface, gave to the waters the resemblance of a vast sheet of pearly waves. To catch them, the Indians use a monster comb or rake, six or eight feet long, composed of a piece of pine-wood, with teeth made of bone, if sharp-pointed nails are not to be procured. The canoe being paddled by one Indian close to the shoal, the other sweeps the rake through the mass, and brings it to the surface, teeth upwards, with usually one, and often three or four, fish impaled on each tooth. By the repetition of this process, many canoes are soon filled. The cargoes being landed, the further charge devolves upon the squaws, who have to do the curing, drying, and oil making. They do not gut or in any way clean the fish, but simply pass long smooth sticks through their eyes, skewering on each stick as many as it will hold, and then lashing another piece transversely at the ends to prevent them from slipping off the skewer. The fish are then dried and smoked by being suspended in the thick atmosphere at the top of the sheds, and this smoke is sufficient to preserve them fresh without salting—a process which the Indians never apply to fish. When dry, they are carefully packed in cases of bark, or rushes, and are stowed away out of reach of children or dogs till winter. "I have never," says Mr. Lord, "seen any fish half as fat and as good for Arctic winter food as these little candle-fish. It is next to impossible to broil or fry them,

for they melt completely into oil." They are so marvellously fat that the natives use them as lamps for lighting their lodges. For this purpose the dried fish is perforated from head to tail by a piece of rush-pith by means of a long needle made of hard wood. The wick is then lighted, and the fish burns steadily, with a sufficiently good light to read by. The candlestick is a bit of wood split at one end, with the fish inserted in the cleft.

When by heat and pressure these little fishes are transformed into a liquid oil, and the Indian drinks them instead of burning them, he supplies his own body with a highly carbonaceous fuel, which is burned slowly in his lungs and keeps up his animal heat. Without a full supply of some such food, he would perish in the cold of a long Northern winter.

When a sufficient supply of the fish has been dried and put by for the winter's food, the remainder is piled in heaps till the fishes are partly decomposed, for the purpose of being converted into oil. The method of extracting the oil is very primitive. Five or six large fires are made, and in each fire are a number of large round pebbles, to be made very hot. By each fire are four large square boxes, made of the wood of the pine. A squaw piles in each box a layer of fish, covers them with cold water, and adds five or six of the heated stones. When the steam has cleared away, small pieces of wood are laid on the stones; then more fish, more water, more stones, and more layers of wood, and so on, until the box is filled. The oil-maker now takes all the liquid from this box, and proceeds to fill another box, using this oily liquid for the second box in place of water. From the surface of the contents of this box, the floating oil is skimmed off.

One very small tribe often makes as much as seven hundred-weight of oil. Not only is an abundance of oil supplied by nature, but the bottles to store it away are actually provided. The great seawrack grows to an enormous size in these Northern seas, and has a hollow stalk, expanded at the root end into a complete flask. These hollow stalks are cut at a length of about three feet from the terminal bulb, and are kept wet and flexible till required. The oil as it is obtained is stored away in these natural bottles, which hold from a quart to three pints.

It is to be regretted that our steamers are causing the candle-fish to disappear from the Columbia River and other parts where they formerly abounded. They are now seldom found south of latitude 50° N.



[Feb. 6, 1899]

Once a Week.

THE DOORS OF NICANOR.

A Talmudic Legend.

IN remote times there dwelt at Alexandria a faithful Israelite, Nicanor by name. When a boy he had been taken by his father, an Alexandrine Jew, to Egypt, but he had spent some of his earliest years in the Holy City, Jerusalem, the seat of his faith, and the capital of his nation. He had left the city of David at the age of ten, and his eyes had not rested on it since, for business had detained him in Egypt, and it had been quite impossible for him to leave his shop and his merchandise to gladden his eyes with a sight of the Holy City, and his heart with worshipping in the courts of the temple of the Most High.

In the midst of the luxurious Egyptians he grew up in spotless innocence; surrounded by idolatry, he remained true to the monotheism of his fathers; and though his time, and thoughts, and labour, were about the commerce and business of Alexandria, his heart was in Jerusalem. Home, the home of childhood, is ever dear to the memory, and Jerusalem was unspeakably dear to Nicanor; for that was not merely the home of his youth, but of his people, and of his faith as well. So, when the glare of day was over, and the white streets and white walls were turned to grey, when the passers through the bazaar were few, and the coloured lanterns were extinguished, and the wares of the shop, Persian carpets, China silks, and Indian cloth of gold, were secured for the night, and the doors were fastened, then Nicanor went upon the house-top, on which grew two orange-trees in boxes, and, kneeling down between the trees, he turned towards Zion, and remained long in prayer and musings. He remembered how that Daniel in exile had opened his window and had prayed seven times a-day, with his face towards the ruined temple; and thus did he direct his aspirations, and affections, and desires towards the far-off temple of his God. Sometimes, as he thus knelt, the crescent moon rose out of the dark sea and shot a silver beam over the rippling surface, and it seemed to him that it was a path of light leading from him to Fatherland. Sometimes, from the blue-black sky the white stars looked down, and from the blue-black sea white stars looked up; and he thought that thus the hearts of the scattered Israelites reflected the hearts of the gathered Israelites around the temple of Jehovah in Salem. Sometimes a meteor shot across the dark vault, making a track of fire,

and exploding into a thousand sparks of red light, and Nicanor believed it was an Angel of God sweeping towards Zion with a handful of blessings, which he scattered over the chosen city.

There are passions and affections which wax hot in youth, but which fade away wholly in age; and there are affections of youth, little regarded, which are smeared over with the glowing colours of middle-life ambitions, but which reappear intensified in after-time when the brilliant tints have faded away or peeled off.

Such was the love of the Temple of Jerusalem in the breast of Nicanor. He had acquired a love for it in childhood, but that love had been obscured by the cares, and business, and pursuits of manhood; however, as he became aged, and his hair blanched, the passionate affection for the temple of his God re-emerged into prominence, and soon filled his whole heart.

Nicanor had realised a small fortune in Alexandria, by his attention to business, and, when he counted over his gains, he found that they were considerable. He had no son, no wife, no relative in Alexandria: and the love which might have been dispersed over many objects was now concentrated upon one, and that one was the Temple at Jerusalem. So he resolved to spend some of his gains upon the beautifying of the temple which had been erected by Nehemiah and Ezra, and which was not as glorious as it had been in the days of Solomon. And he determined to revisit Jerusalem and lay his bones among his own people in the sepulchre of his fathers.

With this resolve, he summoned a skilful wood-carver, and he bade him expend all his powers upon two doors for the temple. They were to be graven with pomegranates and lily-work, and cherubs, and palm-trees, and were to be overlaid with beaten copper.

When the doors were completed, Nicanor took passage in a vessel bound for Joppa, and on board he brought all his fortune and the two great temple doors.

The boat flew out of harbour like a seagull escaping from confinement, with its white, sharp sails, in shape the same as those seen now on the Mediterranean, catching the soft western breeze. The sparkling water rippled about the bows, and lapped the sides caressingly, and in the wake appeared a white, comet-like tail in the intense blue of the sea. Nicanor stood on deck beside his doors, and let the air play with his silver locks; and his pale cheeks were ruddy with joy, because his

face was set towards Jerusalem, and he knew that ere long he should see, once again, the temple of his God, and the home of his nation.

As the sun went down in the west it plunged into a haze of red, coppery fumes. The dark breast of the sea heaved in long undulations, as though breathing in sleep. The phosphoric fire flashed green and gold through the waves, like a lightning in the deep, and the wake of the vessel became luminous. Presently a thin film of vapour ran over the sky, and through it the stars winked, as though seen through water; then there swept over them another misty wave, and blotted them out wholly. And now the surface of the deep was black as iron. Suddenly a little flame ran, then stood still and wavered, then leaped forward upon the rigging, and all at once reached the mast-head, where it swayed like a pennant. The sailors of the present day call it St. Elmo's light, and say that it prognosticates storm. The master of the vessel looked up uneasily at the flame, offered a prayer to Osiris, and furled the sails.

Nicanor heard a moan in the cordage, and a whispering and whistling about the mast, and the wind slapped his cheek, and flouted his hair boisterously. Against the dying light in the west, a belt of silvery white, he saw the billows leap up and shake their heads, and he saw their crowns cut off, and sent flying in a drift of foam. In another moment, with a roar like that of a lion bounding on his prey, the gale burst upon the little vessel, and sent her over the deep like an autumn leaf. Nicanor remained by his doors. Every now and then the sea swirled the deck, and drenched him to the skin. The boat scrambled up the side of a mountain of yeasty brine, danced for an instant on its foaming crest, and then plunged into the gulf before her.

Occasionally a sea-bird rushed past with a discordant scream, and its wings even brushed Nicanor's cheek.

The captain shouted, but his calls were overborne by the mumble and growl of the winds and waves. Then came a wave, and sent the little vessel over on her side; she recovered herself with a jerk, but in that jerk snapped her mast, and it went overboard with the tackling cut through by the axes of the crew. Presently a ruddy spark appeared at the bows, and in another moment burst into a flame. The captain had lit a small fire on an altar to his god, and he and his men leaped and danced round it, howling and waving their arms, tossing on frankincense, and invoking

the aid of the image which stood before the altar. By the flapping red flame, as it rushed away before the wind, the broken mast-stump stood out scarlet, and the foaming waves were as though turned into blood. But Nicanor stood by his doors, and cried to the God who made earth, and sea, and sky. All at once a puff of wind caught the fire off the altar, and strewed it in a shower of sparks upon the waves, and then all was black once more.

The captain and his men threw out the lading of the vessel. They came to Nicanor, and bade him surrender his goods.

"Cast all my carpets and brocades of gold and silver, all my curtains and damasks, into the waves," said he; "but spare these doors."

In another moment bale after bale of the costliest manufacture of Oriental looms were flung into the waves.

For a while the vessel rode lighter, and seemed better able to stand against the violence of the storm; but she shipped a sea, and all hands were engaged in baling her. Before she was cleared another wave broke over her, and sent a deluge of brine into the hold.

"Over with those huge doors," said the captain; "she must be lightened to the utmost."

"Spare, spare the doors," pleaded Nicanor.

"If we spare the doors, we shall all perish," answered the seaman. "Never was I in such imminent peril before. We must all sacrifice what we have to save our lives."

"There are two boxes of silver and gold below," said the Jew. "They are all my treasure; cast them into the sea."

The captain obeyed, but the deep was not satisfied; like the daughters of the horse-leech of which wise Solomon spake, the wind and the water cried "Give, give, give!" Then he came again to Nicanor, and he said, peremptorily,—

"Those massive doors must go."

Nicanor smote his breast, and tore his white beard, and strewed the winds with his hair, and cried in the bitterness of his soul,—

"Have I not laboured and longed for the adornment of the temple of the Most High! I have given up my merchandise, I have yielded my gold, and I do not repine; but these doors I have dedicated to God, and I can not, will not, suffer them to be cast away."

But what was one man to do against a crew fearing for their lives?

"Old man," said the captain, "see; we will take only one of those huge doors. If the sea is pacified, we shall be content. Resist not; if thy God cannot have both doors, let him be satisfied with one."

With much ado, the sailors heaved one of the carved and copper-plated valves over the side of the vessel ; and Nicanor shut his eyes, and stopped his ears, lest he should see the deep swallow it up, and lest he should hear the plunge of the great door into the hungry water.

For a little while longer the vessel bore on ; but the storm showed no signs of abating. The ears were deafened with the shrieking of the blast, the eyes blinded with the spray. The air was full of particles of brine ; every wave-top was sheared off by the wind, and its foam was mingled with the rain into an atmosphere of water. The sea seemed alive, and to speak with voices of different calibre ; now with inarticulate murmurs, now with great gulps, now with hoarse roars, and now with sonorous base growls. It was like a multitude in the Roman Colosseum, intoxicated with blood, ravening for more butchery, and murmuring at delay in satiating their lust. The horrible darkness was relieved at intervals by dazzling forks of lightning, flashing into vividness for an instant the horrors of the situation, and then leaving them again buried in hideous mystery.

"The other valve must go overboard," ordered the captain. "Make no attempt at resistance, old man, for all resistance is vain."

Nicanor had seated himself on the door, and his hands covered his face. He looked up despairingly, and replied,—

"Then I shall go overboard with it."

He kept his word. When the huge mass of timber and copper was cast into the sea, the old man leaped after it, clasped the edge with his feeble hands, drew himself up upon it, and seated himself on the floating door, buried his face in his bosom, and clasped his hands about his knees, indifferent to his fate.

He did not perish. The great door swam like a raft, and bore up Nicanor ; it lifted him over the billows, and sustained him in the trough of the waves, and at last grounded on the beach.

When the aged Hebrew felt the grating of the timber on the shingle, a feeble hope revived in his breast, and finding that the door remained stationary, he gave thanks to God, and creeping upwards, felt about with his hands, and satisfied himself that he was cast upon a shore.

Gradually the darkness lightened, and in the east appeared a ragged black line, which maintained its form in the growing light, so that Nicanor was satisfied that it was a horizon of land. Stealthily, as though timorous

of exposing to view the ravages of the tempest, the dawn spread, and now the Israelite distinguished five palm trees on a hummock of sand, and then he made out the tumbling water, and then he distinguished the outline of the door on which he crouched, and lastly, he perceived a large dark mass, a stone's throw from him, on the sand ; but what it was he could not discover. Brighter grew the morning, and the pallid light took a warmer hue, and flushed with life. A light sulphury splendour hung about the east, over the sand hill capped with the palms. All at once the sun blazed out above the horizon, and Nicanor rose to his feet.

Behold ! before him stranded, lay, not merely the door on which he had ridden as a raft, but the other valve as well.

Many hundred years after, King Herod set himself to edify and adorn the temple at Jerusalem ; he replaced the base stone with marble, and the common wood with cedar, and the iron with copper, and the copper with silver, and the silver with gold. Every door of the temple, one after another, was taken down, and its place was supplied by one far exceeding it in value and in magnificence. But when he came to the doors of Nicanor, battered and old though they were, he replaced them not, for the High Priest stayed his hand, and said,—

"Let these doors, that Nicanor gave to God, and that God preserved to Nicanor, remain a memorial of his piety, for ever."

So those old doors stood till the temple was destroyed.

CONVERSATIONS WITH ROSSINI.

VIII.

TO-DAY we talked about Cherubini. Rossini had lived in the closest intimacy with him and his family, and told me several things that I did not know before. We were discussing his peculiar character, in which the most perfect good-nature was hidden under a rather rough manner, which he generally put forward at first. "Here and there he has transferred some of his moodiness into his music," said Rossini ; "but what a great musician ! And the best fellow in the world. But did you ever know a composer who so completely changed his style ?"

"His early Italian operas certainly do not give the slightest idea of his *Medea*. He thought nothing of them himself, and once, when I asked him to let me look through some

of them, he wrote back that they were the attempts of a schoolboy."

"And yet I once gave him great pleasure with my recollections of his *Giulio Sabini*," said Rossini. "He had written it for Babini, the same tenor from whom I afterwards took singing lessons. Babini used to sing a good many things out of it, which I remembered when I came to Paris. One day after dinner I sat down to the piano and sang to him several of these youthful productions. He could scarcely contain himself for astonishment, for of course he never guessed the connection, but his eyes filled with tears."

"Forty years must have passed," said I. "No wonder he was moved."

"As we are speaking of these old masters, do tell me something about Simon Mair, of whom I scarcely know anything. What was his forte? Invention?"

"He owes his fame less to that than to having been the first in Italy to make much of the dramatic element. He and Paer also did a great deal to extend instrumentation."

"I once saw him at an advanced age conduct a mass at Verona, or rather heard him, for both chorus and orchestra were almost drowned by the noise he made with a roll of paper which served him for a bâton."

"He was a good fellow," said Rossini, "thoroughly cultivated and well-informed, and his *Medea*, which he composed for Naples near the end of his life, is a very remarkable opera."

"How immensely the opera has developed in Italy since Metastasio's time, when a dozen or so of airs and a short chorus made up the musical part of a lyric drama."

"You must not forget recitatives," said the maestro, "which were capitally treated by the good composers, and with which the great singers of the time made more effect and earned greater applause than with bravura airs. The latter, as far as the words went, were simply *hors d'œuvres*. They contained some pathetic picture, or at most reiterated sentiments which had already been made too much of. But Metastasio, after Zeno, has the great merit of having thoroughly adapted our language to music. He brought into use a whole collection of well-sounding, melodious words, and in this is an example for all times. Do you know Jomelli's compositions?"

"Church music, but no operas."

"He is the most genial of our composers of that time. No one understood the treatment of the voice so well. Some of his slow movements are wonderful in their melodious beauty."

"But in these days, I imagine, they would produce no effect."

"In our art forms are as variable as they are important. And nobody would now be able to sing those things; they require a power of respiration which the Castrati alone (either from their profound studies or their physical constitution) were capable of. Indeed, the composers played rather a subordinate part in those days, and generally made mere sketches for the singers to fill out as they pleased. But men like Durante, Lotti, and Jomelli, will always remain great masters."

IX.

ONE day the maestro suddenly sang the beginning of the finale of Beethoven's *Septett*, and then one of his *Scherzos*.

"Which symphony is that from?" he asked.

"The *Eroica*."

"Right. What force, what fire, there is in that man! His piano sonatas are treasures indeed. I don't know if they are not greater than his symphonies; more inspired, perhaps. Did you know Beethoven?"

"As a boy I had the good luck to speak to him a few weeks before his death."

"During my stay in Vienna I got myself introduced to him by old Calpani; but, what with his deafness and my want of German, conversation was impossible. But I am glad that I at least saw him. Your Weber, too, was a fine fellow; how he managed the orchestra, and what new effects he got out of the instruments! Did he also write symphonies?"

"He made one attempt, which, however, cannot be considered his happiest; but then with us his overtures rank amongst the most favourite orchestral pieces."

"And justly so," said the maestro; "though I do not quite countenance that way of bringing the finest bits into the overtures, if it were only that when they come in the opera they have lost the charm of novelty. But Weber had wonderfully good ideas! How lovely the deep clarinets are in the introduction of the march in his Concert-stück! I always liked that part especially. Poor Weber! He came to see me in Paris on his way to London; he looked so weak and ill that his making such a journey was inconceivable to me. He hoped, as he told me, to gain something respectable for his family—he should have preserved *himself* for them. The way he came to me was curious enough, and rather comical. It seems that some time before, he had written an article in a paper,

on, or rather, against my *Tancredi*; and, in consideration of this, thought it necessary to inquire first whether I would see him. When I dashed off *Tancredi*, at twenty years of age, if I had had an inkling that a foreign composer had noticed it, I should really have thought it an honour. So you can imagine I was not the less glad to see Weber."

"You never troubled yourself much about newspaper articles?"

"Certainly not," answered the maestro, laughing. "To think of all that was written against me when I came to Paris! Old Bertor even made verses on me, in which he called me M. Crescendo. But it all passed over without any danger."

X.

"WHY don't you continue writing grand operas after your *Tell*? Did you never intend to compose a *Faust*?"

"It had long been a favourite project of mine, and I had already sketched a whole scene with Jouy—on the same plan as Goethe's poem of course. But at that time *Faust* became quite the rage in Paris; every theatre had its own *Faust*, and I rather lost my zest for it. Then came the July revolution; the Grand Opera, formerly a government institution, went into the hands of private lessees; I lost my mother; my father not understanding French, did not care about remaining in Paris,—so I broke the contract which bound me to provide four grand operas, and chose to stay quietly in my native country, and make my old father's last years happy. It was a cruel sorrow to me not to have been with my poor mother when she died, and I was in the greatest anxiety lest it should be so with my father also."

"So you moved to your old home at Bologna, where I found you in the year '38, signing admission tickets for a public trial of the Liceo. What an interest you have always taken in that institution."

"During my stay in Bologna till the year '49 I did all I could for it. It was the school to which I owed my development! And then the boys had formed a complete orchestra, and I enjoyed making them play all kinds of orchestral works for me. Now and then they did make rather a hash, but it was great fun."

"You preferred Bologna to Florence for your residence?"

"Bologna is my real home, and the life there is so easy and pleasant. Florence is grander, and doesn't suit me, in spite of the grand duke's kindness."

"But surely you never feel any *gêne* in associating with great people, and you have had plenty of opportunities for doing so. Why you took part in the congress of Verona, did you not?"

"I went there on the invitation of Prince Metternich, who wrote me a most amiable letter. Being 'le dieu de l'harmonie,' as the letter expressed it, I must not stay away when harmony was so important. And if harmony could have been restored by cantatas, I should have done it, for I composed about five at a moment's notice, for the *Negozianti* and the *Nobili*, and the *Concordia* festival, and I don't know what besides?"

"But how did you manage?"

"Partly by putting old things to new words—but even that was hard work, and I scarcely got done. In one chorus about Unity it happened that the word *alleanza* came on a most piteous chromatic chord—like a sigh. I had no time to alter it; but I thought it my duty to tell Prince Metternich of the unfortunate circumstance."

"Perhaps he took it for the work of a higher dispensation."

"At least he submitted to it with a laugh. But the festival which took place in the amphitheatre was wonderfully beautiful, and I have the most distinct remembrance of it. The only thing which made me uncomfortable was, that in conducting my cantata, I had to stand under a huge statue of *Concordia*, which I was dreadfully afraid would come down on my head. Amongst other people I was introduced to the Emperor Alexander. He and George the Fourth of England were the most agreeable crowned heads I ever came across. About the latter there was an immense charm! But Alexander was also a splendid and most attractive man. From Verona I went to Venice to write *Semiramide*. I found plenty of great people there too, including Prince Metternich, who took an extraordinary interest in music, and really knew something about it. He came to all my rehearsals at the Fenice, and seemed delighted to escape from politics."

"The story of the chromatic *alleanza* reminds me of another story about you—namely, that after the Austrian occupation of the Papal States, when the new governor of Bologna gave you an order for a cantata, you set the new words to an old patriotic song of your own composition."

"Not a word of truth in it; they let me alone, and I had no wish to make game of these severe gentlemen; I have never meddled

with politics. I was a musician, and it did not enter my head to be anything else, though I take the greatest interest in everything that goes on, especially in the fate of my native country."

NEW COMEDIES.

WITH the new year has come new luck to the theatres. Covent Garden, and Drury Lane, with their pantomimes, are doing wonderfully well; the new Gaiety, with its brilliant extravaganza un-dresses, and Mr. Alfred Wigan's admirable acting in the second piece, is, and has been, drawing crowded houses. The Strand, with its old burlesque, *The Field of the Cloth of Gold*, is taking its share of the luck, and the little Royalty's novel style of burlesque-drama, *Claude du Val*, is in for as prosperous if not as lengthy a career as fell to the lot of *Black-eyed Susan*. The sensation drama is for a time in abeyance until Mr. Watts Phillips produces his next at the Queen's, and its startling companion at the Holborn. The Princess's coquetting with Mr. Boucicault, takes up with Mr. Palgrave Simpson, and plays his *Marie Antoinette*.

Two theatres are playing comedy, pure and simple; rather pure, and peculiarly simple. At the Haymarket, Mr. Buckstone now plays a comedy by T. W. Robertson, entitled *Home*; and at the Prince of Wales's Miss Marie Wilton has produced a comedy by the same author, called *School*. Both are successful, on both a vast amount of praise has been lavished, and about both a great deal of nonsense has been written.

Home is an adaptation of *L'Aventurière*; and *School*, is an adaptation of a German piece; a fact of which but for the letters of Veritas, to the *Times*, most of us would have remained in blissful ignorance.

It matters not one atom to the public whether these plays are in every sense original (as we suppose the author's *Caste* was—his third, and, to our mind his best) or are translated literally, or adapted ingeniously from the French, German, Sanskrit, or Hindu. The public, in general, goes to the theatre to be amused, and so long as this end is attained, cares nothing for details, however interesting they may be from a literary or artistic point of view. *School* and *Home* satisfy the public, which passes a very pleasant evening in seeing each piece—so far so good. With whom, then, and with what do we find fault? Assuredly with Mr. Robertson, if he has tacitly taken to

himself all the praise which generous admiring critics have publicly given him. For what has been specially praised? what has specially attracted their notice in *School*? Why, the author's originality of invention and graceful fancies, as displayed in (1) the choice of the old fairy story *Cinderella* on which to base an idyllic story; (2) the carrying out this idea at the end in fitting the slipper on the girl's foot; (3) the love-making in the moonlight, when Lord Beaufoy and Bella talk in spooney tones about their shadows. Now it appears that not only has the *Cinderella* idea *not* originated in Mr. Robertson's inner consciousness, but, beside the incident underlying the whole plot, the very name *Cinderella* was that of the original German play. We regret that facts like these have not been either acknowledged or contradicted by the author. For we are, and have been, glad, in the true interests of English dramatic art, to point to the author of *Caste*, *Ours*, and *Society*, as an original writer whose successful career is a sufficient answer to the taunts of the French dramatists and their admirers amongst ourselves.

The first act of *School* contains the gem of the piece in the way of dialogue, which rises here to true comedy standard. We allude to the luncheon in the wood, where Lord Beaufoy the beau, and Jack Poyntz converse together. Suggested by the original German or not, it is excellent. The scene is pretty, nothing remarkable; the schoolgirls sing with a unanimity perfectly astonishing, except, perhaps, to German schoolgirls out for a holiday after the foreign-peasant fashion.

The second act is a farce, and a stupid farce, too. Mr. Hare's performance of the old beau is good, though not up to his previous delineations of character.

The third act is notable for its moonlight love-making scene. The dialogue runs somewhat in this fashion,—

Lord Beaufoy (to Bella). My shadow is taller than yours.

Bella (to Lord B.). Your shadow is shorter than mine.

Lord B. Now we're together.

Bella. Now we're apart.

Lord B. Now we're together again.

Bella. Yes. The jug (*a milk jug in her hand*) joins us.

Lord B. (with pathos). Yes. But only for a time. [Exeunt to get the milk.]

And, we are told, that Mr. Robertson is a second Douglas Jerrold! No, this is certainly not the parallel. Mr. Robertson, in a way, may be the Antony Trollope of the drama;

not as Jerrold, a writer of epigrams, repartees, and sparkling witticisms, but a very lively recorder of such natural conversation as would pass between two ordinary people, in an ordinary situation.

We should be inclined to say that it is upon this absence of style, polish, and turn, that Mr. Robertson especially prides himself. For ourselves we would rather have a comedy be the concentrated essence of conversation, trimmed, pruned, and polished, up to the *School for Scandal* smoothness and brilliancy.

As for *Home*, the first act is a prologue, the second is the play, the third is the epilogue. The three chief characters are more or less unprincipled, one of them (played by Mr. Sothern) justifying the end by the means; and the sympathy of the audience is, at the conclusion, entirely with the designing woman whose schemes have been foiled by the aforesaid unprincipled son. Much has been said in praise of the business of the love-making at the piano. There is nothing new under the sun or behind the foot-lights, and the details of this, the diffidence, the short sentences, the

shyness, the nervousness, are as old as stage-courtship itself. Mr. Sothern gets some laughs out of misplacing words, by a sort of Dundreary habit, and obtains one roar by upsetting a music-stand when he is talking to the young lady at the piano. He makes false love, with affected earnestness, as he did in *A Lesson for Life*, and his stage business is all good and careful. By the way, there is a too brilliant screen in the corner, which distracts the attention of the audience. It is never used during the play, nothing is done with it, and, unless it be used to conceal some one who plays the piano, (something of the sort was done in *Golden Daggers*, at the Princess's) while Miss Hill is pretending to perform a brilliant waltz, the screen is useless—is worse, being an eye-sore.

In fine, we shall be glad to see another piece of Mr. Robertson's, but he owes it to his friends and the public, to inform us of its originality: and we heartily advise him to work his own ground, and to leave the French, German, and Italian fields to those who have no fertile soil of their own.

THE VERY LATEST EDITION OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Published, with splendid illustrations, by A. Harris, Covent Garden Theatre.

Act—*The tight little Island.*

HENRY BYRON one day to A. Harris did say,
 "You've asked me to write, and I'll do so;
 My Pantomime theme I'll work out with a dream
 Of the Fairies and Robinson Crusoe.
 There's Payne will play Robinson Crusoe;
 Years ago he did Robinson Crusoe;
 But such pleasures of Payne
 Evergreen will remain;
 And his sons shine in *Robinson Crusoe*."

Then when came Christmas-time, lo the new Pantomime
 Great crowds to the Theatre drew; so
 Uproarious with joy grew man, woman, and boy
 At each scene in bright *Robinson Crusoe*.
 Coral groves were in *Robinson Crusoe*;
 Fairy-land was in *Robinson Crusoe*;
 Matt Morgan and Telbin,
 Hawes Craven had well been
 Working wonders for *Robinson Crusoe*.

Nelly Power skips in, with not much on her skin,
 But her natural charms are not few, so
 We need not complain if she likes to remain
 Half-naked through *Robinson Crusoe*.
 A smart elf she's in *Robinson Crusoe*;
 Jigs a hornpipe in *Robinson Crusoe*;
 And sings to the tune,
 Up in a Balloon;
 And frolics through *Robinson Crusoe*.

Stepping more warily, dressing less airily,
 Sweet and grave as the *Last Waltz* of Rousseau,
 Comes charming Miss Harris ; while a *danseuse* from Paris
 Brings her *pas* in to *Robinson Crusoe*.
 Lambertini's in *Robinson Crusoe* ;
 A grand ballet's in *Robinson Crusoe* ;
 With the tips of their toes
 They point at one's nose,
 And cut capers in *Robinson Crusoe*.

When the next scene begins, we see Payne and the twins,
 His coat and his face looking blue, so
 We know that his wife is the plague of his life,
 And is master of *Robinson Crusoe*.
 Very riled is poor *Robinson Crusoe* ;
 Sore perplex'd is poor *Robinson Crusoe* ;
 But, drinking and hopping
 With sailors at Wapping,
 Hops away from dame *Robinson Crusoe*.

Vivat wrecks ! we may cry, when we next him espy,
 As he paddles his raft (not canoe) ; so
 We next see him land, on that desolate strand
 Where the foot-print shock'd *Robinson Crusoe*.
 Quashibungo meets *Robinson Crusoe* ;
 Three niggers meet *Robinson Crusoe* ;
 One of them fled,
 And one he shot dead,
 And one stayed with *Robinson Crusoe*.

Then we see him with Friday in his dwelling so tidy,
 Goat and parrot, and dog and cat too ; so,
 To bake they get at, while Friday a rat
 Pops the pie in of *Robinson Crusoe*.
 Oh ! the gestures of *Robinson Crusoe*,
 While Friday jeers *Robinson Crusoe* !
 Then the last thing from France
 They, with decency, dance ;
 The man Friday and *Robinson Crusoe*.

The procession of tribes then, as Stoye says, "arribes ;"
 The King and his Squaw, and her trousseau :
 In the crocodile car, very splendid they are ;
 'Tis the great scene in *Robinson Crusoe*.
 Full of splendour is *Robinson Crusoe* ;
 Full of fun, too, is *Robinson Crusoe* ;—
 But here I will stop,
 And the curtain will drop
 On the Pantomime *Robinson Crusoe*.

TABLE TALK.

THERE seems at last a hope that a successful mode of treating the bites of venomous snakes has been discovered. Many of our readers must have seen in the papers of about half a year ago an account of a sad accident that happened at Melbourne to a gentleman who was bitten by a cobra that was being exhibited by a man who professed to have an infallible antidote for the poison. Professor

Halford, of the Melbourne University, examined the blood shortly after death, and found that it was almost entirely changed into a mass of colourless cells, which plugged up the vessels and prevented the necessary access of oxygen to the various organs. This development of cells he regards as due to an unknown ferment contained in the snake-poison. Knowing that the internal administration of powerful stimulants (as alcohol and ammonia) in enormous doses has sometimes apparently saved persons who have been thus bitten, he

has investigated the effect of ammonia directly thrown into a superficial vein. His experiments were made on five dogs which had been either bitten or inoculated with the poison of the tiger-snake, and in which vomiting and purging, and, in one, entire paralysis, had come on. Four of these dogs recovered, and the fifth was doing well when Dr. Halford was called away for four hours, and, on his return, found it dead. The results are so encouraging that the professor states, that he should not have the slightest hesitation in applying this treatment to any human being who was severely bitten. To carry it out requires only a solution of the strongest liquor ammoniæ diluted with two parts of distilled water, and an ordinary hypodermic syringe. The solution of ammonia is thrown directly but gradually into the blood by puncturing any superficial vein, and the process must be repeated as the beneficial operation ceases. In all the dogs experimented on, it was found that immediately after the injection of the ammonia, the breathing became easy and the vomiting and purging ceased.

THE ingenious Mr. Sam Slick, when speaking of a Frenchman, said, "Blow'd if he didn't call a hat a *shappo*; but," he added, with thoughtfulness and logic, "that comes of his not speaking English." The shrewd Yankee might have applied these words to a large proportion of this nation of shopkeepers, who would appear to be of opinion that they have a better chance of selling certain wares if they recommend them to English purchasers under some un-English name. They do not, it is true, call a hat "a shappo," but by some such a name as a *Leviator Plumâ*; and they invent hybrid Greco-Latin words—such as *Eureka*, *Aquascutum*, *Siphonia*, *Pardessus*, *Anaxyrydian*, *Antigropelos*—for other articles of dress, to which the word *Toggery* (or *Togs*) might be applied aptly and classically, seeing that it is derived from the Latin *toga*. Shopkeepers will not always call a spade a spade, nor even an agricultural instrument; and so they ask us to purchase their *Kalydor*, or *Auricomus fluid*, their *Bostrukizon* and *Askoposon*, their *Linoleum* and *Kamptulicon*, their *Pyro-pneumatic stoves* and *Amempton sociables*, just in the same way that others advertise their *Academy for young gentlemen*, their *Emporium for drapery goods*, their *Pan-technicon for furniture*, or their *Symposium for dinners*. The name is presumed to add a foreign air to the native graces of the English

article. I was led into this train of thought when I entered the train that carried me, the other day, from the Crystal Palace. I had there seen a pigeon show, rich in specimens of pouters, tumblers, fantails, jacobins, barbs, dragons, trumpeters, and carriers (of Mr. Hudson's) that had flown as far as 735 miles, and had accomplished the flight of 300 miles, from Verviers to London, in four hours and twenty minutes. Now, we call a flower-show, a cattle-show, or a dog show, by its own distinctive name; but this particular display, instead of being plainly called a pigeon-show, was an exhibition by the members of the National Peristeronic Society, which is an incorporation of the Philo-Peristeron and Columbarian Societies. When the old woman of the dame-school came to the word *Nebuchadnezzar*, she told her small pupil that he must skip it, because it was a bad word; and one feels tempted to imitate her example when we light upon such crack-jaw titles as those just quoted. The show, and the building in which it was held, brought to my mind "the Crystal Palace year" of 1851, in which the first annual meeting of the Philo-Peristeron Society was held, and which formed the subject for an ingeniously clever drawing by Mr. Tenniel, in *Punch* (vol. xx. p. 56), in which the various pigeons were associated at card-tables with birds of a different nature. It was one of the earliest drawings of Mr. Tenniel that appeared in *Punch*; his first (initial letter) being in vol. xix. p. 224; and his first cartoon in vol. xx., p. 44. How much has his pencil done to amuse and instruct us since the day on which he sketched those Philo-Peristerons! May the point of that pencil never be less.

OLEOGRAPHS is the term by which, in logical strictness, we ought to designate the pictures produced by the lithographer, for its process depends much more upon the properties of oil than upon the stone he uses. But the word being at liberty, Dr. Moffat, a Glasgow chemist, has seized upon it to represent the transferred impressions of certain curious figures, cyclopean cohesion figures, which are formed when oil is dropped upon water. Any one may produce them, figures and impressions too, by the following simple means. Take a soup-plate of water, let it stand till all ripples have subsided, and then let fall into the centre one small drop of any oil that is at hand—salad-oil, sperm, lard-oil, or any other. The height of the fall should be about four inches. In an instant the drop spreads into a

filmy disk, some four or five inches in diameter, and during the following two or three minutes a strange commotion is set up, the film breaking into circular holes, sometimes of uniform size, at others of various dimensions, according to the nature of the oil, and these are continually changing their configuration. At some point the whole will appear as a graceful pattern—it may be like a piece of ladies' crochet, or tatting work, or a simple reticulation, or a network of beaded threads. To fix the pattern—to make the oleograph—it is only necessary to lay a sheet of glazed paper carefully upon the water's surface for an instant, and then float it upon a plate of common ink, or coloured fluid of any kind. The paper will take the ink where there is no oil, and leave the greasy markings intact. There you have your picture. I have a packet of Dr. Moffat's specimens before me; they are very curious, and they may be useful; for it seems that every oil has its characteristic figuration, which may serve as an evidence of its purity. Their producer hopes to be able to transfer the designs to textile fabrics, and to make the method useful to paper-stainers, and paper-hanging manufacturers. Perhaps, too, the book-edge marblers may borrow a wrinkle from it, and give us a variation or two upon the strange splotchings and combings with which they at present decorate our volumes; though for my own part I never could grasp the reason for making a book simulate a block of marble.

THE Master of the Mint is hunting down a new metal. The fact that palladium occludes something like eight hundred times its volume of hydrogen gas, leads to the conclusion that metal and gas unite to form an alloy, "in which the volatility of one element is restrained by its union with the other." The density and magnetic character of the palladium are so altered by the combination that the compound requires a specific name, and Professor Graham calls it *hydrogenium*. Hydrogen must play a leading part in the philosophy of the future. The Abbé Moigno, propounding what he calls a grand idea, conceives it to be the nearest approach to the primordial matter of which suns and worlds are formed. He conceives the ether that pervades space to be formed of atoms which, aggregated or combined with other atoms, form molecules of hydrogen gas. Truly enough the fiery vapour seems to present itself wherever mortal ken can search. It envelopes the sun and glimmers in the stars;

and the meteorolite coming from space holds it in its metallic grasp. So the learned but occasionally eccentric Abbé's hypothesis has more than a leg to stand on.

HUMAN beings must have as many lives as cats are reputed to enjoy, to withstand the repeated poisonings which analysts and adulteration hunters declare them to undergo. Death is now-a-days acknowledged to lurk in well-nigh everything we eat and drink, and in some things that we wear. But we did not think of finding destruction in the pots, pans and kettles of our households. Yet there we are assured it is. A practical chemist finding his family prostrated with a gastric complaint that defied the doctors, searched vigorously for the cause, and traced it to copper and lead coming from cooking utensils and water-pipes. The tin with which vessels are lined is accepted as a safeguard against the communication of any poison from the metal of which they are made, but it may be a source of injury instead of a preventive. Thuswise: cooks often only half-fill their saucepans, and then the flames that wrap round them overheat the portions above the liquid, and oxidize the tin. The liquid becomes impregnated with the metal, which, when it gets into the stomach, combines with the gastric juice and forms a most irritant poison. This is not all. Your modern tinman ekes out his expensive metal, the tin, by a generous admixture of lead, which is much cheaper. Of lead-poisons I had something to say a few weeks ago. The too free use of this alloy is prevented by the paternal government of France, where the *ferblantier* is strictly watched. Our only resource would be to discard everything but iron, plain or enamelled, for culinary articles, and this the cooks would never agree to. So we must take our poisons cheerfully.

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THE LIFE-GUARDSMAN.

PART II.

THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY.

I BROUGHT down my story in my previous paper to the time when I had taken the shilling, a phrase that has struck terror into many a poor mother's breast.

About eleven o'clock, after I had gone through the rather trying ordeal of passing the doctor, I was taken by a corporal to a magistrate to be sworn in. This gentleman lived near the barracks, and, to the best of my recollection, was at the head of a school or college. We went to his private house and saw him in his library; and the necessary formality was soon gone through. It is customary to pay the swearing-in magistrate a fee of one shilling; this sum he returned to me, with some kind words of advice as to the temptations I would be exposed to, especially when the regiment was stationed in London—temptations, I fancy, I could have told the old gentleman more about than he knew.

On returning to the barracks, I was told off to the troop I was to belong to, and was then marched to the tailor's shop and measured for my uniform. I was then taken to the stores, and had my several necessities served out to me: I was here informed that these, together with the uniform and its concomitants, were given free, in lieu of bounty, and that I should get as pay one shilling and three-pence per day, clear, to do what I liked with.

By this time, I had been made over to the corporal-major of my troop, who introduced me to the particular room which was, for a time, to become my home. I found seven men in this room, I making the eighth—the number it was formed to hold. I was given in charge of the oldest soldier in the room, who was instructed to teach me my several duties, and generally to look after me so long as I remained a recruit; that is, until I was

dismissed from drill, which, I was told, would take from eight to fourteen months, according to my aptitude of learning my drill.

I was speedily surrounded by my future comrades, and numerous questions put to me. I carefully avoided appearing to know too much, simply saying I was from the north of England. I am a Yorkshireman by birth.

The delights of London were graphically described to me, of which I pretended to be ignorant; and many sighs were pumped up from mighty depths by these men at the hardship of Windsor life, compared with the joys of the Regent's Barracks and Knightsbridge, especially the latter, which seemed to be the favourite station.

I found, after being in the regiment some time, that these men formed as fair a sample of what the 1st Life Guards are composed of as possible; and, at the risk of being tedious, I will give a short description of them, commencing with my instructor Matthews.

He had been over twenty years in the regiment, was a Lancashire man by birth, and a weaver by trade; was married, and had the privilege (extended, I believe, to all married men in the Life Guards) of living out of barracks; his wife doing the washing of a certain number of men of the troop to which her husband belonged. He was a thorough soldier, could only just read and write, and had an immense swallow, disposing of unlimited quantities of beer. Matthews was allowed some small trifle for looking after me, and many a quart of beer have I also stood to keep in his good graces.

The second on my list is Stevens, a huge Cumberland man, the son of a farmer in good circumstances, had a small allowance, and, I think, was secretly married to a lady who kept a rag and bottle shop in Brompton, from whose domicile Stevens used to bring great feeds when he returned from leave.

Charley Burton, my particular "chum," was the handsomest man in the regiment. He was an extraordinary character; always out of money, and carrying on at the same time

about a score of intrigues. He was a Lincolnshire man, and the son of a gentleman who had estates in that county. More of Charley hereafter.

Fitzgerald was an Irishman, and had formerly been in the Bengal Artillery. He was one of those men who obtained their discharge from the East India Company's service during what is called in India the "second or white mutiny." This event took place during the amalgamation of the two services, when Her Majesty took formally over the Government of India in 1858. Fitzgerald had come home in one of those ships which arrived in Liverpool, when the disgraceful fact of these men having been reduced to skeletons by filthy food during their long voyage, became known to the English public, and caused much emotion at the time. He was a smart soldier, fairly educated, and blessed the day when, by enlisting into the Guards, he had found a home, with little chance of going back to India, the very name of which he dreaded.

There were a few more of the same class of men in the regiment, and they comprised the only soldiers who had seen a shot fired in anger, and were accordingly looked up to by the younger soldiers. I am bound to say they kept up the character of Old John Company's men by spinning tremendous yarns.

Spider was the appellation of another of my comrades; his real name I will not disclose. He could then write honourable before it, and is now once again in his proper sphere of life, and a useful member of society. The reason of his being amongst us he never told; and I may here remark that this was generally a sore subject, and one to be tacitly avoided by us all. He was a good soldier, did all his duties well, and was a thorough gentleman; his quiet tact ruled the room, and kept many of us from those acts which health, strength, and high spirits are apt to beget. His extraordinary name he derived from the great length of his legs and arms.

Judd was a carpenter by trade, and a Devonshire man. He was a slovenly soldier and the bully of the troop; but trying it on with me, by eating my supper when I was at the stables, I had to teach him a little of that science for which I have to thank the betting-ring for learning, the result being a pair of black-eyes for Judd, and my being confined to barracks during the time they were getting well; this was the usual punishment when men fought, which was a very rare occurrence; both were thus punished, although one might have escaped without a mark, as I did. I

revenged myself by making my late opponent make my bed during the fortnight his eyes took to come to their natural hue. Judd rarely formed one of our company, had always money, and was one of those men whom it was impossible to fathom.

The seventh and last was Little, the son of a wholesale confectioner in Edinburgh. He was well educated, a good soldier, but very wild. I saw very little of him as he always kept away from the general haunts of the Life Guards. He had a peculiarity of crawling on all-fours to his bed when he came home late; he said he did this to avoid disturbing his comrades, but evil report said he was compelled to adopt this system for other reasons. The peculiarity gave rise, one night, to a laughable scene. Fitzgerald had gone to bed after paying tribute to Bacchus, and was awoke in the middle of the night by some animal, as he thought, under his bed; his Indian experience at once prompted him to shout out that a tiger was in the room, and a tremendous uproar ensued; there was no light, or means of getting one—the gas being turned off at the meter every night at ten o'clock. The noise was heard by a sentry, and the guard came up and found us all in various states of undress and as variously armed. Poor Little was discovered on all-fours, as usual, in a corner, with several bruises about his person, where he had been poked by Fitzgerald's sword, in his fright. He was speechlessly drunk, or he might have quieted us before going so far as turning the guard out. We were brought before the orderly officer in the morning, and Spider being appointed by general consent spokesman, made a most laughable story of it; so much so, that the colonel, who was present, could not restrain himself, and dismissed us all like so many school boys.

It must not be thought that, with new associations, I had ceased to remember, or had thrown off, the burden that was on my conscience. I often thought of that poor fellow's head I had dropped so hurriedly on to the corn on the malt-floor, and the staring eyes, and livid complexion, were ever before me. I daily visited the library attached to the regiment and scrutinised the *Times*, but I found nothing in it relating to myself.

It may be interesting to relate my daily routine of duty. The time I will take for this description was after I had been in the regiment upwards of three months, and when, of course, I was somewhat advanced in drill.

The season was winter. The turn-out was

sounded at 5.45, and we immediately had to jump out of bed, throw on our stable dress, and proceed to stables, being supposed to be all present when the second bugle sounded at six o'clock. The roll was then called, each man answering to his name; and then we fell to clearing out the stalls and grooming our horses. We remained at stables until seven o'clock, when we returned to the barrack-room and had breakfast; this consisted of coffee with sugar but no milk. Enough bread would be left over from the previous day's supply; to this was added a herring, or some other such luxury, purchased from an old woman who was allowed to attend the barracks for that purpose. The cost of this addition to our breakfast seldom exceeded one penny, and it was not always that this sum could be raised amongst some of our careless fellows. About eight o'clock I had to attend extension movement drill, which was for the purpose of setting us up and making us smart and lissom, so that the sword exercise drill could the more easily be gone through.

About 8.30 I had to proceed to stables and get my horse ready for Riding School: this was soon done, as the harness was ready from the previous day; all I had to do to it then, was merely to rub it down with a dry towel. At 9 o'clock I had to be near the school with the class that I belonged to, and, after a close inspection by the rough riding corporal, we marched into the Manège. Then came an hour's hard work, with stirrups up all the time. I only met with one mishap at this drill. I had been late at the canteen the night previous, and was not particularly lively in the morning. When mounting, which has to be done also without stirrups, by the force of the arms lifting the body straight up, then by pressing the left knee against the saddle, after which the right leg is easily flung over, and you are securely placed in the saddle. I so performed that, instead of alighting in the saddle, I alighted behind it, much to the disgust of my horse and my own astonishment. My horse went careering all over the school, I having hold of the saddle in front, followed by roars of laughter. However, I managed to right myself without doing any damage, only I had to go through three days' extra mounting and dismounting drill for about ten minutes each day. It is wonderful how hungry Riding Drill makes one; I used to consume my whole allowance of bread after leaving school, and had to purchase more. We were dismissed about 10.30, went to stables, just taking the bridle and saddle off, and, returning to the barrack

room, changed clothes, so as not to dirty our uniform.

It was then I used to pitch into my bread, and proceed to the canteen for cheese and beer, if my funds allowed this extravagance. Eleven o'clock found me again at stables, and I had an hour's hard work cleaning my horse's accoutrements. It is quite a mistaken notion that a soldier leads an idle life. I can vouch for the fact that, in the Household Cavalry, it is an incessant routine of scrub, clean, and polish, and in the event of any portion of steel or iron showing the least rust, or the leather not having a bright polish, the whole of the work has to be gone over again. As I advanced in drill the more work I had to do, and had it not been for help I would never have been ready, especially when I had to attend Riding School in full dress. I have been a good hour cleaning my jack-boots and cuirass, to say nothing of the hundred and one other articles. At twelve the roll was again called, feeding and grooming the horses commenced, until 12.45, when the bugle sounded "dismiss stables," a very welcome sound to hungry men. Between one and two o'clock, the great event of the day, namely dinner, was discussed.

This was a substantial meal, and as just before it the corporal-major had been round with the one shilling and three pence, we generally could manage a pint of porter together with one or two pennyworth of "plum duff," the latter purchased from the same old woman who disposed of herrings in the mornings and evenings. The duff was very filling at the price, and young soldiers showed a great partiality for it. At 2.30 I was drilled again, this lasted until nearly 4 o'clock: between this time and 5 o'clock you might take a walk into the town, but, generally speaking, I was too tired to do this, as at the latter hour stables again was the order, and the horses were groomed for the last time that day, and the stalls made down for the night. At six we were dismissed from further duty for the day, and after tea a walk into Windsor, or, to those who disliked dressing, a turn into the canteen, finished the day, for at 9 o'clock all were supposed to be present when the "last post" sounded, with the exception of those who had obtained special leave, which leave stated the exact time you had to return to barracks. Fifteen minutes grace was given, but should a man be later than this, he was punished by extra drill, and it sometimes was a hard race to get to barracks in the proper time. Leave to well-conducted men was easily

obtainable, care being taken that you never left the barracks without being scrupulously clean and in the proper uniform.

I hope this detail will not be found very tedious, but I think it may prove interesting to many, who have little idea of the life that is led by those who form a part of the sights of London. Do not all our country cousins stare at the statues on duty at the Horse Guards; and for distinguished foreigners, were we not turned out and inspected, marched to Wormwood Scrubs, and obliged to go through a field-day for their edification?

Allow me to mention one circumstance, not with the view to cast discredit upon the Cavalry Regiments of the Line, but simply to show the difference of calibre between men and horses when closely compared with ours. A regiment of Lancers lay at Hounslow, and used to do despatch duty to Windsor. I remember a trooper of this regiment, who had been on this service, getting drunk in the town, arrested by the police, and brought late one evening and lodged in the guard-room of my regiment. His horse was taken and placed in the stable of our troop, in the stall next to my horse. In the morning, when going to stables (none of us knew of the circumstance), upon the gas being turned on, the Lancer's horse met our astonished gaze, and the first exclamation was that one of the mares must have foaled. The disparity in size between our great black horses and the Lancers' really warranted this supposition, and had I not been an eye-witness to the scene, I should certainly never have realised the fact of the immense difference in size between our horses and those of a line regiment. The same thing could be said of the men. The unfortunate Lancer was an object of wonder to us all, and most of us made a point to pass the guard room on our way to the canteen to have a glimpse at him. He was certainly an ugly specimen of a soldier—undersized, with bright red hair, and his dress covered with mud, in which he had apparently rolled the night before. He looked a pigmy alongside our giants. His whole turnout was severely scrutinised, and remarked upon, of course the running comments of our men being anything but complimentary.

At the commencement of summer, we left Windsor, and marched for Regent's barracks, a change that was hailed with delight by all my comrades, but for which I was sorry, being far too well known in London.

We marched by way of Colnbrook, Hounslow, Brentford, and Hammersmith. At

Hounslow we passed the Blues, who were relieving us. They, as we were the senior regiment, formed up along the road for us to pass, and saluted our colours.

We had been a few days in London, when, as I was at stables cleaning my harness after school, Charley Burton and Spider came to me, and the latter said:

"Charley has come into a windfall, his two brothers are here and wish him to sign a document, for which they will hand him £200 down, and another £200 in perspective. Before doing this I have advised him to consult you, as I can see these sort of things are better understood by you than by any of us."

"Yes," said Charley, "they want two witnesses, so just you come along and look over the paper first, and you and Spider can witness my signature afterwards. It is sure to be all right and I am dreadfully hard up, I want a new kit and then there is—"

"Shut up," said Spider, "and come along."

We went together to our room, and I found two jockey-looking men, whom Burton introduced as his brothers. They were very anxious to get their business done; on looking over the document, which I noticed was regularly drawn up, I found it was transferring, for certain considerations (considerably more than £400, however) all right and title to the share left by Henry T. Heatley, snuff and tobacco manufacturer, of Lincoln, by his will, to his nephew, Charles Burton. I soon saw by the wording that this share was valued at over £3000, and I at once told Charley so. He was, however, in such sore need of money, that I fancy he would have agreed to his brothers' proposals had I not told him I would lend him £30 at once, provided he doubled it when returning it to me, after realising his fortune. I had placed about £68 in the hands of the corporal-major when I enlisted, by the advice of the adjutant, this being the residue of what I had left, and I was thus able to promise Charley the above-mentioned amount.

The corporal-major coming into the room at this moment settled the point, as he agreed to pay Burton the amount upon my receipt. This completely turned the scales, the brothers going away in anger, heightened by sundry remarks from Charley, who evidently entertained no very great brotherly regard for them. I happened to have heard of this Heatley, and knew him to be reputed very wealthy, so I felt pretty certain that the matter was one likely to bring forth good fruits.

I had become very tired of the life I was leading, for after our arrival in London I

rarely went out—indeed, I became so low-spirited that it was noticed. Although I daily watched the second column of the *Times*, no sign was made, and I determined that in the event of my realising for Burton this money, I would get him to let me have £100, buy my discharge, and proceed to the colonies.

At night we held a council of war, I being appointed president; we arranged to ask for leave and go in the morning to Doctors' Commons and apply for and get a certified copy of that portion of Mr. Heatley's will which related to Charley. The difficulty then was how to find Doctors' Commons and set about the business. I had, therefore, to come out of my shell and say I knew all about the way to go to work, which elicited the remark from Spider:—

"I told you so, Charley; I knew our recruit was 'up to snuff.'"

Burton had supplied a large can of ale to moisten the wits of the committee, and as due attention had been paid to it, and our tongues were loosened, I partially let Spider and Charley into my confidence, only, however, saying I had to make myself scarce for infringing excise laws, and ill-treating an excise officer. This did not appear a very heinous offence to either of my comrades; had I, however, told them *all*, it would have been a different matter.

In the morning we all three started for Doctors' Commons. Our leave was until midnight, so we had ample time to do our business in. I soon found we should require this, for one of Charley's failings was an impossibility to pass any corner public-house door, and the number of these tempting doors between Regent's Park and St. Paul's is considerable. We had not gone far when, after coming out of the fifth "public," I told Spider that if we went about our business in a state of "mops and brooms," he could fancy the result. We then arranged that until all had been settled this sudden thirstiness must cease, except at twelve o'clock, when an oyster lunch with some Bass was to be allowed. We managed by force to keep Charley from going off at a tangent, and upon arriving at Doctors' Commons and buying the necessary stamp (I think it cost one shilling) we were allowed to examine the will, and there, sure enough, was plain evidence of the fact that a sum of upwards of £3000 was left to Charles Burton, and it appeared to me a fact that could be very easily realised.

I obtained an authenticated copy, and after lunch took omnibus and proceeded to Waterloo Place, to the office of the English, Scottish and Law Life Assurance Society, who, I knew by

experience, were in the habit of lending their surplus funds and arranging for the realisation of such securities. I soon explained the nature of the transaction to the secretary, and handed him the certified copy of the extract of the will. He promised that the necessary inquiries should at once be made, filled in the application paper for an insurance on Burton's life (whenever you have any sort of business with an insurance office, insuring your life is a *sine qua non*), and told us to call again at three o'clock on the afternoon of the fourth day following. He added we might consider the business settled, if what I had stated was proved on inquiries to be true.

We went away in high spirits, all ceremony of passing corner public-house doors was ended, and after getting half a sovereign from Charley, I gave the two the slip, as they were bound to Knightsbridge on the "rampage," and I was fearful of being seen and recognised in a public place with, perhaps, two noisy companions.

I arrived at barracks early, and went to bed, being tired with the day's work, but was awakened in the small hours by my two companions coming home very far gone; they had insisted on telling the corporal of the guard that I had been lost in London, and begged him to send a patrol to look after me. The corporal belonged to our troop and took no notice of them, knowing I had been in barracks long before, but persuaded them to go quietly to bed. Very different did my friends look when awoke by the reveille in the morning from the gallant guardsmen who had accompanied me to Doctors' Commons the day before; but the exigencies of the service know of no headaches, and to stables they had to go. Now when I borrowed the half sovereign the day before, I had some idea of the heads my comrades would have in the morning, and I had arranged with the pot-boy at the canteen to meet me near the stables with a couple of gallons of old ale, which he was to pour into my stable bucket, placing also therein a pint-pot. I could thus smuggle the contraband article past the corporal, who would fancy it was water for my horse.

This was safely done, and the reader is asked to suppose me with the bucket at the head of the stall.

"Charley," I said, in a low voice—he was in the next stall, looking so awful seedy—"How is your poor head?"

"Oh Lord, Bill," he answered, "don't mention it: I shall never get through stables, and there is poor Spider nearly dead also."

"Charley," I replied, "always think of the morning; try some of this medicine," at the same time handing him over a pint of the ale. There was a convulsive fizzing noise that made the corporal start and look as he was passing, but no smacking of the lips, which otherwise would have betrayed us, then a deep sigh, which plainly told me that that pint had gone down to quench the hot coppers of my comrade. He soon passed some over to poor Spider, whose long arms were raised as a blessing upon me when I passed him on some necessary duty.

We again applied for leave when the fourth day came round, and quietly proceeding down Regent Street, arrived at Waterloo Place at the appointed time. The secretary had been better than his word, and the solicitor to the company was present with the necessary deeds.

Charley passed the doctor in a canter, and before four o'clock he was informed he could have any portion of £2000. He availed himself of drawing to the extent of £300, and upon our adjourning to Scott's, at the top of the Haymarket, to have dinner, he insisted upon handing Spider and myself £100 each, for which I was very thankful.

I little thought I was so near parting from my dear old friends, and that before forty-eight hours had passed I should have left them, most probably for ever. It is better so; and though sometimes "coming events cast their shadows before," yet upon that occasion no gloom overshadowed us as we sat down together for the last time. We were in the highest spirits, and after asking the waiter to let me see the *Times'* supplement, we set to at our dinners. We were nearly finished when the paper was brought to me, and after asking permission from my friends, I glanced my eye down that weary column.

Yes, there it was, as large as life, and written in words that even now in dreams dance before my eyes.

WILLIAM.—Your whereabouts is known. Be prepared for arrest and examination. Admit nothing.

I let the paper fall with a groan, and my friends at once looked and saw what had occasioned my sudden change.

They tried to comfort me, but when I told them the truth and the whole of my fears, they saw how serious matters looked.

We went out without any fixed purpose, and walked down the Haymarket; just at the bottom, Spider said,—

"Old fellow, you must make tracks, and

that immediately. But how to get a suit of mufti without suspicion, is the question."

He had hardly said this when we were closed upon by a party of police in plain clothes, and I found myself in the centre of a square, with my two comrades outside. I had only time to say,—

"It has come at last! I look to you both for help if you can give it."

I was hurried away to Bow Street. At the police office they seemed to be prepared for me, and I was walked into the room where the inspector on duty was sitting. I demanded from him the warrant by which I was thus summarily arrested.

He said there was sufficient authority, but declined to show it. I observed there was no entry made in the charge-sheet, and that arrangements for my remaining in the room all night, and not in a cell, had been made.

Hope, for the first time for eight months, began to glimmer at the unwillingness to show me the warrant and the arrangements made for my confinement. I had heard of such summary proceedings being often taken by the excise authorities for the purpose of obtaining information from suspected workmen and traders, and it then struck me they could not have such very strong evidence against me, and that these proceedings were evidently a ruse to endeavour to frighten some admission from me. I requested the inspector to allow me a moment's interview with my two comrades, who had—faithful fellows—followed me. This he permitted; and I told them my belief, and that I was under restraint simply for the purpose of being examined by the Commissioners of Inland Revenue; and I asked Spider to see the adjutant at once and for him to apply without delay for my release.

Upon this, the inspector handed me a parchment document, certifying that my discharge from the Life Guards had been effected by the payment of 37*l.* 10*s.* And he also informed me that my clothes, together with a sum of money, was in his possession, and that he was authorised to take from me my uniform and return it to the regiment. I then gave good-bye to my two friends, who promised to be on the alert and do all they could for me.

I will pass over that, to me, dreadful night. In the morning, I was taken by a detective in plain clothes to Somerset House, and brought before the commissioners.

A regular examination took place: I avoided answering questions that bore on the suspicion that we had been engaged "running" malt, but admitted I was using sulphur for blacking.

I was referred to a general order issued by the commissioners to the effect that using sulphur in a malt kiln was illegal ; but I replied that general orders were not acts of parliament, and this evidently nonplussed them.

I soon saw that matters could not be so bad as my fears had led me to expect ; either they thought the supervisor had died from partly natural causes, or he had recovered.

The chief cause of suspicion was evidently the kiln being further advanced than it was possible it could be, taking into account the short time that had elapsed between the officer's visit and the supervisor's. The very fact that they knew of the kiln being so advanced, made me pretty certain that the supervisor must have recovered, or how could the commissioners be aware of the fact ? When, therefore, I was suddenly confronted with the man whom I had left stark and stiff in the malt-house, I did not lose command over myself. But oh, thank God ! what a relief I experienced ; I felt like a man must feel with a free pardon offered to him on the scaffold ; I could have embraced the whole of those stern commissioners sitting before me, commencing with the chairman. The latter, however, soon brought me to my senses by saying,—

“That sufficient evidence was not forthcoming of the fact that I had thrown sulphur on the kiln-fires for the purpose of destroying life, but that the whole matter was a suspicious one, and that he hoped the severe lesson I had learnt was one that would never be eradicated from my mind. The only punishment that they could inflict was to warn traders I was under the suspicion of Her Majesty's Board of Inland Revenue.”

This was tantamount to telling me I should never be employed in my trade again, and so it proved, for I was unable to get another situation, and had ultimately to go abroad.

I left the board room with a light heart, and met in the corridor the supervisor. He met me very kindly, and upon my asking his forgiveness for all the pain I had been the means of inflicting upon him, he freely forgave me.

He informed me that he was found by some of the men lying on the corn outside the kiln, to which he supposed he must have staggered, that they had him conveyed to a doctor's, who succeeded, by applying restoratives, in bringing him round, but that he had suffered severely from the after effects. There was little or no doubt that had Jem and I not been so precipitate, all this weary trouble would not have happened. The supervisor is now promoted

to collector, and was alive and in good health when I last heard of him.

Upon emerging from the archway that connects Somerset House with the Strand, I was astonished by a sudden rush of three men towards me, and I was hurried away, across the street, behind St. Clement Danes. These proved to be Burton, Spider, and Big Stevens, who had been loitering about, intending to rescue me. They had about a dozen of the men belonging to my troop stationed about for the same purpose ; and had things not happened as they did, there is little doubt I should have been delivered from custody by violence.

When I got breath and time to explain that I was a free man, my old comrades shouted with joy. We all soon collected at a general rendezvous, and many were the congratulations I received. There seemed to be a latent sort of feeling of disappointment that there had been no necessity for a fight with their enemies the police ; but this soon passed over, after a quantity of beer had been consumed.

I here parted from my friends, and circumstances so happened that I never saw them again. Should any of my comrades recognise the writing of this paper, I hope they will deal leniently, for old acquaintance sake, with any little error of detail that may have crept in, taking into consideration that ten years have passed since I was amongst them, the greater portion of which time has been spent under a tropical sun ; and my memory has suffered during that period as well as my body.

I hope it is not out of place to bid those gallant comrades here Good-bye, as I have never had any other opportunity ; and I can assure them I often look back to my eight months' sojourn amongst them with pleasure, and feel proud that I was once a soldier of Her Majesty's Body Guard, and a trooper in the finest regiment the world can show.

CONVERSATIONS WITH ROSSINI.

XI.

AFTER dinner I generally smoked a cigar with Rossini. One evening, handing me a regalia, he said,—“These cigars bear your name, because they were first made for Ferdinand VII.”

“His majesty must have been a good judge.”

“He smoked the whole day,” said Rossini. “I had the honour to be presented to him at

Madrid. His exterior was not particularly charming or clean. After we had exchanged a few words he very kindly offered me a half-smoked cigar, but I merely thanked him with a bow. 'You are wrong to refuse,' said Maria Christina, in a low voice, and in good Neapolitan; 'that is an honour which does not befall everyone.' I had known her before in Naples, and answered her in the same manner. 'May it please your majesty, first of all I do not smoke, and secondly, under these circumstances I should not be able to answer for the results.' The queen laughed, and my coolness had no further effect."

"Rather a doubtful token of honour."

"All the less doubtful was the favour shown me by Don Francisco, the king's brother. Maria Christina had already given me to understand that I should find him a tremendous admirer of mine, and advised me to go to him directly after my audience with the king. I found him alone with his wife; they had been playing, and I think that one of my operas lay open on the piano. After a short conversation, Don Francisco turned to me very amiably, saying that he had a great favour to ask me. 'Allow me to sing you the *Aria of Assur* dramatically.' I sat down to the piano to accompany, feeling rather surprised, and hardly knowing what was to come of it, when the prince went to the other end of the room, took up a most theatrical position, and to the infinite delight of his wife, began to perform the song with all manner of movements and gesticulations. I must say I never saw anything like it."

"Enviably maestro! Not only have you Pasta and Malibran for your interpreters, but also a scion of Henri Quatre. Was it that trip to Madrid which made you write your *Stabat*?"

"I wrote it for a friend of Aguado's, purely as a kindness, and never thought of publishing it. It can really only be called *mezzo serio*, and originally I let Tadolini compose three of the pieces because I was ill and could not get it done in time. The great celebrity of Pergolese's *Stabat* would have stopped me from setting the same words for publication."

"Do you give such a high place to Pergolese's *Stabat Mater*?"

"I once gave a performance of it in Naples, and it made a great impression. But it requires two fine voices, and must be well sung, and here and there, in the old fashioned passages, it wants elevating in expression. The original simple instrumentation must be adhered to. It was done somewhere or other

lately with great choruses and modern orchestration—an utter mistake."

"Pergolese's fame always seemed to me rather exaggerated. However, he died young. And plenty of people confound him with Palestrina, and know as much about the one as the other. Do you think anything of the *Serva Padrona* one so often hears of?"

"Oh yes!" answered Rossini; and, instead of further explanation, he sang a number of airs from it.

"There is a great deal of nice feeling in Pergolese's compositions, I must confess; and it is curious how, with advancing years, I feel more drawn towards the simpler forms of expression."

"Not at all curious," answered Rossini, "you will find that the feeling grows."

"But youth is surely the proper time for such feelings."

"Young people do many things merely because they seem new and unusual. But with riper years the heart becomes developed by family life, and love for children—You will see that I am right."

"I am quite ready to believe you. None can deny the great influence our life and our surroundings may have on us even as artists."

"I know that I have always been strongly dependent on outward influences," said Rossini. "The different towns in which I wrote excited me in different ways; and I even submitted to the prevailing taste of the public for whom I happened to be writing. In Venice they could not have enough of my crescendo, so I gave it to them in abundance, though I myself was already quite sick of it. In Naples they never cared for it, and so I let it alone."

"Have you been present as a mere listener at many performances of your works?"

"Often behind the scenes, but never among the audience."

"Never?"

"I made one experiment in that direction which spoiled the fun of it. One evening, in Milan, a friend asked me to go home with him for a risotto. It was still rather too early, and as we passed the Scala, where they were doing my *Pietra di Paragone*, my friend dragged me into the pit, almost against my will. They were just singing a trio, one of the best things in the opera; but my neighbours, far from being edified by it, were abusing both me and my music, and did not leave me a leg to stand upon. After that I did not feel much inclined to risk any more such experiences, particularly as in those cases one can take everybody's side but one's own."

XII.

WE were interrupted by an elegant French lady who got herself introduced to the *maestro*, and thanked him most enthusiastically for the enjoyment his music had afforded her. This sort of thing was a daily occurrence, but the warmth with which many expressed their thanks was sometimes quite touching.

"You must be quite used to it," I said; "but still the way in which people here approach you must be pleasant."

"Attentions which come from the heart are always pleasant."

"The French certainly have a wonderful gift for showing their veneration in the most charming way."

"No doubt," answered Rossini; "if they would only pay fewer compliments, and talk a little less about one's works! But they can't let it alone; from the duke to the *conciërge*, I think I never knew a Frenchman who did not ask me which I liked best of my operas. The French are very kind, but they sometimes give one too much of a good thing."

"Do you prefer Italian ways?" I asked.

"In Italy they distinguish themselves by a lofty indifference, and it's possible to have too much of that also."

"You have not got much to complain of, then, on either side of the Alps," said I, laughing; "and here comes one of Albion's proud sons who adores you: he spoke to me yesterday, with tears in his eyes, of the evening when he first heard your music, and saw you."

"It would not be easy to meet with such kindness as I have received from English people, and I shall never forget the way the Duke of Devonshire treated me. On my way to London I stopped a day at Milan. The duke was there, and a friend of mine, who was going to call on him, left me no peace till I consented to accompany him, though my travelling dress was hardly fit for an English nobleman's drawing-room. The duke, who was a great lover of music, overwhelmed me with kindness; we had a very pleasant dinner, and after it I sang him a few things."

"Not a very auspicious moment!"

"So the singers say; but I could always sing best after a good dinner. To return to the duke; he gave me most influential letters of introduction, which were very useful to me in London. He was not in England during my stay there."

"But this was all perfectly natural."

"A little patience, *mio caro*. Twenty years

passed without my seeing the duke again. One morning early I went to the market in Bologna. You must know that the Bologna market is quite unique in its way. One can have no conception of the quantity of things sold there, and it is one of my favourite occupations to go about it. To my surprise I see a gentleman planted in the middle of the market, and quietly smoking his cigar. I approach him, and as soon as he perceives me he stretches out his hand to me in the friendliest manner. It was my Duke. 'Delighted to meet you here,' he said, 'though I meant to call on you in an hour or two, as I know your habits and your house. We stayed in the market chatting together very pleasantly for a time; then I accompanied him to his hotel, and afterwards he returned my visit. On taking leave he said to me, 'I am still very much in your debt for all the pleasure you gave me in Milan, and till now I have had no opportunity of returning it.' And then he handed me a most costly snuff-box. Of course it was much less the richness of the gift than the charming tact of the giver that delighted me. To remember a supposed debt in this way, after twenty years! and instead of his owing me anything, it was I who was under obligations to him."

"That depends on how one takes it," said I; "any how the duke behaved nobly, in the best sense of the word."

THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S EDICT.

THE British public has recently been seized with one of its periodical fits of prudery, and has fallen foul of the ladies' dresses on the stage with its customary severity on such occasions. It is an ill wind, however, that blows nobody good; and the Lord Chamberlain has seized the opportunity for an assertion of those censorial functions which seemed in some danger of withering for want of exercise. His circular, which has been recently addressed to the theatrical managers of this metropolis, is, we readily allow, as justifiable in itself as the tone and wording of it are polite and conciliatory. We say the remonstrance was justifiable, because the offence which provoked it is eminently one of which the public is the best judge; and one cannot shut one's ears to the fact that a great outcry has recently been raised against the so-called indecency of the stage. The Lord Chamberlain, therefore, was but doing his duty in giving effect to this

feeling; but we think the feeling itself originates in a mistaken view of the subject; and that the indecency of the ballet, if it be indecent, does not lie so much in the display of charms which elsewhere are usually concealed, as in the idea and character of the whole entertainment.

The ballet is almost always associated with comic, or at least mirthful, incidents; that is to say, it is properly an appendage of comedy, and not of tragedy; and it evidently pertains to that species of comedy which Mr. Thackeray has described so happily in his lecture upon Congreve. This is not the comedy of humour, nor the comedy of satire, but the comedy of *pleasure*; of reckless jovial enjoyment; of epicurean dissipation, perpetual gaiety, and wanton frolic. Now we all know what have been the stage traditions upon this subject from the time of Plautus to the time of M. Planché. We cannot describe them better than in Mr. Thackeray's own language.

"I fear the theatre carries down that ancient tradition and worship as masons have carried their secret signs and rites from temple to temple. When the libertine has carried off the beauty in the play, and the dotard is laughed to scorn for having the young wife; in the ballad, when the poet bids his mistress gather roses while she may, and warns her that old time is still a-flying; . . . when harlequin, splendid in youth, strength, and agility, dances danger down; when Mr. Punch, that godless old rebel, breaks every law, and laughs at it with odious triumph, &c., don't you see in the comedy, in the song, in the dance, in the ragged little Punch's puppet-show, the Pagan protest? Doesn't it seem as if life puts in its plea, and sings its comment?"

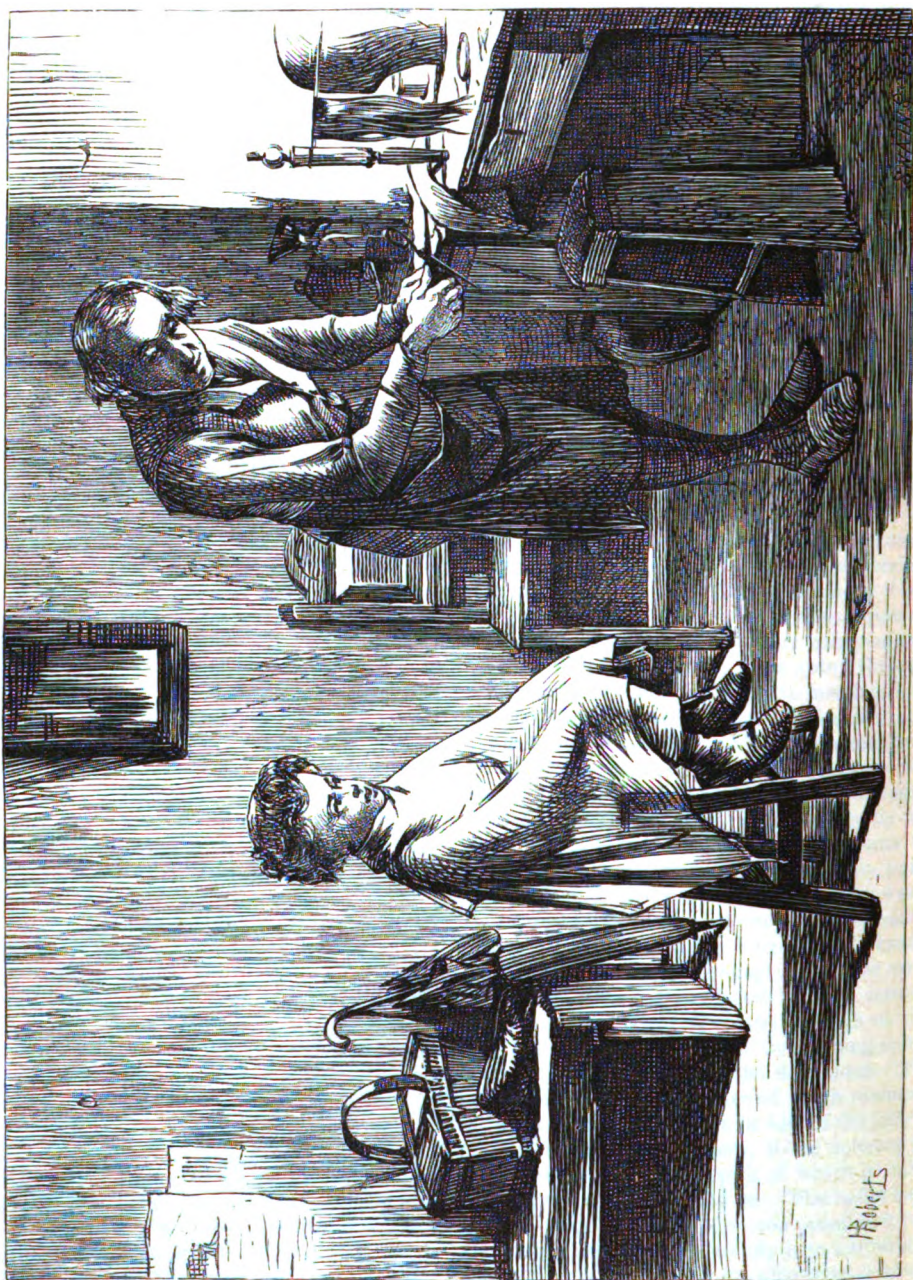
The spirit of this comedy is lawlessness; the constant protest of the animal nature of man overflowing with hilarity and health, against all restraints and all precepts: the comedy, in fact, of *κῶμος*, the revel, not of *κωμῆ*, the village.

Now the ballet is the very culminating embodiment of this idea. When the troop of nymphs comes floating gracefully on to the stage, do they not at once suggest it? Youth, and love, and beauty; dancing, singing, and feasting; a life of voluptuous softness and Paphian slumbers, unbroken by a single toil, untroubled by a single care, and unencumbered by any of those vexatious scruples and grovelling prejudices with which the commonplace work-a-day world so needlessly torments itself? Why else those languishing glances, and lascivious gestures, those alluring tones, and those engaging attitudes? Do they not seem

to sing to us the universal song of the sirens: Come to the arms of beauty; come to the bowers of love; come with the thyrsus and the chaplet; come with the lute and the flask; turn your backs upon care and labour, upon the tumbling billow and the groaning oar; come to the fairy groves; come to the golden islands; come to the gardens of the hours; or any other place which the taste of the author may have suggested.

This, we say, is the true significance of the ballet, as the special exponent of the comedy of pleasure. It is these immemorial associations connected with it that invest its costume with an aspect so repugnant to decency. If we saw a woman dressed in the same style for the performance of an athletic feat, we should think nothing of it. But when we see it on the stage, we see it as the representative of that "ancient tradition and worship" which Mr. Thackeray spoke of. It is not the dress, but the bacchic theory which it represents, that is the true source of the impropriety complained of in such spectacles.

In fact, we believe that the dress rather diminishes than enhances the immoral tendencies of the ballet, as it helps to remove it out of the sphere of real life into the region of fable, and away from all familiar associations. The effect of twenty young girls going through a regular ballet, and throwing themselves into all the postures which that performance is supposed to demand, attired, at the same time, in the ordinary ball-dress of the period, would, in our opinion, be ten times worse. It might be less indecent, but it would certainly be more voluptuous. The conclusion seems to be that the complaint of short skirts, tight fleshings, and so forth, rests upon a very weak foundation. But, at the same time, we would not ignore it altogether. There is no reason why the dress of girls engaged in these performances should be reduced below a certain point, and if any shock to the feelings of respectable persons is spared by keeping them at that point, by all means let it be done. To us it does not seem a matter of much moment whether a few inches more or less of the lady's person be exposed to view, if we tolerate a performance the whole spirit of which is such as we have described it to be. The ballet has of late years become much too prominent on the stage, and the true remedy is to curtail its dimensions and change its character, rather than to lengthen its skirts and augment its petticoats. This remedy the public have in their own hands, and we should not be sorry if they used it.



Once a Week.

[Feb. 13, 1869.]

"SHALL I DO ANYTHING TO YOUR WHISKERS?"—BY H. B. ROBERTS

ON THE PRESERVATION OF MEAT.

I.

THOSE who have read the records of our early navigators cannot fail to have been struck with the enormous mortality which scurvy exerted amongst the ships' crews; and as scurvy was then supposed to be solely due to the use of salt provisions, various attempts were made to provide food for the Royal and Mercantile Navies, of a better kind than the unwholesome and indigestible meat known as salt-junk or sea-horse. Recognising the necessity of an improved dietary for sailors, the naval authorities of several countries, and pre-eminently of England, offered every encouragement to discoveries in this direction, and between the years 1800-1855, no less than 117 specifications of patents relating to the preservation of food were put on record. The Arctic explorations, from the voyage of Sir John Ross to the last voyage in search of Franklin, afforded a further stimulus to discoveries to the way of the preservation of food; as a good nutritious diet is of especial importance during the long dark winter residence in the frozen seas, with all its depressing influences. The success which attended some of the earlier experiments of preserving meat by expelling the air by steam, (a process dating back as far as 1820,) is attested by the following extract from the admirable Cantor Lectures "On Food," recently delivered by Dr. Letheby, at the Society of Arts. "Tonight, through the kindness of Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell, I am able to show you a specimen of preserved mutton, which has been in the case forty-four years, and you will perceive that it is in excellent condition. It formed part of the stores supplied by Messrs. Donkin and Gamble in 1824, to his Majesty's exploring ship *Fury*, which was wrecked in Prince Regent's Inlet in 1825, when the cases were landed with the other stores, and left upon the beach. Eight years afterwards (in August, 1833) they were found by Sir John Ross in the same condition as they were left; and he wrote to Mr. Gamble at the end of that year, saying, 'that the provisions were still in a perfect state of preservation although annually exposed to a temperature of 92° below, and 80° above zero.' Some of the cases were left untouched by Sir John Ross; and after a further interval of sixteen years the place was visited by a party from H.M. Ship Investigator, when, according to a letter from the captain, Sir James Ross, the

provisions were still in excellent condition, after having lain upon the beach exposed to the action of the sun and all kinds of weather, for a period of nearly a quarter of a century. Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell have placed the original letters in my hands for perusal, and they show, beyond all doubt, that meat preserved in this way will keep good for nearly half a century."

Of late years a new and very strong incentive to the discovery of a good, cheap, and practical way of preserving meat has arisen in the fact that while in London, and most parts of England, as well as in many parts of Europe, the price of butcher's meat is so excessively high as to make it an almost unknown luxury to the lower mechanics and almost all agricultural labourers, there are parts of the world easy of access by steamers, in which millions of cattle and sheep whose carcasses are available as human food, are annually slaughtered for their fat, hides, and bones. Large tracts of land in North and South America and Australia afford the most striking examples of countries utterly unable to consume the practically inexhaustible amount of animal food that they produce, and that might be yielded by them to supply the deficiency in England and elsewhere. An Australian sheep owner, Mr. Philpot, stated in his evidence given to the Food Committee of the Society of Arts in 1867, that he himself was in the habit of melting down from 1000 to 1500 sheep daily for four months together, the flesh being utterly wasted. A bullock in Australia, on the same authority, costs only £3 or £4, and first-rate salted legs of mutton were sold for three shillings the dozen. In an official report addressed to the Earl of Clarendon by Mr. Ford, our late *chargé d'affaires*, dated Buenos Ayres, 26th June, 1866, we learn that "not long ago the cattle of the River Plate were prized for their hides alone, the flesh being wasted or disposed of at nominal prices; even at the present day first-rate meat is sold in the market at Buenos Ayres by the piece and not by weight, a leg of mutton costing from 10*d.* to 1*s.*; and beef is comparatively cheaper." Mr. Ford roughly estimates the number of horned cattle and sheep in the countries bordering the River Plate and its affluents at 22,000,000, and 35,000,000 respectively.

Before proceeding to inquire into the best mode of preserving a portion of this inexhaustible store of food, so as to transfer it in a wholesome state across the tropics to Europe, it may be as well to notice the physical and chemical conditions which favour the decom-

position of organic matters, such as flesh. Chemistry, and, indeed, daily experience in hot weather, teach us that for putrefaction all the following conditions are necessary: namely, the presence of much moisture, the access of the air, and a range of temperature from about 40° to 212° F. Hence, in preservative processes we must aim at the exclusion of the presence of these causes—as by expelling the moisture from the meat, and preserving it in a dry form; or by excluding the atmospheric action by an impervious coating; or by packing in ice, or by some other means enveloping the meat in a cold atmosphere. To these means we must add another, namely, the action of antiseptic agents. We shall notice these modes of preserving meat in the above-named order, beginning with the drying process.

1. The preservation of food by drying has been practised in certain countries from the earliest time. Charqui, or South American jerked beef, is one of the best known examples of dried meat; but as the flesh loses its flavour and becomes tough and indigestible, it will never find a sale in this country, and we may therefore pass it over without further notice, except the remark that it is only in Brazil and Cuba, where it is bought on account of its cheapness to feed the slaves, that it has become a marketable article. The drying process applies better to fish than to ordinary meat; kippered salmon and Finnan haddocks being two well-known examples. The drying process is more generally applicable to vegetables than to animal food. Masson's patent, taken out in 1850, for preserving vegetables by drying, and forcibly compressing them into one-seventh of their original bulk, is applicable to the preservation of all kinds of vegetables and fruits. Vegetables thus preserved were largely used in the Crimean war; a cubic yard of them containing rations for 16,000 men. All attempts to preserve milk and eggs by the drying process have failed, in consequence of the fatty matter in them turning rancid.

2. The preservation of food by excluding the atmospheric air has been attempted with more or less success by various methods: as, (a) by filling up the vessel containing the meat with a hot fluid; (b) by destroying the oxygen of the air in the vessel containing the meat, by the application of heat; (c) by exhausting the air from the vessel containing the meat; (d) by driving out the air by means of steam; and (e) by coating the meat with some impervious material.

With regard to the first of these methods, (a), Dr. Letheby in his lectures observes that he is

surprised, considering how easily the exclusion of air is effected by surrounding the substance with hot fat, that the method has not been adopted in Australia and South America; for, as the fat which is exported is sent to England in casks, legs of mutton and the prime pieces of beef might be easily sent with it. "The process," he observes, "should be conducted as follows: when the fat is melted, and is at a temperature of from 240° to 250° F., the fresh joint should be plunged into it, and kept there for a few minutes, so that the superficial moisture might be thoroughly evaporated. They should then be immediately packed in sound dry casks, and filled up with hot fat, at a temperature of 212° , or thereabouts. In this manner the fat and the joints might be transmitted to this country, and on their arrival there would be no difficulty in melting the fat while in the casks, and then removing the preserved joints." We trust that by extending the knowledge of Dr. Letheby's apparently practical and easy process over the civilized world, we may induce some spirited stock growers in Australia, the River Plate country, or elsewhere, to put this apparently simple process to the test without delay.*

The second process, (b), was patented in 1807 by a Mr. Saddington, and three years later was laid before the French Government by M. Appert, to whom a reward of 12,000 francs, offered the preceding year for the best method of preserving food, was awarded. All modifications of this process have failed in practice.

The third process, (c), of exhausting the air from the vessel containing the meat, has been the subject of some half-a-dozen patents, none of which have been altogether successful, excepting, perhaps, that of Sloper. According to this system, all bone is extracted; but the fat is left. The meat is placed in tins from which the air is exhausted by means of water

* Since this article was in type, we have ascertained that Dr. Letheby's suggestions of importing joints in melted fat, has, to a certain degree, been adopted by the "Australian Meat Agency." A large number of influential persons, connected with the colonies, and many of the Metropolitan Officers of Health were invited on Dec. 28th, to see and partake of preserved meat at the company's offices in Norton Folgate. In the report of that meeting in the *Times*, it is stated that the meat presented for inspection (raw meat, sausages, and potted meat) was excellent, and some boiled preserved meat, and pie of preserved mutton, were all that could be desired, but it was evident that in their two dishes of mutton the meat had not received the attention it required before cooking. As it is well to have more opinions than one, we may add that a correspondent of the *Medical Times*, who was present, gives the following report: "Boiled beef, fair, salt; mutton pies, very good; brawn, very good; beef sausage, very good; potted beef, excellent. The curries, haricots, and one or two other dishes were not good." The meat is packed in large iron cases holding about 2½ tons; the sheep being packed whole and the oxen in large pieces, both being previously boned. When the case has received as much meat as it will hold, boiling fat is run into it and it is then hermetically sealed.

forced in by a hole at the bottom, which, when it reaches the top, escapes by another hole. The vacuum thus caused is filled with nitrogen gas, the two holes are carefully soldered up, and the meat is then ready for exportation. Messrs. E. Paris and B. Sloper, to whom the patent has been conceded for the whole of South America, arrived at Buenos Ayres in April, 1866, with samples of beef they had brought out with them from England, and which they had cured six months previously. Mr. Ford states that the tins on being opened were found to contain joints in first-rate condition, and on their being cooked, no difference could be detected from freshly killed meat. He speaks very hopefully of this process. It must, however, be borne in mind that in consequence of the wild habits and coarse food of the South American cattle, it does not necessarily follow that beef preserved in that country by this or any other process would be at all similar to well-fed English beef.

The fourth and most common method, (*d*), of expelling the air, is by means of steam. Messrs. Hogarth and Co., of Aberdeen, and most of our great preserved-meat manufacturers, employ some such a process as the following. The raw meat is placed in a tinned canister and soldered down, an aperture of the size of a pin-hole being left in the lid. The canister is then exposed to the heat of a steam-bath, or a bath of solution of muriate of lime (a little above 212° F.), until the contents are about two-thirds cooked, and then, when the steam is still escaping, the aperture is suddenly and completely closed with solder. The canister thus hermetically sealed is painted over with a stiff oil paint, and is exposed for some time in the so-called *testing-room* to a temperature favourable to decomposition. If the canister shows no sign of bulging out from the development of putrefactive gases, it is considered sound and fit for use. We have already noticed the canisters of meat put on board the *Fury*, the contents of which were perfectly good after forty-four years. In this way, as we learn from Dr. Letheby's instructive lectures, preserved salmon and lobsters are sent to us from Newfoundland, turtle from Jamaica, beef and mutton from Canada, and the dainty tail of the kangaroo from Australia. There are, he adds, two serious objections to the process: namely, the meat is usually over-cooked, from the desire to effect the complete exclusion of the atmospheric air by the steam; and the cases are liable to crack from the pressure of the atmosphere on the vacuum in their interior. Methods, into which we need not enter, have

been suggested, by which both these difficulties may be more or less completely disposed of.

The last method, (*e*), for excluding air from food, by coating it with some impervious material, has obviously been known since the first sausage was invented, or since lard was first kept in a bladder. The best example of applying this method to the preservation of meat is the process of Dr. Redwood, in accordance with which the joint is first covered with paraffin, and then with a flexible coating of gelatine mixed with glycerine or treacle. The joints are dipped into a bath of melted paraffin having a temperature of about 250° F., and are held in it till the moisture near the surface has evaporated. They are then transferred to a colder bath of paraffin, from which they receive two or three coatings before receiving their last flexible coating of gelatine-mixture. When the joint is required for use, it must be plunged into boiling-water, which dissolves the outer coat and melts the paraffin, which may be collected for further use.

3. The preservative action of cold on flesh and the various tissues of the animal body has been long known. Its practical application to the preservation of food may have been suggested by the well-known fact that mammoths in a state of entire preservation have been retained for countless ages in the frozen soil of the banks of the rivers running into the sea, on the north of Siberia.

The process of applying cold to the preservation of food is mainly confined to fish, game, and poultry. The salmon sent from the north of Scotland to London is packed in ice, and the ingenious inventor of this system added a mysterious blue powder (supposed to be indigo) to the ice, and to this powder he professed to attribute his success.

4. The last method of preserving meat that is deserving of notice, is by means of chemical agents which check decomposition, and are therefore termed *antiseptics*. Salted and smoked meat and fish are old, well-known examples of this method. It has been long known that the fumes of burning sulphur, which are composed of sulphurous acid, are very strongly antiseptic, and various patents for the use of this acid and its salts have been taken out. One of the latest of these patents has been obtained by Professor Gamgee, who, when the cattle-plague first appeared, turned his attention to the possibility of converting the live-stock trade into a dead-meat-market, by rendering the flesh imperishable for a time. By this process the animal is rendered nearly insensible by the inhalation of carbonic oxide gas, after

which it is bled, skinned, and cleaned as usual. The carcass is then suspended in an air-tight chamber, which is exhausted of air, and is then filled with carbonic oxide gas, to which a little sulphurous acid is added. After remaining in these gases for from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, according to the size of the animal, it is hung up in dry air, after which the carcass will keep for months without change. (We suspect that the sulphurous acid is the only really active agent in this process.) One advantage of this system is its cheapness, no hermetically sealed canisters or other expensive packing material being required. The writer of a very interesting letter, dated last September, from Chicago, U.S., where a company for working the patent has been formed, states that he saw a single labouring man, to whom Professor Gamgee paid two dollars a day, in charge of the whole concern. "The whole process," he adds, "which I saw, of packing three sheep, some three or four dozen chickens, and several prairie hens, in a small receiver, does not exceed twenty minutes. Once the gases are turned on, nothing further is necessary than to let the receiver containing the meat stand from twenty-four to thirty hours, when the process is complete." Whether Gamgee's process will stand the test of an equatorial heat, remains, we believe, to be proved.

Messrs. Medlock and Bailey, in 1867, published a pamphlet on the use of bisulphite of lime as an agent for the preservation of meat. Mr. Hutchinson, in *The Parand*, (just published), states (see p. 232) that on his way home at the beginning of 1868, when at Monte Video, he ate some beef from England, preserved by this system, which, "proved, save for the slightest shadow of chalkiness in its flavour, to be as fresh and juicy as when it was cured four months previously."

Mr. Ford, in his report on the method employed in the River Plate for curing meat for European markets, states that two processes are at present on their trial in that country; namely, those of Morgan and Sloper. Mr. Morgan is a well known Dublin anatomist, and he has brought his professional knowledge to bear on this subject. The animal is killed instantaneously by a blow on the head or by division of the spinal cord. The chest is then sawn open, and kept so by a cross-piece of wood, and the heart is exposed. An incision is made in the right ventricle, and another in the left, the blood being allowed to escape; when it has ceased flowing, a pipe with a stopcock is introduced into the incision in the left ventricle of the heart, and so into the aorta, or great

vessel leading through the body, and is there firmly retained.

This pipe is connected by a gutta-percha flexible tube to a barrel containing the fluid to be injected, which is composed of water and salt (one gallon of brine to the cwt.) and a quarter to half a pound of nitre, carefully refined, and fixed at an altitude of from eighteen to twenty feet.

The briny fluid being let on, rushes out at the right side of the heart, after traversing all the circulatory organs, clearing the vessels and capillaries, and preparing the body for the second stage, which is performed by closing the incision in the right side of the heart with a sliding forceps, and thereby rendering the circulatory system perfect, with the vessels free and ready to receive the preservative fluid.

A few seconds suffice for the brine to infuse the whole body, when, by cutting the ear or hoof of the animal, a stream of pure brine, untainted by a single particle of blood, will instantly be seen to flow.

An ox can be preserved in ten minutes, the pressure of the injection being from ten to twelve pounds to the square inch, and from twelve to fourteen gallons of the fluid are injected; of course, considerably less in a sheep.

The superiority of the meat as cured by Mr. Morgan's system over that preserved by the external use of salt, consists in the retention of the natural juices and alimentary substances; and the elements of vegetables as anti-scorbutics, can be artificially added to the flesh in the form of phosphoric acid mixed in the fluid to be injected. The potash salts found in flesh juice and abstracted by the action of the brine can also be added, if found desirable, by nitrate of potash.

The meat, when cured, is packed in barrels containing about 220 lbs. each, which can be procured at the Morgan Patent Meat Preserving Company Limited, Liverpool, for 3*l.* 15*s.*, or about fourpence a pound.

This company have established works in the Republic of Uruguay near the town of Paysandu. Mr. Ford states that the meat which had arrived in England in the year preceding the date of his report (amounting to 500,000 lbs. of beef and mutton) was sound and good, and bears personal testimony to "the admirable quality of the samples he tasted, which were inviting and palatable, the beef bearing a close resemblance to our English cured beef."

Sloper's process, which has been already described, has this great advantage over Morgan's—that the meat is preserved in the fresh

state ; if we are to be content with salted meat, there is no reason why it should not be admirably preserved by Morgan's process. In both cases, however, it is essential that we should have good well-fed animals to preserve

That none of these methods are altogether satisfactory is obvious from the fact that, both in Australia and in the Argentine Republic, large rewards are at the present time being offered for improved modes of preserving fresh meat on a large scale.

In a second and much briefer article, we shall notice the modes of preserving various extracts and other preparations of meat, and the value of these substances.

WEARY OF BREATH.

TENNYSON'S *Mariana* is a very wonderful creation, capable of producing that indescribable saturating of the reader's mind with one subtle idea, which those alone whose souls have been touched with the divine spark can effect. This clever man might have expressed a particular sentiment as well, that other might have written a better turned couplet, but a spirit pervades the whole which eludes the scalpel, and which it is in the power of genius alone to breathe. The picture is steeped in melancholy ; a moated grange, with one disconsolate damsel in it ; a garden let run to wilderness, where—

The rusty nails fell from the knots
That held the peach to the garden wall.

Mark Tapley himself, if restrained from pruning, digging, and raking, would feel his jollity oozing away. We know nothing of the disconsolate lady's story, beyond the fact that she is always looking out for some "he" who never comes. We learn, it is true, in a sort of sequel, that a change of residence to the south does not do her much good ; but that, if anything, rather tends to make her more mysterious. I myself always have an uneasy suspicion that "he" may have gone to the moated grange to look for her the week after she left it. Poor Mariana ! one longs to do something to cheer her up a bit ; and yet it would be a pity that she should become happy and commonplace too. The charm of her poetical existence consists in that pitiful, hopeless refrain which was all she had the heart or strength to utter.

She only said, my life is dreary.
He cometh not, she said.
She said, I am weary, weary,
I would that I were dead.

But, oh what a dreadful thing is a prose Mariana ! If she would only take up her solitary residence in a moated grange or some equally congenial habitation in a warmer climate, it would be such a blessing to the friends and relatives whose cup of life she embitters. Or since self-banishment requires more energy and arrangement than can fairly be expected from a person in such a depressed state of mind, the fulfilment of her wish would, perhaps, be a more reasonable aspiration. But that is homicidal and shocking ; besides which, it is vain, for people who are for ever wishing themselves dead generally prove capital bargains to the life assurance companies. If they were sorely afflicted in body or mind we could bear with them better, for compassion would soften our hearts, and we might entertain the hope of doing something to alleviate their sufferings or their sorrow, and of reconciling them to existence. Job's friends sat with him a while testifying their sympathy by silence ; and then they tried to reason him into resignation. But as a matter of fact, persons who are afflicted with any great and real calamity from which the majority of mankind are free, do not repine in this loud and obtrusive manner. The genial, social Lamb devoted his life to the care of a sister subject to fits of insanity, in one of which she had killed their mother ; poor Hood was a terrible sufferer ; Sir Charles Napier was tormented throughout the most active portion of his energetic career with the effects of that wound in the face which constantly caused him all the horrors of suffocation. If these men had rebelled against destiny, it would hardly have been matter for surprise ; but they did nothing of the sort. Nor are these prominent examples exceptional ; blind men, as a rule, are cheerful enough ; persons afflicted with incurable diseases do not often curse the day of their birth ; the very poor cling generally to life with all its hardships, or if the burden becomes greater than they can bear, they are more apt to throw it off than to talk about doing so. Of course, discontent is to be found in all stations, and in all conditions of mind, body, and pocket, but certainly prosperity seems to develop it better than adversity ; and what is stranger still, the position in life which ought to be the best adapted for happiness is the one in which capricious ingratitude is most rife. For, ever since it was written "Give me neither poverty nor riches," thinkers have been agreed that a condition of modest independence is the most free from care ; but unless I am very much mistaken it is from the middle classes princi-

pally that the army of grumblers who are for ever uttering suicidal aspirations is recruited.

The very poor, I have said above, cling to life ; they have to struggle for it, and we always place a high value on what can only be retained by constant exertion. It would be too obviously absurd for a swimmer who was straining hands and feet to keep his head above water to complain loudly all the while that he could not drown. Very wealthy people, on the other hand, are apt to feel a strong repugnance to that parting with their possessions which necessarily attends the separation of soul and body. Besides which, poverty and wealth alike tend to force the mind to occupy itself with actualities ; the poor have their dinner to get, the rich have dinners to give, and it is the listless mortal upon whom a career is not forced from without, and who has not sufficient energy to create one, who takes to grumbling despondency.

There are occasions, indeed, when the sturdiest are liable to lose heart. In cases of bereavement, for example, when all the value of life seems to have perished with that one, so that nothing is left behind but dross and rubbish, and we understand that exquisite fancy which entered the poor disordered brain of Ophelia : " I would give you some violets, but they withered all, when my father died." The future looms so dark and gloomy, the happy past burns the memory with so exquisite a pang, that we may for a moment harbour the thought that it would be better that our consciousness should wither too, with the lost friend and last year's violets. Again, when our powers are overtaxed we sometimes cannot help a desire to throw down the burden in despair. An experienced adult, indeed, does not often admit this demoralising feeling ; he has learned to attack one point at a time, and not to allow the consciousness of the quantity of work to be got through to obtrude itself upon his thoughts and hinder him in his immediate task. As for the quality of this task, it is very rarely that a mature man undertakes one which it is beyond his mental calibre to perform satisfactorily, in his own opinion at any rate. Military men who have risen to responsible positions by sheer outliving of their seniors sometimes, it is true, find themselves bound to act on their own responsibility, without a word in the Queen's Regulations to meet the case, or an idea in their heads what had best be done ; and then they have been known to commit suicide ; but such cases are quite exceptional. Boys, however, are constantly set down to lessons utterly be-

yond their capacity, and they try and try and go utterly stupid, or turn idle in sheer hopelessness. But before they reach either stage, they regret the accident of their birth over and over again most sincerely. I am not given to worrying myself about the inevitable, but when a big wave of sorrow or bother comes, prefer bowing my head and holding on tight in hopes of its passing, but I well remember the feeling with which I sat down to my first attempt at mastering Latin Grammar, when I found, to my dismay, that the rules and directions were in the unknown tongue which was to be acquired. At the end of a couple of hours I did wish myself dead most heartily, and the feeling of hopeless despair recurred at intervals till I gave up trying to learn and took to shirking and cramming. Swishing, though unpleasant, is a joy compared to the earnest endeavour to climb Parnassus by steps which prove to be those of a treadmill.

But a distaste for life arising from a great sorrow, a sudden disappointment, or an overwhelming sense of inferiority, soon passes away ; it is the crisis of the disease, and is too poignant and earnest to last long ; the patient either gets better or goes mad, and brings his objection to this world to its legitimate conclusion by trying another. A chronic condition of growling at the arrangement of matters in this most miserable globe is always sentimental, peevish, and capricious, not arising from real calamity, which, on the contrary, often dissipates it, but the fermentation of listlessness gone sour. If one is very egotistical, so as not to be able to take an interest in anything which does not immediately concern one's self, and if one has a strong taste for excitement combined with dull nerves which will not thrill ; if one refuses to believe that anything which gives one the slightest trouble is beneficial, or that the whim of the moment should not be the only law ; if one combines a very strong sense of the duties of others towards one's self, with the feeblest possible notion of the *vice versa* ; if one thinks low spirits interesting, and an affectation of being used up a symptom of superior wisdom ; and if on the top of all this, one derives a bilious pleasure from growling at the father who begot and the mother who bore one, from railing at life, invoking death, and making one's self a general nuisance, why, then, one is a very good representative of the people who are weary of breath. (And thank goodness that I have got through that paragraph with a due preservation of the unities !)

The above may seem too hard a picture, but

I think that neglect of duty, a taste for what is artificial as opposed to what is natural, and a want of sympathy for others, are at the bottom of all cases of open rebellion against the government of this world, which is what a regret at having been born into it, and a belief that Evil predominates over Good in it, really amounts to. Of course, though, temperament, health, and particularly sex, must be taken into account when we blame any one who indulges in this peevish temper. For men there is no excuse, for they can always occupy their minds with business, books, politics, or pleasure. And, practically, they generally do so; even utterly lazy men are often vicious, and vice is something to live for. It might be beneficial to the community that an idle profligate should vanish out of it, but he does not often wish for that consummation himself. He does sometimes, when his vices have left him, spend a sneering, premature old age in reviling everything in general, and I ask no sympathy for him. But I think that a poor lady with a small income, who has that natural wish to marry which only eccentric specimens are devoid of, and finds her youth slipping away suitorless; who is without any taste for literature or art, and whose social circle is restricted to very narrow limits, which she is debarred from seeking to extend, is deserving of pity if her mind does get the jaundice. How on earth is she to amuse herself? What distractions has she to correspond with those which save many a man of no internal resources from sitting at home and moping; to wit, hunting, shooting, fishing, club gossip, whist, billiards, theatrical entertainments? Well, it is true that she has Religion and Charity, but then, minds which are open to such influences never do grow weary of breath, except in seasons of great trial, and not often then. In spite of a prejudice to the contrary, however, I do not think that spinsters fall into a state of morbid melancholy more often than married women, whose lives are only too placid and free from external care and worry, but who are disappointed in their hopes and wishes. Their husbands' incomes are too modest to allow them the luxuries which they covet; or they fail to get into the set which they think should admit them; or they have no children; or—unpleasant but happily, as yet, rare symptom of national decay—they have them and esteem them curses rather than blessings. Or they have listened to the wiseacres who declaim about woman's rights until they have become infected with the morbid suspicion that there is something degrading in the part which is

allotted to them in the world-play. To rear immortal beings and impress upon them those early lessons which will have more effect on their future than all the homilies of preachers and the theories of ethical philosophers, they call to "suckle fools," while the management of a household with economy and liberality, a task analogous to, and of equal importance with, that which falls to the lot of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is described sneeringly as "chronicling small beer." I doubt if the poet would ever have written the line, epigrammatic as it may have sounded to him, could he have known the use that would have been made of it.

I do not intend to libel the sex by saying that there are many such ladies, but some specimens exist, and they do their best to convert their husbands to their theory of this being the worst of all possible worlds,—not without partial success.

But to consider the abstract question; how far are these pessimists justified in asserting that it is a misfortune to exist? Omitting of course all reference to a future life, and totting up merely the good and evil which befalls us in this material world between the cradle and the grave, we must also set aside extreme cases, such as of a sufferer from the worst and incurable form of *tic douloureux*, or a criminal condemned to work in Siberian mines. Byron puts the case fairly and plainly:

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
And know, whatever thou hast been,
'Tis something better not to be.

Well, do you know it? Is it not rather a sentimental fallacy? True that in looking back upon the years that are past the painful episodes stand out in bold relief, while the memory of our joys is dim. But this seems to me a conclusive proof that our normal condition was pleasurable, since we all remember best what breaks upon the ordinary routine. It is a pleasure to work, and also to rest from working; to eat, to drink, to converse, to breathe the fresh air, to walk, to ride, to go to bed when weary. I will not lay any stress upon poetry and other intellectual pleasures, though surely the veriest dolt must derive some delight from such sources, but art in one form or another gives pleasure to all. Then in addition to all this there are the grand joys, such as love, success, the indulgence of our favourite passion, which must be taken into account, although they are certainly strongly alloyed with pain, and sometimes, I confess, overbalanced by it. But it is by the ordinary experience of every-

day life that we must judge this question, and if you can honestly declare that on any average day of fourteen waking hours, not of course picking out occasions of physical pain or mental distress, seven of them have been not worth having, all I can say is that you are either an exceptionally unfortunate individual, or you have cultivated a morose and self-tormenting habit of mind with very great success.

TABLE TALK.

IN an inquest held the other day, on a she-drunkard, Mr. Deputy-Coroner Richards said, "In Scotland there is, it is said, an island where drunken wives are landed, and all that they are left by their husbands is a loaf of bread and a pitcher of cold water." Upon which Mr. *Punch* remarks that he should like to know where this Sober Island is; and that, if it is not Rum, the statement is. Such an island, however, was in existence and use not so many years ago; and, during the summer season, tourists steam past it every day. It is one of the thirty islands that stud the waters of Loch Lomond, and is among the large group in the open southern portion of the Loch, near to Luss. It is called Inch-Lonaig, or the Deer Island, from its containing the deer-park of its owner, Sir James Colquhoun, Bart., of Rosdhu. There are some ancient yew trees on this island, the survivors of many that were planted (so it is said) by Robert Bruce, for the purpose of supplying his army with bows; and, on this island, Rob Roy and the grandfather of Sir James Colquhoun held a conference. The guide-books—whether Black, or Nelson, or Murray—make little mention of this island, and none at all of its ever having been devoted to the reclamation of drunkards; nor does Mr. John Colquhoun mention this in his *Rocks and Rivers*; nor does Professor Wilson do so in his splendid prose-poem on Loch Lomond, in the *Recreations*, although he gives a description of the lunatic asylum on the neighbouring island, Inch-Cruin, "the Round Island," or, as Christopher North calls it, "the Island of the Afflicted." But a full account of the peculiar use to which the Deer Island was put was given by Lord Teignmouth, in his *Scotland*, published in 1836. This account is too long to be here quoted in its integrity (vol. ii., pp. 286-9); but, abbreviated, is as follows:—The old forester, aged 78, who then lived on Inch-Lonaig, told Lord Teignmouth of the fairies whose home was in the conical hill, who carried away women and children; and of the

woman whose shoulder was dislocated when a man attempted to rescue her from the fairies' clutch. These stories, industriously circulated and implicitly believed, assisted to preserve the mystic awe which invested the islands of Loch Lomond, and thus rendered them safer retreats for smugglers, and better adapted for the practice of illicit distillation. "And, till within few years, these islands were appropriated to a very different purpose; serving as asylums for persons of both sexes, of the higher and middling classes, who repaired to them either voluntarily or compelled by their relations, to shun the world, or to avoid the temptations to drinking, which they found irresistible in society, or on other pretexts. These recluses lodged at the cottages of the foresters, and lived together on the plan of a boarding-house. The present sheriff of Dumbartonshire, brother to Sir James Colquhoun, having observed these inmates in safe custody of our old forester, and ascertained that some of them were detained in unwilling exile, rescued them from their captivity, and excited his enmity, as he derived a considerable income from the money which they paid him. One of them was a lady of very respectable circumstances, whom her husband had placed under this restraint. The old forester asked emphatically, when required to surrender up his prisoners, 'What new law is this that is brought into the country?'" Lord Teignmouth adds, that he found in two of the Hebrides voluntary exiles, who had retired to those sequestered islands for the purpose of subduing habits of drunkenness, by shunning the temptations of society. I may state, that the tours which gave rise to Lord Teignmouth's volumes were made in 1827-9; so that the Loch Lomond islands were probably used as retreats for drunkards up to the year 1820.

THE following anecdote is related as having occurred within the last few days. King Louis of Bavaria, not only holds the dramatic art in high esteem, but has a great liking for the society of performers. On the day Madame Cramer completed her fiftieth year on the stage, the king gave her a benefit, and after the performance, the other actors and actresses entertained her. The king hearing of this, took it into his head to surprise them by his unexpected presence. Madame Cramer, whose back was turned towards the door, could not of course see the king enter the room. The king stepped quietly up to her, and put his hands over her eyes, and said: "Guess who it is!" "Ah!" said Madame Cramer, "you again, Monsieur

L——? you certainly do imitate the king most delightfully." "Oh, does he?" said the somewhat astonished king. "I should rather like to see the performance. Go on, Monsieur L——, and let me judge for myself of the truthfulness of the imitation." "I trust your majesty will excuse me," replied the abashed actor. But the king persisted in his demand, and after several refusals he added, "I desire it, and the king commands it." The actor bowed and took his seat at a little table, and called out in a voice which was an exact imitation of the king's:—"Desire my private councillor, Riedl, to come to me." "Very good indeed!" exclaimed the king. "What does your majesty want?" asked the actor, speaking through his nose. "Capital!" exclaimed the king, laughing; "you imitate my councillor even better than you did me; you are an excellent comedian, as Madame Cramer said." "Riedl," continued the actor, "be sure you send to-morrow two hundred florins to Monsieur L——! he is a deserving fellow,—a better mimic I never heard." "Scamp!" exclaimed the king, laughing, "enough of that performance; you shall have the two hundred florins, but I shall take care not to ask you for a repetition of it."

How comes it that the origin of games is almost always involved in such caliginous obscurity? One remarkable thing about a game which is to achieve a brilliant success is, that it only finds acceptance after a certain period of existence in modest shade. Great discoveries are apt to lie fallow in this way until the destined moment. Drake wrote in 1580 that you could not take up a handful of soil in California without finding gold in it. Yet nobody seems to have thought of taking to play at Tom Tidler's Ground in that favoured region till nearly three hundred years after. In the same way (*parvis componere magna*) eight years ago, in Nov. 1861, a very complete set of instructions and rules for playing the game of Bazique was published in *Macmillan's Magazine*; but its hour had not yet struck. The English public turned a deaf ear to the invitation. Just now, in the year of grace 1869, there has come a sudden run upon it. Columns of advertisements of elegant boxes containing cards, markers, and directions complete, at 10s., 15s., 21s., 30s., and so forth, appeared simultaneously in all popular newspapers about Christmas time; and now leading articles are written upon the game. The game has been brought into fashion by the Duke of Edinburgh, under whose patronage Messrs. Goodall & Son pub-

lish "The Royal Game" of Bazique, and the royal edition of its rules. Meantime, the French and the Americans—to whom it was already familiar—have gone on steadily playing the game. In Offenbach's *Deux Aveugles*, one of the pseudo-blind men says to the other, "Un tout petit besigue vous serait-il agréable?" This bouffonnerie musicale was written some fifteen years ago. I can answer for having seen it acted myself in 1855, and *bésigue* or *bésig*, as some French folk write it, must have been very well known then, for a dramatist to put its name into the mouth of a beggar. I am not going to offer any code of laws here, having already indicated where they may be got. Two things only I would suggest. First, that there is no mystery about the cards, which are merely piquet-packs, one to each player. As to the markers, any piquet markers, or even the sixes and threes, or fours and fives thrown out of a complete pack while sorting it for bazique, answer the purpose perfectly well. Secondly, the game is quite as amusing if counted by the hundred as by the thousand. It is only cutting off a zero from each number, and counting one instead of ten, twenty-five instead of two hundred and fifty, fifty for five hundred. The thousand is a mere piece of empty magniloquence.

DR. HALFORD'S experiments on dogs have been already repeated, as we learn by the last Australian mail, on three persons who had been bitten by highly venomous snakes, with such triumphant success, that we must congratulate the Melbourne Professor on his most important discovery. All three of the patients had fallen into the drowsy state indicative of this form of poisoning, and one of them was comatose (as if he were in an apoplectic fit) at the end of the operation. One of the cases, reported by Mr. Arnold of Melbourne, may be briefly given as follows:—Mr. Brown, residing a few miles from Melbourne, was bitten severely on the third finger of the right hand by a brown snake nearly three feet long. He instantly felt great pain in the wound, which he sucked, and he applied a ligature of string to the finger. On being brought to Mr. Arnold, two hours after the accident, he had lost all power over the legs, and had passed into a state of perfect insensibility. Galvanism, strong stimulants internally, and strong ammonia applied to the wound, were tried with slight benefit, when, it being obvious that the patient was rapidly sinking, Professor Halford was summoned, and began to try his system. He accordingly

made an incision through the skin of the arm so as to expose the superficial radial vein, introduced the point of the syringe into the vein, and injected the ammoniacal solution. The effect was marvellous. Although incapable of being roused at the time of the operation, the patient soon became sensible, answered questions rationally, and recovered without a bad symptom. The operation is in truth so simple, that, in a case of emergency, when no professional aid is at hand, anyone endowed with firm nerves and good common sense, especially if he had ever seen the process of bleeding from an arm performed, might very properly try it rather than see the patient succumb to the deadly poison. Any superficial vein that the operator can most easily reach may be selected.

I DO not attach much importance to a club whisper that the Curates' Aid Society is about to issue (as a tract) a reprint of Lord Granville's sprightly remarks at the dinner of the Shropshire Chamber of Agriculture, on the amazing fecundity of wild rabbits and poor curates' wives. Yet, I must own that the dissemination of his lordship's opinion might produce golden fruit to the society; but I would suggest that they should be supplemented by the observations of the late Mr. Thackeray on the Rev. Felix Rabbits, his wife and family.

A LITTLE anecdote of Faraday, new to ninety-nine folks out of a hundred, the hundredth being he who reads the printed proceedings of the *Royal Society*, in one of the latest numbers of which there is a rich collection of biographical facts, chiefly derived from the correspondence and note-books of the philosopher. It appears that he and Sir Charles Lyell were sent as government commissioners to watch the inquest upon those who died by the explosion in the Haswell Colliery, in 1844. Faraday cross-examined the witnesses very pertinently. Among other questions he asked how the rate of flow of air currents was measured. An inspector in reply took a pinch of gunpowder from a box, as if it were snuff, and let it fall through the flame of a candle. His companion, with a watch, noted the time that the smoke took to travel a certain distance. The method satisfied Faraday, but he remarked on the careless handling of the powder, and he asked where it was kept? "In a bag tightly tied," was the reply. "Yes, but where do you keep the bag?" "You are sitting on it," quoth the callous

miner. For the well-intentioned people, not being overstocked with soft chairs, had given the commissioner their best substitute for a cushion. Faraday's agility in vacating his honoured seat may be imagined, so may his expostulations, which we are mildly informed were animated and expressive. For the rest of the trial he sat, unlike the Ingoldsby cobbler's wife, without a cushion in his chair.

1. OF a noted giant I am the name,
And backwards or forwards I'm just the same.
2. Of dull uniformity I am the name,
And backwards or forwards I'm just the same.
3. Of the light of a countenance I am the name,
And backwards or forwards I'm just the same.
4. Of the sun's mid-journey I am the name,
And backwards or forwards I'm just the same.
5. Of the mother of mankind I am the name,
And backwards or forwards I'm just the same.
6. Of a fair young Mary I was the name,
And backwards or forwards I'm just the same.
7. Of what compels silence I am the name,
And backwards or forwards I'm just the same.

These initials combine; you will find they frame
Of a son of Britain the noble name,
A Peer, and statesman of fairest fame,
And backwards or forwards 'tis still the same.

A CORRESPONDENT:—"I see you mention all kinds of odd facts in *Table Talk*. Would you think it worth mentioning (as so much has been said about women's employments, &c., &c. lately) that there is, or was, about two years since, at Shelly, in Suffolk, a woman who was clerk at the parish church. I went one Sunday with my brother, who was going to do duty there, and after attending to him in the vestry, the woman-clerk, in her large frilled cap and black bonnet, took her place in the clerk's desk and went through the service in the ordinary manner. I think she was the daughter of the former clerk, and had succeeded to the office. The effect was, of course, singular, and I should imagine it to be quite an exceptional case."

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HETTY.

By HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER I.

REBECCA'S REASONS FOR MARRYING ANYBODY
WHO WOULD TAKE HER.

IN one of the narrowest and dullest lanes in the neighbourhood of Walham Green lived George Turner, Esq., Solicitor, of Gray's Inn. His house was the largest in the lane, had certainly pretensions to be, or to have been, a "gentleman's" house, for there was a coach-house and stable beside it; and the garden before and behind was full three quarters of an acre.

The other houses in the lane were eight-roomed, semi-detached, brown brick boxes of houses; with long gardens in front, and little back-yards, with a water-butt and a clothes-line, behind. They were miserable little places; yet Rebecca Turner, the youngest daughter, while lolling and yawning, would envy their inhabitants the possession of the key many times a day.

For there was life among them. Those among them who were thrifty, or well to do, or childless, or whose children were good, had pretty plots of flowers even; but this was rare, for there were too many children; and so, on a washing-day, the clothes' lines and poles were always up in the front garden, stamped hard and black by a hundred little feet. Nay, there was another reason against flowers. The landlord of that lane did not see his way to new palings; and so, if you wanted flowers, you must keep them in repair yourself. Yet there was life enough there. The neighbours—the women—dawdled into one another's houses, and gossiped; nay, now and then, but very seldom, quarrelled. Once there was a fire, and Miss Turner, the precise elder daughter, seeing them running, hoped it was not *their* house. "No such luck," said Miss Rebecca, with such singular emphasis that her elder sister let her be.

Turner's house, or The Cedars, stood back from the road, in a blotch of mangy grass, and a blotch of mangy soot-stained gravel, and accounted for its apparent usurped title by one miserable stump and one miserable bough of the tree of Lebanon, which solitary bough pointed meekly and sorrowfully to where its brother had once stood. Behind the house was a bit of kitchen-garden, and a bit of grass unmown for years; which would have been something had it been secluded, but even that was denied you. It ended in a wide, wild, waste of market-garden, stretching away acre after acre. The timber on the estate consisted of a broken down mulberry tree, and a large quantity of sooty lilac.

The house, though in habitable repair, was in that half state of dilapidation which is sometimes a good deal more melancholy than a really good downright ruin. The ruin says to you, "Here, come here, I belong to you as much as to any one now; come, and I will tell you stories;" and tells them to you accordingly; whereas the half-dilapidated house says only, "We have secrets here yet." Turner's House was dark red brick, with a high tile roof perpendicular to the top of the garret windows, and then sloping like another, —the most hideous of roofs; its door was approached by high steps, and the windows of the living-rooms were long and narrow, with thick wooden frames, and bulgy glass panes; some were with a knob in the middle, which made looking out of window a luxury difficult to indulge in: internally, the furniture was principally of horse-hair and dark mahogany. And Miss Rebecca wished it was burned down.

In this house she lived. Mr. Turner was in religion of the strictest form of Calvinism and Sabbatarianism, forbidding any books except theological ones on a Sunday, and never allowing a novel or a book of poetry into the house. There had been a time once when she had been able to escape all this; before she had grown up; but that was all over. She had, unlike her sister, grown up good-looking. The

widower, her father, had consulted religious women of the congregation; they had been unanimous; the girl Rebecca was much too pretty to go out by herself. From that time she was a prisoner, for her father was no man to be trifled with. Can one wonder that a high-spirited girl, capable of any kind of pleasure, should one very wet Sunday evening, after chapel and a sermon of an hour, as she was going to bed, emphatically wish she was dead, wish she had never been born, and most particularly wish she had been ugly.

"If I had been as ugly as you I could have gone anywhere I chose, and done as I liked. It was old Mother Russel and Mrs. Soper that put *him* up to my being pretty. I wish *they* were dead with all my heart."

"My dear sister Rebecca! After chapel, too!" said her sister Carry, solemnly.

She didn't say she wished *that* was dead; she only clenched her hands and gasped for breath. That was the last of it all—all the dull misery of her life came before her stronger than ever at the mention of chapel, and she cast herself sobbing on the bed.

"I wish somebody would come and marry me," she said; "but there's no chance,—no young men ever come near us. I'd marry Jim Akers, I'd marry anybody—except that beast," she added, suddenly, with a shrill determination which pointed to a small chance in favour of the beast's prospects, and then by degrees she sobbed herself quiet.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. RUSSEL TELLS MISS SOPER SO MUCH AS SHE KNOWS OF THE FAMILY HISTORY.

THE lady so disrespectfully mentioned by Miss Rebecca as old Mother Russel, was taking tea with Miss Soper. Mrs. Russel had been, some said, born at Walham Green; but was certainly, with few exceptions, the oldest inhabitant there; Miss Soper, on the other hand, was a comparatively new-comer. These, it will be remembered, were the two ladies who had given poor Rebecca such very dire offence by persuading her father that she was too pretty to walk out by herself; and, having just talked through some of their other neighbours in whom we are not interested, and having come to the Turners in whom we are, we will just make bold to listen a little to them.

Mrs. Russel was a fat, heavy woman, whose fat, unlike that of some people, had become physically distressing to her, and had made her cross. She had discovered the solace of

spirits, but used them moderately. It is possible that she may have been a good-natured woman once, but the continual distress of her earthly load had made her ill-natured. Religion with her meant a slight excitement and society, but little more.

Miss Soper was a very different woman, —pale, gaunt, black, rigid, with a face like a Roman-nosed horse. She had been for some years teacher in a small suburban ladies' school, until she came into a little money, when she retired, with no heart and a small annuity, to Walham Green. It was in her capacity as ex-schoolmistress that she voted on Rebecca's not going out alone. She was consulted as an expert, and left no doubt on the minds of Mrs. Russel and Mr. Turner as to her opinion on *that* score. In her religion she was most deeply sincere, in her duties most rigid; she saw no harm in talking over her neighbours' affairs, and she had a voice like an aged pie-man to do it with.

"That's a bright, clever-looking girl, that Rebecca Turner," she said. "Quick to learn."

"A deal too quick," said Mrs. Russel.

"She seems quicker than her sister."

"Caroline is a real good pious girl, and takes after her father."

"Rebecca don't, then?" said Miss Soper.

"No, Rebecca is another sort of girl. She looks so like her mother sometimes that I shake like a mould of jelly" (which was an apt illustration). "She takes after her mother; and Turner is a man who washes his dirty linen at home, but I misdoubt he has trouble with her now. If he hasn't, he will."

"Did he have trouble with her mother, then?"

"Do you mean to say you have never heard?" said Mrs. Russel, in solemn *staccato*.

"How could I? I had not come to the Green. Do tell," said Miss Soper, eagerly.

Mrs. Russel took her cup in her hand, and having stirred her tea, used the spoon for rhetorical purposes, and solemnly and immediately began.

"There's never been murder *done* in that house, my dear, for there's many a slip between cup and lip, but it's been *hollered* often enough. Awful nights have been in that house, my dear, between Turner and his wife," she continued, drawing closer and speaking low; "she yelling at the top of her voice at him, calling him every bad name she could lay her tongue to; he praying at the top of his voice to pray the evil spirit out of her, until he'd lose his temper and fixt hold of her, and you'd hear her trying to bite him; and the little children

a-screaming, and the maid run away for fear, and all the lane out to listen! Ah, quiet as Turner looks now, he has had something to go through in his time. You may well ask if he had trouble with his wife."

"Was she mad?"

"He never dared say it of her at all events," said Mrs. Russel. "I'll tell you all I know. She was a lady. Says you, so are we. I mean a real lady. Says you again, so are we. But I mean a real tip-top carriage lady, you know."

So did Miss Soper, who nodded. "And how did she come to marry him, then?"

"Well, Turner is a good figure of a man; though it was not that. He had got the management of her affairs when she was left a widow, and he managed them well enough to excite her gratitude; and she had been ill-used, and her friends had dropped away, and I fancy she thought she might do worse, and so she had him; and a bad job it was. But if a good sound Protestant marries a papist and a worldling with his eyes open, he must take the consequences."

"A papist!" almost screeched Miss Soper. "Mr. Turner marry a papist!"

"Well, she had a fine penny of money, mind you, and she was a thorough worldling, and careless of religion, and Turner thought he could convert her. We used to have her name down for conversion in the general prayer ever so long, until she found it out, and had words with him. But it all came to nothing; she laughed him to scorn when he spoke to her about it; all of which he has told us at experience-meetings; and she found *that* out, and got furious, and things went on from bad to worse, until Caroline being born put things square for a time. But after that, Rebecca was born, Mrs. Turner fell ill, and asked for a priest to come to her, she having, of course, gone to mass on her own accord; and he made answer that no priest should cross his doors, not if she was on her death-bed. That was the worst scene she made him, for she started up in a shawl and petticoat to run all the way to Cadogan Terrace by Sloane Street, and had to be fetched back by force. Well, then nothing went right any way, and she seemed to lose head. She accused him of taking her money, and insisted that one of the children should be brought up a papist, and used to smuggle off Rebecca continually to mass and confession, and such things, and some say got the child baptised into the Romish faith."

"It is extremely probable," said Miss Soper; "and how did it end?"

"It was after a worse row than usual," said Mrs. Russel, lowering her voice again. "It was the worst and the last, and there had been violence—it all came out at the inquest—and she went out somewhere, some said to the public-house; but I never saw nothing of that, and others will confirm me; and when she came back he had gone away with little Rebecca, leaving word that she would never see the child no more, for that he had taken it away to save its soul."

"He was a fool to do that," said Miss Soper.

Mrs. Russel eyed her curiously. "You're a sensible woman, ma'am," she said; "though I doubt if we are right religiously, seeing that he saved it from popery. But," added the vulgar old gossip, flushing up scarlet, "if my man had come between me and my children in the old times, I'd have—But as I was saying, when she hears that, she outs into the lane and carries on to that extent that Mrs. Akin (the washerwoman, you know, my dear soul, Jim Akin's, the costermonger's, mother, whose mother had been with the barrer for years herself) says she never heard anything like it. There was nothing low in it—no vulgar language nor swearing—but just downright awful cursing, like that in the Bible; and it frightened all that heard it. Then she went into the house and upstairs; and the maid had run away. And when he came home the neighbours told him what they'd seen, and how the child (that's Caroline now) had been a-crying all the afternoon. And when they burst in there she was a-lying stone dead at the bottom of the stairs."

"What did the inquest say?"

"Nothing. Whether she fell down, or chucked herself down, there was nothing to show. The child only said that it had found its mamma asleep on her face, and that it wanted its tea, and couldn't make her wake. Well, ma'am, and that's the history of that little mystery."

"I'll go and see 'em," said Miss Soper, emphatically. "What time do they have their tea?"

CHAPTER III.

REBECCA'S LOVER, AND WHAT SHE THOUGHT OF HIM.

MR. TURNER, a man of about sixty, must have been at one time handsome, but now, although his features were good, his complexion was gone; and the continual habit persisted in for so many years, of self-contem-

plation, had left an expression, which was not very pleasant, on his face; a look which an ill-natured person might say, was something between a scowl and a sneer, as though he was continually saying, "I am George Turner, that is who I am, and who the deuce are you?" His conversation was, like that of many other men of the same standing, entirely about himself; arguing one would fancy, from a certain feeling of being wanting in the more ornamental business of life, and from a determination that the hearer should know what an exceeding fine fellow he was.

Partly from religion, and partly from temper, he had been very careful to banish everything graceful from his house, so that there should not be a snare in it. So he had sternly refused poor Rebecca's, who craved for such things, petitions for cocks and hens, for rabbits, nay, even for one poor little tiny bird. However, in an old house, where there are rats and mice, you must have a cat; and you'll not hinder a cat having kittens. And so it came about that Rebecca had two kittens to play with; and her father letting himself into the house at half-past four on a winter's afternoon, found Rebecca, perfectly happy, lying in the dark before the fire, playing with her two kittens, one of which had a blue ribbon round its neck, and the other a red.

"Get up," he said, "and don't lie there like a hoyden. Get up, and make yourself tidy. There are people coming to tea."

Rebecca never answered: that would only make her father colourably and openly angry, and she would have had the worst of it. But by long practice in this happy household she had got the trick of annoying him, and yet of keeping within the law.

"Pretty little darlings," she said with effusion, as she rose with a cat on each arm. "I wonder if you have immortal souls, dears; if so, they don't seem to be much trouble to you."

"Don't talk such nonsense as that. People would say that you were mad, if they heard you. For a grown girl to be kissing cats, too, and a marriageable girl! Bah!

"Whose coming to tea, pa?"

"Mrs. Russel and Miss Soper."

"Daniel Lambert and the Old Dragoon. Pa, I wonder if Miss Soper was regularly discharged from the army, or whether she deserted. If I was her, I should shave off that moustache, and let my whiskers grow. Who else is coming?"

"Mr. Morley," said Turner, without any open manifestation of anger, for certain reasons; "and also, I believe, Mr. Hagbut."

"Oh, pa!"

"I am at a loss to conceive why you should make an exclamation at Mr. Hagbut's name," said Turner.

"Are you?" said Rebecca. "I am not. If you were as young and as pretty as I am, how would you like such a minister of the gospel, setting down beside you the whole evening, quoting texts of Scripture to you which bore on the subject of love and marriage. If he wants to marry me, why don't he say so like a man,—and get his answer?"

"I should feel highly flattered by Mr. Hagbut's attentions," said Mr. Turner; "and, moreover, I should reflect that his suit was backed by your father. Only, mind one thing, Rebecca,—you refuse that good man at your peril. I insist on the match, mind that. You *dare* refuse him, that is all."

Not one word did Rebecca say to this, but left her father secretly fuming with anger. She went up-stairs to her room, and began her toilet very slowly and very thoughtfully, and as she thought the face grew darker and darker, until the muscles in it began to quiver, and there grew upon it a look of deep horror and deep loathing, terrible to see. She arose stealthily, and went with her candle to a box in the corner of the room, and secretly taking out a book began reading with shaking hands; the book came open easily at the place she wanted, and she was deep in the passage when she was utterly scared by her sister's voice in the room, crying petulantly, "Why, Rebecca, you'll never be ready in time. Mr. Hagbut's come already."

"I'll be ready directly, dear Carry; don't tell on me. It is only one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, and it is so interesting at the end."

"So it seems," said matter-of-fact Carry. "Why you are as pale as a ghost, and all of a tremble? Now I can see why the ministers forbid us to read such godless rant."

One of Sir Walter Scott's novels she said. Could it have been the *Bride of Lammermoor*? Heaven forbid!

Although she was going into company which she disliked, and although there was at least one man there whom she hated, and whom she wished to hate her, yet in the irresistible instinct of beauty she dressed herself prettily, and coming calmly and proudly into the room with a bow, sat down by her sister.

Mrs. Russel and Miss Soper were there, and two ministers, one of whom she had never seen before, but one of whom was only known too well.

He was a very large, stout man, with a head

the colour and shape of an addled egg, with the small end uppermost. He had a furze of gray hair, and whiskers shaved close in the middle of his cheeks; he had large pale blue, almost opaque, eyes, very large ears, and a continual smile on a mouth made for talking. Probably black dress clothes and a white tie was as becoming a dress as exists—on certain people—on him they were hideous; his collarless cravat was a wisp, the lapels of his coat were like elephants' ears, and the coat itself was perfectly straight down the back, so as to set off his great stomach better in profile. His cuffs nearly concealed his great fat hands, and his short, ill-made trousers scarce met his clumsy shoes. The whole man was a protest against beauty, or grace of life in any way; to Rebecca he was loathsome, hideous beyond measure; and she was to marry him—unless she herself, alone and unaided, could fight a battle against all her little world. Poor thing! it was hard for her; it was, indeed. Forgive her desperation.

This horrible great moon-calf rose from his chair when she entered, and with a leering conscious smile on his face stood there, following her with his pale eyes, until she sat down. Mrs. Russel looked "arch,"—a horrible thing for anybody to do off the stage of a third-rate theatre, still more horrible in the case of a fat old woman. Miss Soper, *au fait* at things of this kind, moved from her seat and gave it up to the Rev. Mr. Hagbut, so that he now sat next poor shuddering Rebecca.

"Will you ask a blessing, Mr. Hagbut?"

Smooth came the easy words from that mouth, in the well-practised, whining falsetto; dexterously quoted were the well-known texts of Scripture, so dexterously that he brought in the Marriage in Cana, and made through that an allusion to earthly marriages. "He has not asked me yet," she thought; "and if I am firm they can't kill me."

His style of talking was what one may be allowed to call spondaic; that is, he lengthened every syllable, and even when he came across one which was unavoidably short he lengthened it as much as possible. Then again he put the emphasis of his sentence just where no one else would have put it, and on the whole was one of the most painfully laboured masses of artificiality and affectation ever seen. That the man may have been a good man I do not deny, I have only to do with his effect on Rebecca.

He gave himself, if not the airs of an accepted lover, at least of a man who was sure of his game.

"You heard my discourse the last Sabbath evening, Miss Turner?" he said, bringing his head as near hers as he could.

"I heard it," said Rebecca; "but I did not attend to it."

"The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak," said he, smiling.

"I don't think that the spirit was willing," she answered. "I hate sermons."

This was very confusing, but under these circumstances one must say something.

"The prayer, or the hymn, pleases you better, doubtless?"

"I hate the prayer worse than the sermon, but I like some of the hymns,—nay, most of them. I should like the service to be all music, light, and ornament, as it was at the Catholic church where I used to go with my poor mother."

"Vanity, my dear daughter, vanity."

"I don't see any particular vanity about it. Why, when you are praying extempore before a large congregation, and take pains, you are thinking all the time how it will succeed with the congregation. I have watched you."

Really it was very uphill work with this young lady; but see how beautiful she was, and besides she would have a little property. Mr. Hagbut drew nearer still to the shrinking hot form that held the ice-cold heart.

"Are you cold, dear Miss Turner?" he drawled.

"No, I am uncomfortably hot," she snapped out. "I think that I am not well. I think that I shall go nearer the door, if you will let me pass."

He was forced to do so, and with a great gasp she went and sat beside Mr. Morley and her father: her father seeing the Rev. Hagbut, his future son-in-law, looking exceedingly foolish, went to his assistance, and bound up the cracks in that savoury vessel, leaving Rebecca sitting with Mr. Morley.

Now Rebecca knew Mr. Morley to be a Dissenting minister, as her father described him, of "great unction;" consequently she regarded him in the light of her natural enemy, and was prepared to do battle with him on the very smallest provocation. She could not, however, avoid confessing that he was a considerable improvement on that other horrible fat man with a head like an egg.

Indeed she might have said, a very great improvement, indeed. Mr. Morley was a man with a well-shaped head, good and singularly amiable features, hair but slightly grizzled, curling all over his head, a fine deep brown complexion, and a beautiful set of regular white

teeth, which contrasted well with the complexion, and which were pretty frequently shown by a manly, kindly smile. He looked a man every inch of him, although his face was gentle even to softness.

He had been watching Rebecca and her troubles. He had been brought here as the friend of Mr. Hagbut, he having to-day preached a sermon for him. He had of course been welcomed heartily by Mr. Turner, who in the openness of his heart towards a minister, and a friend of Mr. Hagbut, had let him know the high honour which was in store for Rebecca. So Mr. Morley had watched while talking to Mr. Turner: and he had seen brutish, low, calculating admiration on the one side; and on the other a depth of loathing aversion which was terrible to him. He said to Mr. Turner—

"They will be happy, you think?"

"Any woman would be happy with such a man of God as Mr. Hagbut." And when he had said it, he scorned himself. Yet for mere decency's sake, seeing that Morley knew, he put in the rider, "If she does not love him in the way of the world now, she will get to do so. Hundreds of girls would give ten years of their life to be in her place."

"That is, doubtless, true," said Morley, quietly, and the conversation went on to other matters, until it so chanced that the beautiful girl, with rage and fury in her heart, came and sat beside him.

He had a pleasantly modulated voice, a voice of cultivation too, and he spoke to her.

"The wind has quite gone down," he said.

"Has it?" she answered. "I have not noticed."

"Yes, it has quite gone down. But it blew hard down at our place last night: I expected some of my chimney-pots down, several times. The Eliza, in the outside tier, broke from her moorings, and has stove the bows of one of the screw colliers; yes, it blew very hard from east, shifting to south-east; are you a sailor at all?"

"I know nothing of the sea."

"Pity, you should. I am half a sailor myself. I should know something about it, for half my work lies among sailors. Have you never been to sea at all, then?"

"I have never left this most utterly abominable spot in all my life."

"Well, I don't want to flatter you," said Morley, "and so I will say that it is intolerably dull. My place is considered almost the very worst and most wretched in London. I am surrounded with sin, crime, and occasionally

fury and murder; but I would sooner be there than here."

"Where do you live then, Mr. Morley?" said Rebecca, becoming interested.

"At Limehouse."

"Is it uglier there than here?"

"Very far uglier. This place is, in all that the eye desires, a paradise to it. If an educated man, like myself, were doomed to live in Limehouse in idleness, he would break his heart."

"You have not broken yours."

"No; I am too busy," he replied, laughing.

"Where is it?" asked Rebecca.

"Down the river. Down where the ships are."

"Where do the ships go to?"

"All parts of the world. You can get on board a ship there, and go anywhere."

"Do any of them go to countries where there are no chapels?"

"Plenty, I am sorry to say."

"Where you can do exactly as you please, and not be called to account for it afterwards?"

"Certainly not. No such ships sail, because there is no country such as you describe. Not in all the countless millions of stars which you see on a frosty night is there any such country. Such ships would have plenty of passengers, though."

"It is a weary world, then," said Rebecca. "Do you believe in the immortality of the soul?"

"Certainly I do."

"Some do not. Is it not so?" asked Rebecca.

"Scarcely any," said Mr. Morley.

"Yet it is such a comfortable doctrine, I should have thought it would be popular. To think, to believe, that death *did* end it all, and that there was to be no more trouble, no more headache, no more anger. It is really not so, then?"

"Assure yourself of that. Ask yourself—Is it conceivable that the *will* which causes you, so mysteriously, by acting on your muscles, to raise your hand to your head—the will which may prompt you to a noble deed, or save you from a shameful fate—can *die*? I could speak at length of these things to you, but there is your father beckoning."

She rose without another word, and went towards her father, who was sitting beside Mr. Hagbut; he moved away and pointed to his seat.

She, however, stood, and Mr. Hagbut, rising, took her right hand between his two fat ones, and looked her in the face with his sweetest smile.

She was deadly pale. There was too much fat covering the nerves of Mr. Hagbut's hand, or he would have felt, surely, the creeping horror in hers. It shrunk so from between his palms that it slid out and fell dead and pale by her side before he had time to speak.

"I was going to ask," said the unconscious nobody, "a little favour of my sweet Christian sister. I was going to ask if I might see her to-morrow morning for half an hour, just to ask one little question, to which I think I shall have a favourable answer. May I come?"

"Oh Lord, yes," gasped Rebecca. "Come to-morrow and let us get it over," and so left the room abruptly.

"She has taken him," said Miss Soper, to Mrs. Russel, as they blundered home together in the fog.

"Lucky girl, of course she has," replied Mrs. Russel.

"He will have trouble with her," said Miss Soper. "I know girls. I've had girls throw themselves out of window before now, and he will have trouble with her."

"Well, if you come to that, Henrietta," said Mrs. Russel, growing confidential in the dark, and in anticipation of the little hot supper which Miss Soper and she were about to partake of together, and blundering up against Miss Soper in her fat walk, "she will have trouble with him. For although he is a Saint, he keeps his saint's temper pretty much in the cupboard; she'll have to manage him, that's what she'll have to do. I know men, and the management of them. I've *had* to manage them."

Mrs. Russel's knowledge of men was confined to two, her husband whom she had managed into death by worry and *delirium tremens*; and her son whom she had managed into enlisting into the 40th regiment, now in New Zealand, from which island he had dutifully written, saying "that now the water was betwixt 'em, he could express his mind more free." Which he proceeded to do.

Morley and Hagbut, walked eastward together through the fog, and Morley was the first to speak.

"Hagbut," he said, "are you going to marry that girl?"

"Assuredly, my brother," said Hagbut.

"Have you thought of what you are doing?" asked Morley.

"Indeed, yes, with prayer," said Hagbut.

"But, see here, Hagbut. You are as shrewd as another. Let us speak as though we were of the world, worldly. Are you not making a great fool of yourself?"

"I think not, brother Morley," answered Hagbut, far too shrewd to give up such advantages as a religious phraseology gave him. "I think, looking at the matter even as one unredeemed and still of this world, that it promises well. The girl is fair to look upon, and she will have a little property."

"But do you think she cares for you?"

"Undoubtedly. No constraint has been put upon her, and she has as good as taken me. Our roads diverge here, dear brother. Good-night."

Omnibus after omnibus passed Mr. Morley, yet somehow he preferred to walk, and set his head steadily for Fenchurch Street, dark as the night was. And as he walked he thought, and thought of one thing only—this approaching marriage. It seemed to him so monstrous a proceeding altogether. If the girl consented it would have been bad enough, but against her will—

Why the girl's beauty alone ought to ensure her a good match, an excellent provision with any one of a dozen young men of her own age; and she had fortune too, he heard; and for the whole of it to be offered up at the shrine of that ugly, windy donkey, with the education of a charity-school boy, and the manners of a boor. How pitiful a case for one so beautiful! And then he went on thinking of her beauty, and pitying her all the way home. Which was not good for the peace of mind of the Rev. Alfred Morley.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH REBECCA LETS HER SENTIMENTS BE KNOWN, NOT ONLY TO HER LOVER, BUT TO THE WORLD IN GENERAL.

AND, alas! for poor Rebecca. She was in a very evil case indeed. She would have cried aloud for help from man, but there was none to help her; as for prayer, religion had been for a long time hateful to her, so that way out of her trouble was denied her.

The phase of anger and scorn in which her soul had stayed so long was gone now she was alone. The reaction from it was a feeling of plaintive, pathetic loneliness, infinitely mournful. This in its turn produced silent tears; they in their turn produced calm, and calm thought.

Thought sadly lame, incoherent, unconnected, but thought still. Here was an evil, to her most real and horrible, to be escaped from. What were her chances alone against the world?

Sheer angry persistent defiance and wrath?

How would that do? Well enough as long as it lasted; but could she depend on it to last for ever? Would they not beat her by sheer perseverance? Hagbut and her father were uncompressible men of strong physical capacity: could they not wear her out? merely *tire* her out? For look at her now; tired out in body by her long effort, as weak as a child, sitting on the floor crying and calling on her dead mother, without even energy to go to bed. A fortnight's fight with her father would reduce her to this state permanently, and they would be able to do as they liked with her. *That* would not do.

Craft, procrastination? No, that would not do with her father. She knew him too well for that. It would only weaken her hand, and the end would be just the same. No, try again, poor Rebecca!

The Roman Catholics! Her face brightened, and her breath came fast as she thought of that. If she ran away to the Roman Catholics, they would take her in for her mother's sake, and shelter her behind their altars. She believed that she had been baptised into their Church; if so, they would know in Cadogan Street, and that would give them a right over her. It seemed for a moment a brilliant idea, but it was soon dulled. The case of Miss T—was fresh then, and she knew that as a minor (she was but nineteen), a policeman had only to trace her, her father to demand her, and she would be brought back a culprit, in a worse case than before.

Evils fairly faced vanish away one half of them into thin air. She had found no solution as yet, yet she felt if she could only go on thinking, that one would come. It made her almost glad in her desperation, when she first got the faith, that she certainly should find a way out of her trouble if she only thought long enough. So that, when some wandering fiend said to her, "If the worst comes to the worst, Putney bridge is close by; and when the tide is ebbing strong there is an undersuck there which gives back nothing alive," she rose, laughed, and shaking out her black sharply curled hair before the glass, looked at her beauty, and said: "Not for him. I will bed in no Thames ouse for such as he."

"Suicide, no!" she said, proudly; and all in a moment, as she said the words, a crude, shapeless idea came rolling into her brain, dazing her, and making her gasp.

Whence came it, this frightful amorphous idea? Was it only the last result of some mental sorites, tangled beyond the possibility of reduction; or was it a direct suggestion

from the unseen powers, in which we all believe in one way or another? It was so shapeless at first that it made her head whirl; but as she, in her desperation, steadily faced it, it crystallised itself, and took form. The form it took was ugly enough, yet it looked beautiful to her beside the hideous fate to which she was to be condemned to-morrow.

Suicide! Why did lost women commit physical suicide? Why did weak, cowardly women gather courage to leap off dizzy places into dark water—off places which they shuddered to look at with their protecting lovers' arms round their waist? What gave them this preternatural courage? Why, they had committed suicide before. They had done that which left them no place in this English world. Done that which made them a loathing and a scorn to father, brother, sister,—to every one, save mother—and she had none. What if she were to pretend to do that which would make it at all events utterly impossible for this horrible old man to marry her. What then? Was there no escape there? There was.

For her father she had no pity whatever. He had brought it on himself, and it would do him good. Her mother had been her only friend, and he had ill-treated her mother. She knew the whole of the old story, partly from memory and partly from cross-examining her foolish sister Caroline. She had no pity for him. He knew well her hatred for this match, and had pitilessly thrust it on. Let him look to himself.

But here came a difficulty. How was she, after she had gained her own object, to rehabilitate herself? What means should she use to prove herself utterly stainless and innocent before the world, whenever it should suit her to do so? She walked up and down an hour thinking over this. Without holding in her hand irrefragable proofs of her own innocence, she would have played her part too well, and would have made it impossible for her, at the proper time, to hurl back the scorn of their miserable little world upon itself. The way out of this difficulty came on her suddenly, like a clear flash of light; and she laughed at her own stupidity in not thinking of it before.

The night wore on, and she packed away her clothes in her drawers, putting a few necessaries in a carpet-bag. She counted out her money—18*l.* odd—more than sufficient for her purpose. Then she sat down and wrote a short letter to her father:—

"SIR,—It has pleased you, in spite of my

frequently-expressed repugnance, to urge on my marriage with Mr. Hagbut.

"As I desire to remain single I have chosen, between two evils, to disgrace myself and my family sooner than contract such a monstrous alliance.

"Your daughter,
"REBECCA."

It was now broad daylight until half-past six. At which time Jim Akin, the costermonger, and Mr. Spicer, the sweep, saw her come out of the door with her carpet-bag, close it behind her, and walk straight away, apparently in the direction of Putney bridge.

"Off at last," said Jim Akin.

"Wonder she hadn't gone afore," said Mr. Spicer. "She's a' stood it a dratted sight longer ner I thought she would. Who's the young man, then?"

"Doubt there ain't nerry one," said Jim Akin. "I aint seen none round."

"She is off to the Catholics, then," said Mr. Spicer. "Her mother was one, and so is my wife. They'll take good care on her."

"I am glad of that," said Jim Akin, the costermonger; "for she is a gallus kindly, good wench. She's got what I call a young 'art, that gal has. She nigh kep my old girl when I was in—in the 'orspital."

Mr. Spicer, possibly from a habit of regarding the world from his early youth out of the tops of chimneys, very early in the morning, when there was little smoke, was a philosopher. This, also, was one of his clean days; he had had his bath overnight, having sent one of his assistants to the "black bed," and was a respectable tradesman instead of a grimy ruffian. He philosophised thus:—

"Gals is much the same as boys is. I've hammered and leathered a boy into a cross flue, and he has choked hisself for spite. I've coaxed another boy into that self-same flue, and he has gone through it like a ferret. That gal has been leathered too much morally. I hope she will do no worse than going to the Catholics. Meanwhile it ain't, neither for you nor for me, to give the office on her."

Mr. Hagbut, coming for his answer at ten o'clock, found a scared household. Turner had not gone to business. He received Mr. Hagbut in the parlour.

Turner's state of mind was fury, nothing short of it. His daughter had utterly disgraced him, and perhaps it was fortunate for her that she was beyond his reach. At work in Turner's mind just then there were all the elements which, boiled in a caldron together, produce a

thorough hell-broth of blind anger. His religion was very precious to him. I cannot say why, for it gave him no comfort, but one sees it every day; and his pet scheme had been to increase his influence in this sect by the marriage of his daughter to their most popular and most *répandu* ministers. It was to him like a marriage with a duke: here his vanity was touched. Again, he prided himself on being master in his own house, and had been defied and beaten. Once again, as a man of the world, he knew that he had been an utter fool in trying to force that beautiful, self-willed daughter of his on this dreadful, crawling old imbecile: here his self-love was touched. Once more, he saw now that he had acted like a fool throughout: and here was the *auctor mali*, the dreadful, unctuous old man, with a head like a bladder of lard, turning his hands over and over before him, and asking how his sweet sister was this bright morning.

Turner, who *was* a man, saw the utter folly of the whole thing in one moment.

"If by your sweet sister you mean my daughter," he said, "she is utterly ruined and lost. She has run away, God knows whither and with whom."

"Our dear sister fled?" said Mr. Hagbut.

A man cannot, however religious, continually sit in law courts without knowing something of the ordinary language of his fellowmen. Mr. Turner was excited and angry, and, in his language at least, fell away from grace.

"I speak plainly. She has run away; and, upon my soul and body, I admire her for it. I wish I could get the wench back again, though. There were worse wenches than she. You and I are two fools, I doubt, Hagbut."

Mr. Hagbut began, "Peradventure——"

"Say perhaps," said Turner, testily.

"Perhaps, then," said Mr. Hagbut, solemnly, "your other daughter is at home, likewise the handmaiden?"

"What do you want with them?"

"Only, in the presence of Christian witnesses, to say that it cannot be with me and your daughter as it was before. The few sheep in the wilderness——"

"What do you mean, man?" said Turner, sternly. "Do you mean that it is all over between you and my daughter?"

"Doubtless," said Mr. Hagbut. "The flock——"

"Hang the flock!" snapped Turner. "Can't you see that my poor girl would not touch you with a pair of tongs; that she would sooner ruin her reputation (and she is a high-spirited girl), than have anything to do with you? Of

course it is all over. We were fools to think of it."

"Doubtless," said Mr. Hagbut.

"Look here, man," said Turner, speaking as the man and the lawyer; "there must be one thing understood about my girl. She has left her father's roof, and I don't know where she is gone. But if you, or any of your good women, dare to say one word against her character, without legal proof, by the living Lord I'll make you sweat for it, or I'm no lawyer! Perhaps I've been wrong with the wench, perhaps I was wrong with her mother; but you mind what I tell you."

So Rebecca had won her first move. She would have laughed had she known it, but she did not. She had taken down a tress of grey hair, and had twisted it in one of her own black curls, and had said: "How long will it be, Elizabeth, before they make my hair as grey as yours with their nonsense?" And old Elizabeth had said: "Well, we shall see the sea at the next station, and I have not seen it for forty years."

That was not a lucky day for Mr. Hagbut. He could not go near anyone without being sympathised with, which was very terrible. Some lamented with him, some piously congratulated him on his escape; while the more influential of his congregation, those who could not be well refused, made him tell them all about it. A jilted man always looks more or less of a fool. The world has always put in force its penalty of contempt against those who are unsuccessful in love or war; and Mr. Hagbut knew that he was undergoing it, and, using his vast powers of looking foolish, he really succeeded in doing so. A most unsuccessful day!

Meanwhile, one thing was certain. Whatever had become of Rebecca, she would be persecuted by no more offers of marriage.

THE MONCRIEFF INVENTION.

THE Moncrieff battery has been so frequently and fully described lately, that a very few words will probably suffice to recall the salient features of this remarkable invention to our readers. It consists of an arrangement for raising and lowering a gun at the moment of firing, and thus exposing it for the least possible time to the enemy's fire. The gun is mounted on an iron carriage, which rests upon a pair of curved rockers, or elevators, and, according to the position of these rockers, the

gun is raised or lowered. At the moment of firing the rockers occupy an almost vertical position, the gun being perched up on one end of them, a height which enables it to fire over the parapet. As its shot is delivered, the force of recoil will drive it backwards, and it will roll back upon the elevators, descending down the inclined plane which forms the hinder part, or legs, as we may say, of the carriage. Thus, directly the shot is delivered, the gun recedes out of sight of the enemy; and is placed in the loading position, a position parallel to that which it occupies at the moment of firing. Here it is held by a self-acting pawle, while the gunners, who, like the gun, are completely protected from horizontal fire, reload. After loading the pawle is released, and the counterweight which is placed underneath the fore part of the rockers, and which is slightly in excess of the weight of the gun, sinks, and in so doing raises the gun once again to the firing position—the rate of ascent being regulated by a friction band.

The gun by this arrangement is placed in what is called protected barbette, and acts exactly as a rifleman acts when firing from behind a parapet or from a rifle pit. The rifleman rises up to deliver his fire and sinks down behind the parapet, or into his pit, to load. So does the gun; only, what the rifleman does by means of his muscles and individual volition, that Captain Moncrieff does for the inanimate gun by the action of recoil and the counterweight.

The public are generally familiar with this invention only in its simplest application of a gun and counterweight. And so much attention has been bestowed upon this application, the success of which, moreover, has been so complete, that there is very great danger lest it should come to be supposed that the whole invention is comprised in this application. This tendency has indeed made itself manifest in more than one of the articles which have appeared upon the subject.

It cannot therefore be superfluous to explain distinctly that the carriage is the means only by which several important ends are sought to be accomplished—and that this particular construction of carriage is but one means among many by which these ends can be obtained. The invention is strictly a system of working or managing artillery—not merely a system of working or managing a big gun. The distinction is an important one, for the first comprises all the tactical considerations which largely influence success; all points connected with the disposition of batteries, the delivery of

simultaneous fire, the working of detached batteries in concert, the construction of forts and defences. Narrow it down to a system for working a big gun, and you have merely an ingenious gun-carriage—one which saves life and money and material, it is true, and has other important advantages, but a gun carriage still,—and you rob the inventor of more than half his due.

Again, we have said, this particular carriage is only one out of many possible applications of the principle. The principle consists in the utilisation of the force of recoil for the performance of certain useful tasks. In the present carriage the duty of this force is limited to bringing the gun under cover and returning it again to the firing position. But obviously the same force may be profitably applied to facilitating loading, by raising the huge shot to the muzzle (and it happens of course that the larger the shot and consequently the greater the need of assistance in lifting it, the more recoil-force will there be available); it may be applied also, if needed, to raising a shield or screen to protect the gun from vertical fire. Finally, in place of the counterweight, any counteracting agency may be employed—as hydraulic force, compressed air, steam, springs, or other mechanical contrivances.

These considerations open out a wide and interesting field of speculation as to the value and possible future of the invention—speculations which become improperly limited directly we look at the invention from the popular point of view, of a mere mechanical arrangement for mounting heavy guns.

But even if we do regard it thus, and, abandoning all speculation, rest content with assured facts, we have every reason to be grateful for the invention. For, if it goes no further than it goes at present, what does it give us? It gives us, first, a cheap and efficient solution of the fortification question. It enables us to use earth parapets, or even to dispense (as in the case of gun-pits or of favourable undulations of ground scarped on their interior slope) with parapets altogether, and thus to get rid of the costly iron shields, or the costlier cupolas,—of the vulnerability, imperfect protection, and restricted lateral range of the embrasure, of whatever material, on the one hand, and of the utterly inadequate protection and manifold disadvantages of the barbette on the other.

Next, it saves a vast sum of money. The saving has been estimated by the inventor at from 4,382*l.* to 16,143*l.* per battery (of one Moncrieff-mounted gun), according to the de-

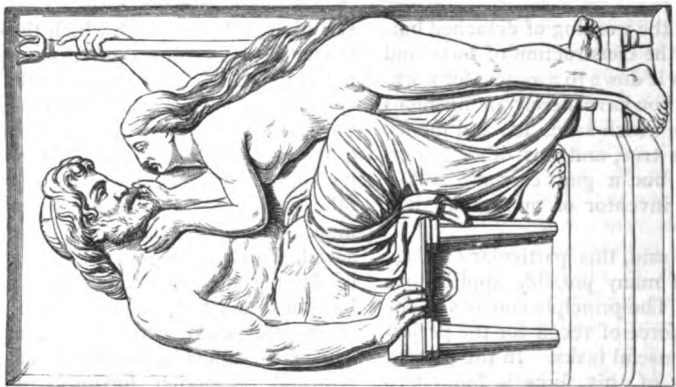
scription of defence with which the comparison is made. It ensures a great saving of life, for not only are the gunners protected under this system as they are protected under no other, unless it should be a cupola or turret; but one gun mounted in this way is actually, as far as its command and power go, equal to three others, mounted in embrasure, or in a casemate,—and two detachments are therefore saved. Further, we obtain the great advantage of having all, or the greater part of our batteries masked, i.e. invisible to attack. There may exist, when the enemy has least reason to expect a resistance of any sort, a powerful Moncrieff fortress,—an absolutely invisible but impregnable fortress, consisting of rifle pits, from each of which would suddenly rise and deliver its fire, a Moncrieff mounted gun; or from behind some peaceful mound, or at uncertain points in a long line of unbroken parapet, would spring up guns, which would strike their blow and retire, leaving no sign of their whereabouts. There are other incidental advantages—as the saving of labour to the gunners, the avoidance of the destructive effects of recoil, the economy which cannot be measured, and which consists in saving a great part of the works which must now be permanent, and for the maintenance of which a garrison is required, works which are subject to inevitable deterioration, which become obsolete as science marches on, to say nothing of their first cost. In place of these works, Moncrieff batteries may be improvised on occasion, if only the carriages be ready constructed and at hand, and the means of running up the earth parapets, or sinking the pits be available. Thus, too, the enemy will no longer have an opportunity of reconnoitering our defences in anticipation of offensive operations, of obtaining, as most military powers do obtain, elaborate plans of each other's fortresses, and of arranging their method of attack, weeks or months, perhaps years, beforehand. It is quite evident, therefore, that taking even the narrowest view of the merits of this invention, it is destined to give the defence an immense advantage over the attack. Nearly all the advantages which it presents are, indeed, on the side of the defence. And this consideration, to a power situated as England is, and with Defence, not defiance, as our motto, should alone suffice to justify all possible exertions being made to develop and mature the invention, and to bring it at the earliest possible opportunity into practical and very general operation.



Thetis comforting Achilles.



Minerva inspiring Achilles.



Thetis entreating Jove.

BAS-RELIEFS, BY T. WOOLNER, FOR THE PEDESTAL OF HIS BUST OF THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

THE EXAGGERATION OF ART.

AMATEUR theatricals are always amusing, and sometimes unintentionally so; but they might also be made a means of instruction, if the public only knew how to set about it. They exhibit the component tissues of the dramatic art in a large and loose form, offering an easy study to the young microscopist (or critic). As a rule, however, amateur theatricals are also private theatricals, and do not therefore come within the sphere of public criticism, so that old and experienced hands at dissection have seldom the chance of leading on the raw student to experiment on the living form. The Belhus dramatic corps, in breaking this rule, and giving a public performance, gave such an opportunity as that we speak of, with this one drawback, that the acting of the Belhusians was a little too good. It was—especially in the case of Mrs. Steele, the authoress of the cleverly-written piece which formed the backbone of the entertainment—too like professional acting, and consequently not so well fitted as most amateur acting for the instruction of unfledged critics. Yet there were points about the performance which may serve to illustrate what we mean to say about the exaggeration of art.

There is a strong tendency abroad at present towards what George Eliot calls coat-and-waistcoat realism; and this tendency appears in the vague floating phrases of the day about "the faithfulness of art," "literal reproduction," and so on. The real issues of the question as to the sphere and method of art are far too large a subject to be even mentioned here; but these catchwords represent a certain current of public opinion which is in itself peculiar. They generally express a belief that the business of art is to reproduce faithfully, and that this aim is reached by an actor's being what he would seem, by an author's describing things literally as they are, by an artist's copying exactly such and such details. This is the common notion of that artistic method which is supposed to produce results "simple," "natural," "with a wonderful resemblance," and all the rest of it.

When these results are reached—that is to say, when the work of art is really capable of convincing people that it is natural, and simple, and good, the artistic method is exactly the reverse. Realism is reached by unreal means; naturalness by artificial aids; simplicity by what may be called the necessary exaggeration of art. •

Take the case of the novelist, whose work is commonly tested by its naturalness. If any novelist were actually to reproduce the conversation he hears around him, the scenes he sees around him, the men and women whom he meets, he would be the laughing-stock of the world. The men and women who are so anxious to have the talk of their domestic circle accurately reported do not seem to be aware what an uncommon amount of nonsense they utter in the course of a day; how dull, and stupid, and absurd, would be their tea-tray remarks; and what pictures of hopeless wretchedness and monotony their lives would represent if faithfully photographed. It is the novelist's business to seize the characteristic features of men and women, their dispositions and talk, their relations and opinions. The novelist squeezes the juice out of their too flabby lives, and then throws the rind away. In fact, novels ought to be human lives with the dull portions cut out. We hear people objecting to Mr. Shirley Brooks' stories because the characters talk too brilliantly. They are impossibly clever. The critics of the drawing-room, arguing from their own case, say that the men and women of modern society do not speak in epigrams. It is true enough. But would they have their speech put down as they speak it? and, if not, where is the line to be drawn? When Mr. Shirley Brooks represents the talk of clever men—and it is a monstrous pity that we do not actually meet such talkers in ordinary life—he must select and arrange his materials; and, considering that we can always have plenty of dullness and to spare, it is surely to be forgiven him that he chooses only the smartness. The most realistic novelist is thus compelled to select; and the selection involves exaggeration. Were there ever men and women seen together who could talk and act so vividly and interestingly as the people in *Vanity Fair*? In what particular shire of England may one come across peasantry of the Adam Bede school, full of colour, and life, and dramatic movement, whose history shapes itself into episodes, whose days are always picturesque and never dry, or meagre, or uninteresting? Yet we know that Mr. Thackeray's and George Eliot's characters are real and true studies of human life; and they appear so to us because they have been artistically produced by a process which includes exaggeration of characteristic points, and also the elimination of points which are not characteristic—another form of exaggeration.

Suppose an actress, who is to represent a

wealthy lady, ostentatiously fond of jewellery, were to wear such rings as such a lady would actually wear, she would wholly fail to convey the notion of vulgar vanity. The rings would be insignificant; they would be subdued by the heightened tone of all the other accessories, into quite modest ornaments. To represent such jewellery, she must exaggerate it; and wear blazing bits of green glass instead of emeralds, and huge lumps of crystal instead of diamonds.

The oddest manifestation of this fact is, the belief which most ladies and gentlemen who act in private possess, that, if they were to appear on the stage, they would really appear to be ladies and gentlemen, mindful of the little courtesies of social life, and quite at ease in drawing-room scenes. They are amused by the stiffness of ordinary actors in such scenes; and picture their own remarkable grace and ease which they know they would exhibit. Now, even granting that any lingering trace of confusion or awkwardness has been quite worn off—that the gentleman-actor is quite at home in his part and in the scene,—that he actually and minutely appears as he would in the drawing-room of his own house, he is almost certain to look like a clown, who does not know what to do with his legs and hands, with the backs of chairs, or with his hat; who maintains a blank expression of face, and does not seem to hear the observations addressed to him. The gentleman *may* be at ease; what is wanted is that he should appear to be at ease. He does not convince the spectators that he is quite at home in the scene; for he has not acquired the requisite dramatic symbols by which alone he might convey the impression. It is not enough that he is so-and-so; it is necessary that he should appear to be so-and-so.

Suppose that in the course of the drama he receives the intelligence of the death of his wife. He endeavours to act as he would act in private life, were he to receive the intelligence. He is so stunned by the blow that he can scarce comprehend it; and stands, vaguely conscious of the misfortune, trying to grasp its meaning. All the emotion is internal. At last, he sits down, and covers his face with his hands. This, on the stage, would be either a burlesque of the situation, or an exhibition of a wooden actor, with no faculty of expression. What the spectators demand is, first, the translation of the emotion into visible action; and, secondly, the exaggeration of that to such a degree as shall produce its proper effect. Call an amateur actress before the curtain, and the audience will be surprised

by her want of gratitude—by the coldness of her look. A professional actress will smile broadly, and the boys in the back of the gallery shall know that she is pleased.

The same holds good through all the arts, which are only, after all, so many vehicles. The painter cannot reproduce sunlight on canvas; but he can exaggerate his shadows to a degree never actually seen in nature, and make sunlight out of the comparison. If the proportions of a statue to be placed on a lofty pedestal were not here and there exaggerated, the hero would become a pantomimic figure, with scarcely any head, and prodigiously prominent lower limbs. The dramatist compresses lives, as the novelist does, and exaggerates the emotions and actions of men, in order to render them intelligible to his audiences.

Only it requires a true artist to know when artistic exaggeration ceases, and coarse extravagance begins. It may seem to some that we have been advocating the use of stage-business—that peculiar set of traditional looks, gestures, and positions which has been elaborated by successive generations of actors. But what is meant by staginess? Merely that the acting of a certain actor misrepresents, or over-represents the position he is in; that he uses worn-out symbols that are big and empty; that his exaggeration is of a false kind, and apparent. The moment the spectator or reader becomes conscious of the exaggeration, the artist is no longer an artist, but a clumsy quack. It is with this artistic heightening of effect as it is with the heightening of colour on an actress's cheek. In order to appear as other women appear (this is said with no double meaning) she must add so much to the colour of her face; and, if it be properly and judiciously done, we do not notice it. We should not fail to remark its absence if it were not there. But so soon as this aid is exaggerated so as to become apparent, it is offensive. "Go away," we say. "You are no pretty milk-maid, but an obviously manufactured imitation." Indeed, it was cruel of the author of *Good for Nothing* to make Nan wash her face on the stage, before all the spectators; for we immediately see, so soon as her face is dried, that she has been sailing "under false colours."

The phrase, being the title of Mrs. Steele's drama, brings us back to the Belhus dramatic corps. Of these, as it seemed to us, Mrs. Steele had most nearly caught the professional tone and colour of acting, while her style was fresh and perfectly free from staginess. She had that abandonment of self, and that power of entering into the peculiarities of her as-

sumed character, which are the joint secret of the dramatic art. Lady Lennard's acting was noteworthy for several reasons. It was full of feeling, and it was evidently pitched upon a preconceived key. There was a certain boldness of intention running through it, which was assisted by a fine voice and a sweet face, but which had occasionally to struggle with ignorance of the technical resources of the professional actor. The effort to do without these was curious; and, considering the circumstances, wonderfully successful. In the parts assumed by Sir Thomas Lennard, Mr. Montagu, and Mr. Arthur a'Beckett, there were traces of the want of that exaggeration of which we speak. Their acting seemed natural, in an unnaturally low key. That it did appear natural at all we must consider as scarcely less than a miracle, if we take into account the fact that these gentlemen were obviously acting as if they were in an ordinarily-sized room. Had one been upon the stage, their acting would probably have appeared remarkably true and appropriate; but from the other side of the footlights, it was clear that the exaggeration of the professional actor was wanting in those stronger passages of the drama, where powerful feelings had to be expressed in outward gesture. Such were the materials out of which the critical public had to spin their theory of the difference between amateur and professional acting. If we could only have a collection of these theories, what an odd psychological curiosity they would form. We should not be surprised to learn that more than one person present fancied that the drama would have had more "reality" had there been more real accessories in it—of the steam-engine, chestnut roasting-stove, and Hansom-cab order. And if any man doubts whether artistic representation should be flavoured by artistic exaggeration (not apparent to the spectator), let him go and see a drama in which a real engine suddenly comes upon the stage. The most imperfect analysis of his sensations at that moment must convince him that artistic reality is not mechanical reproduction, and that it is a hazardous experiment to send up a fire balloon of artistic idealisation, and then prick it with a pin of literalism.

CYRIL'S SUCCESS.

THERE is a piece being played just now at a new theatre, which to our thinking is one of the best comedies on the stage. We mean Mr. Byron's *Cyril's Success*, at the

Globe. The Globe has had its infant nose rudely put out of joint by the flaming, jaunty Gaiety, which started about the same time—whether a week later or earlier we forget; but, anyhow, the Gaiety, with its ordinary Operetta, its gorgeous Extravaganza-cum-ballets, its shining lights in Mr. Alfred Wigan and the electric one that illumines the Strand, has thrown into the shade—the lights have done it—the poor Globe, which has existed, much as its original did, in one of the pre-Adamite periods, when there was nobody in it. Fortune's wheel, however, is now giving the wheel itself and the theatre a turn: and justly.

Cyril's Success is the nearest thing to genuine comedy that we have seen for some time. We said last week that we pitched the standard on high ground, and because there are none to come up to it we do not feel inclined to follow Mr. Sims Reeves' lead in music and lower the pitch. But Mr. Byron does come up to it very often in the course of his—well—say Comedy: * and when he fails to reach that point his dialogue does not fall plump down to a dead level, but is stopped from descending so far by a Farce peg; so that when you are not smiling at a satirical hit, or admiring an epigram, you are heartily laughing at good fun.

Again, the plot is original, not from French or German; therefore, so much more credit to its author. The story may present some improbabilities, more suitable for the region of farce than of comedy; but we must take what we can get and be thankful, without evincing too much curiosity as to ifs, which in the end will, perhaps, balance one another.

At the Globe the scenery is behind the present theatrical age; and to the acting, except that of Mrs. Stephens, Mr. Clarke, and, in parts, of Mr. David Fisher, the author owes literally nothing at all. Look at that Smoking-room at a Club. Is there such a dingy place in London? Is there such an unwashed waiter? If this is *intended*, some allusion should have been made to it by the characters on the stage. If not, then I protest that that waiter should have been dismissed by the chief butler, or washed and dressed by order of the committee.

Mr. Byron has tried to keep up a desultory conversation in different parts of the room. It is well written, and would read capitally. But the actors—and here is Mr. Fisher's mistake—come out with their lines to time, and do not fill up the interval with legitimate business.

* Forty years ago this piece would probably have been called a Farce in so many acts,—like *The Hundred-pound Note*, *Haunted Man*, &c.

Mr. Fisher says a few lines, supposed to be addressed to his friend at the table, and then ceasing, to allow some one else to talk, does not *appear* to continue his conversation to his companion, so as to lead naturally up to his next "aloud," but stares vacantly at the audience. Perhaps there has not been good stage-management here.

Then as to costumes ! What a tailor must that young Lord in the smoking-room have had ! And such straps ! At the Prince of Wales's all the actors are models of modern fashion. The Globe Nobleman will, if allowed to continue in his present dress, become as proverbial as was, some time since, the celebrated Adelphi Guest. There is a young lady who plays a boy's part, that is a boy of about eighteen or nineteen ; but there is no mistaking her sex : and she looks much more like a youth in the burlesque which follows the piece, than she does in *Cyril's Success*. However, girls will be girls, and can't be boys. Mr. Clarke is excellent throughout ; so is Mrs. Stephens. The mode of their reconciliation over cooking a chop in bachelors' lodgings is a good comedy situation, and is the neatest turn in the piece.

ON THE PRESERVATION OF MEAT.

II.

IN the preceding article on this subject we described the chief methods that had been adopted with more or less success for the preservation of the carcases, joints, and boned meat of sheep and oxen from the ravages of decomposition, during a more or less prolonged exposure to a tropical heat. We now proceed to notice the preparations of extracts, essences, &c., of flesh, which are supposed to contain in a very concentrated form most of its nutrient matters.

The tablets of osmazone, brought forward by Thenard, were one of the earliest forms of concentrated food, but they soon fell into oblivion, and were followed, especially in France, with many equally useless preparations, each of which for a short time enjoyed the support of the public. Thirty years ago, or more, two French chemists, Proust and Parmentier, published rules for preparing an extract of flesh, which was to all intents and purposes the same as that subsequently described by Liebig ; and, indeed, as a matter of justice it should be stated that the Munich professor fully recognises the priority of their discovery. At present Liebig's

Extract of Meat throws all corresponding preparations into the shade. It is advertised in every British newspaper (however obscure), as well as in almost every journal, whether medical, scientific, or popular ; and in France, as we learn on the authority of Dr. Fonssagrives (in his *Hygiène alimentaire des Malades*, 1867), "the walls of the towns are at this moment covered with bills advertising, under the name of *Extractum Carnis Liebig*, an extract of flesh prepared in South America," while Dr. de Beaumont (in a memoir in the *Gazette de Lyon* for Nov. 15th, 1868) sarcastically refers to "le bruit et l'autorité" with which "le nouvel et audacieux produit" has made its entry into France.

We learn, moreover, from the last-named physician, that "this new commercial product," as he styles it, has already become a regular article of diet amongst the poorer classes in England—that *pays chronique de la misère*—while his countrymen, with their more refined taste and discriminating judgment, prefer adhering to *le classique pot-au-feu*.

There is no doubt that the earlier exportations of South American extract, to which these writers probably refer, were decidedly inferior to those of the present time ; but we doubt whether, even now, the cattle slaughtered in South America are, generally speaking, in a condition likely to yield a good meat, and consequently good extract. The pasturage of many parts of the Argentine Republic is rank and coarse, and very different from our English grasses ; water in many parts is scarce ; the cattle are often driven long distances to the seat of slaughter, and are killed before they have time to recover themselves. All these circumstances are likely to have a deteriorating effect on the flesh ; and in the opinion of those who from long residence in that country can speak with authority, no really sound wholesome meat will be fit for exportation to Europe, either preserved *en masse* or in extract, till the cattle are domesticated and better kept and fed.

Some idea of the extensive scale on which Liebig's Extract is now being prepared in South America may be formed from the following details.*

An establishment for its preparation has been at work at Fray Bentos, near Buenos Ayres, since 1857. It was sold to an Antwerp company in 1862, and in 1866 it was purchased by the English company who are now working it on an enormous scale, under the superinten-

* We have applied for details regarding Toth's mode of obtaining the Australian Extract, but failed in our application, as we were informed that the process was a secret.

dence of Mr. Giebert, a civil engineer, to whose scientific application of machinery the success of Liebig's idea is due. More or less detailed accounts of the method of obtaining the extract are given in Mr. Ford's report, already referred to, in the *Pharmaceutical Journal* for October and November, 1866; in Mr. Hutchinson's description of a visit to the establishment in March, 1867; and, lastly, in the *Buenos Ayres Standard* of September 3rd, 1868, in which an intelligent observer describes his visit to the works. From his description it appears that a new factory, covering 20,000 square feet, roofed with iron and glass, and having a flooring of Scotch flags, has just been completed. It consists of a large, cool, and very clean entrance-hall, kept somewhat dark, in which the flesh is weighed, and then passed through apertures to the cutting or chopping-hall, in which are four powerful meat-cutters invented by Mr. Giebert, each of which can make mince-meat of 200 bullocks in an hour. The chopped meat is passed into wrought-iron digesters, each of which holds 12,000 lbs. of meat. Nine of these are now at work, and three more are to be put up. In these vessels the whole mass of meat is exposed to the percolation of steam, at a pressure of 75 lbs. to the square inch, for the space of about two hours. The nutritious liquid of the meat and the liquid fat are then conveyed in tubes to the so-called "fat" separators, which remove the fat in the hot state, as, if it were allowed to cool and harden on the surface, decomposition might set in. These fat-separators are in the great down-stairs hall, sixty feet high, and below them is a range of five cast-iron clarifiers, each of which contains 1000 gallons. In these clarifiers, the albumen, fibrin, and phosphate of ammonia and magnesia (commonly known as triple phosphate) are separated; and when this is accomplished, the liquid extract is raised by steam-machinery to two vessels about twenty feet above the clarifiers, and from thence the liquid runs into the evaporators. The evaporation is effected at a low temperature by the production of a vacuum. Several filtering processes now take place, which we need not describe, and then comes the great final evaporation, in what is called "the ready-making hall." Here are placed five "ready-making pans," constructed of steel plates, and containing 100 thin steel discs in each pan. These discs revolve rapidly in a vertical direction in the liquid extract so as to expose to a current of air which is passed through a wooden tube from above, more than two millions of square feet of a thin layer of extract in one minute. This apparatus is due

to the inventive genius of Mr. Giebert. The extract is now withdrawn to large cans and left till the following day, when it is thrown into two large cast-iron tanks, in quantities of 10,000 lbs. at once. Under these tanks is hot water, the heat of which renders the whole mass homogeneous and of a uniform quality.

The oxen, to the number of 400 daily, are instantaneously killed by pithing (division of the spinal cord just below the skull), and dropped into a waggon, which takes them to a place where 150 men are occupied in dressing the carcasses for the factory.

When we further add that the whole establishment is thoroughly rinsed out by water-cocks in all corners every afternoon, and that there is a chemist, Dr. Seekamp, the representative of Liebig, who regularly analyses samples, and under whose charge the chemical operations are placed, it must be obvious that every precaution and care have been taken that human foresight could suggest. But if diseased cattle were by any accident employed, what analytical skill could detect the mysterious poison in the treacly mass?

The necessity for a chemist, one of whose objects should be to secure a uniform result, is obvious from the following statements which we take from Dr. De Beaumont's memoir. Mr. Ford states that 33lbs. of meat yield one pound of extract. M. Payen (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, Dec. 1867) fixes the ratio at forty to one; and Dr. Poggiale agrees with him; Hutchinson fixes it at forty-five to one, and the Paris agent, objecting to M. Payen's ratio, gives it at fifty-seven to one. As Ford and Hutchinson must have obtained their information from headquarters, and the Paris agent must be regarded as speaking with authority, it is obvious that the true equivalent ratio is not fixed. Moreover, Dr. Letheby has made the startling discovery that the specimen of Liebig's extract which he examined yielded on an average 45, and in one instance 49, per cent. of water, and hence the ratio would be reduced to from eighty to ninety to one. Hence, with such samples, when we fancy that we are following Liebig's directions, and are making a soup by adding 10 parts of extract to 1000 of water (or ten grammes to one litre), we are, in reality, adding only 5.5 parts, or little more than half the intended quantity. In the solid extract of good beef-tea, *un bouillon de cuisine*, or *un pot-au-feu ordinaire*, prepared by adding from three-quarters to one pound of meat to one pint and three-quarters of water, the relative numbers represent the ratio of the meat to the extract as thirty to one, which is evidence that beef-tea is considerably

stronger of meat than Liebig's extract at the most favourable estimate.

There is, however, reason to believe that the specimens examined by Dr. Letheby were exceptionally watery. Professor Miller, of King's College, who has most courteously replied to our private inquiries as to the results of his analyses, tells us that the general result of his experiments is that South American extract lost 17·4, and Australian extract 12·17 per cent. of moisture when exposed for six hours to a temperature of 212°. Professor Wanklyn determined the percentage of water in Tooth's Australian extract of beef at 17·7, while in Tooth's extract of mutton (of which we hear comparatively little) it was 24·4. Both of these distinguished chemists agree in the belief that these figures are below the actual truth, in consequence of the difficulty of driving off all the water without effecting a certain amount of decomposition of the substances contained in the extract. No analyses purporting to represent the percentage of the various solid constituents of the extract have been attempted; and some of them occur in such small quantities in the flesh-juice, obtained by extracting finely chopped meat with cold water, by means of straining the mass under considerable pressure, that a quantitative analysis would be impossible. All that Dr. Miller has attempted (besides determining the percentage of water, and the complete solubility of the extract in cold water) is to ascertain the amount of salts left on incineration, and the amount of matter insoluble in alcohol. In South American extract he found 19·7, and in Australian extract 19·0 per cent. of ash. Liebig himself (according to Dr. De Beaumont) fixes the average amount of ash at 25 per cent. The salts are chiefly phosphate of potash, with a little soda and common salt. The matter thrown down in a saturated watery solution of the extract, by the addition of ten times its bulk of alcohol, of specific gravity ·830 (which contains 91 per cent., by volume, of real alcohol), amounted in Professor Miller's experiments, to 28·4 per cent. in South American, and to 19·0 per cent. in Australian extract, and consists of a set of compounds known as creatine,* creatinine, sarcine, xanthine, inosite, lactic and inosic acids, and their salts, salts of certain volatile fatty acids, all of which have been discovered during the last quarter of a century; and certain inorganic

* These names are mainly of Greek origin: thus, creatine and creatinine are derived from *κρεας*, meat; sarcine from *σάρξ*, flesh; inosite and inosic acid from *his*, gen. *kinos*, fibre, the inventor of those words overlooking the existence of the aspirate; while xanthine is from *ξανθος*, yellow; and lactic acid is so called because it is the acid which is found when milk becomes acid.

salts, in which the potassium compounds and phosphoric acid preponderate.

With the exception of creatine, none of these organic substances occurs with flesh-juice or in the extract in sufficient quantity to be determined by the balance,* and their presence is only ascertained by a microscopic examination of their crystals. The amount of creatine varies remarkably in the flesh of different animals, and even in the flesh of the same kind of animal; and for reasons which the reader will soon perceive, we shall go somewhat into details on this subject. In 10,000† parts of beef the creatine varies from 6 to 7; while in horse-flesh it is 7, in ox-heart 14, in pigeon's-flesh 8, and in the flesh of the fowl 32; while in fishes it varies, in the cod from 9·3 to 30·1, in the salmon it is 13, in the turbot and the haddock 15, and in the herring about 17. In one experiment, Dr. Miller tells us that he submitted both the South American and Australian extracts to diffusion‡ for forty-eight hours, and from each a brown crystallisable mass diffused out, amounting to 62·5 and 65·4 in the South American and Australian specimens respectively. Creatine crystals were abundant in both. Now, as creatine is incomparably the most abundant of the soluble organic constituents of the flesh, it is very possible that it is mainly to this ingredient that the extract owes its efficacy; and in that case it would be well for chemists to prepare that substance in an isolated state from some source in which it is more abundant than in beef. The late Professor Gregory,|| who specially studied this subject, states that although poultry yields the largest proportion, it is most cheaply obtained from cod.§ Should it be found that a solution of pure creatine has the stimulating effect of a cup of beef-tea made from Liebig's extract, it will probably be to this source that we must look for our supply; and if to this solution be added a due proportion of phosphate of potash and common salt, we should have a more agreeable drink than we now possess in the solution of the extract, and we should know, what at present we do not, what we were swallowing.

Having thus stated, as far as our imperfect

* The sarcine and xanthine collectively have been estimated by Stadelcr, as amounting to 1·5 parts in 10,000 of beef, and to 2·5 parts in the same quantity of dog's flesh.

† This high number is taken to avoid decimal points.

‡ An account of this recent means of analysis, for which we are indebted to Mr. Graham, the master of the Mint, will be found in any work on chemical analysis published during the last few years. It is termed *Dialysis*, or the *Dialytic Process*.

|| See his *Handbook of Organic Chemistry*, 4th ed., p. 527.
§ This must of course depend on local conditions. When cod is not readily obtained, ox-heart or herrings might yield a cheaper supply.

knowledge permits, what *are* the constituents of the extract, it may be expedient to ascertain what ingredients of flesh *are not* present in it. The two chief flesh-forming elements of food, albumen and fibrin, the heat-yielding element, fat, and the membranous, tendon-forming food, represented in ordinary soup by gelatine, are all absent, besides other substances of less importance, as colouring matter, &c. ; so that the most nourishing components of the flesh are utterly lost ; and it is difficult to believe that the crystallisable substances, such as creatine and creatinine, which are known to be natural products of the disintegration and decomposition of the tissues, and which, like urea, occur in the renal excretion, (by which the *débris* of the muscular and other tissues is eliminated from our bodies,) can serve to build up and construct these very structures from which they arise. That the solution of the extract which contains these substances produces a stimulating restorative feeling is undeniable, and it is probable that the creatine may act much the same as the alkaloid *theine*, which occurs in tea, coffee, mate (or Paraguay tea), &c., namely, in stimulating the nervous system, and possibly checking the too rapid disintegration of the tissues. To make the extract a really serviceable food, we must add to its solution vegetables rich in albuminous matter, as peas or beans, or other substances containing an abundance of nitrogen, as wheaten flour.

Our readers may recollect that a few weeks ago we adverted to Dr. Kemmerich's experiments on Liebig's extract as reported in the *Popular Science Review*. Since then we have read the original article in Pflüger's *Archiv. f. Physiologie*, and we deem it right to state, without reserve, that there is a flaw in his experiments which, in our opinion, renders them perfectly valueless. His conclusions are drawn from observations on rabbits, which are strictly herbivorous animals, without the power of vomiting, and therefore are not applicable to man, who is an omnivorous feeder. When he injected a large dose into the stomach of a dog, whose digestive organs more nearly resemble those of man, the animal very wisely returned it, as any sensible animal would do whose stomach was forcibly over-filled by the agency of an elastic tube, and who had the power of emptying it. Moreover, Dr. Kemmerich's experiments were made, not with Liebig's Extract, but with an extract of horse-flesh prepared by himself.

A new kind of extract of meat has been recently brought into notice by a Lyons che-

mist, named Guichon, and hence it is known as *Musculine-Guichon*. This masculine is obtained from raw flesh, the juicy pulp of which has been long known as possessing a most potent restorative action, and has been much used in the diseases of infancy ; and consists of pure muscular fibrin, freed from all inert matter, as fat, tendons, neurine, fragments of vessels, &c. It is sold in tablets or lozenges, each of which contains seventy-five per cent. of organised matter in a state specially fitted for assimilation, while the remaining twenty-five per cent. is made up of a jelly of cooling fruits, which conceals as far as possible the appearance and taste of the pulp of raw flesh. If the masculine could be prepared in Australia or South America, and, inclosed in air-tight cases or capsules, was found to bear a voyage to England, we should thus be importing a true flesh-making food instead of a mere stimulating restorative. The experiment is at all events well worth trial.

TABLE TALK.

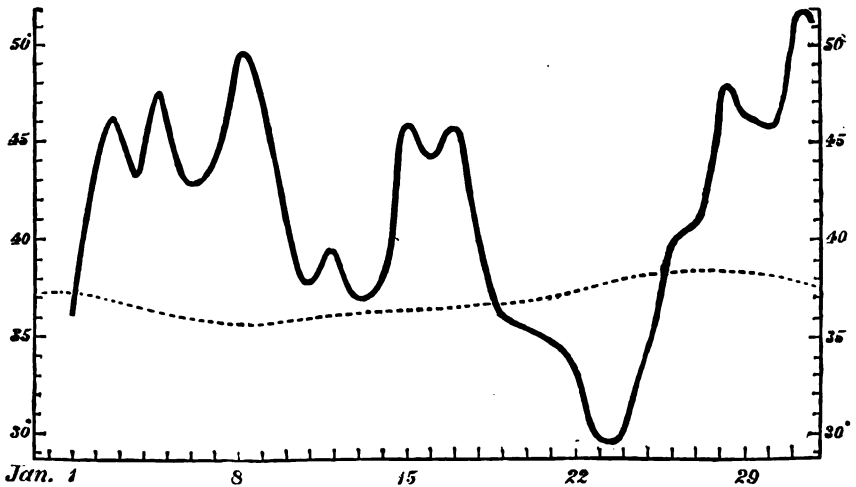
IN a learned and instructive article on Oysters in a late number of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, Mr. J. G. Bertram says "A Prestonpan pandore is a treat of the most exquisite kind." These Pandores—one cannot say "the whiskered" Pandore, though "the bearded Pandore" would be allowable—are still carried round Edinburgh in the creels of the New-haven fishwomen. They are of a large kind, though not equal in dimensions to that in Leech's sketch, where the one street-boy says to the other, "What have you got?" "Hoyster!" "Oh, give us a bit!" They are found near the Saltpan, and brought to Edinburgh from Prestonpan and Cockenzie, and then hawked round the streets to the generic cry, "A Caallerr ow-hoo-oo-oo!" a cry that was made very melodious to certain outsiders at Doncaster, in September, 1861, when the then unknown mare Caller Ou beat the mighty Derby victor Kettledrum. A century ago, it was the fashion in and around the picturesque city that was styled by Ben Jonson "the heart of Scotland, Britain's other eye," and by Tennyson "the gay metropolis of the north," for the bucks and wits of the day to assemble at certain taverns for the express purpose of eating Pandore oysters, and washing them down with strong potations. It is on record how, in the year 1794, when the volunteer movement was as strong as, or even stronger, than it is at the present day, that the Rt. Hon. Henry Dundas,

who was a full private in the Edinburgh regiment (under the colonelship of Charles Hope, Lord President of the Court of Session), could, with chosen companions, enjoy a dinner of "crapit heads and Pandore oysters at Luckie Blackhall's hostelry, on a Saturday, at Newhaven." But a record of these famous oysters has been made by a true poet, though one who is probably now forgotten. This was Robert Fergusson, who was hailed as "the laureate of Edinburgh;" but whose bright promise of a worthy fame was soon overclouded by his dissipated habits, which, with rapid downward steps, consigned him to a lunatic asylum, and then to an early grave, at the age of twenty-three. The stone over his grave in the Canon-gate churchyard was erected to his memory by no less a person than Robert Burns, who, con-

fessedly, took Fergusson as his teacher, and moulded his style upon that of the young poet. In the following verse Robert Fergusson makes mention of the Pandore oysters, and the day on which they were chiefly consumed:—

At Musselb'rough, an' eke Newhaven,
The fisher-wives will get top livin,
When lads gang out on Sunday's even
To treat their Joes,
An' tak' o' fat pandores a prieven
Or mussel-brose.

WE have had plenty of evidence, upon the extraordinary mildness of the season, afforded by abortive fruits, and precocious flowers; but the thermometer is the most reliable witness after all. Its indications give us at once the means of comparing the abnormal, with the



normal, and of ascertaining, whether any strange freak of the clerk of the weather is preceded or not. I take for granted however, that no one would compare columns of figures, showing the temperature of each day of a particular month with the average for the corresponding day, deduced from half a century's observations. So I have put last month's readings, into a graphic form: there is nothing like this plan for showing, at a glance, the relation between the individual numbers of a series. In the diagram, the dots along the bottom, stand for the days of the month; those up the sides, for Fahrenheit degrees of the thermometer. The gently curving dotted line, indicates the mean temperature for each day it passes over; as derived from a fifty years' record, kept at Greenwich: the wild zigzag shews the reading of the instrument, also at

Greenwich, for each day of the month; it is, in effect, the trace that would have been drawn by the top of the mercury, in the thermometer tube, if this had been made to mark its risings and fallings throughout the month upon our paper. Here you see in a moment how the month's temperature departed from the average, and how, when it did get well below, for a few days, it immediately shot up many degrees above again, till at the end of the month, it approximated to the mean for the month of May, which is about 53 degrees. During the early days of February, it remained at this spring height. Of course the weather-wise declare that the like of it all never was felt before; but I find that in January, 1834, there was just such another unseasonable period of warmth. Memoirs in these matters are not to be trusted for a moment.

TO A YOUNG MAN OF THE PERIOD: BY
A PRACTICAL YOUNG LADY.

You need not ask to press my cheek,—
Too cheeky that would be by far;
'Tis useless, sir, to sing each week,
That I'm your own and guiding star.
I know no lane but Drury Lane,
Where we should meet when clocks strike nine;
And what's the use, you stupid goose,
Of calling me your Valentine?

You need not buy a silly sheet
Of tinsell'd note, stuck o'er with doves,
Where idiotic creatures meet
To tell, in trashy verse, their loves.
I'm not a mild, raw schoolgirl now,
To gush with rapture at a line;
So, 'tis no use, you stupid goose,
To send me now a Valentine.

Saint Valentine's a worthless saint
To deal in naught but scrawls and rhymes;
We cannot live on cakes of paint
In these expensive modern times.
Love's offerings now should take a shape
Substantial, solid, sound, and fine;
But 'tis no use, you silly goose,
To post me as your Valentine.

On many things you might expend
Your money, with much better taste;
And, if a pound on me you'd spend,
Don't that same pound on paper waste.
A box of gloves, a scent-case, fan,
A brooch, a bracelet, gems that shine;
There'd be some use, you dear old goose,
In sending such a Valentine!

Think, ere your money you invest
On Cupids, darts, or senseless dove,—
He loveth best who payeth best
For useful presents to his love.
"What present should you send?"—I'm plain.
A plain gold ring is in my line!
There'd be some use, you dear old goose,
In such a solid Valentine.

I HAVE a friend at London-super-Mare, a dear old lady, who keeps a school where young ladies are "finished." The ages of these damsels range from fourteen to eighteen, "sweet sixteen" being the average. Having a confidential chat with my friend during the calm quiet of her last Christmas holidays, I asked her if she was not often troubled by her pupils falling in love. She answered me unreservedly, "I have to contend against no greater difficulty. In a town like this, where we cannot walk in any direction without meeting half-a-dozen boys' schools,—to say nothing of the hundreds of loiterers and *faneurs*, who seem

to think that a girls' boarding-school is fair game for their sport,—it seems altogether impossible to prevent flirtations from arising, and notes and love-tokens being clandestinely exchanged. I spare no pains or arts to guard against and counteract this; but the thing exists, and will continue to exist, so long as girls are sixteen and foolish, and young men and lads are bold and adventurous. My only plan, when I see that the tender passion has been developed, is to crush it in the bud." "What do you do?" "You will smile when I tell you; for my receipt is the antithesis of romance. It is a dose of senna tea." "Senna tea?" "Yes, senna tea. Whenever I perceive—as I very quickly do—that one of my young ladies has fallen (as she fancies) into love, I at once take her in hand. I never hint at anything connected with the tender passion, but I treat her as an invalid who is suffering from impaired digestion. I keep her closely to the house and dose her liberally with senna tea, standing by to see that she drains the dose to the dregs. This plan is always attended with success. Sometimes she gives in after the first few doses; but usually it takes two or three days to complete the cure. I had one obstinate and protracted case that lasted a whole week; but I was firm to my plan, and in the end it succeeded. You may depend upon it, that, as a cure for a school-girl's calf love, there is nothing like senna tea."

WHY do we catch more coughs and colds, during these muggy winters than when we have the full complement of frost and snow? I suspect that the reason is to be sought in the precipitations of atmospheric moisture which come with each change of temperature from cold to warm. These damps are an incurable nuisance; they steam our windows, bedew our housewalls, injure our household gods, and, this is the mischief, permeate our clothes. We leave off a coat for a few hours, and it becomes a sort of wet blanket; we put it on and it dries on our backs to the endangerment of our bronchials, and the production of rheumatisms. It is not quite certain that we don't sleep in damp sheets from this same cause. Airing is most necessary when warm weather follows cold.

I HAVE often wondered why punkah working is done by hand, when a very simple mechanical arrangement would do it much more regularly; my conclusion is, that labour is too cheap to be superseded. But when we hear that one regiment has disbursed more than a

hundred pounds in a year for this work—presumably in hospitals—the necessity for a cheaper machine than a man, becomes evident. Lieut. Turnbull, of the 6th Royals, has devised such a machine : it is simple enough ; a descending weight gives motion to a wheel which turns a fly, and this last is, by a little adaptation, made to fan the punkah with a motion as like as possible to that of the wrist of the human machine. The weight is wound up by hand, so that it is manual power that does the work, after all ; but it is more economically expended in raising the weight, which occupies only a few minutes, than in fanning for several hours ; the total labour may be the same in each case, but the time is the thing saved.

ALL SIDES OF THE RIVER.

By W^{LL}*M M^{RR}'s.

THE MAIDENS.

WE, with distaste, across the water wan,
The broadcloth of our modern lovers scan ;
We each prefer a mediæval man.

THE YOUTHS.

We would not reach you, if we could dry-shod ;
Not one of us would change, for even, his odd ;
The Girl we like not of the Period.

THE MOTHERS.

O daughters ! make your markets while you can,
For bloom soon groweth like the water wan ;
The early bird picks up the marrying man.

THE MAIDENS.

Perhaps, O lovers, if we did our hair
À la Medea, and if our garments were
Draped classically, we should seem more fair.

THE YOUTHS.

By doing this ye would not us befool ;
Medea ! the idea makes our blood run cool,
Besides, of classics we'd enough at school.

THE BOYS.

Come, I say, now, the girls can darn, and hem,
And cook a chop, and clean a meerschau-stem ;
Our sisters take, we are so tired of them.

THE MAIDENS.

Perhaps if ruffs around our necks were tied,
Or you with idiotic stare we eyed
All angles, with our heads upon one side,
In short, the middle age style—

THE WIDOWS.

Suitors ! stay,
We are less far from middle age than they.

THE YOUTHS.

Maidens, we then to you would make our way.

THE MAIDENS.

Cross ye the water wan then, —

MR. SW*NB*RN*.

I demur

To "water wan," it comes too often, sir ;
Write next, as I should, rhyming, "wan water."

THE MAIDENS.

Lovers, we pray you, gaining our consents,
Let us, too, have *our* mediæval bents,
Give us, for cricket-matches, tournaments.

THE WIDOWERS.

We are stout, nor will uncomfortably truss
Our arms and legs, like fowls ; no jousts for us,
In armour we should look ridiculous.

THE FATHERS.

Of money, tournaments would cost a heap ;
Humour your sweethearts, sons, with something
cheap ;
But look to settlements before you leap.

THE YOUTHS.

O maidens ! we in verse will call you queens,
And publicly extol your minds and miens,
Sending our poems to the Magazines.

THE MAIDENS.

Sith of Life's arches bloom hath shortest span,
We will give up our mediæval man,
And meet you half way in the water wan.

THE EDITORS.

Alas ! the maidens have removed their ban,
We, vex'd with verses vile, e'en when they scan,
Shall very soon be as the water wan.

WE have to announce, with not a little regret, that Victor Hugo's story of *L'Homme Qui Rit* is still delayed, and will not appear for at least a fortnight. It was to have been published early in January, but the day of issue has been again and again postponed. The short interval which must elapse before the appearance of this remarkable work is to be filled up, in *Once a Week*, with a story by Henry Kingsley, the first instalment of which appears to-day.

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

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HETTY.

By HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER V.

TWO LITTLE FRIENDS.

LEADER Street, Chelsea, is one of those streets which utterly and entirely belong to the poor. It is a place where you may see the very poor at home in person, and looking at the stalls and shops where they traffic for their daily bread, may guess how hard it is for them to live.

The largest and most frequented shop in one street, was the coal and green-grocery shop, dealing also in potatoes, bundles of firewood, and ginger-beer. The grocer's was a Saturday-night shop, as was also the butcher's. The green-grocer's, however, supplied some littler want, which might arrive at any moment. Half-a-hundred of coals, a bundle of wood, a couple of pounds of potatoes, were things in demand all the week round. Tibbeys were seldom still.

Tibbey himself was a very little man, like an innocent little bird, with a little hop, and a twittering way of serving in his shop that reminded you of a robin or some other soft-billed bird. Mrs. Tibbey was much larger, blonde, stout, and gray, and she looked as though she might have been something of a beauty in her youth; and indeed she was beautiful now, as far as an expression of gentle goodness could make her so.

This couple were perfectly devoted to one another, and were uneasy at the absence of either. In religion they were Primitive Methodists; and they were childless.

Except indeed by adoption, as it were. One child, whom Mrs. Tibbey had nursed, was very near to both their hearts, and always remembered in their prayers night and morning. They had risen from their knees, and almost had her name in their mouths

when the door opened and she stood before them.

Rebecca, ready dressed for travelling. Before they had time to ejaculate, she said, "Libber, dear, I have run away to you." Whereupon Mrs. Tibbey, as a preliminary measure, folded her in her arms.

"And I want my breakfast, please; I am so hungry. Please put some more tea in, Mr. Tibbey, for I shall want a deal, and I hate it weak. And could you let me have the cat? Then I will tell you all about it."

She was as wilful with these good souls as she was at home; but, ah! with what a different wilfulness.

"Yes," she said, as they began bustling about, "I have run right away, Mr. Tibbey. They were going to marry me to Mr. Hagbut."

"My pretty bird," said Mrs. Tibbey, pausing in her preparations, to swell in pigeon-like indignation, and coo out her wrath, "my pretty love, how dared they?"

"Like their impudence, was it not?" replied Rebecca, very anxious not to make the matter look too serious. "Well, you know I was not going to stand *that*,—far from it,—and so I have run away to you, Libber, to make my terms from a distance. And you will lend her to me for three days, won't you Mr. Tibbey, just to take care of me?"

"Miss Rebecca," said the little man, "you may, I think, depend on Elizabeth, as heretofore, always doing what is right. And what is right in this case, my dear young lady, is that she should go with you where you will, so that hereafter the finger—do I use too strong an expression, and give offence?"

"Just what I mean," cried Rebecca.

"Then I will use that strong expression;—that the finger of scorn may never be p'inted. And indeed," continued the good little man, with the ferocious air of that most pugnacious bird the robin, "I should like to see the man who would dare."

What could Rebecca do but kiss him? She did it, however; and Mr. Tibbey toasted a muffin with many ominous shakes of the head,

as though he would say, "I shall have to look some of these folks up some day, if they don't mind their manners."

It was a dingy little parlour enough, (though scrupulously neat,) and smelt of the stock in trade, in addition to the smell which I have smelt elsewhere, but have always, from early association, associated with Leader Street, underlying the whiff of red-herring, cabbage, and coal, with perhaps a whiff of turpentine from the bundles of fire-wood; there was the true, low-London odour of soot and confined humanity. Yet what a free little paradise it was to Rebecca! The inevitable going home was days off in the dim distance as yet. She was free, and with those who loved her; her heart was so light that she could have sung aloud.

These simple, gentle Methodists, primitive in more than their methodism, saw nothing very extraordinary in the step which Rebecca had taken. It seemed to them that she had acted with singular discretion in coming straight to them. Living there as they did, in perfect purity and innocence, with sin and vice and poverty all around them, they were well used to far more terrible things than the mere fact of a young lady, sore-bested by an uncongenial marriage, taking refuge with them. Only one remark did Mrs. Tibbey make on the subject during breakfast.

"Why, my dear soul, your good pa must be mad to think of such a thing! Why, he is sixty!"

"He is very rich," said Mr. Tibbey, blowing a saucer of tea. "He is the richest minister in that communion. He got no less than twenty—five—thousand—pound with his last wife. She was the widdier Ackerman of Cheyne Walk, and he convinced her of sin, and married her."

"Law!" said Mrs. Tibbey, evidently not disinclined to hear more. "That would be a great snare for a minister. Got all her money, did he?"

"Every shilling," said Mr. Tibbey, holding out his cup for some more tea. "It was thought down the river-side way, that her cousin, Mrs. Morley, would have had some of it, for she brought him into the house. But she didn't."

"What Mrs. Morley was that?" asked Rebecca, interested.

"Minister Morley's wife of Lime'us 'ole, my dear. She is dead some years now. Over-worked herself, trapesing round after him among the poor of his communion, as lives round the 'ole, and up Ratcliff 'ighway, and all

along shore there to Wapping. And she died, poor dear. Ah! the folks in their communion say that she was never truly awakened, and fell away from grace to the extent of refusing the ordinances altogether. But he loved her as I love Elizabeth. And she died."

"I know Mr. Morley," said Rebecca, eagerly.

"Then, my dear, you know a man who is as a sweet savour in God's nostrils. He is not of our communion on this earth; but we shall know him in Heaven, and her too, maybe."

"What *was* Mr. Morley?" asked Rebecca.

"A gentleman, my dear."

"I *thought* so," said Rebecca.

"Yes, a gentleman and a scholar," said Mr. Tibbey; "with more of the knowledge of this world, and of science,—falsely so called,—than is good for a true Christian; for the knowledge of this world is vanity."

"I should like to judge for myself about that," thought Rebecca.

"He *were* a doctor, but he got converted, and joined their communion. He was from Cambridge College,—one of the Simonites, I think they call 'em,—but he pitched it all up when he got converted. There is the shop. Now you and Elizabeth see what you are going to do." And so the good man went out to weigh coals.

"Elizabeth," said Rebecca, "we must go from here this morning. Are you afraid to go to Broadstairs?"

"Not in the least. Would, indeed, very much like it."

"Then get ready," was all that Rebecca said; and the good woman departed to do so. The simple woman was entirely at the girl's disposal. She dreaded nothing but sin, and as far as that was concerned, would have trusted her darling anywhere. But she knew also, that as long as she kept by the girl, her fair fame could not be touched; and she went with cheerful recklessness.

It was not long before they had found an omnibus in the King's Road. An hour and a half afterwards, they were whirling along through the chalk pits of Kent, towards the sea. In the evening they were having tea together, at an open window in a little cottage, with the sea gossiping to them at their feet; the Foreland a dim black wall, close on their right, and the white winged ships creeping away to happy lands, where there was no chapel and no Sundays.

So said Rebecca. "It is good for me to be here," she said; "I could stand everything, except that man, if they would let me come here three days in the year. I could live six

months in the recollection, and the next six on the anticipation. Libber, dear, let us run away again next year."

It was pleasant enough by daylight, it was pleasant enough by moonlight; but in the dark, dark morning, when the moon was down, and she awoke in the dark in a strange room, how was it then? Ghastly, horrible! What frightful machinery was this she had put in motion for the temporary destruction of her own good name and her father's? And how was it at that weary, ghostly old house at Walham Green? What were they saying of her? And she must go back to it in three days—a ruined girl. Would she dare do so? or would she die of fright, of sheer terror, as she approached it? There was the horrible old house, and there waited her angry father at the door. She had only taken the sole means to save herself from a fate worse than death; and now, in the darkness, she felt like a murderess and an outcast. What had she done that God should plague her so?

She could lie no longer in her horror. She rose and went to the window. The very blessed sea talked no longer under her windows, but had gone far out on to the sands, and was whispering there. There was no light in the sky, and there was darkness and terror in her soul.

Darkness and terror! The crowning horror in Frankenstein is the closed room where the monster must be. Her crowning horror was the old house at Walham Green to which she must return and meet her father. The men who study a certain kind of wickedness say that what is wanted with women is opportunity. I believe that if the Rev. Mr. Hagbut had been able to take advantage of his opportunity, and had pressed his suit just then, poor Rebecca would have accepted him and thanked him. As she was in the dark, in the strange room, that man, coarse brute as he was, would have been a release from the closed, dull, disgraced house at home, with all its traditions and respectabilities violated in her wildly audacious person.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RETURN.

THESE were night thoughts, how different were those of the day! The sea had come back and was rippling and plashing crisply at her feet. The bright sun was overhead, and a brisk east wind was driving the ships past the downs and down the channel. A pleasant sight. The outward-bound ones,

full-breasted, crowded with canvas, gay; the home-going ones, sailless, melancholy, towed by steamers against the wind; however, one need only look at the outward-bound ones just now, in three days' time one may think of the others.

Many ships went to and fro before Rebecca was tired of looking at them. She got more and more interested in them as time went on, asking all manner of questions about them from the boatmen and others on the beach; simple cockney questions, which puzzled those she asked in her very simplicity; even when her weary head was turned homeward they were still in her mind's eye.

Her despair at going back was so dull that it was nearly painless. "What signifies a little agony more or less?" Here, however, had been three days from which they could not deprive her; they would last her a long time these three days.

She came home about nine o'clock on the Saturday night. Her father opened the door, and she passed in quite silently, and taking off her bonnet, sat down, whereupon her sister Caroline began to cry, which assisted Mr. Turner in opening the conversation.

"You may well cry, my poor child," he began; "you must be worn out with this three days' anxiety, my dear; your sister seems none the worse for her disgraceful escapade."

"I am hungry and I want my supper," was all she said. "You can scold while I eat it. Only make a finish, and end of it as soon as you can."

"Rebecca, where have you been; and what have you been doing?" said her father.

"I am not going to tell you," she replied; "I am not going to say one word."

"Are you aware that Mr. Hagbut's visits have permanently ceased, in consequence of your extraordinary conduct, and that your character is not worth *that*?"

"It was you who drove me to this course by your cruel abetting of that most unnatural marriage. If my mother had been alive, you would not have dared to do it. Have you anything more to say?"

"I have," said Turner, getting thoroughly angry, "your sister's character and position are affected."

"What, old Carry; why what has she been doing?"

"I mean that her position is affected through you. Are you aware that young Mr. Vergril seemed exceedingly likely to pay attention to your sister, and that your behaviour has rendered such a course impossible on the part

of any member of such an exceedingly strict family."

"Give Carry the money you were going to give me, in addition to her own, and he will come fast enough, I'll warrant you. My poor old Carry," she went on kissing her sister, "I hope I have not lost you your sweetheart. They drove me to it, you know."

Carry only introduced an imbecile whimper into her crying, as though she had been playing the organ, and pulled out another stop. The stop would not go in again, and so she arose swiftly and went hysterically up-stairs.

"Poor Carry," said Rebecca, dolefully, "I am very sorry for her; she would have liked the persistent self-inflicted misery of that Vergil family, and would have enjoyed herself thoroughly." So saying, she rose and rang the bell, and when the maid came, ordered supper.

When the maid was gone, Mr. Turner had a few more words to say. "You are carrying matters coolly, Rebecca. But there is one thing I wish you distinctly to understand. The next time you leave my house without my permission, you leave it for good."

"I quite understand that! You drove me out of it, and I went for my own purposes. I shall not go again. Have you anything more to say?"

"Nothing at present."

"This may seem an unpropitious time to say what I am going to say, but I will say it, nevertheless," resumed Rebecca, very quietly and calmly. "Father, I remember something, and I know more. I know that this has always been a miserable and most unhappy house. I know that you and my mother were bitter enemies, instead of being as husband and wife should be. I know that all your recollections of my poor mother are painful, revolting, shocking; and I know that I being like her in person and temper have kept them alive. We have never been friends. Say that it has been my fault. I say that I am tired of it, and wish to be friends; I am sick of this everlasting antagonism of will between us; it has done no good. I have resisted you, but you are as obstinate as ever; you have tried to coerce me, with what success I leave the last three days to tell. Why should this battle—this unnatural battle go on? Cannot you let me love you? Such a little yielding on your part would make a heaven out of this most miserable world. Will you answer?"

Not one word would he answer, except to say, "Have you anything more to advance?"

"Yes. I left here three days ago, a desperate, hardened woman, casting my good

name to the winds, to save myself from a fate worse than death, which you had prepared for me. During those three days I have been lapped in love—a love abundant and never failing, and surrounded by a religion purer and gentler than yours, father; a religion which hopeth all things, and believeth all things. And in spite of my bold bearing and my hard words, I have come back softened and purified. Father, life is not so very long, and we shall, I suppose never part again. If I have said hard and bitter things since I came into the house, will you forgive them me as I forgive what you have said, and let us learn to love one another?"

No. His heart was dumb to it. He had never yielded to the mother, was it likely he would yield to the daughter? He told her in a surly voice to show her repentance and amendment by duty and obedience, and then began his supper, as she did also, feeling obstinate, angry, and humiliated, but also having "a mighty disposition to cry."

She spoke next, hard as iron. "My health will suffer if I am entirely confined to this house, and you would scarcely wish that. May I walk up and down the lane, if I promise not to go out of it? You may set Mrs. Russel and Miss Soper to watch me, if you like; or, if you think it worth having, I will give you my word of honour."

"You may go from one end of the lane to the other, but no further. I'll have no scandals any more. I ain't so rich as some think, but I'm well trusted,—very few dream how much. And my good name is more precious to me than any money. And I've tried to keep it good," he went on in a loud excited manner. "And any other would have made thousands, where I've made hundreds; and no one has ever dragged my name in the dirt except your mother and you. And I served God faithful," he went on, now beginning to weep, poor fellow. "And I tried to keep my name clean: the greatest in the land have said to me, 'Turner, you are not a lawyer you know, you are a friend, we can trust you here, your name is unspotted;' and God has afflicted me like this. First your mother, and then you."

Rebecca's bolder and more generous nature, which indeed was ill-directed, the main cause of her petulance, was thoroughly aroused. She went to him and took both his hands, saying, quickly:

"Father! father! your good name shall not suffer from me. I am as innocent as the day. I can prove my innocence at any moment. Do you think that I have done anything unworthy

of you? Do you think that I did not leave my proofs behind me as clear as noon."

"Proofs! silly girl, yes, but who will believe them? You little know this wretched world and its tongues. Do you think that anything will ever quiet old Russel and old Soper's tongues? You are a fool if you do."

"And who are they?" asked Rebecca, loftily.

"The tongues of the world we live in. The tongues which would turn against me first of all, and ruin me in our religious connection, if anything went wrong. You don't know the world, and are a fool."

"I wish you had been away with me these three days, father; you might have got to despise this little squalid world of ours."

But he remained sulky and silent. Yet in a surly strange manner he took her into his confidence before he went to bed.

"You are a bold courageous girl," he growled. "I needn't ask that, this week's experience shows that."

"I believe that I have good courage, father."

"That's lucky, because your sister Carry is a nervous fool. And you are a light sleeper, too, I know."

"Yes, the slightest thing awakes me."

"Then see if you can make yourself useful. If you hear the very slightest noise in the night you run to my bedroom just as you are, shake me, and pull me out of bed. You will find a light burning. I am apt to be mazed and stupid when first awakened. Are you afraid of fire-arms?"

"I never saw any. I will do what you tell me. I will trust you thoroughly."

He went to a drawer in the sideboard, and came back with a Deane and Adams revolver in his hand.

"See here," he said. "If I am not fairly awake you will find this on the stand by my bed's head. If any man comes into my room before I am ready, take it—so—hold the barrel towards him—so—and keep pulling the trigger back—so. And screech murder, the while. Can you do that?"

"I will try. But why is this? Have you much money in the house?"

"Money and worse."

"Could you not pay it into the banker's?"

"No, I daren't. I know too much. You would not be fool enough to talk of this?"

"Is it likely," she said, smiling. "Will you say good-night?"

"Yes, I will say good-night. But mind, your treatment depends on your behaviour. If you think you are forgiven, you will find yourself mistaken. I'll have obedience."

And so he went. And she began putting away the consumable portions of the banquet, that portion of the family supplies, which by a fiction current in such houses, the little servant is supposed habitually to pick and steal (their little servant would as lief have eaten molten lead). She had put away the cheese, the sugar, the whiskey, and had locked the cupboard. She had got the ham, the loaf, and the lettuce on a tray, and was starting down-stairs to lock them up in the larder away from the cat, who was all the time playing a game combined of cat's cradle, and puss in the corner, between her feet, mewing in a bland whisper, when she drove the tray into her father's chest, and brought him up short.

"Ho!" he said. "Putting the things away. That's right."

The cat at once intertwined herself between his legs and amicably tripped him up.

"Bother the cat!" he exclaimed; "but she reminds me, though. I don't want to make it any duller than I can for you, Rebecca; only I will have order kept. You asked me last year if you might have a dog. And I said, no."

"You did."

"I say yes, now. You can have a dog, if it is a pleasure to you"—

"May I have a large one, or a little one?"

"Any size, but let him be a barker, a tearer, a dog that never sleeps. Silcox has got dogs that would tear the heart's life out of a man, if he bent his black brows at them, and the other day I saw his grandchildren playing at horses with them. Get a dog like that, if you can; but get a barker."

CHAPTER VII.

THE NEW LIFE.

IN the whole history of insurrections I honestly believe that comparatively few are entirely unsuccessful. The position of the insurgent party is, in most instances, after a short time, bettered. The fact is, one would fancy that no government is strong enough to stand many serious insurrections, and therefore, as soon as its stomach or its safety will allow, gives magnanimously what it would be dangerous to refuse to a high-spirited and well-organised minority—like Rebecca.

Her insurrection was not entirely without its fruits. If you come to consider, a daughter, who has shown herself able and willing, under provocation, to absent herself promptly and secretly from home—making you look like a fool, and harassing you with inexorable terrors—is by no means a young lady to be trifled

with. I once, in the range of my own personal experience, knew a young lady of tender years, in a certain school, who had the singular physical power of being very ill under the slightest contradiction; I mean, ill as people are ill off the North Foreland. That child ruled the school, and learnt just what she chose—which was nothing.

Turner was going to have no more escapades in his house. If Rebecca had only known her power, she might have done pretty much as she liked, but she did *not* know it. Her feeling was, that she had utterly overstepped natural bounds, and had been on the whole, for her father, kindly received home. Her feeling about her escapade was one of sheer terror, now that the old manner of life was all around her. It would take a still more dreadful provocation to make her take such a step again.

Women, trained for so many centuries to entire dependence, are not good at a long, steady defiance to association and habit. That they are capable of it, the whole world knows; but if it is forced on them the sustained effort which it costs them makes them coarse, fierce, and unwomanly. This continual effort of defiance will soon make, from habit, a woman's voice hoarse and man-like.

Rebecca happily escaped this. Her father had yielded, grudgingly, indeed, yet still had yielded; more than she had hoped for. Her condition was improved. The heretofore forbidden lane, with all its wonders, was at all events hers now. With fresh healthy vitality, with the curiosity towards the world and its ways of a child in a wood, this lane, with its swarming, dirty population, was as a deeply interesting book to her, which she was eager to read.

She was the first moving in the household on Monday morning: the intervening Sunday she had passed in bed. She roused the maid, and left the others sleeping. When they came down there was breakfast ready, the Bible set by his plate, her father's boots in their place, the newspaper warmed and ready for him, and his rasher of bacon hot in the fender. These facts, being taken by the allied powers as denoting contrition on her part, were received by her father in dumb silence, and by good Carry, who always trumped her father's trick, by a wondering sniff or two.

She did not care. She was to go into the lane, and have a dog of her own. Hagbut was a thing of the past; she would soon win these two over.

The portion of Scripture which Mr. Turner had to read that morning was rather unpro-

pitious to his purpose of twisting a moral out of it to hurl at Rebecca's head. It was the journey of Jonah to Nineveh. He thought that he should have to leave her moral exertation to the prayer, when, stumbling on, he came to the fact that Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, exactly the time which Rebecca had been away. He emphasised this point so strongly, and paused so long, that Carry groaned, and the little maid—aroused suddenly from the orthodox religious coma, into which she always fell on the celebration of any form of worship, public or private,—exclaimed, "Laws a mercy me!"

It was a great, although unforeseen point or hit, this suggested parallel between Jonah and Rebecca; but Mr. Turner was too old a hand not to see that it would not hold water too far. Rebecca thought that he would have twisted it into the prayer; but he knew better. He started from an entirely new basis of operations. "It don't matter," said Rebecca; "I shall catch it somehow." And so, when her father said, "Let us pray," she knelt down, wondering how he was going to do it.

He led up to his theme in the most masterly manner. It was feebly like some Scotch sermons, which one dimly remembers. You know the preacher's theme from his text, and you hear him go away into subjects apparently irrelevant, possibly three vague themes, which seem to have no relation to his text. You sit puzzled, and yet pleased, while he spins his first crude mass of yarn off into a single thread and leaves it. Then he spins you another heap of yarn into a thread; and leaving that, another; and then, taking his three threads, he spins them into a cord, which brings you back to his original proposition, and his text. Then you take out your watch, and find that you have been sitting, with your intellect at its highest power, for one hour or so, and have thought it twenty minutes. A good Scotch sermon is not a thing to be despised. The Scotch are not considered to be devoid of brains, and they like them.

Turner's prayer had no similarity to a good Scotch sermon more than this. Rebecca knew that she would be his theme, and wondered how he would handle it. He handled it well enough for an Englishman. A Scotchman or a French preaching priest would have done it better; but it was creditable in a mere amateur.

Turner began by airing the old question of the permission of evil. The higher power doubtless knew best, he wished that there might be no mistake about *that*; but, at the

same time, he, Turner, did beg and pray the First Cause to reconsider his opinions, and take to governing the universe more in accordance with his, Turner's, ideas than heretofore. He proceeded to offer a singular number of practical suggestions to the First Cause, which he hoped might be practically attended to on the first opportunity. And then he began to draw up to Rebecca, who knelt with her head on one side, wondering what he was going to say.

It was in the thanksgiving part of the prayer that he overthrew and demolished Rebecca, to her great admiration and wonder. She had begun to think that he was going to leave her alone altogether, for she was at a loss to understand how he could have any great thanksgiving to make on her account; but when he began to thank the First Cause for such afflictions as had been sent him, and also for the strength which had been given to him in bearing them, she saw how he was going to do it—and admired.

She wondered much at his ingenuity in attacking her under a form of thanksgiving to the Deity. She wondered still more at the ingenuity of the details; but what she admired most of all was the singular self-complacent egotism which underlay his whole prayer, and which cropped up at every point. She knew of old her father's habit, common enough to men who live in a little world, of talking of himself to other men; but to hear him, while attacking her, point out his manifest excellences to the Deity, and then compare himself to a miserable worm, filled her with pure astonishment. She had never before seen how entirely her father was given to self-worship. Abraham's pleading was reasonable; her father's was utterly unreasonable. When he came to the ultimate point of summing up his utterly blameless life, and thanking Providence for afflicting him with an undutiful and rebellious daughter to keep him from the sin of self-glorification, she was pained and dazed. She wanted to love him; how could she when he was so far from all else that she loved? Her father's religious exercise this morning had by no means a good effect on her. She was angry and sulky when she rose from her knees.

And she had meant to be so good. She left Carry to administer the little cares of domestic life which she, in the warmth of her heart, had prepared. She was silent and angry, and her father congratulated himself on having brought her to a sense of sin. He had brought her to a deep hatred of his form of religion.

She ate her breakfast in silence, but, keeping in mind the admissions of last night, saw that they must be kept before him. Towards the end of breakfast she said,

"I am to have a dog; and I am to walk up and down the lane; that is allowed. I wish that some arrangement might be come to under which I was not to be prayed at by pa before the maid, but that I suppose is hopeless. I can only say that, if it happens again, I shall rise from my knees and walk in the lane. I hate it."

"My dearest Rebecca!" said poor Carry.

"You may well say your dearest Rebecca, you two," said Rebecca, sullenly. "I meant to be as good as gold this morning, and submit, and be cheerful, and all that sort of thing. But I wish it understood that I will not be prayed at by pa, and thanksgivinged for by pa, or by any one else. I may as well state my intentions at once. It is more than probable that very shortly I shall join the communion of the Primitive Methodists."

This was not quite such a dreadful threat to Mr. Turner as it was to Carry. Certainly, Mr. Turner reflected, the poor little Primitives were a low and poor sect, and the secession of one of the members of his household from a sect so rich as his, small though it was, a sect which nearly rivalled the National Church, would be as sad a thing as the secession of an ultra-evangelical in the National Church to Wesleyanism, or the Baptists. Yet, after all, if she did go, it would be one way of accounting for her eccentricity. He put on his boots, and went to business in tolerable humour. If she did not do worse than go to the Primitive Methodists, and if that abominably sleepy policeman would keep his eye on the house for a few months, matters would right themselves.

CHAPTER VIII.

LORD DUCETOY.

THE moment that Turner had shaken the dust of his own house off his feet, the little anxieties of that house were cast in the background, and he was in another world. For, to tell the truth, at this very time Turner's religion, and Turner's domestic troubles, were actually swamped in another great matter,—had become for a time, as it were, relaxations. The man was living two disconnected lives (unless Rebecca could connect them), and the least disagreeable was to him almost a relaxation. This great matter shall develope itself.

On Walham Green he caught the white

Putney omnibus as usual; but not as usual did it drop him at the bottom of Chancery Lane. He got out at Arlington Street, Piccadilly, and made his way quickly to a private house in Duke Street, St. James.

"Is Lord Ducetoy up?" he asked of the quiet-looking servant in black who came to the door.

Lord Ducetoy was up, had finished breakfast, and was ready for Mr. Turner. He was shown up-stairs into Lord Ducetoy's presence, and he looked on him with very great curiosity.

A handsome, well made, young man enough, light in hair, blonde in moustache, with the deep brown of the Western prairies still on his face; standing, with his back against the chimney-piece, and lovingly wiping a gun with his handkerchief.

"How d'ye do, my dear Mr. Turner?" said Lord Ducetoy. "Thanks for coming so promptly, for I am in trouble."

"In trouble, my lord," said Turner, very seriously. "Please tell me how."

"Well, it seems that I have not got any money."

"Your lordship has plenty of money. I can let your lordship have a thousand pounds at this moment."

"Then I wish you would. I wrote a cheque for a hundred pounds on my uncle, Sir Gorham Philpott, yesterday, and they have cashed it certainly. But they have written to me to say, as there is only £37 10s. in their hands, they request, either that more money may be paid in, or that our account may be closed."

"Oh, that is their move, is it?" said Mr. Turner.

"That is their move, my dear Mr. Turner," said Lord Ducetoy. "Rather a disagreeable one for me. You must know, as my uncle's old man of business, that I never expected to come into this earldom, and this money. My uncle's death was utterly unexpected; my cousin's death at Madeira, equally so. I was hammering about in Canada, trying to invest a certain thousand pounds I had, so as to bring me in a living; when I suddenly found myself an earl, with a considerable income. Coming home I find my cheque nearly dishonoured, at my own uncle's, for one hundred pounds. I am a quiet fellow, but must live. I should be glad of some money."

"There is plenty of money," said Turner.

"I should like to see some of it," said Lord Ducetoy.

Turner sat musing and looking at Lord Ducetoy for some little time. At last he said:

"I suppose you know that your estates are rather heavily mortgaged?"

"I have heard as much."

"And that the mortgages are held by Sir Gorham Philpott & Co.?"

Lord Ducetoy had not heard that.

"Do you know that Sir Gorham Philpott & Co. are now Sir Gorham Philpott & Co., Limited?"

Lord Ducetoy laughed, and said, "that he was not aware of the fact; but that their ideas of credit were certainly limited."

"They are, my lord," said Turner. "For limited liability is only another name for unlimited irresponsibility. Do you know nothing of the family jewels, of the family papers?"

"I know that there are great jewels, and cash, and papers. I suppose they are at the banker's."

"My lord, they are nothing of the kind. They are at my house. My lord, the limited bank, long really bankrupt, which has been trading under the name, once respectable, of Sir Gorham Philpott, holds the mortgages on your estates, about the only asset they have. It has not seemed to me expedient to break with them, and bank with another house, lest they should inconveniently foreclose. But I have kept all out of their hands that I could. I as executor under your uncle's will have received the plate, the jewels, the deeds under my own roof; and the responsibility of them is turning me grey."

"Could we not send them to Child's, or to Drummond's?"

"My lord, we owe Philpott's money,—a great deal, I doubt."

"Can we pay it?"

"Yes, we can pay it. But their name is—and when the smash comes, we must take our chance with the others. I don't want our jewels and plate to be put into their bankruptcy."

"Then keep them where they are," said Lord Ducetoy. "I can trust you." And he whistled as he rubbed his gun, and said laughing: "Well, I suppose now I have got money, I shall never be happy again. There is one thing I wish to say, in our prairie way, Mr. Turner. My mother says, that I can trust you through thick and thin; and so I mean to, for *she* never was wrong in her life. So if you find it possible, I should like to make our relations as friendly as possible. There is, by the way, a touch of New England in that, because I can't do without you. I don't mean that we are to rush into one another's arms, but if we try we may get friendly in time, I don't think it will

take long." Here he got very red. "I only just remember my cousin. I hope to know her husband better. Will you dine with my mother and me to-day?"

Turner went up to him, and taking his hand, looked him frankly in the face, said, "Did she ask me?"

Lord Ducetoy nodded.

"Then tell her *No*. It is best all over and done with. Tell her also, that the trouble we thought past has begun again in my daughter. Good-bye. You may trust me."

FLASHING MUSIC BY LIGHTNING.

THE playing of a church organ by electricity is not the least strange among the many strange things in this strange world. What does it mean? Quite pardonable is the astonishment felt at such an achievement; and the unlearned public might well be pardoned even if a little incredulity mixed itself up with the astonishment. For how can electricity, or home-made lightning (as we may perhaps term it), know anything concerning flats and sharps, crotchets and quavers, staves and clefs, adagios and allegrettos? The truth is, we must come down to something mechanical, after all. The Atlantic Cable does not talk, it only conveys an impulse to a small but delicate piece of mechanism at the other end, from another delicate piece of mechanism at the hither end; the mechanism does the talking, or the signalling which acts in lieu of talk. So in the electric organ, electricity does not play the psalm, hymn, anthem, a well-instructed organist, a skilful musician, does this; electricity is merely the messenger to convey his wishes to the pipes, and bid them speak.

Let us see what is really done, and how it is done. A large organ is a complex as well as a noble instrument; but its characteristic features may, perhaps, be made clear. There is a profusion of pipes set upright, some of metal and others of wood, some circular in section and others square, some closed at one end and others plugged, and all provided with something to act as a vibrating tongue or reed. The lower end of each pipe is somewhat pointed or conical; and the ends of all are connected with a wind-chest through which a blast of air can be sent. In a small organ, belonging to a small church or chapel, we can often see the redoubtable organ-blower working a pair of rough bellows, and we know, traditionally, that the said blower sometimes deems himself as important a personage as

the organist himself. However complex may be the mechanism in exceptionally large organs by which pneumatic, hydraulic, or even steam-power, is brought to bear upon the bellows, the purpose in view is just the same—to send a blast of air through the pipes. But if this were always going on, so long as the bellows are at work, there would be a pretty hullabaloo, all the pipes would sound at once, producing such a concatenation of discords as no ear could withstand. Here it is that the organist comes to the rescue. The white and black keys, on which the fingers press, and the pedals on which the feet press, are connected with the pipes by a good deal of intricate mechanism. The organist, by pressing on certain keys and pedals, can determine—not whether there shall be a supply of wind—but whether the wind shall gain access to particular pipes at a particular instant. The organ-blower provides a windy feast; the organist settles which pipes shall enjoy the feast, and in what order they shall follow one another in so doing. As to all the multitudinous sections of space and bits of mechanism—sound board, action, pallets, springs, tables, stops, drawstops, sliders, backfalls, levers, squares, rollers, trackers, stickers, trundles, couplers, valves, links, packing, topboards—let us pass them over; we need only remember that mechanism sends a message from the keys to the pipes, telling them when to speak.

Well, in the electric organ, this message is conveyed by electricity, not by mechanism; or, rather, electricity may be employed to convey it to a distance far beyond anything practicable by mere mechanism. It arose in this wise. Some thirty or forty years ago, Mr. Barker, an organ-builder, invented an apparatus called the pneumatic machine, to facilitate the access of wind to the pipes, and to lessen the muscular labour required of the organist. In the fuller development of this principle, in later years, the inventor found his operations impeded by the great multiplicity of separate bits of wood and metal employed, and the influence upon them of changes in the weather. In dry weather the mechanism did not work quite in the same way as in damp, nor in hot weather the same as in cold. He bethought him that, as electricity achieves such wonders in conveying messages through a wire or a cable, he might as well try its power in conveying messages from the organist to the organ-pipes. He did so. Mr. Barker patented an invention for this purpose about five years ago.

The first important application of it was to

an organ for St. Augustin's Church at Paris, and three other organs in France have been similarly provided, at Salon, Montrouge, and St. François de Xavier. In this, as in other instances, however, the brain that worked out the idea to completeness was not the brain that first conceived it. The following curious bit we take from the *Orchestra*, a periodical conversant with musical matters generally :—

"The using of electricity as a motive power in organ-building, was first mooted about twenty years ago by Dr. Gauntlett, who, at the time of the Great Exhibition of 1851, proposed a scheme for playing all the organs in the place at one and the same time. The plan met with great opposition, and nothing was done ; but on the announcement of the Crystal Palace Company, Dr. Gauntlett met the Provisional Committee, and proposed the erection of fac-similes of the eight most celebrated organs in Europe, and playing them altogether or separately in the centre of the building. The original prospectus of the Company put forth the exhibition as one of still life, and one which might be grasped in one view. All such exhibitions fail unless accompanied with music, and Dr. Gauntlett's proposition was to supply the place with a continual stream of music at an outlay much less than that for the maintenance of an orchestra. Two gentlemen of the committee met the proposition with a decided negative. 'You will never,' said Mr. * * * *, 'hear a note of music at the Crystal Palace ; the Exhibition is intended for far higher purposes. We do not want music, and we shall never have it.' And, thereupon, Dr. Gauntlett departed, but not without telling the committee that without music the whole affair would become bankrupt." The name of the director need not be given here, it is never pleasant to be a false prophet, and the Handel Festivals, School Choirs, Sol-fa Meetings, Opera Concerts, Saturday Concerts, Brass Band Competitions, Orpheonic Concerts, Great Fountain Music, Freework Music, Foresters' Bands, Odd Fellows' Bands—all teach us how unsafe a prophecy it was that music would never be heard at the Crystal Palace."

How the connection between electricity and the organ is really brought about, depends on the arrangement of certain batteries and magnets. Dr. Gauntlett also patented his invention for this purpose in the interval between the removal of the Hyde Park Exhibition building, and the erection of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, it had an arrangement of electromagnets and a galvanic battery, applicable to church organs, barrel organs, harmoniums,

and seraphines ; but it does not appear that any organ-builder or instrument-maker has yet tried this system practically. Another plan was patented about six years ago by Mr. Goundry, for effecting the same result by somewhat different means ; but this also has been left untested in practice. The electric organ, now engaging a share of public attention, is based upon Mr. Barker's plan. Any English organ-builder can adopt it by licence from the patentee. Mr. Bryceson (who has recently read a paper on this subject) tells us that what he saw of Barker's Electric Organ at Paris, during the year of the last great Exhibition in that city, determined him to build one on the same principle. And he has since carried out his determination.

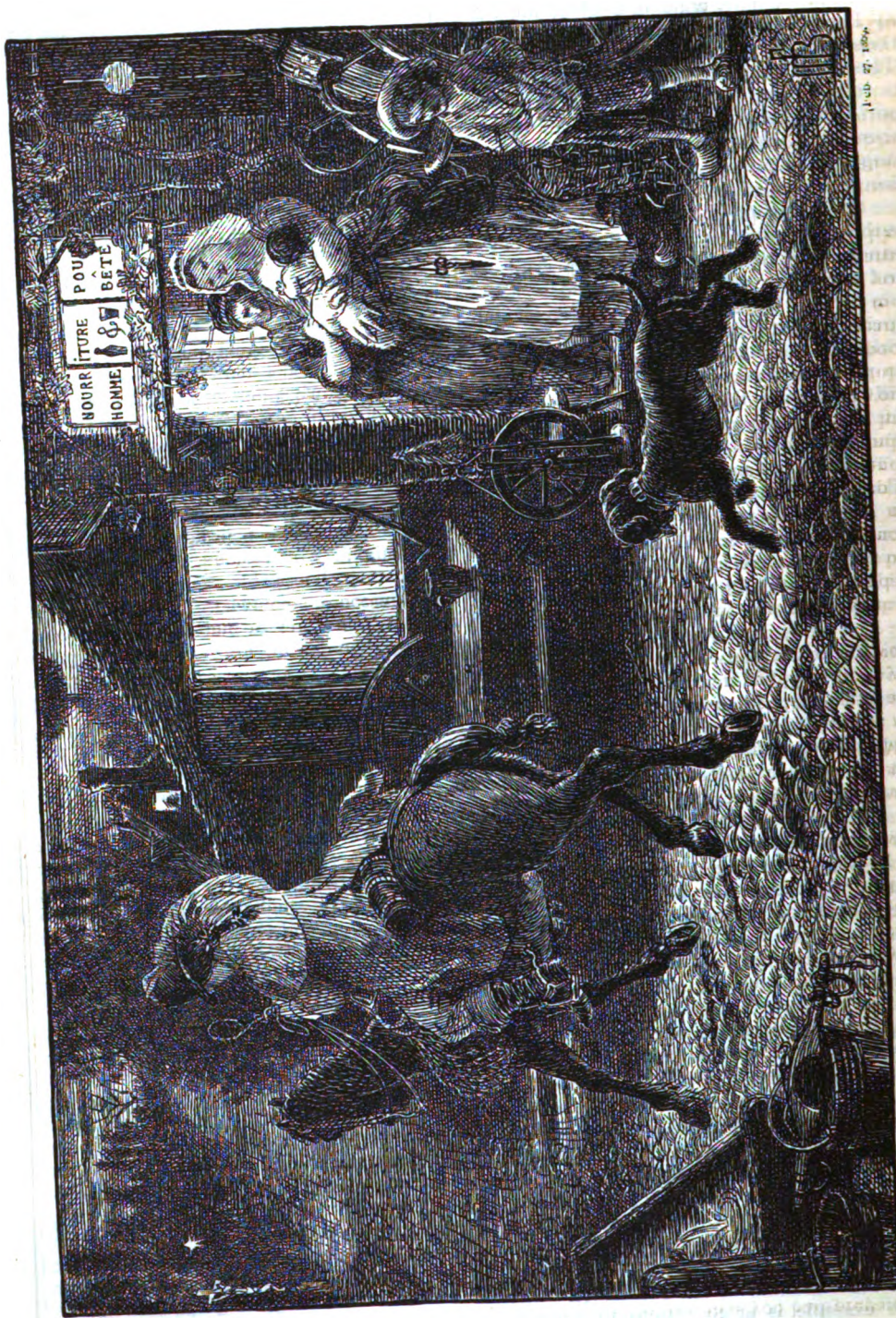
There is a carsole, in size and appearance much like a modern harmonium, quite detached from the pipes and general mechanism of the organ. This carsole contains the keyboard or keyboards, a rocking-lever beneath each and every key, and a copper point to each rocking-lever. Whenever a key is played or pressed down, this copper point dips into a cell of mercury, and thus becomes part of an electric conductor ; and there are copper springs and other bits which, in like manner, bring the drawstops into electric communication. The surprising part of the matter, is that the organ itself may be placed at almost any distance from, and in almost any position relative to, the carsole. The organist sits at the latter, playing on the keys and pedals in the usual way ; without a thought how far distant the real organ, with all its mechanism, may be. Powerful west-gallery organs may be played from the east-end of the church, close to the choir. In Roman Catholic churches an altar organ, to accompany the priests, can be similarly played from the west-gallery organ ; and thus one organist may be enabled to do the work usually performed by two. This result is brought about by the wonderful, mysterious aid of electricity. There is an electric cable—really and truly an electric cable—extending from the carsole to the organ. This cable contains a number of copper wires, all separately insulated by silk, gutta-percha, or other means. There may be many more than a hundred such wires, for there is one to each key, and several for stops, &c. A cable, little more than an inch thick, contains a hundred and twenty of them, in some specimens which have been produced ; and the cable in its entirety is sufficiently pliable to permit of its being carried to almost any part of a church or large building.

The first electric organ in England was used at Drury Lane Theatre last summer, at the time when the opera company of Her Majesty's Theatre, driven from their proper home by the burning of their house in the Haymarket, were performing there. It was placed behind the scenery, on what is called the O P side of the stage. The carsole, with its keyboard, was in the orchestra, where the organist could easily see the conductor, and be guided by his *baton*, in the same manner as any other member of the band. The distance between the keyboard and the organ was, in this instance, about fifty feet. Those who remember certain operas by Meyerbeer, Donizetti, and Verdi, in which the sounds of an organ have much to do with the musical effect of certain scenes, will understand the importance of the conductor and the organist sitting near each other.

The second specimen in England, built (like the first) by Messrs. Bryceson, was set up last autumn at the Polytechnic Institution in Regent Street. Thousands of visitors have there marvelled how the thin vertical cable could possibly talk sweet music : and if they had seen the battery arrangements near the keys on the floor of the hall, and the magnetic arrangement near the pipes in a room above, they would not have been much the wiser, for electro-magnetic apparatus cannot be understood except by very considerable study. It was a *bona fide* affair ; the keyboard was visible to the audience, the organ was in a room above, and the cable *did* convey the mysterious impulse from the keys to the pipes. We express this in the past tense, lest the organ should have been removed before the present page reaches the hands of the reader. The third English electric organ is at Christ Church, Camberwell. Only organists will know what is meant on being told that the organ contains "two manuals, an independent pedal organ, twenty sounding-stops, and five couplers ;" but all will be able to comprehend pretty clearly its position in the church. It stands above the vestry, in a chamber on the south side of the chancel, whereas the carsole is on the opposite side, among the choir-seats. About fifty-five feet of cable connects the one with the other, running through an earthenware pipe or tube prepared for it beneath the tessellated pavement of the chancel. This organ, before being set up in the church for which it was intended, was tested at the Gloucester Musical Festival last September. The fourth example is at St. Michael's Church, Cornhill, where the fine old organ has recently

been reconstructed, and the electric action applied to it. The organ and the carsole now stand on opposite sides of the chancel, thirty feet apart, so as to have the choir between the organist and the organ. The cable in this instance contains no less than three hundred and thirty-six insulated copper wires ; and yet the diameter does not exceed an inch and a quarter ; as in the last case, it is carried horizontally in a tube beneath the floor of the chancel. Other electric organs, finished, or nearly finished, are destined for St. George's, Tufnell Park, St. Augustine's, Highbury, and the Opera House now being rebuilt in the Haymarket. The great point seems to be, among the lovers of high-class organ music, to determine in what part of a large church the organ should be placed in order to produce the finest effects. Mr. Bryceson says, "There is little doubt that the old west end, or the screen positions are, after all, the finest and most central for allowing the waves of sound to traverse the whole building with the least obstruction."

This very remarkable system is advocated for adoption chiefly where the organ is of large size, or where the position assigned to it places the organist at an awkward distance from the choir. So far as the electric action itself is concerned, the organ might be placed at almost any distance from the keyboard, and with almost any number of angles and corners between them. "It is far from impossible to put a key-action under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, by which all the organs in London and its suburbs can be played at once ; and if the clergy could be brought to celebrate the service in one time, so that all the singing could be made to begin together, and one set of tunes could be found to satisfy all tastes, then the one organist in St. Paul's Cathedral would be fully sufficient for the Sunday psalmodic power of all London." A curious idea, certainly, but only intended to illustrate the possibilities of the system. And before we laugh at the notion, we must recollect that something analogous to this is really effected in electric clocks, where one central clock will keep going almost any number of subordinate clocks at almost any distances. The irrepressible bellows-blower, it appears, is still indispensable. On a certain occasion, one of the few electric organs yet constructed refused to speak, the pipes refused to respond to the keys ; the cable was accused of being naughty ; but it was found on investigation that *the bellows-blower was fast asleep !*



THE TRAVELLER.—By Ford Madox Brown.

THE ROMANCE OF RAILWAY-STATIONS.

RAILWAYS and railway-stations have been very hardly entreated by our poets and romancists. Perhaps the fact that our men of letters have but a slight acquaintance with railway-scrip may have something to do with the unjust persecution which the railway has suffered at their hands. At all events, they have never ceased to pour contempt and abuse on this ruthless destroyer of the picturesque, this slaughterer of rural innocence, this enemy of the poetry of life. Railways are supposed to have some occult influence upon, or connection with, the growing materialism of the day. The roaring engine has frightened the fauns and dryads from our English woods; and the gentle fays that used to ring convolvulus-bells by the side of the river, at the dead of night, in the white glamour of the moon, have been sent across the seas by the perpetual and cruel passing of goods-waggon. Love *was* possible in the old stage-coach days. Then "a day's ride" might become a "life's romance." Then maidens were modest, and men had faith, and there were May-poles abroad, and the world was young. But these things are gone; they have made a sign-post of the May-pole; they have broken down the wishing-gate to make way for the new embankment. If you wish to see merry village-lasses dancing on the green you have to go to the Alhambra. For the demon of realism is triumphant; and the tender sleight-of-hand of the poet no longer deceives us.

The worst of it is that ordinary people, who ought to know better, who are quite aware of the fact that some of the most tragic moments of their life, never to be forgotten, have been spent in railway stations, perpetuate this silly hue-and cry. They know that in these railway-stations they have experienced emotions such as no poet ever uttered; that amid the din of porters' trucks, and the bustle of excited passengers they have stood entranced and isolated, perhaps overcome by the sudden shock of meeting a glad pair of eyes; perhaps unconscious of everything but the unspeakable bitterness of bidding a last farewell. Then the shriek of the railway-whistle—which is constantly personified as the very type of cold and cruel matter-of-factism—has sounded like the breaking of a heart; and the moving away of the train out of the station has seemed like the destroyal of the old world, with never a new one to take its place. And for years

and years afterwards the echo of that prosaic whistle will ring in their ears, and bring with it the cruellest remembrances; and the mere sight of a train passing out of a station will bring back the old sickening feeling of emptiness and desolation, and the piteous, despairing look along the narrowing lines, after that little white handkerchief which waves from the window. Such scenes never leave a man. They remain with him and become part of his being. It may be that a great grief leaves a scar on the mind, and renders the part less sensitive for the future. But the memory of the first sensation is never dulled; and many a day afterwards, when surrounded by kindly circumstances and kindly faces, the old pain will begin to throb again, the old wound will reopen, and all the intervening time be useless to lessen the smart.

But if railway stations witness much of the sadness and tragic positions in modern life, they also are graced by much of its happiness. Indeed they are directly provocative of both. The innocent manner in which a railway-station will precipitate that joyous catastrophe in a man's life when he wins a bride for himself is quite marked in its way. Two young people who have been amusing themselves for some time in the country—revealing nothing to each other except through the profound caution with which they prevent the revelation of anything to anybody else—get into a railway-station; one is going by the train; the other remains behind.

Hæc. I suppose I shan't see you for a long time?

Ille. I fear not.

Hæc (in the most artless manner). It will be so dull at home.

Ille (rather anxiously). If you would care to see me, I could soon find means of seeing you.

Hæc (very timidly; the eyes cast down; the voice low). I should like to see you.

Ille (in a profound, and yet bold whisper). My dearest—

Guard. Take your seats, please!

There is the crisis of a drama in a dozen lines. In the whole future course of these two young creatures' lives it is improbable that any moment will surpass in swift, intense, inexplicable happiness that instant in which their eyes then met. Is it possible that any description of lovers meeting at the wishing gate will ever touch them more keenly than the remembrance of that brief second in a railway station? And yet, ten to one that both these estimable persons will chime in with the common cry, and regret the prosaic

aspects of modern life, and endeavour to become sympathetic with the wishing-gate period. Now, the wishing-gate, it is true, has this advantage. Memory idealizes prodigiously. When you think of the tender associations connected with the wishing-gate, you inevitably think of a beautiful country-girl, going coyly and bashfully to breathe her secret to the listening evening wind. When you think of the dancing round the May-pole, all the village-lasses are comely and cheerful. You cannot think of an ugly girl at the wishing-gate. In those bygone times *all* maidens were lovely. And yet it seems probable, laying imaginative pictures aside, that the rustic Molls and Salls of that day were no more graceful or beautiful than those of our own day, and that they were not half so neatly dressed. The wishing-gate gets the credit of all the lovely faces of country girls which we see in pictures; the railway-station gets the discredit of all the commonplace faces which we see there in ordinary life. But the one is as poetical as the other; for love is not born of blue skies and trembling leaves and level sunsets. Perhaps the romance of life becomes all the more tender and touching when it enkindles and illumines commonplace accessories.

Doubtless the old stage-coach days were more picturesque; and, in a certain sense, there was more of the wonderful and unexpected about them than in these present times. In this particular age of the world we are the prey of calculation; and a journey, from friends or to friends, becomes a matter of so many minutes with the most recent appliances for our comfort by our side. There were more incidents in the old days. You did not know to a nicety every minute particular that was about to happen. Even now, you may get a glimpse of that old life in taking a long journey by diligence in France or Germany. In the heart of some Breton village the great, lumbering caravan is being got ready at dead of night. Lamps are gleaming, the conductor settling questions of earnest-money with the office-keeper, the driver looking after the piling of the luggage up on the roof where two or three soldiers are going to sleep; and down in the dusk of the court-yard muffled figures, shivering in the cold, are bidding each other farewell. Perhaps a bridal-party is going off.

"Adieu, mère!" murmurs the girl, as the driver cracks his mighty whip; and, with the first rumble of the wheels, there is a concealed sobbing in the dark *couplé*, with a plaintive wail of adieu outside.

Or it is a brisk little *Eilwagen*, with yellow

and black panels, which is about to be driven away through the hill-gorges, onward to the station.

"Leb' wohl!" sighs the poor Gretchen to her lover, catching him by the hand, "und denke an mir!"

To these simple souls such a parting is a dividing of the old life from the new. In this country, among our fresh and vivid scientific associations, America is distant from us only the length of a holiday-tour; Jamaica is considered only through the medium of what cabin-accommodation there may be in the proposed vessel; and Hong Kong represents something about which a book may be written. But not the less does all the poetry of our modern life cling about these mechanical arrangements. Journeys may be denuded of their mystery; but they cannot be robbed of the sadness of parting. And so it happens that our poets describe the sadness of an exploded state of affairs. They dare not treat of railways, except as something to be deplored. They dare not pitch a love-scene in a Hansom cab—although many a tender reminiscence haunts that useful vehicle. They dare not suppose that a man who could so far forget himself as to ride on the top of an omnibus has any romance in his nature. Nevertheless, it is the men who travel by bus, rail, and cab, who read poetry; and what do they find there? An unreal atmosphere, in which unreal people do unreal things. There is this to be said, however: when any great modern poet dismisses all accessories and speaks only of the mental emotions, he is true to modern life—and then only. May we look to this circumstance for an explanation of the obvious fact that the finest modern poetry either is wholly subjective, or endeavours to revive ancient customs? A poem of action has not been written about the nineteenth century.

And yet, if we could only get a poet to take up the poetry that lies about our doors! The tragedies of common life that surround us; the infinite beauties and sweetnesses of that very commonplace existence which swarms in trains and omnibuses! "God made the country, and man made the town." But God made man so that man had to make towns; and in course of time it has come about that towns make men, and the town-made men are the especial owners of that very excess of sensitiveness out of which poetry is born. Why, it was town-made poets who first discovered the beauty of the country. It was an extreme civilisation that first bethought itself, for amuse-

ment's sake, of idealising the dull conditions of country life and gracing them with the sympathetic appreciation of a town-bred intellect. It is time that the insensate protest against the prosaic tendencies of modern improvement were abandoned. The heart of man is not changed by the utilisation of steam. The old loves and hates exist now as fiercely as they did in the days of Homer. So long as woman is beautiful, and man is blessed with vision, so long will there be despair, and unutterable joy, and the desolation of grief. So long as there are men and woman, the old friendships, and rivalries, and jealousies, with all their attendant passions, will exist; and so long as these exist, the material for tragedy, and drama, and poem will be thickly scattered around us. It is not fitting that our poets should isolate themselves from the times in which they live. Religions change to suit material and æsthetic progress; so must poetry, if it wish to be treasured in the heart of the people. What they desire is to have their own intense, and to them unspeakable emotions translated into musical words. And that will never be done for them until our modern poets are impressed with the awe and the mystery which surround the most common-place life in these common-place and mechanical times.

A GAME OF CHAFF.

IN *Once a Year* Professor Gedge, President of the Firwood Academia, proposed the following questions, to which answers were invited from all quarters. From all quarters they have come, and it now becomes the secretary's pleasing duty to publish such answers as the Professor, adding thereto his own comments, has selected out of the voluminous correspondence.

The questions were:—

I. The capability for whistling is, in general, masculine, not feminine. How would you account for this?

II. If you wanted to prove to your husband your love for him, how would you do it?

III. If you wanted to prove to your wife your love for her, how would you do it?

Answers to question I, with the Professor's comments.

Answer I.—Arrived in a book-post packet on which the secretary had to pay 8d. The signature was BREVITY IS THE SOUL OF WIT, and the answer occupied forty-two sheets of foolscap. The last sentence contained an

apology for not having exhausted the subject. Looking upon myself as the subject, the apology was quite unnecessary, as I only read the first and last five lines, which were quite sufficient to convince me that there wasn't a word about whistling in the treatise from beginning to end.

(*Secretary's note.*) Such packets will not be taken in again: nor will the secretary either, for the matter of that. So answer the first may be dismissed with a reprimand as no answer at all. Before giving the legitimate answers, it will be as well to announce that about forty correspondents (more or less) give *Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad*, as a satisfactory answer to the first question.

These correspondents, who, unlike number one, seem to think, that levity, not brevity, is the soul of wit, are all men. One only, signing himself Field-Marshal, thinks it necessary to add his explanation; viz, "that the lasses need no whistle to make the lads come to them."

Ans. 2.—Clear handwriting. Poor writing-paper, but white. Signature EVE'S DAUGHTER.

The development of Adam's apple in the masculine throat has probably the same effect as a pea in a whistle.

Does Eve's Daughter, who appears to allude to Adam with that respect that she would to a step-father, imagine that the pea whistles? Or does she imagine—but, on consideration, as this form of questioning an answer would be endless, it will suffice to inform Eve's Daughter that her attempt at a solution is sprightly but imperfect.

Ans. 3.—F. Y., from the Archæological Society, Hawick, (at least on that society's writing paper), is evidently a married man, in a horribly bad temper; he says—

The capacity for whistling being generally confined to males, may be accounted for, perhaps, by the females generally having too much tongue.

The handwriting, ladies of Hawick, is spiderly, and not unlike that of a Frenchman who can read, write, and speak English. But no Frenchman would have written this, which neither as a statement satisfies truth, nor as an answer satisfies the question. Ladies of Hawick, demand the body of this calumniator from the Archæological Society. Besiege that building. Storm it, and give F. Y. such a lesson as he will not in a hurry forget. Hold! one moment, ladies, if you please! Do no illegal act, but deliver him up to justice; i.e. leave him to his wife.

Ans. 4.—CAMILLA writes from the Emerald Isle. 'Tis a purty running hand, as regular as railway lines, and, bedad, there's a shamrock

stamped up in the corner of the letter-paper. Now, Camilla, me darlint, what is it ye say? Sure, 'tis this,—

*Because the muscles of the mouth are stronger in men than in women,—*Oh, Camilla! What do ye mane, at all, at all? Ah, now! ye sly puss!—*therefore 'tis easier for men to contract the mouth to the proper form,—*Oh! Camilla, ye darlint! 'tis yourself has the honey lips,—*for whistling.* Sure, Camilla, if contracting the muscles of the mouth ain't aisy to ye, can't ye get a tutor? Or do ye prefer keepin' it difficult, so that ye may be always takin' lessons?

Ans. 5.—FLORENCE JILT says,—

Men are made for whistling, like birds. Oh, the numbers who have whistled for me, and who are whistling. I don't whistle. Never.

Yes, Jilty, dear, and men resemble birds in another respect, when they've once flown away it isn't easy to get them back again. No, Florence, not if you want them *ever so*.

Ans. 6.—A clear handwriting. Evidently a man's. On stout blue note-paper, with an Earl's coronet at the top. Signature S. *Whistling is inelegant,—*no one has stated the contrary, your lordship.—*The poet says, the happy ploughman whistles o'er the lea,—*what poet? where?—*which the poet goes on to say is a sign of his idleness.*—Will your lordship kindly send a volume of this poet's works to the office?—*Whistling, then, is equivalent to idleness,—*your lordship is followed so far,—*or it is the occupation of idleness,—*whichever you like, my lit—your lordship—*So, That women generally cannot whistle is a providential curtailment of their occasions of idleness. For Satan finds some mischief still,—*

For idle hands to do, if your lordship will allow the finish to be taken out of your mouth. Perhaps your lordship's favourite poet, after all, is Dr. Watts. By the way, *à propos* of idle hands, does your lordship generally whistle with your hands? Is it possible that your lordship could have picked up that accomplishment from some little street Arab, in the neighbourhood of Exeter Hall, in the spring of the year?

Ans. 7, 8, 9, 10,—all go to show that girls are forbidden to whistle; boys are allowed. The question did not concern boys and girls, nor their education. Read the question, Experience, Fly, Wapshott, and Leporello.

Ans. 11.—Purple ink, pink paper, blue border, green and red monogram beautifully unintelligible, and in a somewhat irregular, large woman's hand (not in the least like, one feels certain, the hand that wrote it) this,—

As to the first question, I would account for it, but it takes so long to write. Call. NELLIE. (Note, by the Secretary). Professor can't. I will. No address?

Ans. 12.—HORATIUS MAHU, of the firm of Mahu and Modo, says,—

In answer to number one: Because while you whistle you must leave off talking.

It is with regret that the reproof administered to F. Y. (Ans. 3) must, in a modified form, be repeated here. Horatius is evidently a married man, out of humour, *pro tem.*, because, perhaps, the plates weren't hot, or the soup was greasy, or his slippers have been mislaid. The letter is written on club paper; nothing more need be said. The answer, by the way, affects the question of expediency rather than of capability, *quod erat pointendum.*

Ans. 13.—BOB LOGIC writes,—

Happy men whistle. No women whistle. Therefore no women are as happy as men.

This won't do. It is in a lady's hand. Oxonian examinations for young women haven't got into logic yet. *So you see, concludes Bob, it is because women are not happy that they never whistle.* It is to be hoped that Bobby will soon be comforted by some eligible Bachelor of Arts.

Ans. 14.—The bold, dashing characters of a youngish man who never thinks twice before speaking once,—

Women generally do not possess the capability for whistling. Why? Because, as Shakespeare says,—

Lips were made for kissing, lady.—*Rich. III.*

True, Richard. Everything to its use. Your quick answer discovers a mind well and piously instructed.

Ans. 15.—LAZYBONES sends this. It is written carelessly on a slip of yellow paper, torn across. The envelope had been once misdirected, and the address scratched through.

Women do not generally whistle, because men do it for them, and it is an excellent maxim never to do for yourself what somebody else can do as well for you.

The writing is schoolboyish, and probably the writer, if he has about £20,000 a year, may manage to get through life without much exertion.

Ans. 16.—GUY OF THE ROCK, wishes to account for the capability for whistling in men

*As Dryden did—*When did anyone ask Dryden the question?—*He whistled as he went, for want of thought.*

*Ergo—*says Guy. But where did Guy get

ergo from? For, if Guy isn't far from being anything like a guy, the Professor is very much mistaken—*ergo* :

Ladies possessing a livelier imagination and greater versatility of thought than gentlemen, have neither fancy nor inclination to cultivate whistling.

Dear Guy, this may account for the habit, but does it for the capability?

Ans. 17.—ETNA is nearer the mark.

I account for it by the plea—Etna's a bar-rister—that it is always the male bird that whistles; and a rare exception—Etna recollects his Latin Grammar—*Rara avis, &c.*—proves the rule.

And now for selections from the shoals of answers sent in to Questions No. II and III.

II. If you wanted to prove to your husband your love for him, how would you do it?

III. If you wanted to prove to your wife your love for her, how would you do it?

Ans. 1.—*I would study the cookery books, and give him a nice dinner every day. When I found out what particular dishes he liked, I should give him them at intervals.* GRISEL.

Patient and wise, Grisel. May your husband be worthy of your tender care. Your heart is a card which will trump his club.

* * On carefully examining our correspondence the Professor discovers that there is a consensus in favour of this method of showing love for a husband. From which two conclusions may be drawn. First, that if these suggestions are (and some certainly are) from the ladies, there is much wisdom among wives, and the Girl of the Period may learn to become a pattern matron. Secondly, that if these suggestions are from gentlemen (and some, unfairly, are) then this shows that the wives are not so wise as we had hoped, and the Young Man of the Period, knows what qualification to look out for in his choice of a wife.

Ans. 2.—NINA says,—

I should prove my love for him by kissing him when he was angry.

Very nice, Nina; only he'd always be angry.

Ans. 3.—GEORGE says,—

I should show my love for her by writing to her regularly when I was away.

Don't like this, George. You oughtn't to be so long away.

Ans. 4.—*I should be very glad to see any of his friends.* MARY.

Ah, yes. Love me, love my dog. Very nice, Mary.

Ans. 5.—*I would let her do just as she liked, and never be jealous.* MAX.

Bad, Mr. Max. Suppose what she liked you didn't? No love without some sort of jealousy. Perhaps you'd make a compact to the effect, that if she wouldn't be jealous of you, you wouldn't be jealous of her? Very dangerous.

Ans. 6.—*I should dress differently and always well, every day, so that I should perpetually please him by variety.* JANET.

Yes, Janet, and how about the milliner's bills? If your husband is so fond of variety, will change of dress be enough?

Ans. 7.—WIG writes—it's a lady's hand, though—

How should I prove my love for my wife? I should trust her. Very good so far, Wig: do as you'd be done by, of course, or, as some philosophers would term it, "the mutual convenience principle." *A wife*, continues Wig, *who cannot be trusted, cannot be loved.* But dear Mrs. Wig, you should write, "a husband who cannot trust a wife is unworthy of your love; unless—" but the subject need not be pursued further.

Ans. 8.—JENNY WREN says,—

I would prove my love for my husband by quarrelling a little with him merely for the pleasure of making it up again.

Dangerous. Such patchwork as that makes an unsightly coverlet.

Ans. 9.—PRETTY tells us that,—

She'd prove her love by never concealing anything and always saying what she thought. Very charming—if you don't think much.

Ans. 10.—BLONDE answers,—

I would prove my love by never questioning my husband as to where he'd been or what he'd been doing. So it seems. *I would never press him to answer what he evidently would rather not tell me.* How much questioning constitutes Blonde's pressure? *I would never open his letters except he first opened mine. I would never be jealous; and would let him stop away from me as long as he liked.*

Would you? But this negative proof of love would be very much showing how little you cared for him. Eh?

Ans. 11.—MOUSTACHE—a round hand, and clear decided,—

I would prove my love for my wife by keeping her away from her relations, and her relations from her.

Procrastination is the thief of time, and a mother-in-law is the burglar of happiness.

Ans. 12.—JOHN,—

My wife should do just what she liked: but a true wife's will is to do that of her husband. Such are promises of a really happy wedded life.

Excellent *ideal*, John. What does Mrs. John say to it?

Ans. 13.—EMMY—blue border-line to newspaper, written as if with a *back-hander*,—

Prove my love! I would accept my husband's lightest word as law.

Yes: and his law as his lightest word.

Ans. 14.—PATRICO (from Cork),—

I'd let her do just what was most pleasing to herself. And, whist now, if it wasn't pleasing to her, bedad, I'd let her do it all the same.

Excellent sense.

Ans. 15.—SERAPHINE,—

How should a husband prove his love for his wife? Dear madam, you are not a husband; but a hint from you is no less valuable. *He should give her her own private cheque-book, and not let the two accounts stand together.* Some husbands would be very glad to do so. But what did you *bring*?

Ans. 16.—CELESTE (written in milk and honey, on stone),—

I would prove my love by doing my duty. I am to love my neighbour as myself. Yes, but what will your husband say to your neighbour? *And I suppose my husband is included in this Christian commandment. I can neither say nor do any more.* Your husband, then, Celeste, you consider as "first neighbour." Well, but when he's away?

Ans. 17.—ELIZA thus answers,—

I would treat her as if she understood me perfectly.

My dear sir, you are treating us (the editorial us) on the same plan. We don't understand you at all. How does your wife like being married to a Sphinx?

Ans. 18.—JONES—(Heard of you before somewhere.) Clerk's hand,—

Prove my love to wife by calling her mother Mamma.

Ans. 19.—POTINSKI wishes to prove his love for his wife,—

Love is proved by forgiving and forgetting.

Ingenuous but unhappy Potinski! You would forgive and forget her!

Ans. 20.—HORATIUS GINGER,—

I would prove my love for my wife by beating her—Oh you scoundrel! the Cat—but to continue—Because the treasure we love best we hide.

Horatius Ginger, sir, this is *not* a comic song.

The First Series is answered.

The questions proposed for the next month are:—

I. "Every state has its own enjoyments."

What, then, are the pleasures of poverty? Mention two or three.

II. At what age would you recommend matrimony? Allow for variation of circumstances, and state your reasons in three different cases.

III. What single circumstance most justifies the loss of patience?

•• Correspondents to send in answers as before.

Questions for future discussion can also be suggested at the same time.

B.,

Secretary to Firwood Academia of Chaffcutters.

NATURAL HISTORY JOTTINGS.

II.

ON THE NESTS OF FISHES.

IF on the first of next April we were to suggest to a party of our young friends that they should devote an afternoon to fish-nesting, they would in all probability be unanimously of opinion that we were availing ourselves of the privilege of All Fools' Day, and would possibly reply to our suggestion in terms more pungent than polite. Yet, if they had steadily followed in the footsteps of the illustrious Pickwick, and like that great philosopher had studied the habits and manners of the Tittlebats in the Hampstead Pools, they would have known that there was nothing at all impossible in our proposal for their afternoon's recreation. Although Mr. Pickwick's views on these little fishes were never, so far as we know, published in detail, he could have told them many strange stories of these little denizens of the Hampstead Pools, and not of those only but of almost every British pond and rivulet. Different species of these Tittlebats, Sticklebacks, Sticklebellies, or *Gasterosteii*, as they are scientifically termed, are found in almost all parts of Europe and America, and several sea-water species are known, so that probably scarcely any *genus* of fish has a wider distribution.

The common sticklebacks make their nests of the delicate vegetation that occurs in fresh water; but the supply of building material is limited, and therefore has to be economised, because, as the historians of these little fishes tell us, they are strict about vested rights, and each male fish has its own little territory, intruders on the property of a neighbour being savagely ejected. Although the nests are plentiful enough, there being on an average scarcely a foot of the bank of a rivulet or ditch, that does not contain one, they are little known to the world at large, from their being very un conspicuous and from their col-

lapsing when removed from the water into a shapeless mass of apparently sodden entangled threads.

There is a sea-water species called the Fifteen-spined stickleback (*Gasterosteus spinachia*), a pair * of which were once observed by Mr. Couch to make a nest in the loose end of a rope, from which the separated strands hung in the water. This nest was composed of the usual aggregation of the finer sorts of green and red sea-weed, but were so matted together in the hollow formed by the untwisted strands of the rope, that the mass constituted an oblong ball of nearly the size of the fist, which was bound into shape with a thread of animal substance, which was passed through and through in various directions, while the rope itself formed an outside covering to the whole.

Curious as are these nests of the British sticklebacks, they are thrown completely into the shade by the structures which some of the North American sticklebacks can achieve. In *The Naturalist in British Columbia*, Mr. Lord gives us a highly-painted but trustworthy history of the habits and manners of these fishes. Three species, the Saw-finned stickleback, the Puget Sound stickleback, and the Tiny stickleback, swarmed in July and August in every stream. The males, as in this country, are remarkable for their pugnacious and blood-thirsty nature, but this trait in their character is referred by Mr. Lord "to extreme parental affection," which prompts every male to constant sanguinary battle, which often terminates by one of the combatants getting ripped up by the spine which arms the back of his antagonist. "Skill in stickleback battles appears to consist in rapidly diving under an adversary, then as suddenly rising and driving the spine into his sides and stomach. The little furies swim round and round, their noses tightly jammed together; but the moment one gets his nose the least bit under that of his foe, then he plies his fins with all his might, and forcing himself beneath, does his best to drive in his spear, if the other be not quick enough to dart upwards and escape the thrust; thus squaring, they fight round after round until the death or flight of one ends the combat." (*Op. cit.*, p. 122.)

Mr. Lord's amiable *protégé* having thus established for himself a place in society, next proceeds to construct a house, with a view to matrimony. The site is generally amongst the stems of aquatic plants, where the water always flows, but not too quickly. He first

begins by carrying small bits of green material, which he nips off the stalks, and tugs from out of the bottom and sides of the banks; these he attaches by some glutinous material, that he clearly has the power of secreting, to the different stems destined as pillars for his building. During this operation he swims against the work already done, splashes about, and seems to test its durability and strength; rubs himself against the tiny kind of platform, and scrapes the slimy mucus from his sides, to mix with and act as mortar for his vegetable bricks. Then he thrusts his nose into the sand at the bottom, and bringing up a mouthful, scatters it over the foundation; this is repeated until enough has been thrown on to weigh the slender fabric down, and give it substance and stability. Then more twists, turns, and splashings, to test the firm adherence of all the materials that are intended to constitute the foundation of the house, that has yet to be erected on it. The nest or nursery, when completed, is a hollow, somewhat rounded, barrel-shaped structure, worked together much in the same way as the platform fastened to the water plants; the whole being firmly glued together by the viscous secretion scraped from off the body. The inside is made as smooth as possible, by a kind of plastering system; the little architect continually goes in, and then turning round and round, works the mucus from his body on the inner sides of the nest, where it hardens like a tough varnish. There are two apertures, smooth and symmetrical as the hole leading into a wren's nest, and not unlike it. Mr. Lord has often watched this nest-building process, and the proceedings which ensue when the marine villa is completed. The male fish now goes forth to seek a bride. In this, as might be expected, he is soon successful, and the happy pair return to the nest, into which the female at once enters and begins depositing her eggs; and when that process, which lasts about six minutes, is completed, she emerges by the opposite hole to that by which she entered. During this period the male swims round the nest, butts his head against it, and behaves like an excited little maniac; as soon as the female leaves the nest, he enters it, but leaves it again after the eggs have become fertilised.

Mr. Lord's observations show the stickleback is an atrocious polygamist. No sooner has he re-entered the nest and found that his first wife has taken her departure, than he repeats the wife-seeking process, time after time, "until the nest is filled with eggs, layer upon layer,—milt being carefully deposited between each stratum of eggs." There are two reasons why

* Unless Mr. Couch saw a pair actually at work, we should be inclined to suspect that the male was the sole architect.

each nest should have a front and back door : the first is for facilitating the entrance and departure of the fishes, while the second is of greater importance. "To fertilise fish eggs," says Mr. Lord, "running water is the first necessity ; and as the holes are invariably placed in the direction of the current, a steady stream of water is thus directed over them."

For six weeks the male fish remains permanently on duty, keeping guard over his treasure ; and a hard time he has of it. Battles are of constant occurrence, and amongst his enemies are the females of his own species (including probably some of his late wives), who are always hovering about his doors, in the hope of seizing an escaping egg. He has additionally to turn the eggs at intervals and then to expose the under ones to the running water ; and it is generally believed, although Mr. Lord cannot bear witness to the fact, that when the young fishes, after being hatched, show a precocious tendency to leave their nest, he darts after them and brings them back in his mouth.

With this anecdote we close our remarks on the sticklebacks, and, following Mr. Lord's example, turn our attention to their near relatives the Bullheads, (*Centridermichthys*), a genus of ugly, ill-favoured, prickly, hard-skinned fishes, with plates of scaly armour guarding the head, from which sprout sharp spines like a crop of horns. There are several species which in the summer enter the rivers of British Columbia to spawn, and although they do not actually build a nest, these fishes construct an egg-house. The male selects a protected hollow under a boulder, or between two stones, and clearing out the gravel forms a pit. The egg-house being thus constructed, several females are in turn enticed to deposit their eggs in it ; "having done which," says Mr. Lord, who has carefully watched the process, "they are driven away by the male, who, after the eggs are fertilised, shovels the sand and pebbles with his huge, horny head over the treasure until it is completely covered." This process is several times repeated till the male fish feels that no more need be done ; and then, like the stickleback, he begins keeping guard. In about eight weeks the young escape from the egg-house, and his cares are over ; but till the end of this period he is ever on the watch, ready and willing to bite and stop any intruders, including his own wives.

In some of the rivers of Demerara there is a genus of fish which constructs nests. From its beauty this fish has received the scientific name, *Callichthys*, but the English residents call it Hardback, in reference to its coat of

shiny mail ; while the natives, who pursue it for its fat, term it the Hassar. There are two species, which differ in the shape of the head ; namely, the round-headed Hassar, which forms its nest of grass, and the flat-headed Hassar, which uses leaves. They are monogamous ; both male and female remain on guard by the side of the nest, till the spawn is hatched, with as much solicitude as a hen shows for her eggs, and they courageously attack any assailant. These fishes construct their nests in much the same manner as the sticklebacks, but, strange as at first sight it may appear, the nest is not in the water, but in a muddy hole just above the surface. These nests are abundant on the streamlets that intersect the sugar marshes. The fact of the nests being constructed out of the water may be accounted for by the circumstance that the Hassar, like many other fishes, can, to a great degree, dispense with that fluid, and in dry weather burrows in the mud,* so that in the summer the natives dig for them, instead of netting them.

This article would not be historically complete without a reference to the fact that Aristotle, in his *History of Animals*, written in the fourth century before our era, described, under the name of *Physis* (now applied to a butterfly), "the only sea-fish that makes a nest in which it deposits its spawn." There is little doubt that this fish is the Black Goby, which has been carefully observed at Venice by Olivi, who tells us that the male first chooses a place where fuci abound, in order to make a nest, which he then covers with the long floating roots of the *Zostera* or grass-wrack. The nest being completed, we have a precise repetition of the story of the Columbian sticklebacks, the same polygamy and the same prolonged and energetic defence of his offspring.

TABLE TALK.

AN American curioso asks, with reasonable wonder, why we use the right hand in preference to the left. Nature appears to have dictated the habit : its universality goes far to prove that it is instinctive ; for among existing

* Fishes that can walk on dry land from one pool to another, and that in the dry season lie buried in dry hard mud, have been known from the time of Theophrastus, who lived in the third century before our era. Pliny, quoting from him, speaks of some that "used to issue forth on land for food and relief, going upon their finnes in lieu of feet, and wagging their tails ever as they go."—Holland's *Translation*, 1634, p. 268. One of the latest and best accounts of fishes that can walk long distances over dry land, and that in dry seasons bury themselves in the mud, is to be found in Tennant's *Natural History of Ceylon*, pp. 344-354.

nations none seem to be gifted as were the Benjamites of old. The left arm is the weaker, but whether naturally or only from disuse remains to be ascertained. It would appear that the difference of strength extends to the organs of locomotion. When we meet an obstacle in walking, it is easier to turn to the right than to the left, as if the right leg had the most power and freedom of motion; and it is said, that if a man lose himself on a plain, without any guide or landmarks, he will, in his efforts to go straight forwards, invariably bear to the left, the dexter limb imperceptibly taking longer strides. Even a left-handed man uses his right manual for many purposes; and a right-handed mortal has to train hard to become ambidexterous. Only one suggestion can we afford to account for the general right-handedness: it is, that nature has designedly kept the working arm away from the heart, that the violent actions of the one may affect as little as possible the delicate functions of the other.

A CORRESPONDENT (at p. 110) mentioned the oddity of finding a woman acting as parish clerk, during Divine service, at Shelley, in Suffolk. Another correspondent writes: "The black-bonneted woman-clerk must certainly have looked queerer than she felt; and it was an unusual sight, though not without many precedents and parallels—as may be proved by a reference to the last census returns, which contain a distinct item devoted to Female Parish Clerks. And yet they are altogether illegal. By law a parish clerk must be a man; and the only loophole left for a woman to fill the office is, that the said clerk may appoint "a competent deputy." The parish sexton—a word corrupted from "Sacristan"—may legally be a woman: and there are many such female sextons at the present day, not only in villages, but also in towns; and even in the cathedral town of Peterborough, the present sexton of the parish church, St. John's, is a woman, Mrs. Noble, the widow of the late sexton. But in country parishes the distinct offices of parish clerk and sexton are ordinarily combined; and thus it may happen that the woman who is legally qualified to fill the latter office, is winked at (of course I mean morally, not physically) when she also jointly holds the other office. As in the widow's case, there is usually some charitable motive for permitting the woman to hold, illegally, the office of parish clerk. In such instances the woman sometimes finds a substitute to lead the responses in Divine wor-

ship; as in the case mentioned by Madame D'Arblay, in her *Diary* (vol. v., p. 206, ed. 1791), "There was only a poor, wretched, ragged woman, a female clerk, to show us the church (Collumpton, Devon). She pays a man for doing the duty, while she receives the salary in right of her deceased husband." Of course there was no right in the matter. But that the female clerk does not always officiate vicarially, is proved by your correspondent, and also by numerous examples cited in the volumes of *Notes and Queries* for 1853 and 1854. By the 7th & 8th Vict., c. 59, s. 2, the parish clerk may be a person in holy orders; and originally, and up to the time of the Reformation, the parish clerk really was a clerk, that is a *clericus* or clergyman in holy orders; and the post was filled by one whom we should now-a-days term the rector's curate. He led the responses; and the 91st canon ordered that he should be known to the incumbent as "sufficient for his reading." Such instructions were necessary at a time when the ignorance of the country clergy was so great, that Fuller, the church historian (in his *Triple Reconciler*, p. 82) is constrained to say, "Sad the times in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth, when the clergy were commended to read the chapters over once or twice by themselves, that so they might be the better enabled to read them distinctly in the congregation." Though a woman may not legally be a parish clerk, yet she is not only permitted to hold the office of parish sexton, but also of parish overseer; and there are numerous instances of female overseers. Prideaux thinks, that as there are such cases, "there may, perhaps, be some ground for contending a woman is not exempt" from also holding the office of parish churchwarden. But I am not aware of any instance of this being placed on record. In the Harleian MSS. (980, fol. 153), are three examples of ladies who have held the office of Justice of the Peace—one of these ladies being the Countess of Richmond, mother to Henry VII.

IN these days of earthquakes natural philosophers, or physicists, as they are now conveniently called, should lose no opportunity of noticing the extent and rapidity of transmission of the great tidal waves which are generally concomitant phenomena. In the *Athenæum* of Jan. 2, a gentleman states that some sixty years ago an old man told his father that on the day, in 1755, on which the great Lisbon earthquake occurred, three tides came up the river Trent. If, as I suppose, two

is the normal number, it would be very important if it could be ascertained, from old local newspapers or other sources, the exact time at which the supernumerary tide (caused by the earthquake) occurred; as we should then have the data for determining the velocity of its translation over a given space. The great tidal wave which accompanied the late dreadful earthquake on the Peruvian Coast has been ascertained to have impinged on parts of the coast of Sydney, Newcastle, (about 60 miles N. of Sydney), New Zealand, Chatham Islands, and on the shores of Victoria; and the Royal Society of Victoria has very naturally made this tidal wave a subject of discussion. The president (Mr. Ellery) stated that at Sydney, Newcastle, and New Zealand, the exact time of the occurrence of the wave was noticed. In Sydney it was seen at 2.39 A.M., and it reached its maximum height at twenty-four minutes past 7 A.M. At Newcastle it was first noticed at two minutes past 7 A.M., the maximum wave coming four hours later; while in New Zealand the first wave was seen at 5 A.M., but the maximum was not attained until eight hours afterwards. It is known that the earthquake at Peru, on the 13th of August, occurred at 5 P.M., which would be equivalent to 8 A.M. at Melbourne; so that the tidal wave travelled from thence to Sydney, a distance of 6500 miles (or 5700 geographical miles), in eighteen hours, its velocity being equivalent to about 360 miles an hour. This result is in close accordance with that yielded by the great earthquake in Japan, on the 23rd of October, 1854, when the wave reached San Francisco, a distance of 4527 miles, in twelve hours thirteen minutes, or at a rate of 370 miles an hour. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Ellery observed that the Lisbon earthquake was associated with a tidal wave, which at Funchal (in Madeira) rose to fifteen feet, but no data are given for the calculation of the rate of transmission; but one of the most extraordinary facts observed in that earthquake was that sheets of water wholly separated from the sea, as Loch Lomond, and other inland lakes, were violently agitated. Since writing the above remarks, for the materials of which I am indebted to the *Melbourne Journal*, I have met with a very interesting article by Mr. Edmonds, which is published in the January number of the *Philosophical Magazine*, and is entitled *On extraordinary agitations of the sea not produced by winds or tides*. In this paper he describes those agitations which are always accompanied by earthquakes or thunderstorms, or great maximum of the ther-

mometer, or considerable minimum of the barometer, or some or all of these together. He especially notices simultaneous distances of this nature in Mount's Bay and at Plymouth. During this century there were two such phenomena in 1811, two in 1843, one in 1847, two in 1859, one in 1862, and one in 1867. During the last century only one such case is recorded, besides those that occurred on the days of the two great earthquakes of Lisbon. Rejecting on apparently sound grounds the generally accepted view that these agitations, when unaccompanied by known earthquakes, are due to storms or sudden alterations of atmospheric pressure on the surface of the water, he holds that "all these extraordinary agitations (of which each efflux as well as each reflux generally occupies about five minutes, and never more than ten) are produced by local submarine shocks of earthquakes, without any upheaval, subsidence, dislocation, or fracture of the submarine ground." The tide-like wave in one of these cases was nearly five feet high, and swept into Penzance harbour without a moment's notice. These movements of the sea are totally unlike those produced by storms; in the latter there are high breakers, while in the former the tide-like motion of the water, up and down an open beach, is so quiet as not to attract attention unless watched for some time.

These phenomena usually begin with a retirement of the sea; and this was the case with the wave accompanying the great Peruvian earthquake of last August, and seen on the same day in New Zealand. This rushing out and in of the sea in New Zealand and on the South American coast, is accounted for by Mr. Edmonds by the assumption of local submarine shocks at these places. Whether a great sea-wave of translation originating on the Peruvian coast was transmitted to New Zealand, Australia, and California, or whether the extraordinary agitation of the sea was produced by submarine shocks in these localities, is a question which we leave for the decision of Mr. Mallet and his brother seismologists.

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HETTY.

By HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SKYE TERRIER.

REBECCA'S good humour came back the instant she was outside the garden and into the lane. She had tempted Carry to come, but Carry wouldn't. "You had better come," said Rebecca, "we shall have some amusement. I am going to Jim Akin about a dog, and it will be very pleasant." Carry would have liked to have gone very much, but she had said that she wouldn't in the first instance; and consistency, or, as some low people call it, obstinacy, is the brightest jewel in the British female's crown; so she declined to enjoy herself with her sister; and visited her self-imposed querulousness on the little maid.

Neither Jim Akin nor Mr. Spicer the sweep was out. With Akin it was always a slack day on Mondays, having worked Chelsea, principally Jews-row and Turks-row, with periwinkles, whelks, and shrimps the Sunday afternoon, and resting before going out to buy stock from the market gardeners. With Mr. Spicer also it was a "clean" day, few owners of houses of sufficient respectability to require their chimneys swept by the hand of a master caring to make preparations for the sweep on Sunday night.

Very respectable Mr. Spicer looked, in his off-duty clothes, comically unlike the hideous fiendlike figure he was when on duty. Rebecca had the advantage of the respectful counsel of these two excellent people on this occasion.

"If you please, Mr. Akin and Mr. Spicer," she said, after the usual salutation, "I want to get a dog; pa is going to let me keep a dog."

They were both deeply interested at once. Mr. Akin, being professionally more accustomed to conversation, dashed into the subject at once.

"Warmint or general, Miss?"

"I don't quite understand," said Rebecca; and so Mr. Spicer, a sententious man, much looked up to in the row, leant against the fence and defined, after the Aristotelian method:

"A warmint dog, Miss, as his name implies, is a dog as is kept for the killing of warmint. Now there's a many kinds of 'em: bull-dog, bull terrier, fox terrier, black-and-tan terrier, toy, dandy, and Skye. Similarly there's varieties in the nature of warmint, as badger, pole-cat, weasel, and rat. Of badgers there is country badgers and old hands. Of pole-cats there is wild and tame. Of rats, why there's as much difference in rats, lor bless you, as what there is in Christians. I've seen big rats as a new-born kitten could kill; and contrariwise, one of my young men went to enter a well-bred year-old toy with an old rat, and I am blessed if the dog didn't cut and run for his life, howling, round the lanes, and the rat after him."

"I seen it," said Jim Akin.

"But I don't want a dog to kill anything," said Rebecca.

"Miss wants a general dog, I expect, miller," said Jim Akin, to the master chimney-sweep. "Tip her some of your advice now."

"General dogs, Miss," said the miller, complacently, "is like warmint dogs, various; and I never seen none that was much count, takin' into consideration what dogs was made for. Still Providence made 'em, and the fancy gives prizes for 'em, similarly as they do for fantails and pouters, and other rubbish that were only created for showing and dealing. If I had my will, Miss, there should be no prizes for any pigeons except carriers, and none for any dogs except real warmint."

"Greyhounds," murmured Jim Akin.

"And you may add pointers and setters," said Mr. Spicer; "but they're gentry dogs. When you are a gentleman with a moor in the 'lands, talk about 'em; not now."

"Miss wouldn't want a fighting dog?" suggested Jim Akin, accepting the rebuke.

"Do she look like it, neighbour?" said Mr. Spicer, almost severely.

"A fighting dog ain't half a bad thing to mind a young lady, if she wanted to go a walking far by herself," said Jim Akin, not to be entirely driven from his point.

Mr. Spicer was very fond of his neighbour, but he had to ignore him, he was getting low.

"With regard to general dogs, Miss, which were your views?"

"Well," said Rebecca, "I should like a dog which would bark if it heard a noise, and a dog I should be fond of. I think I should like a little dog the best. I think I should like a little hairy dog, like the Queen's in the picture, you know, which is begging to the Macaw for its biscuit; if it did not cost too much."

I know nothing of the private life of Mr. Spicer or Mr. Akin; when I am thrown against gentlemen in that particular circle of society, I ask few questions. If any of ourselves had no education, and associated with, bought and sold with, ay, and intermarried with the criminal classes, should we look on the lighter crimes with the same detestation we do now? A man whose wife's brother has been transported, and yet who gets treated as a respectable and trustworthy person by the district inspector, seems to me to be in his way meritorious. If a little stray dog follows him home, or if a strange pigeon come into his trap, why, he is possibly not so chivalrously particular as you or I should be; when you get to the very verge of the criminal class, you must make allowances.

Jim Akin and Mr. Spicer interchanged a glance, and then Jim Akin spoke. "I have got a little dog in my back yard, Miss, which you might care to look at."

"Undeniable character," said Mr. Spicer. "Never 'tized, but character un-de-niable, against all the Pleece in creation."

Rebecca assented at once, and they went in through Jim Akin's close-smelling house, which had a mingled scent of washing, dirt, children, cabbage-stalks, baby, and cheese; and out into the little back yard, separated from the neighbours' back yards by a low, broken paling. There was no vegetation in it, except, at the farther corner, an elder-tree. And at the foot of the elder tree there was an American flour-barrel, and at the entrance of the flour-barrel, sat a little tiny innocent dog, chained up, and looking very unhappy.

It was a very beautiful little Skye terrier, a dog worth money, but grimed with ashes and soot, unkempt, unwashed, utterly and entirely miserable and woebegone. It was a dog which had been cared for, and loved, and tended in its time, so carefully tended, that it had lost its

instinct of self care, and had lost its mistress, or let itself be stolen, and had come to this. It cowered when it saw Jim Akin and Mr. Spicer; but when it saw a lady with them, it looked up at her with its light hazel eyes, and held up its poor innocent little paw.

Her father might well call her a fool. I suppose she was a fool according to his light. Her heart seemed to swell suddenly within her, and her eyes not all unready for tears, for the little dog, out of its misery, had appealed to her, as Friday did to Crusoe. She went straight to the barrel, undid the dog, and took it to her bosom.

"I will buy this dog of you, Mr. Akin," she said, without turning round. "My father will pay for it. Send in a moderate price to him, or he will not let me have it. I will pay the difference. I will have this dog."

"Will you let me give you the little dog?" said a voice, close at her elbow.

She turned quickly round. It was Mr. Morley, the dissenting minister, who stood close beside her.

CHAPTER X.

MR. MORLEY.

NOBODY likes to be caught suddenly in a sentimental mood. Every true-born Briton hates it, almost as much as he hates being caught in (respectable) sin. Rebecca had just been caught in a sentimental mood, over a grimy Skye terrier, in company with a chimney-sweep and a costermonger, by a dissenting minister. In the revulsion brought on by a nearly strange face, the situation, instead of being really beautiful, as it was one minute ago, was in the highest degree ridiculous—as she thought.

"How did you come here, Mr. Morley?" she asked. "I am surprised."

"I came to see you, and I saw you come in here, and I followed you."

"I am much obliged. My father's house is over the way. I think you asked me if you might pay for this dog? My answer is, No."

"There ain't nothing to pay," said Jim Akin. "Miss has took a fancy to the dog, and she is welcome to her."

"Do you mean to say that you will give me the dog as a present?"

"Certainly, Miss, and will swear to her agin all Christendom."

"I'll take it, Jim Akin," she said. "And I'll never pay one farthing for it, except in good will. If I don't pay you in cash, I will pay you in kind. Let me give you one more chance, I

will give you a five-pound note for this dog ; I will go across the street and get it now."

"Won't take it, Miss. I'll take it out in good will. The mistake as you gentry makes," continued Jim Akin, speaking sententiously, and looking at Mr. Morley, who certainly looked like a gentleman, "is this. You thinks we're for cash, and all cash ; and it ain't so. I've got as much money as I want. You gentlemen as studies has got good words. Why can't you give us some of your good words now and again, in a friendly way, the same as I give she the little dog?"

"Well," said Rebecca, turning homewards with her new treasure in her arms, "all I can say is, that you shall always have good words from me ; and so good-bye. Mr. Morley, I have just been so cross with you. I am afraid you must think me very silly."

"On what grounds?"

"On the grounds of being very nearly crying for pity over a poor lonely little dog. If your life were as lonely as mine——"

"What then?" said Mr. Morley, as they crossed the street.

"Why then, I fancy, I may be wrong, but I *do* fancy that you are the sort of person who would be just as likely to make a goose of yourself over such a matter as me."

"That is not grammar, you know, as it stands," said Mr. Morley.

"Then let it be grammar as it sits," said Rebecca. "You know what I mean."

"I am afraid I do ; and what is more and worse, I am afraid it is true."

"Then you *do* sometimes make a goose of yourself?"

"Have I not come to see you?"

"That is true enough. Talking of geese, what is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning water-fowl?"

"That a minister of the gospel had better mind his own business, and not come to visit houses where common stage plays are read habitually."

"Only one single number of *Knights Illustrated*, I give you my honour," said Rebecca. "You have read it, you know ; at least, you seem pretty familiar with it. Did you *really* come to see me?"

"I did, indeed."

"I have leave to walk up and down the lane. Will you walk with me?"

Mr. Morley consented gladly.

"I want to talk to you very much, but about very many things. You seem to have had an education different to—the men I have seen here. For instance, you know Shakspeare?"

"I know Shakspeare very well."

"I know nothing of him but this one play. And that is so wonderful,—so utterly unlike, both in thought and diction, to anything I have ever seen before, that I can nearly say it by heart. Are the other plays to be compared in goodness to this one?"

"Certainly. In perfect dexterity and elegance, I rank *Twelfth Night* as high as any ; but for no other qualities. *Hamlet* is the finest of them all."

"And what is that about?"

"The old Calvinist business,—the business without beginning and without end,—which keeps so many preachers on their legs, for the simple reason that, let them turn it inside out as often as they will, there is no answer to it. *Hamlet*, with its beautiful language and deep thought, runs mainly on predestination, the permission of evil, and the responsibility in this world and in the next of bad or careless actions, committed, as it would seem, almost unavoidably."

"And how does Shakspeare get us out of the old difficulty, familiar enough to me, I am sure?" asked Rebecca.

"The characters all stab and poison one another," said Mr. Morley.

"Mark my words, Mr. Morley," said Rebecca, stopping short, and stroking the head of her little dog, who, under the impression that it had only been stolen once more in a different sort of way, was low in its little mind ; "mark my words, Mr. Morley, that Shakspeare was a man not entirely deprived of understanding. I am aware that you people hate him, curse him from your pulpits, and so on. But there is something in the man."

"I never cursed him," said Morley. "I love him."

"You !" said Rebecca. "I never sat under you. The man whom you call your brother,—the man whose opinions you are bound to endorse, does, though. I mean the man Hagbut, for I have heard him."

CHAPTER XI.

HETTY'S LOVER.

"IT is not so pleasant in here as in the lane," said Rebecca, leading the way in to their dull, narrow-windowed sitting-room. "This is the place where I am scolded and admonished. I sit here, do you see, and you sit there. Now, will you please begin and get it over."

"Can you suppose that I mean to scold you?" he said.

"I suppose that you have come commissioned by my father to see after my spiritual state," she replied. "Are you not Mr. Hagbut's successor? If so, I am afraid that you will have a thankless task."

"I assure you, on my honour," he said, eagerly, "that my visit is solely and entirely to you; that I dislike Mr. Hagbut; that I have no commission from your father whatever. May I go on? I am much older than you, and, God knows, I wish you well."

"If you put matters on those friendly grounds, I am sure that you may say what you like. If you intend to be truly my friend in a worldly point of view, I can meet you halfway, for I am sure I want one badly."

"We will sign no compact of friendship," he answered; "but you shall try me. I am an old widower of forty-two, and have a daughter nearly as old as you."

"A daughter!" said Rebecca. "I never heard of that before."

She blushed scarlet as she said it, for she betrayed the fact that he was interesting to her, and that she had inquired about him.

"Yes, I have a daughter," said Morley, stroking his chin. "Yes; quite so. Hetty (that is short for Hephzibah, not for Esther, you will understand) is nearly as old as you are, I should say."

"I suppose she is very fond of you?" said Rebecca, still in confusion.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Morley, still stroking his chin. "Hetty is very fond of me indeed. But I will show you how much I am inclined to put confidence in you, Miss Turner, by telling you that my dear daughter is not a popular person."

"Is she cross?" asked Rebecca.

"No, she's not cross. When I say that she is unpopular, I mean that she is unpopular among our religious connexion, and—well—is a great stumbling-block with them."

"She seems to be very much in my condition, then," said Rebecca.

"Very much indeed," said Mr. Morley, the truth being far too great to be kept back. "Very much so."

"Did she ever run away and hide for three days, as I did?" said Rebecca.

Mr. Morley did not answer in speech at all, neither did he look at Rebecca at all. He only looked at space, with a compound expression in which there was, simply in a very slight movement of the mouth, a touch of humour, but no anger or sorrow. Rebecca began to have an intense desire to know the young lady, and said so.

"She would be highly flattered, I am sure," said Mr. Morley, "if I told her so; but I shall not do it, however. By-the-bye, may I presume to be sufficiently in your confidence to ask a favour?"

"Provided it is not a guilty secret, of course," said Rebecca.

"But it is," said Mr. Morley. "Don't say anything about my daughter up here. This part of our connexion does not know anything about her. Even Hagbut keeps the dreadful secret, knowing that if anything of her ways was known here, Mrs. Russel and Miss Soper would at once find out or invent quite enough about her to make me perfectly useless as a minister to this congregation, when he wanted my services, as he pretty often does. Besides, the girl is a connexion of his. You will not mention her?"

"I will not, indeed," said Rebecca, pleased very much at being taken into anyone's confidence and treated like a woman. "I am sure she is good."

"There is good in her somewhere," replied Morley, slightly showing his white teeth; "you will keep my secret, then, from your Russel and Soper; now let us talk of other matters. Your father looks very ill and worn."

"I have been behaving very ill, and have given him trouble. I ran away for three days to avoid doing something he had set his heart on my doing. I am very truly penitent for having given him anxiety, but I would do it again to-morrow; and so would your daughter."

"People don't run away from me," said Mr. Morley; "they are more apt to come after me, I think. While I have been sitting here, and looking out of the window, I have noticed one; he has found the house at last; he rings the bell; he asks for me; yes, and here your little maid shows him in."

And into the room came a magnificent young sailor, with the fresh, wild vitality of the sea shining in his bold brown eyes, showing in his noble free gait and bright free smile. A splendid apparition just risen from the ocean, in his ocean's garb; such a youth as Rebecca had never seen before. As one looked at him with travelled eyes, there came on one dim memories of peaceful seas among soft blue islands far away; of angry, cruel icebergs; of wild, horrible, staggering nights when ruin was abroad, and death looked with pale face over the steersman's shoulder at the dim-lit reeling binnacle. A youth who had looked steadily on death often, and would look again and yet again without terror, and die at

the last fighting fiercely. Still young, handsome, and gentle.

The old narrow-windowed parlour seemed the darker and the dingier for his presence. With the exception of Rebecca herself, there had been nothing there so splendid for many years. Rebecca had never seen anything like this; she had seen youth and vitality before, in Jim Akin and the like, but never anything like this young man. She looked at him with keen curiosity and admiration; and Mr. Morley watched her.

"I have run you to earth, sir," said the young sailor, who, by his dress, seemed of the superior mate class. "Hetty told me that you would be here."

"Chapter of accidents," said Mr. Morley. "What business was it of Hetty's, or of yours?"

"Hetty said that you were to come home to dinner; and, indeed, we want you."

"You want me a great deal, I have no doubt," said Mr. Morley.

"Indeed, we do want you very much," said the young sailor; "in fact, Hetty would not let me into the house until you come. She only——"

"Never mind that, sir."

"Well, I won't," he said, laughing; "but you know that she will not take her pleasure without your sharing it. And if Miss Turner," he added, with a bright smile, "will spare you to us this one evening, we will try to make amends in future. May I be introduced to Miss Turner?"

"This, Miss Turner," said Mr. Morley, "is young Leonard Hartop. He is of the salt-water persuasion. The remarkable fact about him is that he never sails in any kind of ship, but what that ship meets with a very serious accident. Likewise, on the occasion of these accidents, some one else is always on the watch. I introduce him."

"I am delighted, I am sure," said Leonard Hartop, "to make Miss Turner's acquaintance. In what you may be allowed to call, on an occasion of this kind, the flowering vale of tears, there is little doubt that our acquaintance will be improved to mutual satisfaction. For you must not believe *him* about me, Miss Turner. His bark is worse than his bite. Nobody cares twopence-halfpenny for him. Now, Mr. Morley, are you coming home to dinner?"

"Wait for me at the lane's end, boy, and I will come," said Mr. Morley; and the young sailor bowed and departed.

"What do you think of him?" he said to Rebecca, when he had gone.

"He is very splendid," said Rebecca,

dreamily. "I have never seen any one like him."

"He is a splendid sailor," said Morley. "May I tell you a secret which would ruin us all if it was known?"

"There would be a little excitement about it," said Rebecca; "I think you had better tell me."

"Well, then, I will trust you. He is Hetty's lover."

"She must have good taste, then. I should not entirely break my heart if he was mine."

"No?" said Mr. Morley.

"Well, I don't know," said Rebecca. "That young man and I should never hit it off, you know. He seems as if he liked his own way."

"The most biddable lad going," said Mr. Morley.

"Then he wouldn't suit me. Hetty may have him. I want ordering about, I can't take care of myself. But speaking to you as a minister, or, as the Papists call it, a father confessor, Mr. Morley, I confess to you that I could, with very small effort, have fallen in love with that young man. If Hetty has got him, let her keep him. I shall know Hetty one day, I sec. For the present I have made my arrangements for marriage."

"I dare not ask what arrangements."

"I will save your cowardice, then; I have, for my own purposes, made it impossible for any man to marry me; and I am going to marry old Tibbey."

"Tibbey, the Primitive Methodist, in Leader Street? He is married already."

"Not him, but his wife. I am going to marry her. At all events, I am going to get out of this house in some way. I would to heaven that I could turn Roman Catholic. *They* find a life and a business for women like me. If I could swallow their miserable superstitions, I could join them to-morrow. Why do not you extreme Protestants make provision for women who are willing to devote their love to God and to the poor, as do the Papists? You cry out at the Papists getting so many converts among women; what is the real reason? These Papists, with a false, low, and I hope moribund form of Christianity, are the only sect which offers a career to an ordinary and ill-educated woman. Whose fault is it that we are ill-educated? You have refused us education, and we are as clever as you. You teach us to play the piano. The Papists show us a suffering Christ through suffering humanity. They find a sphere for a woman——"

"Which you would occupy for possibly a week."

CHAPTER XII.

HAGBUT'S NEW INTENTIONS.

SHE saw no more of her two new acquaintances for nearly a fortnight, and the old life came back again with almost the old misery and dulness. Yet Rebecca was never exactly as she had been any more. She was more desperately unhappy,—that I do not disguise,—but her unhappiness now was of a different kind. It was active. Her old unhappiness was as that of one imprisoned in a living tomb from her birth, hopeless, and without any room for fancy, which is one of the greatest mitigators of human ills. She was very miserable again now, but only because dreams, now become possible to her, seemed unattainable. Before this she had no dreams at all: her life was merely a painful sleep. And now, also, she had a companion and a confidant, her little dog.

The man who has never known a woman who will confide to a baby or a dog matters which she would not confide to an intelligent being, must be unfortunate in his experiences. Poor Rebecca told her little Skye terrier a great many things about herself, in which she scarcely believed as to herself, and which she would have denied with the extremest scorn to any person in the world, unless possibly in deep distress to old Mrs. Tibbey.

She had broken all bounds for the first time in her life. In her desperation regarding her marriage to Mr. Hagbut, she had been forced into arms; into a thoroughly successful revolution. True, she had in her weariness come back, as it were, to Caesarism; but it rests with the politicians to tell us whether the individual or the nation ever gets back into its old frame of mind again after one good taste of liberty. What has been done once may be done twice. The ruler of a once thoroughly revolutionised kingdom sits uneasy on his throne; and what is more to the purpose, the subject knows it. At least Rebecca did. And so now, when the house was dullest, and her father most disagreeable, instead of "wishing she was dead," or declaring that she would marry a costermonger if he would only take her out of this, used milder formulas; only told her little dog that he would drive her to it again, he would: and that Mab and she and Mrs. Tibbey would go to Ramsgate, and stay there altogether their time; and live on shrimps, and keep a nice little oyster shop, and never go to chapel any more. And if that nasty tiresome Hetty was near, Mab should bark at her.

This babyish nonsense was very good for her. She had had too little of it in her childhood; books like Hans Andersen's had never been seen in that house. It was well for her that she had still child enough left in her after her embittered life, only to talk to her little innocent dog in a petulant childish way about Hetty; for she might have talked in a very different one a little time before. Yet one thing she told her dog now, but which she never confessed to herself, was that she hated Hetty.

Hetty the unknown, Hetty the innocent. It was surely unreasonable.

It would be merely confusion of counsel to try and account for it as she did. That Hetty was free; that she could come and go; that she had a father who loved her; and was not watched by two pernicious old trots (meaning Mrs. Russel and Miss Soper); she did not believe in all that herself. Hetty was welcome to all that. She had been inclined to admire Hetty, until Mr. Morley, for reasons of his own, had told her that the young sailor Har-top was her lover.

She had not cared at the time; if he and Hetty had come arm in arm, the next day, and made love before her, she would not have cared much, more particularly if Mr. Morley had come too. But this grand young sailor had left his image on a late awakened and fully developed mind, and it would not go. He was the first really splendid man she had ever seen.

And he had appeared, only to draw her only friend, Mr. Morley, away from her. They had left her at once, to go after this Hetty, and all their schemes, and goings on down at Limehouse, the gate of freedom: for you might get on board a ship, in Limehouse, and you might sail away anywhere,—to the happy islands, in the Western Sea, where there was no chapel-going, or tea-meeting, or Sunday school, all of which Mr. Morley wished to establish there; or even further, to those islands where you could do as you pleased, and escape the consequences of your own actions; in which islands Mr. Morley did not believe. (This was, of course, only said to the little dog.) But even to her sister, Carry, she grumbled, after a few days. She told her that she thought Mr. Morley had whisked himself off with his young friend rather unceremoniously.

"I am glad to hear that he has been here," said Carry.

"Yes; he came to see me. And I should like him to come again. But the young sailor, to whom his daughter is engaged, came and carried him off."

"Mr. Morley has no daughter," said Carry.

"Indeed but he has though," said Rebecca.
 "And I wish he hadn't."

"Dearest Rebecca," said Caroline, with just such tact as she had gathered from her station, and her school, "believe a tender sister, when she tells you that Mr. Morley has no family."

"But I tell you he has. Hetty was alive a week ago; bother her."

"You are in a perfect dream, my dear sister," said Carry. "Mr. Morley is perfectly unencumbered, and his prospects are, in a pecuniary point of view, very good indeed. I give you my *honour* he has no daughter. I tell you, you have been dreaming."

"That is true enough," said Rebecca. "I have been dreaming, a deal too much. But who told you he had no daughter?"

"Mr. Hagbut to-night, at Miss Soper's."

"How did he come to say it there?" said Rebecca, who was beginning to get a little uneasy about this mysterious Hetty's legal relation to Mr. Morley.

Carry was a certain kind of British woman, who when she saw occasion would walk clean through half a dozen quickset hedges, without, as vulgar people say, winking her eye. She did so on this occasion, as on many others.

"The fact of the matter is, my dear Rebecca, that Mr. Hagbut has announced his intention to several mutual friends, of paying his addresses to me. He has not committed himself to me in any way as yet; he has not sufficiently studied my character. But he has said, with a view of my hearing it at second hand, that if I should be found worthy of his great position, and if he sees hopes of forming my character to his standard, he will overlook the disgrace which one member of our family has brought on it; and——"

"He is rapid in his determinations," said Rebecca, quietly.

"He is very determined. He is a man to be obeyed. But this is a little past the matter. His opinion is that Mr. Morley is very much inclined to marry you, in spite of all that has happened."

"Yes," said Rebecca, very quietly.

"Indeed he thinks so," said Carry; "and we all rejoiced with a great joy. I consider, that if you are careful, such a thing might be. And in the course of conversation I asked if he had any family; and he said that there was a daughter, but that she was dead."

"He meant dead in trespasses and sins, you know," said Rebecca.

"He said dead," said Carry. "Now you know the whole truth, my dear."

Burning lava over boiling water makes a good explosion, as geologists tell us. There were all the elements of it in Rebecca's heart. She could have killed them all with burning words. For them to *dare*, after her resolution, to buy and sell her like this. The way in which the crust of respectability forms quickly over the lava of revolution is what drives some men, who will not look to the great cyclical advance of matters, mad. And really, Charles the Second and Dryden, as successors and apparently results of Cromwell and Milton, is a bitter pill for a Whig. Men, maddened with this view of things, try to assassinate innocent sovereigns. Can we wonder that Rebecca felt a strong inclination to box her sister's ears?

Only for one moment. She was a clear-hearted woman, with all her faults. She saw her own sister before her, and all her little petty woes and wrongs were forgotten. Easily forgotten, for she had freed herself. Instead of giving way to ill-temper, she gave way to good; and, kneeling before her sister, said,—

"Carry, sister! we have always been good friends. In heaven's name have nothing to do with that man. Are you forced? I was forced; but I beat them, the mean tattlers and time-servers. Do as I did if you hate it. Come away as I did, sister; and see what the world is out of this miserable lane. I will never leave you, dear; no more will Elizabeth Tibbey; no more will Mab. Fly from it, dear, with me. We could keep a little shop, or anything: Mr. Tibbey would tell us. Or we would go to Mr. Morley, and he would tell us what to do. But oh, that man, Carry! There is time to save yourself; in heaven's name think what you are doing."

Rebecca's wild appeal failed absolutely. Carry's mind was too well formed. Rebecca's appeal to her, beautiful in its affectionate unselfishness, if in nothing else, was to her hideous and amorphous—shapeless to her: her sister was a woman with a wild, ill-regulated mind: an object of pity. Yet, in her reply, she unconsciously allowed that there was reason in Rebecca's wild plea to her; for, instead of showing pity, she showed resentment. And Rebecca had so nearly won, that this resentment took the form of anger: anger expressed as she had heard it expressed in her family, a little coarsely.

"You fool, get up, and don't kneel to me; kneel to your Maker. You are the plague of our lives. When I am married to him you will always be held over my head like a whip. The old business was just hushed up, when you must break out. Get up."

She got up at once, but she smiled kindly, too. "You will be sorry for these words, Carry dear, long after I have forgotten them."

"I know I shall, you wicked thing," said Carry, sobbing bitterly. "Why did you tempt me to say them?"

"Because I did not like to see one I love marry a man utterly beneath her, and utterly unworthy of her."

Whereupon, poor old Carry gathered up her skirts, and walked through another quickset hedge, consisting of Mr. Hagbut's virtues, through which we will not follow her.

CHAPTER XIII.

A FRANK EXPLANATION.

WHEN the sisters had parted Rebecca was very angry again. For them to have dared to use her name like this once more. "Still the question arises," she said, "is it not all their own inconceivable folly? Mr. Morley is far too much of a gentleman to have spoken to any of *them*, at all events, before he spoke to me. He is inclined to like me, and I am fond enough of him; but he does not admire me."

Her father came in, and without looking at him, she said,—"Has Mr. Morley spoken to you about any intentions of his with regard to me, sir?"

"Certainly not!" said her father. "Do you mean matrimonial intentions? Why, you have scarcely seen him; and if Morley had any such intentions, he, with his breeding, would most surely have made himself safe with you in the first instance. Tell us the story, Rebecca; do not let us mistake one another again. Has he shown you any attentions?"

"None whatever, except those of an interested friend. He has been very kind to me."

"Then how has this report come about?" asked her father. And Rebecca simply told him what Carry had told her.

"So you see," she added, that my name is the common talk of Miss Soper's tea-table in connexion with his."

"What an abominable shame! *What* said it?"

"Mr. Hagbut."

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Turner. "Yes, yes! quite so. My dear daughter, I have reason to believe *now* that Mr. Morley does really more or less admire you, and that Mr. Hagbut has remarked it."

"Am I never to be let alone?" cried Rebecca.

"Do not interrupt; listen—open your eyes.

I have reason now to believe that Hagbut at least suspects that, in course of time, Mr. Morley may come to admire you, and that he has, knowing your proud and uncontrollable temper, put this report about in such a way as may set you utterly against Mr. Morley."

"What on earth is it to him?" said Rebecca.

"Between five and six thousand pounds, my dear. If you marry so well as Morley—marry, in fact, a gentleman of respectability and strength of character, like him—you will have the same fortune as your sister. If you remain single at my death, you will have one hundred a year; if you make a foolish match, you will have eighteen shillings a week, tied up to you, and payable weekly. Hagbut thinks that if he can in any way get rid of this match, he will net certainly five, and possibly seven thousand pounds."

"He is a villain," said Rebecca, with singular emphasis; "and I always told you so."

"This is rather sharp practice, certainly," said Mr. Turner. "Now, I may have made such sharp practice, or I may not. I can't say. I meet and am friendly with men who would do such things, and I am never angry with them. But I am angry now. For him to put his pudding brains against mine! Oh, Master Hagbut, the Pope shall be the richer for that odd money sooner than you. For him to come lawyer. And over me!"

"Why is my sister to be sacrificed to such a wretch?"

"He is not a wretch. She will lick his feet, and he will let her, and be kind to her. It is the same between priests and women in all churches. I myself would lick the dust of the shoes of any man who could assure me of heaven—still more will a frightened and ignorant woman. He will be very kind to her, and she will adore him. Have you been saying anything to her against him?"

"I fear a great deal," said Rebecca, in downright honesty, expecting an outburst.

"Do not do so again, my dear Rebecca. Nothing can prevent their being husband and wife, and so sow no seeds of discord. Remember that, child. This has not been a happy house; do not use your power to make another such."

What between her father's kindness, and her ideal future of poor Carry, it was through tears that she promised that she would not.

"Do you like Mr. Morley?" he asked.

"Yes, very much indeed. But I could never think of marrying him."

"Don't let us deceive one another, Rebecca. Is there any one else?"

"No," she said at once. Who could there be? She was not allowed to go out of the lane, and never saw anyone. But she said it with so poor an air that her father looked suspiciously at her, and said,—

"Well, my girl, we had a great fight, and you won. Perhaps I am older and wiser than when I knew your mother. At all events, if I made errors with her, I do not wish to repeat them with you. I have told you how you will be situated as regards money matters. Further than that, no more constraint shall be put upon you than is now. Do you understand?"

"I am thankful."

"Keep your ears open, and your attention awake, and never repeat what I am going to tell you. When you brought disgrace on this house as you did, that fellow Hagbut came to me to break off his engagement with you, as he was almost bound to do. But the way he did it showed me he was a rascal and a sneak, every inch of him. By heaven! he little knew how near he was being pitched into the lane."

"And yet poor Carry—" began Rebecca.

"Hold your tongue! you have enough to do without minding Carry. Mind yourself, and listen to me. You say there is no one has your heart; I ask no further. But mind, if there were, and Hagbut knew it, he will, if he is likely to be entirely displeasing to me, throw him against you."

Rebecca sat perfectly silent, and her father saw that there was more than he cared to know. At last she said: "Please, father, has Mr. Morley a daughter?"

"He may have a dozen for aught I know. I only know his eminent character; I know nothing of his domestic life, except that he is a widower."

"Because he told me he had, and told me much about her. And Hagbut denies that there is any such daughter."

"Hagbut is probably over-reaching himself in some way," said Mr. Turner, coolly. "Suppose, for an instance, that Morley had a daughter who had done him discredit, such as yourself, you know, he might possibly be scheming to keep her as long as possible in the background, and make anger between you and Morley. In which, you see, he has already failed, for Morley has told you all about her. Mind, once more, in conclusion; if there is any man of whom I should disapprove in this case, Hagbut *thinks* he wins £8000 by your marrying him, and he will contrive that you should meet him. And so, good-night."

ADVICE TO ORDER.

MY heart is a breaking, dear Tittie,
Some counsel unto me come len',

is the lass's appeal to a bosom friend, in Burns' song of *Tam Glen*. Counsel is sought, but only counsel of one particular kind will be followed. Let Tittie advise a match with Tam and she will be hailed as the best of advisers, and the advice will, as soon as possible, be followed out with loyal resolve.

Come counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry;
I'll gie you my bonny black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

When a man is determined to marry a woman, remarks one of Swift's correspondents, and his friend advises him against it, he asks his opinion again, and if his friend is so silly as not to alter his advice, he marries without it. Byron, writing to acquaint Moore with his intended match with Miss Milbanke, opens a paragraph of the epistle with this intreaty,—
"Now, if you have anything to say against this, pray do; my mind's made up, positively fixed, determined, and therefore I will listen to reason, because now it can do no harm." Addison cites an old observation, which has been made of politicians who would rather ingratiate themselves with their sovereign than promote his real service, that they accommodate their counsels to his inclinations, and advise him to such actions only as his heart is naturally set upon. And the privy-counsellor of one in love is cautioned to observe the same conduct, if he would not forfeit the friendship of the person who asks his advice. The *Spectator* professes to have known several cases of this nature; Hipparchus, for instance, who resolved upon a highly exceptional match, but equally resolved to do nothing without the advice of his friend Philander, consulted him upon the occasion, and before noon next day had run him through the body for his pains. Whereas Celia was more prudent under similar circumstances: "She desired Leonilla to give her opinion freely upon a young fellow who made his addresses to her. Leonilla, to oblige her, told her with great frankness, that she looked upon him as the most worthless—Celia, foreseeing what a character she was to expect, begged her not to go on, for that she had been privately married to him above a fortnight." The truth of it is, according to Addison, a woman seldom asks advice before she has

bought her wedding dress ; and when she has made her own choice, for form's sake, she sends a *congé d'élire* to her friends.

It is like what Mr. Motley tells us of Barneveld's proposition to invade Flanders in the year 1600. At that time, Barneveld was the States-General, as truly as ever *l'État c'était Louis Quatorze*. So the States-General being sovereign, Prince Maurice bowed to their authority. And after the matter had thus been "entirely decided upon, the state-council was consulted," and the state-council was discreet enough or complaisant enough to offer no opposition to the project. A consultative assembly which always does what it is told, is justly said to flatter the vanity and the liberalism of an irresponsible ruler ; and in this way Napoleon I., before the Russian campaign, found his senate and his tribunate useful instruments—readily acquiescent in the absolute sovereign's foregone resolves, which yet they might seem to prompt.

The celebrated personal conference between Bossuet and Claude, held in 1681, was instituted at the request of Mademoiselle de Duras, a niece of Turenne, who "sought an excuse for the change of faith in which she had resolved to imitate her uncle." *Suade, nam certum est*. Advise me, for my mind is made up. One may apply the words of Theseus, in *The Knight's Tale*, when,—

—turning to the Theban, thus he said :
"Small arguments are needful to persuade
Your temper to comply with my command."

Wesley is described as not resolving finally on a missionary visit to America until he had consulted those friends whose opinions had most weight with him—William Law, and Dr. John Byrom, among others. But Southey suggestively remarks on the subject of this advice-seeking, that "their approbation confirmed him in his intention, though their dissent might not have shaken his purpose." Suppose the counsel to have been adverse, and we may be quite sure that Wesley would have met it in the spirit, if not to the letter, of Orgon's reply to Cléante, in Molière :—

Mon frère, vos conseils sont les meilleurs du monde ;
Ils sont bien raisonnés, et j'en fais un grand cas :
Mais vous trouverez bon que je n'en use pas.

When Lewis XII. was bent upon marrying his daughter to Francis of Valois, rather than, as proposed, to Charles of Castile, he declared that he could not decide on so important a question without the advice of his allies in general, and of his best-beloved ally, the King

of Scots in particular. To this, James replied that since his brother of France had honoured him by asking his advice, he would give it frankly as his opinion that the princess ought to marry within her own realm of France. "The advice was satisfactory," observes Mr. Tytler, "for it coincided with the course which Lewis had already determined to follow." By Lord Elcho's account of the Young Chevalier, in 1745-46, we learn the suggestive fact that the prince, in this council, used always first to declare what he himself was for, and then he asked everybody's opinion in turn. There was one-third of the council, we are told, whose principles were, that kings and princes can never either act or think wrong ; and these, of course, always advised what Charles Edward had resolved. The other two thirds, less confident in the infallibility of royal resolves, begged leave to differ from him, and to offer sufficient reasons for their difference of opinion. The prince's readiness to listen to reasons and reasonings, in such cases was something like that of old Croaker in Goldsmith's comedy :—

Leontine. But, sir, if you will but listen to reason—
Croaker. Come, then, produce your reasons. I tell you I'm fixed, determined ; so now produce your reasons. When I'm determined I always listen to reason, because it can then do no harm.

Gilbert, in *Philip van Artevelde*, notes how constantly the earl, his master, sends for him when he is not happy ; "his highness at such times is wishful to be counselled to shed blood," and Gilbert holds it to be his duty to advise his highness with neither fear nor favour ; and his highness, advised as he would be, asserts advisedly,—

Gilbert, thy wisdom never was at fault,
Thou art a comfortable counsellor.

When, asks a popular novelist, did the giver of good, sound, unpalatable, wholesome advice ever receive his due? Who, he continues, does not possess amongst the multitude of acquaintances a friend who says, "Such and such are my difficulties ; I come to you because I want advice," and who, after having heard all that, after a long struggle with yourself, you bring yourself to say, wrings your hand, goes away thinking what an impertinent idiot you are, and does exactly the opposite of all you have suggested! All men, even the most opinionated and practical, are eager for advice. Not even the most hesitating and diffident take it, unless it agrees with their own preconceived ideas. Even the circumspect Odysseus follows, as well as applauds, the

counsel of Eumæus, only, perhaps, because it jumps with his previous inclination.

"Just thy advice," the prudent chief rejoined,
"And such as"

(or suppose that by poetical licence we read,
Because it)

"suits the dictate of my mind."

Quite an exception from the common herd are two such persons as Mr. and Mrs. Seymour in *The Wife's Tale* of Sophia Lee; of whom the latter frankly avows when repelling a bit of warning, "I do not love advice—and never follow it;" while of the former we read only a few pages further on, that it was his cherished resolve to take neither opinion nor advice; and that he certainly showed more forbearance than is generally found in persons who have made that resolution, for he never asked any. As resolute, indeed, against either taking or asking it, as Leontes, in his most obstinate of moods,—

Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation?—
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.

Richardson's Lady G., in the *History of Sir Charles Grandison*, writes to Miss Selby, "You tell me that hardly any of your girls are satisfied with my imperial decision on the appeal laid before me, though supported by the opinions of Mrs. Shirley, Lady D., and every wise woman. I don't care whether you are or not. Sorry chits? you decide among yourselves, and then ask for the opinions of others: what for? In hopes they will confirm your own; if not, to be saucy, and reject them." Such a sorry chit is Fanny, the elder sister of Little Dorrit, when that frivolous, wayward senior professes to seek counsel of her sedater, discreeter junior, and really means to follow it, should it jump with her own determined intents and purposes. "I am rational again now," she exclaims, after a high-flying out-burst of temper and will, "and you shall advise me. Will you advise me, my sweet child?" Even Amy smiles at the notion, but she says, "I will, Fanny, as well as I can." "Thank you, dearest Amy," returns Fanny, kissing her; "you are my Anchor," and she embraces her Anchor with great affection. But the advice is, of course, thrown away, and the adviser set down as a consummate dolt. On an after occasion, Fanny renews the subject, and Little Dorrit's thoughtful eyes meet hers tenderly

and quietly. "Now, my own sweet girl," says Fanny, weighing her bonnet by the strings, with considerable impatience, "it's no use staring. A little owl could stare. I look to you for advice, Amy; what do you advise me to do?" Does Fanny think, Little Dorrit asks, persuasively, after a short hesitation, that if she were to put off her proposed scheme for a few months, it might be, considering all things, best? "No, little tortoise," retorts Fanny, with exceeding sharpness, "I don't think anything of the kind," and she flounces indignantly into a chair. But anon, with her wheedling ways, she contrives to elicit a kind of reluctant acquiescence from Amy, and triumphantly she concludes the council with this logically formulated appeal: "Therefore, having heard the arrangements that are feasible to carry out that object, am I to understand, dearest Amy, that on the whole you advise me to make them?" Amy can only reiterate her meek, lingering, conciliatory, "It—seems so, love." "Very well," cries Fanny, with an air of resignation; "then I suppose it must be done. I came to you, my sweet, the moment I saw the doubt, and the necessity of deciding. I have now decided. So let it be." After yielding herself up in this pattern manner to sisterly advice and the force of circumstances, Fanny becomes quite benignant, as one who has laid her own inclinations at the feet of her dearest friend, and felt a glow of conscience in having made the sacrifice. After all, her Amy, she protests, is the best of small creatures, and full of good sense, and she don't know whatever she would do without her.

In Shenstone's ballad, entitled *The Progress of Advice: A Common Case*, with, for its text, *Suade, nam certum est*,—

Says Richard to Thomas (and seem'd half afraid),

"I'm thinking to marry thy mistress's maid;

Now, because Mistress Lucy to thee is well known,

I will do't if thou bid'st me, or let it alone.

"Nay, don't make a jest on't, 'tis no jest to me;

For, faith, I'm in earnest, so prithee be free.

I have no fault to find with the girl since I knew her,

But I'd have thy advice ere I tie myself to her."

Thus invoked, Thomas ingenuously opens out his conviction that Mrs. Lucy is the arrantest baggage in King George's dominion, and that if Richard only knew her as well as he does, he would choose out a whipping-post first to be tied to:—

"She's peevish, she's thievish, she's ugly, she's old,
And a liar, and a fool, and a slut, and a scold."

Next day Richard hastened to church, and was wed,
And ere night had informed her what Thomas had
said."



THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY.

GHEEL.

IT is strange that a system of dealing with the insane, which has the prescription of twelve hundred years in its favour, and which is further attested by very favourable statistics, should have received but little notice. A home for the lunatic, which offers the advantages at once of cheapness, of comfort, and of recovery, and which cannot be enjoyed in even the best of mad-houses, is almost unknown to the English public. The insane are for the most part locked and bolted in asylums, as if guilty of crime. There they are left to increase their madness by the evil influence of solitude, or by the companionship of fellow-sufferers, and by the wretchedness which springs from want of liberty. It may, I think, be fearlessly asserted that the sense of freedom is a moral influence of no mean curative power, and that it ought not to be denied, as it is now, to the insane.

A proof that liberty to go or come when and where they please is both a practicable and an advantageous mode of treating them, has been afforded by an incident which, if we reject the miraculous, may still be considered as most providential.

The town of Gheel, which is situated in Belgium on the line of rail between Malines and Antwerp, has become renowned for the cures effected in the insane through belief in a miracle enacted on the spot. The miracle dates as far back as the introduction of Christianity into Belgium. On the wild wastes of Campine a chapel was, in the seventh century, dedicated to St. Martin, who was the patron saint of the Gauls. Around the chapel were a few miserable hovels, built rather out of pity, as a shelter to those who offered their prayers to St. Martin, than as regular habitations. It was here that the daughter of a pagan Irish king sought refuge from the criminal designs of her father. Accompanied by a priest, who had converted both herself and her mother, the Princess Dymphna sought a shelter in the barren spot. But her unnatural father traced her out, and finding that she still resisted him, and continued firm in her adherence to the Christian religion, he beheaded, with his own hands, both the princess and her priestly follower, St. Gerebert. Some poor lunatics, who happened to witness the murder, were so horror-struck that they immediately recovered their reason. In accordance with the spirit of the times, this was regarded as a miracle, and henceforth St. Dymphna became the patron of the insane. All the people in the neighbourhood sent their

lunatics to the village which formed itself round St. Martin's chapel, and which is now known as Gheel, believing that prayer and proximity to the shrine of St. Dymphna would obtain for them the saint's intercession, and that without farther care they would regain their reason. This belief was confirmed by several cures. Nor need all this excite incredulity, for the sufferers were allowed to board with the peasants in the neighbourhood, thus escaping the barbarous treatment they would have met with elsewhere.

About the year 1200, a church was dedicated to the saint, on the spot where the murder had been committed. This church still retains its curious interest. Above the altar is a figure of St. Dymphna, in a cloud, imploring the divine mercy for several lunatics who are grouped round her, their hands and feet bound by golden chains, identical with those still used to fetter the most violent maniacs. In the central chapel of the *diambulatorium* is a fine oak carving representing the tragical history of the princess. This curious work has been divided by its artist into different groups. The first displays the birth of Dymphna; the second her mother's death; and in the third the devil, in a somewhat grotesque mediæval attitude, is seen tempting the pagan king. The fourth shows Dymphna embarking with St. Gerebert, in order to escape from her father. In the fifth, the king is seen in hot pursuit. The sixth represents the enraged monarch, standing over the lifeless body of St. Gerebert, in the act of beheading his own daughter. In the seventh the saint's relics are carried in solemn procession by priests clad in their finest robes; while, finally, in the eighth, the devil is observed issuing from the head of a female lunatic, in answer to the prayers of the priests, and another maniac stands by, waiting till prayers and the intercession of St. Dymphna shall have delivered him from the dominion of the evil spirit.

I have described some of the antiquated sculptures, full of meaning, which recall to the thoughtful visitor the origin of Gheel. Its cottage system is described by Dr. Moreau, of Bicêtre as "an imperfect realisation of a theory for which he has the utmost admiration." If the faith in St. Dymphna's miraculous powers has produced imperfect realisation of this important theory, cannot science complete the work? Much has already been done since 1845, when Dr. Moreau wrote his *Lettres Médicales sur Gheel*. A much needed infirmary has been built, together with six bath-rooms, the lack of which had been severely

denounced by English medical writers. Priestly rule being practically at an end, and the management having fallen into the hands of able physicians, Gheel is open to sufferers of all nations and creeds, and men of science are willingly received, to study the system of treatment there employed. Of the 5000 or 6000 lunatics in Belgium, Gheel receives no less than 1000; and these are of all conditions, except where the malady renders continual restraint necessary.

But few Englishmen have availed themselves of the opportunities afforded in Gheel. In 1859, there were but four English patients. The majority of the patients are of course Belgian; next in numerical order stand the Dutch; then French and German. The English and people of Scandinavian stock are low on the list. Several of our men of science have visited it; but very few, if we consider the vast importance of the experiment which has now for centuries been carried on in it to a successful issue.

The scientific discovery of Gheel belongs to Esquirol, who visited the place in 1821, in company with Dr. Felix Voisin. Mons. Parigot did good service by directing public attention to Gheel, of which establishment he was medical inspector. In the controversy respecting the free and the restraint systems, Dr. Boismont had most unhappily predicted the downfall of Gheel. It then contained 750 patients; now it has over a thousand. The year 1860 marks a new and critical epoch in the history of the place. A new advocate of Gheel entered the lists—this time a veritable apostle—Baron Doctor Mundy. Instances in his own family had directed his attention to the subject of mental disease, and to the defects of the ordinary treatment. He stayed at Gheel for three months. He came to admire it. He learned to detest “the prisons decorated with the name of asylums.” And his influence has gone far to draw the attention of foreigners to the experience of the Gheelois.

In England, the *Journal of Psychological Medicine and Mental Pathology*, and other publications connected with mental science, have referred to Gheel occasionally, describing the place at some length. The English public, however, have heard but little of it. The administration was supposed to be in the hands of the priests. Medical attendance was deficient; there was no infirmary, and baths were wanting. People inquired no further; they failed to see that a few reforms only were requisite. These reforms, due to Professor Guislain and to M. Parigot, are now obtained,

and we are struck by the aspect of a town with a population of 10,000 inhabitants, living peacefully, without disturbance; while yet of this population no less than 1000 are insane, many hopelessly mad! and these madmen are free; they stroll about the streets, some join in the work of the fields, others in the craft of the workshop, many being guided by mere children, who generally have more influence over them than adults.

Gheel is administered by four doctors and one superintendent. The farms of the district much resemble the crofts of Scotland, though somewhat larger, and are rented by the peasantry from farmers residing at Antwerp, Brussels, and other large towns. The peasants are all nurses, and take in one or two patients to board with them. They have to submit to the inspection of the doctors, and to the rules imposed by the administration. For the sake of emulation, the keepers are divided into different classes, according to their skill and kindness. The price for board is remarkably moderate: for the simple necessities of life 6½d. per day is charged, and 7½d. for patients requiring special care. £1 extra per year can obtain conditions very favourable; and in this case the nurse is dignified with the name of host. Of course there is no exact limit to fees for those who desire luxuries. Still the charges are in contrast with those of from £20 to £80, and even more, per month, made at many splendid establishments for the insane.

The lunatic once fixed in his abode becomes one of the family, and many have been the touching scenes of affection, when for some reason they have been obliged to part. The nurse takes pride in his charge; his own children are brought up with the stranger, and it is affirmed that a Gheelois would be the last man on earth to lose his senses. The lunatic gradually takes an interest in those around him: he sees them at work in the fields, and gradually follows their example, being the more prompted by offers of pocket-money. An energetic lunatic is of great value to his keeper, and this is the reason why those inclined to be violent are always preferred. The peasant is thoroughly interested in attending to the health of his patient; *first*, because he hopes for rewards from the superintending doctors; and, *secondly*, because he wishes to profit by the work of the lunatic in his care. Thus the poor lunatic, imprisoned elsewhere, is free at Gheel, though cared for by the most experienced men. The country air is invigorating, daily labours check melancholy, and, above all, the kindness of the nurses helps the lunatic

to live a peaceful happy life. His mind, no longer irritated by captivity and asylum rules, gives fair hope of recovery. The most violent cases are not sent to Gheel it is true, but the most hopeless are ; and even here cures have been effected. It is, I think, because no allowance was made for the difficulty of curing those condemned as incurables, that a correspondent of the *Asylum Journal*, in 1858, expresses himself as dissatisfied with the proportion of cures. This correspondent dwells also on the evil of priest rule and of the deficiency of medical care—evils now remedied. But he does not take sufficiently into consideration the new theory taught at Gheel, nor the happiness of its patients ; he disregards the development of which the colony or cottage system is capable, and is thus blind to the fact that the system is the best, or at least the most humane way of treating the insane.

A writer in the *Scotsman* (Mr. James Cox of the Lunacy Commission for Scotland), thought the statistics favourable. "Why," he writes, "may it be asked should the insane, as a matter of course, be gathered together in large establishments, and subjected to a discipline which more or less resembles that of a penitentiary? Why should they be locked up at a certain hour at night, and be called again at a fixed hour in the morning? why be marked out to labour in squads, and have their wills in a great degree, if not entirely, subjected to the discipline of the house? What is gained by these arrangements? Are they in themselves conducive to recovery? Certainly not. They are only evils necessary in large asylums." It would be harsh to contrast the pleasant town of Gheel with the narrow yards of a walled asylum. And may not the tax-payer inquire into the cost of those massive structures? Gheel was once a barren spot—it is now well cultivated and produces a fair result for the labour, in great part that of lunatics, spent on its barren soil.

In a letter written to a *Psychological Journal*, Dr. Parigot gives a review of the methods employed by different nations to ameliorate the condition of the insane, and comparing them with those in use at Gheel, proves how free air, the contemplation of nature, agricultural labour, and especially family-life, enjoyed among the simple peasantry, constitutes the most efficient because moral and natural medical treatment. The system began to bear fruit in imitation. In fact, many asylums now imitate the free-establishments by a system of family life. Among them may be mentioned those of M. Brierre de Boismont, a learned

psychologist, at Paris, that of Passy under Dr. Blanche, and another at Vernes. And Dr. Willis directs, it seems, a Free Air asylum at Great Ford in England.

For further information on this important subject, the reader may consult a little interesting work published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, called *Gheel, the City of the Simple*; and a French volume published by Hachette, *Gheel; ou, une Colonie d'Alienes vivant en famille et en liberté*. The latter is the more valuable work, but the former is more accessible to English readers, and will be found well worth reading. We borrow from it, in conclusion, the following extract :—

"The healthy influence of family-life is the prevailing element in the system adopted at Gheel ; and while it constitutes the peculiarity of that system, it is the great secret of its success. The arrival of a boarder in a family is generally celebrated as a little family festivity. The simple-minded Campinois, whose wife is the presiding genius of the household, provides, on the occasion, a 'reception meal ;' the children wear their Sunday clothes ; if in winter, another log is added to the fire, the brass skillets and pans receive an extra rub, a clean cloth covers the board, and the cottage interior seems to smile on the new-comer. The intercourse, begun under these auspices, is maintained in the same spirit, and soon the guest reciprocates the confidence with which he is treated. He makes a friend of his host, pours the recital of his troubles into his ear, and receives consolation and advice. Sharing in the prosperity and adversity of the family, partaking of their daily life, he attends with them the religious service of the church, he kneels with them at the angelus-bell, he joins in their family devotions, he becomes, in fact, one of themselves, and he feels himself surrounded by the most endearing ties—he who before was misunderstood, perhaps ill-treated, the scorn and the disgrace of those to whom he was allied by blood, meets in these hospitable strangers a whole family regarding him with but one sentiment, that of benevolence and affection. He who was nobody has become the object of every one's regard and attention ; he rises in his own estimation, and soon, by his efforts to show his gratitude, feels that he is in a position to earn the kindness he at first received gratuitously. Gradually he gains the level of those by whom he is surrounded, and often this simple and spontaneous resuscitation of moral vigour, alone suffices to effect his cure. In all things equal with them,—except that his well-being is more considered, more studied,

better cared for, allowed full liberty to come and go as he pleases, to work or be idle, to rise or retire,—he has no contradiction to resist, no opposition to combat, and one great cause of irritation is thus entirely removed. If he be mischievously inclined, or afflicted with that digital restlessness, which we often observe even in persons allowed to be perfectly sane, he is suffered to destroy what he pleases. The objects that come in his way are comparatively valueless, and it is asserted that in most of those cases where it is otherwise, the grief or annoyance of the owners of such articles as had been demolished, had more effect on the patient than the restrictions or punishments imposed under other systems. One young man now there—an Englishman, and the only one of our nation at present at Gheel—had so unconquerable a predilection for the amusement

of breaking windows, together with other expensive and unattractive habits, that after a four years' residence at a private asylum in England, where he grew daily worse, the physician under whose care he had been placed, declined to keep him any longer. He was then sent to Gheel, where, the first day he arrived, he broke twenty-eight squares of glass, with every demonstration of vindictive glee. No notice whatever was taken of this feat, at which he seemed very much mortified. The next day he made a second attempt, but this time confined himself to about half the number. The same course was pursued, from which moment, strange as it may seem, he entirely abandoned the pastime; and during the three or four years he has been at Gheel he has never since indulged himself in the same way."

THE VICTIM OF HYMEN.

I REMARKED to Dalrymple in Kensington Gardens,
Where poor Roger Aveling a parcel was carrying,
"Behold, how a base domesticity hardens
The man that imprudently ventures on marrying.

"Look now! whom's he meeting?—maid, lady, and baby,
It must be his wife, by the way that she smiled;
He's stopping again—why, what can the delay be?—
Good gracious! Dalrymple, he's kissing his child!

"Poor Roger was never remarkably clever,"
(Here I tapped with my cane on the heel of my boot,)
"But, still 'twas a thing to remember for ever
His exquisite air as he smoked a cheroot.

"Just look at his coat, now, well cut I allow, sir,
But a wreck of what we were accustomed to see;
It's the same with his waistcoat, his hat, and his trowser,
Once good as their master, now fallen as he.

"There's nothing he wears but his chain and his locket,
To remind us at all of his happier days;
By Jove! why, he's got a large book in his pocket!
And Roger, remember, was once in the Greys.

"Now look at his wife, that is she, she's a Burnham,—
A Leicestershire Burnham, good blood, and all that;
But her boots! why my poor little cousins would spurn 'em,
And her sealskin looks more like the skin of a cat.

"I know you will surely in all that I've said agree,
So further discussion is nothing but waste;
But what, without style, is the use of a pedigree,
And where is the object of wealth without taste?"

Dalrymple replied, "You are hard on them, rather,
Yet what you have said isn't far from the truth;
I scarce know a single presentable father,
Though ever select in my friends from my youth.

"Poor Roger, poor Roger! without much invention
He'd give heavy weight to us fellows, and win;
It's useless to try, for I know I can't mention
His equal on earth in the choice of a pin.

"Just look at his figure, he's lost it completely,
And man may recover all things but his shape;
That gone, let him dress himself ever so neatly,
From slow degradation he cannot escape.

"There's nothing so dangerous, Arthur, as marriage;
To man it is ruin, to woman it's worse;
They dance for a mansion, coquet for a carriage,—
The mansion's a tomb, and the carriage a hearse.

"A tomb of their taste, and a hearse of their beauty—
But why should I talk when I know you agree:
They may prate of affection, and preach about duty,
But marriage is nothing but *felo de se*."

"It's wretched to think," I replied to Dalrymple,
"Of pretty May Morris, that pearl among pearls,
May *Burton* has never a smile or a dimple,
Her colour has faded, and where are her curls?"

"Her husband is safe, though; an excellent fellow;
His style is a model of finish and grace;
And, though his complexion's a trifle too yellow,
I've never observed more distinguished a face.

"There's no one who's suffered so little by marriage,—
But that is because he's so seldom at home.
In summer he packs off his people to Harwich,
And idles *en garçon* at Paris or Rome——"

"O, hang it, here Roger is coming towards us!
Shall we cut him, old fellow, or do the polite?"
"The polite," I replied; "self-denial rewards us,
And no one we know is at present in sight."

He cheerfully hailed us, though, much to our sorrow,
We witnessed the wretched attempt to be gay.
"It seems like an age since we shook hands. To-morrow
We're off to" (he stopped, and then added) "Herne Bay."

I coughed; but Dalrymple, with excellent presence
Of mind, said, "Herne Bay!—Ah!—I can't recall where,
But I think I once dined off some excellent pheasants
That some one sent some one from somewhere near there."

His face fell at once, and he answered, "Your kindness
I see through; you pity me both from your heart,
I feel sure, as you'd pity a man for his blindness.
Come, come, I will tell you my story apart—

"Out of sight of the baby—I'll not even tarry
To speak to or introduce you to my wife;
Such mistaken politeness might teach you to marry,
And you would repent it, I'm sure, all your life.

"Be warned! here apart, where no eyes can discern us,
Not even the eyes of a child or a maid,
I'll tell you my tale. My descent of *Avernus*,
Commenced in this very particular glade!

"For there by that elm-tree 'twas first that I saw burn
The hair of Susannah—(don't start at the name !)
The hair that I fondly imagined was auburn,
As through its loose ringlets the sun went and came.

"Consider a moment the blindness of passion !
'Twas a month ere I found that the colour was wrong !
Six weeks ere I learnt it was dressed out of fashion !
Two months ere I knew that her foot was too long !

"I thought I had never seen features so charming,
As she looked down and smiled (for she smiles very well)
At her aunt (whose infirmity's something alarming ;—
She's living with us, so I'm able to tell)."

"What ! lives with you !" both of us cried. "My poor Roger !"
He silenced us both with a wave of his hand.
"She said that unless we'd her aunt for a lodger
She couldn't—but spare me—you both understand."

We saw his emotion, and fearful to shock it,
We paused to allow him his temples to wipe ;
But slowly, instead, from the depths of a pocket,
To our utter amazement, he pulled out a pipe.

"I trespass too much on your ancient affection,
I know," he continued, with countenance pale ;
"But permit me to light up the pipe of dejection,
Before I proceed with my terrible tale."

We nodded ; he smoked, and resumed. "I was staggered,
And mad in a moment (that's love at first sight) ;
My body was pierced, riddled, speared, knifed, and daggered —
(Excuse me a moment, my pipe's not alight).

"It was more than a week ere I gained introduction,
It seemed like a year ; in a month I proposed ;
At the moment I felt that the sun on my luck shone,
She accepted at once, and the folly was closed.

"Ah, me ! with a wife of the name of Susannah,
What can you expect but a gradual fall !
To think that a man who was famed for his manner
Should kiss his own baby by Kensington Wall !

"To think that a fellow, whose taste was proverbial,
Should wear such a coat and such trowsers as these ;
And be treated with no more respect than a cur by all
Nursemaids who walk under Kensington trees.

"At first I was stern, and my wife was a slave to me,
But when she grew ill I abandoned my sway ;
And now she has quite forgot how to behave to me,
And pretends to be wretched when I am away.

"I've given up billiards, and gaming, and betting,
My wildest excitement's a family rub ;
I know that the sun of my glory is setting,
For when, which is seldom, I go to the club,

"I bear (like a coward you'll say, I allow it,)
The shafts of derision that round me are hurled.
My only excuse is (I blush to avow it),
My wife is the dearest and best in the world.

"So surely I fall, I will trust to your keeping
A secret, but spare me your well-deserved scorn,
But really, one morning I found myself weeping,—
Well I might, it was over my baby just born !

"Down, day by day, downward, still lower my fall is ;
My figure is gone, I am loose in my gait ;
I go to Herne Bay, but the worst of it all is
I feel I am getting resigned to my fate.

"I like my beard rough, unpomaded, unscented,
I try to wear gloves now and then, but I can't ;
I know that I'm lost, yet I fear I'm contented,
And, really, am getting quite fond of the aunt.

"Then think of my fate, dear Dalrymple and Arthur,
And keep clear of marriage as long as you can ;
Or else you may possibly sink to a father,
And close your career as a family man."

Quite speechless with pity, and torn by affection,
In sorrowful silence our steps we retraced ;
And left him still smoking the pipe of dejection,
The Victim of Hymen, the Outcast of Taste.

TABLE TALK.

THE Archbishop of York, in a recent speech at St. James' Hall, said, that a man could not be married after 12 o'clock in the day, because the Legislature considered that such a sacred contract as marriage ought to be entered into in a sober and serious way, and that the enactment was connected with the vice of drunkenness, of which he had been speaking. But this statement was not quite correct. It is true that, unless any man goes to the expense of a special licence, which will permit him to be married at any hour and in any place, he must, according to law, be married between the hours of eight and twelve o'clock in the forenoon ; and a clergyman celebrating a marriage at other hours than these (unless by special licence) does so "upon pain of suspension, or felony, with transportation for fourteen years ;" (4 Geo. IV. c. 76, § 21.) Here is a hint for novelists, who might depict an innocent Rev. Robert Penfold under a new aspect. The modern law for the solemnisation of marriages between the hours of eight and twelve in the morning, dates from the bill passed by Chancellor Hardwicke, March 25, 1754, for the suppression of that iniquitous system known as Fleet Marriages. Eighty-nine parsons, denizens of the Fleet, are mentioned by Mr. Burn, in his *History of Fleet Marriages*, as plying this trade ; and, at certain taverns, a parson was retained, at a pound a week, as a necessary member of the establishment, in

order that he might celebrate clandestine and unlicensed unions. Touts were also kept to induce couples to patronise their employers' tavern. Walpole tells us how Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, was married, in this clandestine way, to Lady Caroline Lennox, eldest daughter of the Duke of Richmond. Many of the nobility, including the Marquis of Annandale, Viscount Sligo, Lord Banff, Lord Abergavenny, Sir Marmaduke Gresham, the Hon. John Bourke, afterwards Lord Mayo, and Lord Montague, afterwards Duke of Manchester, resorted to Fleet parsons for the celebration of the nuptial ceremony. The evils of such a system are apparent ; but the drunkenness that frequently accompanied such marriages, was not the cause that led to the change in the law ; and the Archbishop of York's argument was, therefore, in this particular, based on an error. Horace Walpole, in writing to Mr. Conway, May 22, 1753, correctly describes the bill that made Fleet marriages illegal, as being drawn up and passed for "preventing clandestine marriages." The drunkenness was no more a feature of such marriages than it was at Gretna Green unions, or still is in the Black Country and many English districts, and, more especially, in the Western Highlands of Scotland, where, at the present day, decent couples frequently go to the Lowlands to be married in order to avoid the great expense that the large consumption of whiskey would impose upon them if they were married in their own parish. But this drunkenness at weddings had nothing to

do with the law that makes a man be married between eight and twelve in the morning; unless he prefers to spend fifty pounds for the ceremony being performed in the evening in his own drawing-room.

THE preference given in the calls for Mr. Johnson, the scene-painter, to those bestowed upon Mr. Watts Phillips, the author, on the opening night of the new drama of *Not Guilty*, at the Queen's Theatre, has directed renewed attention to a subject that has, for some time past, been thrusting itself into undue prominence in our theatres. No matter how incongruous may be the sight of a gentleman in English costume suddenly appearing in the midst of Fairyland, or on an Indian battle-field, yet, in obedience to an ill-judged summons from the audience, there is the irrelevant apparition of the scenic artist, bowing his acknowledgments for a success which he may have shared with the costumier, carpenter, and gas-fitter, but which they are never called upon publicly to avow. This vicious custom is growing more intolerable and vicious. Our scene-painters ought to be content with their triumphs,—

datus in theatro
Cum tibi plausus,—

without stepping in front of their pictures. It would have been as reasonable for Stanfield or Roberts to have made their bows behind the footlights, as it would have been for them to make similar acknowledgments in front of their smaller masterpieces on the walls of the Royal Academy. Let our scene-painters be satisfied with the wide-spread popularity of their labours, and call to mind the many great artists who have dignified their profession. The two just mentioned are a host in themselves; but many more may be brought forward. The Masques of Ben Jonson, Daniel, and Chapman owed much of their success to the scenes painted for them by Inigo Jones. Canaletto and his father Bernardo were scene-painters; so also were the artists Daniel Mytens, Nicholas Lanier, Wincelous Hollar, Signor Fideli, Mons. l'Abbé, Robert Aggas, Streater, Signor Servandoni, Mons. de Voto, Jack Laquerre, George Lambert, Signor Amiconi, Oram, Frank Hayman, Thomas Dall, Richards, M. A. Rooker, Walmsly, French, Catton Jun., Signor Novosielski, Hodges, William Capon, Charles Dibdin and his son, and J. P. de Louthembourg. Hogarth, too, painted some scenes for Dr. Hoadley's private theatre. George Chambers, who, from being a cabin-boy in a Whitby coaster, rose to be

marine painter to William IV., was scene-painter at the Pavilion Theatre. The scenery for *Kenilworth*, when it was produced at the King's Theatre, was designed by A. N. Welby Pugin, then a young man; and afforded him scope for his mediæval taste and skill. David Cox began life as scene-painter at the Birmingham Theatre, to the elder Macready, and painted scenes for a toy-theatre for the younger Macready, at Rugby school; and when the future king of water-colourists was twenty years of age, he was promoted (in 1803) from the provincial theatres of Birmingham and Leicester to paint the scenes at Astley's Theatre, London. In the dedication to Mr. Buckstone's published play *The Flowers of the Forest*, produced at the Adelphi Theatre, March 11, 1847, he says, that the "old white horse and black donkey," in the scene of the gipsy encampment, were painted, for the sake of old recollections, by Thomas Sydney Cooper, who had been "the youthful artist of a certain theatre rural, on the Sussex coast," in which Mr. Buckstone was a performer. The late Mr. F. W. Fairholt (according to *The Athenæum*, April 7, 1866,) was "at one time, a drawing-master and scene-painter." And what a list might be made with more modern names:—Grieve, Telbin, Marshall, Lloyds, Guise, Calcott, Danson, Matt Morgan, and Beverly, with a very long et-cetera. While scene-painters can point to such artists as these, they need not fear that their labours will be held in contempt; and they can well afford to dispense altogether with those needless exhibitions of their own faces behind the footlights, which are now demanded by a gratified, but thoughtless audience.

PAINTERS, always in trouble with their colours, are most plagued with the white pigments. Lead-white turns black by exposure to an ordinary atmosphere, and zinc-white does not cover well, as they say. A French artist lately applied to a French chemist, Dr. Sace, for help towards obtaining a colourless substance without these defects; and the chemist, passing in review all the likely compounds, decided in favour of the tungstate of baryta. Trials have been made with this, and it has been found to have a good body, and to withstand noxious vapours, such as those which blacken white-lead. The Paris Academy, not of Arts, but of Sciences, had the subject brought before them last week; nothing appears to be out of place at these meetings. Doubtless the new paint will soon be found at the artists' colour dealers'; it is being made

wholesale in Paris, by M. E. Rousseau. Faraday used to tell Turner that he and his kindred ought to experiment for themselves upon the nature and permanence of their pigments. There was need of the advice, truly, and it might be advantageously acted upon by living colourists. I was lately in company with a scientific artist, looking at a new portrait of a famous engineer by a no less famous painter, and my friend assured me that in a few years' time the picture will altogether belie the original, from the alterations that age will work in the unstable materials used for flesh tints. The immortalisers of all others should be the most assiduous in seeking the imperishable. What is wanted is a professor of chemistry to the Royal Academy. That distinguished body has professors of anatomy, of history, and of antiquities—why not of a science like chemistry, which is so important to the preservation of nature? I could give the name of a gentleman well-known among artists, and who is ever forward to support any good work, who has been very urgent that a professor of chemistry should be appointed to the Academy. The late Sir Charles Eastlake and other distinguished artists highly approved of the idea, but nothing has been done to give it effect.

THE Rev. Fergus Ferguson, who, a few weeks since, obtained a temporary notoriety in Edinburgh by his wholesale condemnation of the poet Burns, and of all members of "Burns' Clubs," has survived the scathing leader of *The Scotsman*; and has published his sermon, heedless of the fire of criticism, which ought to have scorched him into silence. It is no light matter, even in a sermon, to abuse Burns to his fellow-countrymen; but to speak the truth about him is another matter; and the truth is not always very favourable to the poet's character. Perhaps this is the reason why all the biographies and guide-books give that pleasing version of the popular idea of Burns and his Highland Mary, with which we are all acquainted; and which is so exceedingly unlike the version, drawn up from careful inquiry and sifted evidence, that was first put forth by Mr. William Douglas, in his paper read before the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, in 1850, and was corroborated and augmented by Mr. Robert Chambers, in 1851. Cromek, Currie, Walker, Lockhart, Carruthers, and other authors, have adopted that representation of Highland Mary which Faed and other artists have carried out on canvas. But Messrs. Douglas and Chambers have clearly put it on

proof, that this same Mary Campbell was nursemaid in the family of Mr. Hamilton of Mauchline, which was barely four miles distant from that spot on the Fyfe rivulet, in the valley by the Coilsfield woods, where, on Sunday, May 14, 1786, she and Burns had their last meeting, plighted their troth, and exchanged Bibles (which are still preserved with the Burns' relics, at Ayr). Four months after this, on September 3, 1786, Jean Armour gave birth to twins, of which Burns was the father. The private matters of the poet had become so desperate and complicated, that he had even paid nine guineas for a passage to the West Indies, where he was to be an assistant-overseer in a plantation. In two poems he connects this voyage with his vows to his Highland Mary. But Dr. Blacklock, of Edinburgh, dissuaded him from his scheme; for, in July, 1786, had appeared that small three-shilling volume, printed at Kilmarnock, which—entitled *Poems, chiefly in the Scottish dialect*: by Robert Burns—at once made their author famous. Mary Campbell was then at Campbelton, with her coastguardman father; and left there early in October to take a situation in the family of Colonel Mac Ivor, of Glasgow. Burns himself said, that she had gone to Campbelton "to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life," meaning, apparently, marriage, and accompanying him to the West Indies; and that "she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed, when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to her grave in a few days, before I could even learn of her illness." Mr. R. Chambers has supplied full particulars of her short and fatal illness, and of her burial in the kirk-yard of the Old or West Church. She died on October 21, 1786; but her grave remained unmarked until January 25, 1842, when a stately monument was erected there by public subscription.

NO one is more scrupulously careful in his choice of adjectives and epithets than Tennyson; so it is due to him to say, that, by a printer's error, at p. 129, he was made to call Edinburgh "the gay metropolis of the North," instead of "the gray metropolis." He appears to connect the word with the idea of mist; though, at the same time, it is equally applicable to the prevailing tint of the mass of stone houses.

THE Siamese twins are not the first example of a bi-corporal monstrosity that the citizens of

London have had the opportunity of beholding. A more remarkable specimen of duplicated humanity came before them a hundred and sixty years ago. In this case the twins were females, and they were joined at the lower part of the back; not by any ligament, but by close union of their bodies. They were born at Szany in Hungary, in 1701, and were brought to this country when they were about six years old. They were brisk, merry, and well-bred: and were educated to read and write well and to speak several languages. Nature, too, gave them handsome faces and well proportioned figures: two engravings, before me as I write, testify to the latter fact, if they are honest pictures, and I suppose they are, from their appearance in the ancient Transactions of a learned Society. Separation was in this case totally impossible. The sisters could not walk together side by side: when one went forwards the other was obliged to tread backwards. If one stooped, she lifted the other from the ground. Their haberdasher's bills were enviably curtailed, for they wanted only one skirt between them. The poor creatures died, nearly simultaneously, at 22 years old.

THE modes of flight of winged things have ever been the subjects of curious study. Solomon must have meant the manner as the thing incomprehensible about the way of an eagle in the air. The motions of insects' wings are even more wonderful in rapidity and combination than those of birds. By noting the sounds emitted by certain flies, physiologists have inferred the rate at which their tiny pinions vibrate; but the results are doubtful, because of the uncertainty as to the actual seat of the vibrating organ, whether it is the wing itself or some part of the body struck by it in the flying action. An ingenious, but not quite satisfactory way of measuring the velocity has been devised by M. Marey. Did you ever notice a long-dressed lady walking over a dusty pavement, and sweeping out a wavy dust-track by the trail of her train, thereby indicating the movement of some portion of her frame giving the pendulous motion to the skirt? This is the principle of the physiologist's plan. He takes a glass cylinder and blackens it in the flame of a candle; then he sets it rotating at a known speed, and holds against it, by a delicate pair of forceps, the insect under experiment, in such a manner that the fluttering wings may brush against the sooty surface. A zigzag line is thus marked out, each wave of which shows one flap of the

wing; and by counting the number in a revolution of the barrel, the period of which is known, the strokes per second are ascertained. Those of the common fly amount to 330, of the bee 190, and of the wasp 110 in a second. But the weak point of the method is that it shows only the action of the insect in its attempt to escape from the confining tweezers, and not during free flight. One might as well take the kickings of a gibbeted criminal for the ordinary walking movements of a man. But in such investigations mere approximations are all that can be expected. As to the form of a wing's gyrations, M. Marey observes it by attaching to the limb a small piece of gold-leaf, and viewing the persistent image of the bright quivering spot it forms; this resembles a figure 8.

A SHOAL of answers has been received to the Double Acrostic in No. 59, the leading words of which are made up of letters that backwards and forwards read the same. The answer, of course, is made up of Gog, Level, Eye, Noon, Eve, Lepel, Gag; the initial and the final letters of which alike go to form the name of Glenelg. One correspondent, however, raises the question whether the riddle has not been suggested by one of older date, which runs as follows:—

First find out a word that doth silence proclaim,
And that backwards and forwards is always the same.
Then next you must find out a feminine name,
That backwards and forwards is always the same.
An act or a writing on parchment, whose name
Both backwards and forwards is always the same.
A fruit that is rare, whose botanical name
Read backwards and forwards is always the same.
A note used in music, which time doth proclaim.
And backwards and forwards is always the same.
Their initials connected a title will frame
That is justly the due of the fair married dame.
Which backwards and forwards is all the same.

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HETTY.

By HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XIV.

HARTOP.

MAB, the little dog, used to bark furiously at strangers in general, and regarded both Carry and Mr. Turner in that light. So, when, two days after the last conversation, Rebecca was told that there was a gentleman to see her, Mab barked all the way down stairs, but on getting to the sitting-room door began to whine and scratch joyously, so that Rebecca thought it was Mr. Morley.

But it was not; it was only the magnificent young sailor, Hartop. She was sorry that he had come; and, without perceiving her cold reserved air, he came frankly and joyously up to her, and took her hand.

"I could not get to you a moment before; I have been unloading all the day long, ever since we were in port till to-day. My uncle, Mr. Hagbut, suggested to me that it would be only kind if I were to come and tell you about those two."

Her father's words came on her with a shock. This, then, was the man selected by Mr. Hagbut as the one most likely to make mischief between her and her father. The man of all others the most dangerous.

"Yet how could he have known *that*?" It was indeed a puzzle, if it were not an accident. All this went through her mind so quickly that she did not keep him waiting for his answer. She said, promptly, "What two?"

"Why Mr. Morley and Hetty, to be sure," he replied, wondering.

"Then there *is* a Hetty?" said Rebecca, with animation.

"There was three days ago," he said, laughing; "and I think you will find a young person of her appearance, and claiming her name,

walking about with her father in the Boopjes of Rotterdam this afternoon."

"She is a good sailor, I dare say," said Rebecca.

"It would be a queer thing for her if she wasn't," said Hartop, with another look of wonder. "But I didn't come here to talk about *her*; I should talk all the afternoon if I began about *her*. Do allow me to assure you that of all the pretty, innocent, little birds that fly over the tropic sea, she is the prettiest and most innocent; and of all the brave hearts which beat truest and most steady in the worst gale that ever blew, hers is the truest and steadiest. They will set you against her, but don't believe them."

"Why should they set me against her?" asked Rebecca.

"She broke through rules, you know," said he, seriously. "If she and I had been what we are now, I should most likely have been against it. But that was afterwards. We won't talk of her; you shall judge her for yourself. Now I want to ask you to walk with me. Do come. It is the only civility I can show you."

"I will go and ask my father," she said, and so left him.

Mr. Turner was sitting alone in his bedroom, brooding in his chair, and hearing some one coming, caught up his Bible and bent his head over it; a fact made patent to Rebecca by seeing that he held it upside down.

"Father," she said, quietly, as soon as she had shut the door, "the young man you warned me of has come from Mr. Hagbut; and I have come to ask your leave to go out to walk with him for an hour or so."

"No!" cried Mr. Turner, shutting up his Bible. "Why, this is as good as a play. Tell me all about it. Who is he?"

"He is young Hartop, a sailor; Mr. Hagbut's nephew."

"Hagbut knows something against him, then, or—stay, let us condemn no man—he has calculated on my having objections to your marrying a sailor; that is it. Now, my girl,

let us have it all out ; there is more to come. I have not watched witnesses' eyes for nothing all my life."

"You remember that Mr. Hagbut denied that Mr. Morley had a daughter."

"Certainly."

"Well, he has such a daughter, and her name is Hetty ; and this young man is engaged to be married to her. And he describes her as the most perfect being ever seen. I don't know how I know it, but I do know this—if anything were to come between this splendid Hetty and himself, he would be a lost man."

"Then you see my theory of her being disreputable, and of Hagbut's keeping her in the background to make a quarrel on the score of want of confidence between you and Morley falls to the ground. I was under the impression that, if there were such a girl, Hagbut would advise Morley to keep her in the background until you were well committed to him, and then reveal her disreputable existence by means of one of those savoury old catamarans—vessels, I mean. But this theory falls to the ground now, if she is what the young man says she is. She cannot have done anything."

"She has done *something*, though, and something rather strong. Her own father hinted it to me, and her own devoted lover confirmed it. I don't want to know what it is, but the young man, who is to marry her, hoped just now, that the good ladies, whom you so well describe as savoury catamarans, would not prejudice me against her. He says she has broken through rules."

"I wish I could," said poor Mr. Turner. "but I am too old. Go on, Rebecca, we have had less than half at present. You have never got together evidence yet, my good girl, and so you can't tell by a witness's eyes whether the story is all told."

Rebecca laughed, and for the first time in her life, sat down by her father's knee, and leant her head against it.

"You are right," she went on. "Do you remember that you said—well, if there was any young man, with whom I was in danger, who was disagreeable to you, that Hagbut would throw him against me. He has done so."

"Is there danger with this young man, then? Where could you have seen him?"

"In your own house ; here, in the presence of Mr. Morley. And there *was* danger about him. And I want to go out a-walking with him. And you are going to let me."

"Then there is no danger now?"

"Not a bit," said Rebecca. "He has blown all my fancies to the winds in ten minutes by

his clear manly frankness, just as I created them in ten minutes for myself. No danger at all."

"That is well," said Mr. Turner, noticing that, now his hand was very near his daughter's beautiful hair, there was a strange pleasure in passing his hand through it. "But have you ever been indiscreet about this young man : to Carry, for instance?"

"I could not tell Carry what I had never confessed to myself," said Rebecca. "Yet it would seem as if the man had second sight."

"Carry possibly gave him some hint."

"But she could not have done so, father. She never heard of him in her life."

"Then I will tell you what it is, my child. It is only an old dodge of priest-craft, which is now called Jesuitism ; as if a real Jesuit would have made such a risk. He sent him here on a chance of confusing counsel, finding himself possible to make the most likely hash of matters, and pick his own interest out—that is all ; but Mr. Morley has put you on your guard. Nothing more than that." And indeed, there was nothing more : for Hagbut was quite as much fool as knave.

"Well, he has failed," said Mr. Turner. "Where is the young man? Let us see him."

Rebecca, rising, reminded her father that the young man had been waiting down-stairs above half-an-hour ; and they went to see him.

The young man, splendid as he was in beauty and stature, accustomed to bully all sailors and officials in every part of the globe, was terribly frightened at this dry old English attorney. He and Jack Hord (of Wilmington U.S. ; the New York branch of the family, lately enriched, call themselves Howard) had with their stretchers alone kept the boat free from the swarm of monkey-like Portuguese, nearly two hundred strong, gesticulating and showing knives, while the rest of their comrades were half-persuading, half-carrying, that very indiscreet young man, Cornelius Kelly, back to the boat ; Cornelius not being in the least drunk, but having been insulted by being called Lutherano, to which he could only answer by howling, "Mono ! Mono !" That had been a very dangerous disturbance, as dangerous a one as Belem Castle sees often in these peaceful times. Also this young man had been in other rows of a different kind. His strong lungs and his commanding presence had brought him into trouble before now. While he was in the service of a small house, in a screw steamer off the west coast of South America, he, noticing the barometer and the weather generally, had given orders to get up

steam and put to sea, the captain being still on shore, and he dreading a gale. There was no gale, only an earthquake, and he proved clearly that the ship would have been thrown a mile inland, if he had not given these orders; but the captain got him dismissed. In short, this young man Hartop had been in all kinds of trouble and bother, and had never yet shown himself afraid of anyone. When his certificate was in question he was as bold and as free before the court as any man. But this dry old lawyer frightened him to death. For a guilty man is frightened before a lawyer, and a sailor hates and dreads one. I think a real sailor fears nothing but a lawyer. What must a guilty sailor feel?

And Hartop was a deeply guilty man. To the people he loved and trusted more than any in the world, to Hartop and Hetty, Mr. Morley had confided the fact that he was going to ask Rebecca to be his wife, if things looked in any way promising; and had at the same time begged them never to confide the fact to any human being. The poor girl must not be put in a false position again. So young Hartop, being full of kindness and happiness, did not know how much his future father-in-law had said to Rebecca, and was under the general impression that old Turner was a Turk,—with a large dowry ready, provided no indiscretion was committed—who knew nothing about the arrangement. And also this Turk was a lawyer, a creature worse than any Turk. So the young man, treading on molten iron, bowed down, terrified, before Mr. Turner.

Mr. Turner could not have known this, but he might have guessed it possible. He was happy, as far as he could be, but the chance of bullying a young sailor was too good to be lost. He did not re-assure that young man at all.

"How do you do, sir? My daughter informs me that you wish to take her out for a walk."

"If it met your views, sir," said young Hartop.

"The question is, whether it meets my daughter's views?" said Mr. Turner, grimly. "Our neighbours are censorious. But if she wants to go, she can."

"I do want to go, pa," she said.

"Then get your bonnet on," he added, and followed her.

"Rebecca," he said to her, following her into her room, "there is no harm in that lad, my child. That lad is in love, and not with you."

"I know that," said Rebecca, cheerfully.

"Then look here," said her father; "don't cross-question him about this daughter of Morley's, this Hetty. It is not fair on him. If she has been a fool, he won't care much to tell you about it. Are you *quite* safe, old girl?"

"Quite safe, pa," said Rebecca. And somehow they kissed one another. And Rebecca said, "Pa, dear, why are we not always like this?"

And he said, "Let us try to be."

And so ended the incipient romance of the young sailor Hartop. At least as regards Rebecca.

CHAPTER XV.

REBECCA'S VOYAGE WITH HIM, AND WHAT THEY SAW, AND WHAT SHE SAW WHEN THEY CAME HOME.

THIS was the occasion of Rebecca's first voyage. And she took her voyage in the sole company of the young man whom she had considered to be dangerous to her peace of mind. And it is singular that he was not now,—now that the brooding engendered by the house and by the lane were no more—no longer dangerous at all; but that she wanted to talk about Hetty, but did not do so because he did not; and that he did not talk about Hetty because he thought her a dangerous subject. For Hetty had broken rules. He talked about the sea, and about the wild free lands that lay beyond Limehouse. He asked her if she were a good sailor, and she answered that she supposed she was no worse than another, and repeated her question, "Was Hetty a good sailor?" and he repeated his previous mysterious answer, "It would be a queer thing surely if she were not."

The wind was free and fresh from the south, and the little steamer went fast and busy from wharf to wharf down the river. Under the bright sun, and the nimble pure air, and the changing of the scene, Rebecca grew happy, and showed her happiness by a thoughtful silence.

"Are you comfortable, Miss Turner?" said Hartop.

"I am more than comfortable. I am perfectly happy. I cannot tell why, but it is so. It was wonderfully kind of you to bring me here. I have never seen anything like this before in my life. This is most wonderful and most beautiful."

"It is as good as carrying the north-east trade over the line, to hear you say so," replied Hartop.

Said Rebecca, "I wish we could go to some

place where we could see which way the ship was going."

And so Hartop carried her to the front of the little vessel, and set her there. And she said, "Would you be so good as not to talk to me. You sailors smoke your pipes, I know. Would you kindly smoke yours now, and let me sit in silence."

Hartop sat on the deck at her feet, to leeward, and smoked. The little throbbing boat carried them both, past the wharves and the city, towards the sea; she sitting in a Cashmere shawl like a figure-head. From time to time she said to him, "Are you tired?" and he said, "No. He was very happy. Why should he be tired?"

"Because you are not talking to anybody," said Rebecca. "I don't wish to talk; and I am afraid that I am bad company."

"You are very good and comfortable company," said Hartop. "The worst mate of all is a sulky mate, and the next worst is a jawing mate. I took you out for pleasure, not for jaw. For instance, where were you when you spoke?"

"I was at the island of St. Borondon in the Atlantic. The island where all things go right for evermore," said Rebecca. "Where were you?"

"I don't know that island," said Hartop. "For my part I was crawling along in a fruit brig under Teneriffe, and thinking how Hetty got on in that short chopping North Sea. Break your slate, you know, and tilt the fragment up in the window above the level of your eye, and you get Teneriffe. But lor, *you* can't dream what Teneriffe is. And still less Tristan d' Acunha. And still less the approach to the Australian shore. No man knows what that is till he has seen it. Did you ever see the west front of Wells cathedral?"

"No. Why?"

"Because it is like Madeira, on the Atlantic side," said Hartop. "But what can you know about islands? You have never seen any."

Rebecca had not.

"Islands are like cathedrals. Have you ever seen a cathedral?"

Only St. Paul's it seemed, with a distant view of Westminster.

"Mr. Morley told us you had seen nothing," said this young man. "Now, islands and cathedrals are one and the same thing. They are the cathedrals of the wide, cruel sea, and God Almighty built them with his own kind hands. The cathedrals ashore were built by the priests: the cathedrals of the sea were built by God Almighty's own hands. Think of that, Miss Rebecca. And what is the object

of a cathedral? Peace. I have sailed with all creeds, and they all ask for peace; and I tell them all, that after the wild wandering sea, you get peace on an island. I wish we could go to an island—us four together."

Rebecca was too far in dream-land to ask him what he meant by "us four." The river grew yet and yet more busy, and at last the tall masts in the pool came in sight, the nimble little steamer stopped, and Hartop aroused her by saying: "Will you go back now, or where will you go?"

"Take me on towards the sea, and let me be still," she said. And in a few minutes the dexterous Hartop had her on board a boat bound for Gravesend, and they throbbed along on their strange voyage once more.

As the ships grew larger and larger her eyes seemed to expand. Hartop looked on her with that strange reverential superstition which the highest class of sailor has towards a beautiful woman. The old sailors' fancy is that a ship in full sail, a field of corn, and a beautiful woman, are the three finest things in nature; and the reason they will give you for this is that all of these three things shadow out the hope of increase. For my own part I know many less beautiful superstitions; but that part of it which relates to the beautiful woman was very much in bold Hartop's soul that day, as he sat looking stealthily at her, in the light of his future mother-in-law, thinking that she was really after all worthy even of Mr. Morley; and, moreover, turning over the wonderful fact that she had never seen Hetty in her life. *She* spoke at last.

"Are these the real ships that go down into the great deep sea?"

"Yes," he said, eagerly. "There they are, Miss Turner, ready for anything, from Camerons to Sydney. See that long bodied, low-lying screw there. Very sister"—he succeeded in saying—"ship, that Hetty was wrecked in two years ago."

"Has Hetty been shipwrecked then?" said Rebecca.

Hartop looked at her wonderingly for an instant, but thought, "She knows nothing. It is for Morley to tell her."

"Yes, she has been wrecked three times now. That last time was the time when the Queen wrote to her, and sent her the Bible. I have often laughed when I told her that I would never sail in the same ship with her."

"Wrecked three times!" said Rebecca, half-awakened. "Was Mr. Morley ever wrecked with his daughter?"

"Not likely," said Hartop. "The Lord

don't cast his best tools aside like that. It is easy enough, Miss Turner, for a game and plucky girl like Hetty, to stand on a cracking, bursting deck, with the cruel sea hurling around her, no hope of life, and keep a parcel of women from going quite mad, by singing of hymns to them, and by telling them of Christ who walked on the waters, as Hetty did; why that is a thing any woman could do. You could do it, if you gave your mind to it. Het did that and Het is a brick. But she didn't do this. It took a man to do this. Mr. Morley went alone into the rowdiest drinking house in the Nevada track in the old times in California. Taylor himself had warned him that he was a dead man if he went, for to refuse drink in that house meant death. Morley laughed at Taylor himself, went into the grog-shop, was challenged to drink, and then cast the liquor on the ground, and before he came out of that grog-shop had given them a piece of his mind. Taylor said that he would not have done it. What do you think of that, for instance?"

"I am all abroad," said Rebecca. "It would seem that Hetty is brave, but that Mr. Morley is braver."

"There is no man alive like Mr. Morley," said Hartop. "He don't know what fear is."

"Let us talk about these ships," said Rebecca, "and leave Mr. Morley to take care of himself."

So he told her all about them—where they sailed to, how strangely they leaped and plunged in their agony at sea, for all they were so still and silent now. This one had come from sliding on slowly and silently among towering icebergs, the one beside her was fresh from the palm-fringed quays of the Pacific. So he sat in her gentle loyalty and talked to her, she speaking seldom, but sitting wrapped in herself: he never tiring of talking to her and sitting near her. Little did she dream of the tie which bound him so closely to her; little did she know what sacred and deeply loved being she was to him; how he and the two others had talked about her hour by hour; how deeply important she was to three people: one of whom she had never seen, one whom she had seen but twice, and a third she had scarcely seen half-a-dozen times. These kind souls had been preparing a home for her in their hearts, and she knew not of it.

It was only when he left her, very late, they having come from Woolwich by railway, at her father's door, that she appreciated how utterly she had lost herself. "I fear he will scold me," she thought, "and our new-made confidence will suffer;" but the maid only heard that he

was busy, and that Miss Caroline was in her room. Somehow the company of this most excellent and most admirable Carry, did not seem in any way to suit this young lady who had been wool-gathering in the moon all day; she took off her hat, and catching up her little dog, walked slowly along the hall.

When she was nearly opposite her father's room-door she put down her little dog and took off her hat, letting her hair fall down by accident. Mab immediately began to run round and round barking, after her tail.

The noise instantly aroused Mr. Turner, for coming out quickly and closing the door behind him, he found himself face to face, under the light in the passage, with a beautiful and noble looking woman, draped nearly from head to foot in a cashmere shawl, with part of her hair fallen down—a woman who looked very quiet, still, and calm, and whom he recognised, to his own astonishment, as his own daughter, Rebecca.

He had never realised her before. He had never truly trusted her before. There was something now in the calm, strong, gentle face, which made him see an ally, an ally worth all the world. Mr. Turner had been something else before he had been converted, it seemed; for the first real word of confidence he ever uttered to his daughter, smelt very strongly of the evil odour of the old Adam.

"Where the devil have you been all this time?"

"I have been down among the ships with Hetty's lover, Tom Hartop," she said. "I am very sorry, father, but I was so happy——"

"Hang Tom Hartop," said Mr. Turner, in a whisper. "Come in here, and hold your tongue. I want your help, child; take up your dog and nurse it, it will be an excuse for not talking."

"Hetty is brave, but Morley is braver," was what she thought. "Let me see what I can do." So she took up Mab, stilled her and passed in, to find two men in her father's room, whom she had never seen before.

The first her eye rested on was a gallant looking young gentleman, Lord Ducetoy. She had seen a specimen of his class before, had been with one all day, indeed, so her eyes turned to the other, who was a man the like of which she had never seen before, and which, I hope, we may never see.

A noble looking old gentleman. In his dress, in his hands, in his complexion, there was Gentleman written with no unerring hand. Yet sunk in a heap on a chair, with limp limbs, bowed head, and an appealing, whipped hound

look in his handsome face. She had never seen such a fine gentleman before; and she had never seen such a hopeless look of humble pleading woe. Mr. Spicer the sweep on Sunday, or Jim Akin the costermonger, looked grander than he.

"My daughter," said Mr. Turner, as he brought in Rebecca. "Lord Ducetoy, Sir Gorhambury Townsend."

"You have brought in the young lady to put a stop to this conversation, I suppose?" said Sir Gorhambury.

"That is the case exactly," said Mr. Turner. But Lord Ducetoy and Sir Gorhambury, both heated, continued it.

"I never harmed you, Ducetoy. That protest from the bank only came from one of the rascally directors. Why should you serve me thus?"

"Because, uncle, as I have told you before, I do not desire that my plate, jewels, and bonds should go in the bankruptcy."

"And as I have told you before, the mere re-deposit of them would just enable us to pull through. If the chattels and papers so long left in our hands were now deposited again, it would give confidence in quarters where we want confidence, and pull us through."

"Uncle, the utmost I will do will be to pay in £500, and not withdraw my account."

"I have never, I swear solemnly," said Sir Gorhambury, "done anything to injure any human being. I worked hard at that bank, and we sold it for two hundred thousand pounds. Since then I have been living as a country squire. By my connection with religion I attracted deposits from Christian widows and orphans. It is not I only that am ruined, for my estates will not one half stand the drain on them. I could stand an almshouse myself, (God knows, I wish I were alone with God in one now), but all these widows and orphans are to sink into poverty through their trust in me. I profess, and I ruin widows and orphans, all because my nephew refuses to deposit papers and jewels which would pull us through. And my poor son. Oh, my poor son! And so you won't pull us through as you might? The mere fact of your moving them to another banker's is ruin to us."

"I tell you, uncle, that I will not remove my account."

"Your account. Our only assets are your mortgages. These papers, you have moved them to another banker's. Where are they then?" said the old man, with his first flush of fire. Turner answered,—

"Sir Gorhambury, the papers to which you

allude are in a place which renders it unlikely that they will ever be used in a criminal court against any one. I am sorry to close the conversation in this way, but consider it closed."

Sir Gorhambury said not one word, but rose firmly and calmly, and walked towards the door. Lord Ducetoy said, "good night, uncle," but the old man never answered him. Mr. Turner was going to escort him to the door, when he suddenly found himself confronted by his daughter, with a candle in her hand, who boldly and firmly put her hand upon his chest and pushed him back. Saying in a whisper,—

"That is a broken man, he wants a woman with him." Turner bowed his head reverentially and went back. Sir Gorhambury went down-stairs with Rebecca, holding the light.

"You have lost your money, sir, have you not?" she said.

He answered, "Yes."

"A good many people who come here have lost their money," she said, briskly. "I wish I had lost mine, all the trouble I ever had in my life has been through the money my father is going to leave me when he dies, which will be the bitterest day of *my* life. Keep up your spirits and laugh about it."

"You cannot laugh after seventy, madam," said the old man; yet she fancied that he walked out into the dim dark night more cheerfully for what she had said.

CHAPTER XVI.

A CONFIDENCE OF THREE.

WHEN she came back Lord Ducetoy was walking up and down, and saying,

"It would have been perfectly monstrous for me to do what he proposed. I might have ruined myself, and gone to Canada again to help him; but to help an unlimited Company?—no. You will continue your trust, for friendship's sake. Ah, here is my cousin. Cousin, if you were engaged to the finest girl in the whole world,—who, I am happy to say, has not ten pounds,—you would scarcely put a considerable part of your property into bankruptcy to please your uncle?"

"As I never was engaged to the finest girl in the world," said Rebecca; "and as I have no uncle, I cannot answer the question, Lord Ducetoy. But it is supper-time, and I am very hungry; for I have spent most of the day among the ships down the river, in company with a very handsome young sailor; a man I am getting more and more fond of every time I see him—a young man who will

be fairly in a position to marry after his next voyage."

If Lord Ducetoy had lived only in England he might have mistaken her. But he had been to the Westward, and had seen what pure and true gallantry may exist between man and woman, with the most entire freedom of innocent speech. Mr. Turner's brow grew dark when she said this. Lord Ducetoy laughed, and said, "You are bridesmaid, then; and who is the bride?"

"Hetty Morley is the bride," said Rebecca, at supper, with her eyes wide open; "but what *she* is I cannot conceive. She has done something extraordinary; has pulled down the pillars of the Philistines' temple in some way. But I want to speak about the old man whom I saw out. Be tender with him, you two. I mean my Lord, and Father."

"Believe me we will, Miss Turner," said Lord Ducetoy. "Believe me that we mean nothing else. He will never want for anything he has been accustomed to till the day of his death. Tell my cousin that."

"Why do you call me cousin?" said Rebecca.

"Your mother was my first cousin," said he.

And soon after that she went away; but her father told her not to go to bed. Lord Ducetoy said, when she had gone away,

"What a splendid creature. How have I angered her?"

"By mentioning your cousinship, my Lord. In our case, our family connection with yours has not been happy; the girl knows something of it, or her instincts have told her. And instead of harking back to the traditions of your order, or staying in the respectable mean of ours, she has cast herself into utter Radicalism, which has given me great trouble in my religious connection. The girl don't know a duchess from a dustman's wife."

"Well, I got the same way of thinking in the prairies," said the honest young fellow.

"Yes, there is no Radical like a young Whig," said Turner, with a sneer.

"I shall get it all knocked out of me as I grow up, then," said Lord Ducetoy.

"Undoubtedly," said Turner, suddenly and keenly, some old gleam of Puritan democracy flashing out irrepressibly. "In your class the metal never rings true. It can't. Every word you say is said with a view to excuse your order, to excuse its mere existence."

"We are afraid of your attacking our property, you see," said the youth; "you democrats are always holding that over us; that is what makes Tories. It is odd that a man like

you, who have made so much money by the mere legal waifs and strays of our family property should be a Radical. I am. I have land in Canada, and land in the United States, and if you don't know it, I can tell you that society in New England is much pleasanter than I can find in this cockneyfied England."

Mr. Turner was not prepared with arguments. This young lord was mad. *At that time.* He would not be considered quite so mad now. The idea of a man of many acres, and high position, craving for the rest and peace of pure democracy was horrifying to him. His religion was tolerably democratic, certainly; but he had never reduced it to practice.

There was one thing he knew, however, and practised, too, which he had got from his religion,—mercy.

Rebecca was waiting for him in his bedroom, and she began:—

"What is the matter about that old gentleman?"

"I kept you up to tell you," he answered. "He and his brother sold their bank to a company, and retired on their property, leaving their accumulated property liable to the claims of the limited company; and his brother has died without any children; and the old man has left his eldest son in the bank; and both father and son, to keep things square, have forged names. They have forged my name among others; and I have got the forged papers in the house; and they know it. And I want to spare the old one if I can; but the young one knows I have his forgeries here, and he has set men on—for burglary, no less. If those papers were to go out of my hands and get into the bankruptcy which is coming, those two men, father and son, would go to Portland. If I were to move the jewellery to another banker's it would be known, and bring on the smash sooner. And so it is all here, and you know it. Thirty thousand pounds are under that bed. So keep awake, and keep your dog awake. Give me a kiss, and go to bed now."

THE FAITHFUL FOLLOWER.

BY far the most beautiful, interesting, and pathetic character in English fiction is the faithful lover who hopelessly loves a woman unworthy of him, who goes on from year to year worshipping this poor idol, never tiring of his devotion, never expecting any reward for it. There are several reasons why this

character should be peculiar to English literature. In French fiction, marriage, instead of rendering the unfortunate lover's case hopeless, only heightens the ardour of the chase by adding to it a little danger. Colonel Dobbin is impossible in France. We all remember how, after many years of beautiful slavery to that feeble creature who married a vacant fribble, Dobbin at last sails homeward, and finds the young widow on the pier awaiting him. She is still, to him, as much an object of worship as ever; the long years have not dulled the idealism which transfigured the poor Amelia of former days. And doubtless Dobbin fancies that his love of a lifetime is repaid by this meeting; and that Amelia has been moved by an unexampled generosity to throw herself and all her angelic virtues away upon him. For the grand trait of this sort of hero is his unconscionable modesty; and while we cannot but admire his large disinterestedness, his loyal constancy, his child-like veneration and simplicity, we are inclined to turn with an angry contempt from the weak-minded woman who is not ashamed to accept these treasures, after having despised them or misunderstood them half the years of her life.

Of course, the too faithful lover's adventures do not always terminate in this way. Sometimes he becomes half conscious that his idol is an idol of clay, with a heart of stone; but, in spite of all, his old regard never quite disappears. You tell him that the woman he loved is ugly; he replies that she is ugly *to you*; demonstrating the extreme relativity of beauty by continuing to dream of her as the perfect flower of womankind. When Mistress Beatrix Esmond—in that story which is not only Thackeray's best novel, but which, in one or two respects, is the finest piece of fiction in our literature—has become Mrs. Tusher, has grown old and stout, and is, probably, in temper a devil incarnate, what does her former lover say? His daughter tells us that when Lady Castlewood said Mrs. Tusher had grown old and ugly, Colonel Esmond said that there was never a woman so beautiful as that woman. At which "mamma looked vexed, and my Lord Castlewood began to laugh: and I, of course, being a young creature, could not understand what was the subject of their conversation."

There is a certain development of this hero, however, which we occasionally find in French literature. He appears as a man who is so smitten by passion and admiration of a woman, that no stain upon her previous life or present reputation is sufficient to conquer his love.

Nay, he will love her whether she loves him or not, and only asks the supreme happiness of throwing away his life in thinking of her. If she grant him the least crumb of affection, he is beside himself with joy. He wants no such proofs of regard as the Fanny of Feydeau grants her lover; he only desires to know that she is not quite indifferent to him—that she recognises the sincerity of his love—that she would perhaps, under other circumstances, have been moved to love him. In England, we do not like the idea of a man's being willing to marry a compromised woman, without caring to look back over her previous life. What George Sand calls recollective jealousy is bad enough, when it has to feed itself on memories of bygone preferences and innocent affections; but when more serious fatalities have attended a woman's pre-marital history, we do not greatly respect the man who offers to white-wash her character by "taking her through the court" of marriage. Even as a matter of common prudence, there are several reasons which render such an attempt highly dangerous. But in France—or, at least, in French literature—the case wears a different aspect. There, people believe in the possibility of by-gones being by-gones; there, increasing love for a woman does not seem to be correlative with increasing hatred of the notion that she has ever loved, or been loved by, anybody else. The present love is so great and grand a thing that it takes no account of the future, and places a heavy marble slab over the grave of the past. There is no past, and no future; only the magnificent present, with its sublime emotions. This is the view of the situation which the French faithful lover takes; but, sometimes, he goes a step further, and says that, even as he would condone her past offences if she granted him the supreme boon of her affection, so he is bound to do so although his love is hopeless. Artistically, the position is very fine, and is capable of admirable treatment by a powerful psychological writer. The self-abnegation of the lover, his chivalrous regard, the brave resignation with which he accepts the hopelessness of the case, are capital material for a good storyteller. In the *Vacances de Camille* there is a most pathetic little speech—conveying in a few words the utter abandonment of love—which might be taken as the motto of the faithful and humble lover:

"Her heart is broken," says Bernier, of the pretty, tender, ill-used heroine of the book, whose former lover has just forsaken her.

"Who knows," says Theodore, the faithful

follower, only too willing to come to her assistance at this juncture, "Who knows," he says to himself, "but that the little bits of it may be very good?"

If it were not for the shady morality of the affair, we should say that it is comforting to know that Theodore brought the fragments together in a patient and admirable fashion, and that the naughty Camille promised to be a very good girl and be very kind to him.

This sort of lover is not common in real life; but he is sometimes to be met with. The very existence of such a supreme worship for any woman presupposes in the man an amount of idealism which is akin to genius; and men of genius are not as plentiful as blackberries. An intellectually dull man is incapable of emotionally transfiguring a woman so that she becomes something more than woman to him. There are few family circles, however, which do not know of some more or less distantly related relative whose love-history is a standing marvel. When you are admitted to their confidence you hear of these little snatches of tender romance that beautify common life; then you learn, for the first time, that a certain devil-may-care major, whose name figures with honour in the histories of the Crimean War, and whose grave is on one of the muddy Balaclava slopes, had been jilted twenty years before; how he never ceased to love the woman; how he confessed to a comrade, the night before the battle, that he hoped and prayed God would give him an honourable death on the next day; how it was found that he had left all his money to the little daughter of the woman whom he once hoped to have made his wife. They will tell you, perhaps, that the woman was not pretty, that her brains were nothing to speak of, and her temper a little less mild than it might be. The mystery is not that a man should have been found to create a superhuman paragon of all womanly excellence out of such material, but that a man capable of preserving such an illusion through all the vicissitudes and rough experience of a soldier's life should not have been driven by this intellectual or emotional power into the realms of art. Why did not he become a Petrarch, or a Dante, or a Raffaele, with such a wonderful idealising faculty within him? Why was a man capable of so sublimating human nature, of so escaping from the brutal thralls of common sense, content to remain a rollicking, drinking soldier, with ready sarcasm for the love-affairs of his juniors, and an occasional touch of cynicism for his equals in age? Perhaps he was capable of only this one

supreme effort; perhaps, having dreamed out for himself in early life the picture of a beautiful Paradise, and now despairing of ever reaching this celestial region of his own creation, he had no further interest in the common things of the earth; or, perhaps, with a strong natural bias towards artistic expression, no one of the many languages of art had been taught him. He remains a mute, inglorious Milton, or an unproductive Michael Angelo; and all the beautiful poems and pictures possible to his nature are consumed by himself, in solitary hours of self-communion.

The faithful follower, it must be confessed, is not a sensible person. The man who considers his life a blunder and a mistake, of which the only correction is death, simply because some one woman did not marry him, may be a poet, but he is not a common-sense philosopher. You could not write out the results of his life into head-lines for copy-books. But, on the other hand, it must be said that we have, in ordinary life, plenty of common-sense philosophy, and very little poetry. The man who squares every action of his life with the laws of common-sense is a bigger fool than he whose actions are frequently inexplicable on any ground of self-interest or prudential reason. Common-sense, as we really do find it in the world, is the translation of meanness into maxims—is the armour which the common-place put on to defend themselves against the assaults of enthusiasm, generosity, and impulse. Now, we have such an astonishing quantity of this sort of common-sense, that we ought to forgive the existence of its natural enemies, if only by way of leaven. And the absurd romance of which the faithful follower is the type, is, artistically, so beautiful a thing that we need not seek to skewer it on any shaft of sarcasm or logical demonstration. The lover of whom we speak may be a fool, but his folly is more grateful than much of what is known as worldly-wisdom.

FROGS AND SNAILS.

PARIS is, perhaps, the only city in the world where a man can dine from a few sous to almost any sum of money. During a long residence in the capital of civilisation, my gastronomic experience had ranged from a supper in the Grand Seize to a dinner at eleven sous in the Rue Ste. Anne. I had eaten snails at a restaurant in the Rue De Valois, and horse-flesh in a low wine-shop at the Barrière

Fontainebleau ; but the renowned frog, one of the greatest delicacies of French cookery, was for a long time a stranger to my palate.

In the days of Pitt and Castlereagh, when three-bottle men flourished in English society, and when duels were more frequent than they are now-a-days, Englishmen firmly believed that frogs and snails were eaten by their neighbours across the channel as roast beef in England. But now, when a man can breakfast in London in the morning, and dine and sip his cup of coffee on the boulevards on the evening of the same day, our fellow-countrymen perceive that the French do not live exclusively on frogs and snails ; and the ordinary English visitor to Paris, although he may read in *Galvani* that several tons of horse-flesh are sold there for human food every year, is so occupied in sight-seeing that he seldom comes across a *boucherie de viande de cheval*, and rarely or never meets with frogs exposed for sale. Still if he would take a stroll in the Halles Centrales early in the morning, while the Alsatians are sweeping the streets with their long birch-brooms, and the market carts are going their rounds, he would find hundreds of frogs' hind legs strung upon skewers, in the same manner as larks, and boxes upon boxes of snails, all ready for the hands of the *chef*.

One summer afternoon while strolling through the delightful glades of the forest of Fontainebleau, I came upon a colony of frogs in a rocky pond, and stood for some time in silence by the edge of the water, contemplating the beauties of the surrounding scene. The varied shades of the forest ; the deep blue sky and snowy clouds ; the luxuriant display of mosses, ferns and wild flowers growing amidst the lichen-covered stones ; the lovely sunlit colours formed together an exquisite picture of sylvan repose that had well earned for the little marsh the surname of the *Mare aux Fées*.

Ten feet of rod and any sort of line, with a couple of small fish-hooks baited with bits of red flannel, is all that is required to catch the cunningest of frogs, and the angler has only to cause his bait to behave like a bold and active insect to ensure success. The country girls in their snow white caps and coloured handkerchiefs, were busy at work with their fishing rods, and the continual whipping of the water tempting the denizens of the pool to the surface, every moment saw a fresh head protruded above the weeds. A hungry legion danced attendance upon each line, and heedless of example, paid in rapid succession the penalty of having been endowed with so little sense. But

the hook did not always strike, and the frog, relinquishing the treacherous flannel, was landed high and dry, but still uncaptured, upon the grassy bank. A sharp and terrible hunt ensued, and a little Frenchman scampered off in pursuit, with all the activity his short legs would permit, coming to grief most grotesquely, over a hillock, to the great diversion of the country girls. Caught at last, froggie gives one despairing croak on being consigned to the basket where a large number of friends in misfortune are ready to hail his advent with a vigorous jump.

The peasantry catch them in large quantities at night, by means of a lantern placed upon a plank which is pushed into the water. The frogs, attracted by the light, jump upon the plank and are immediately captured.

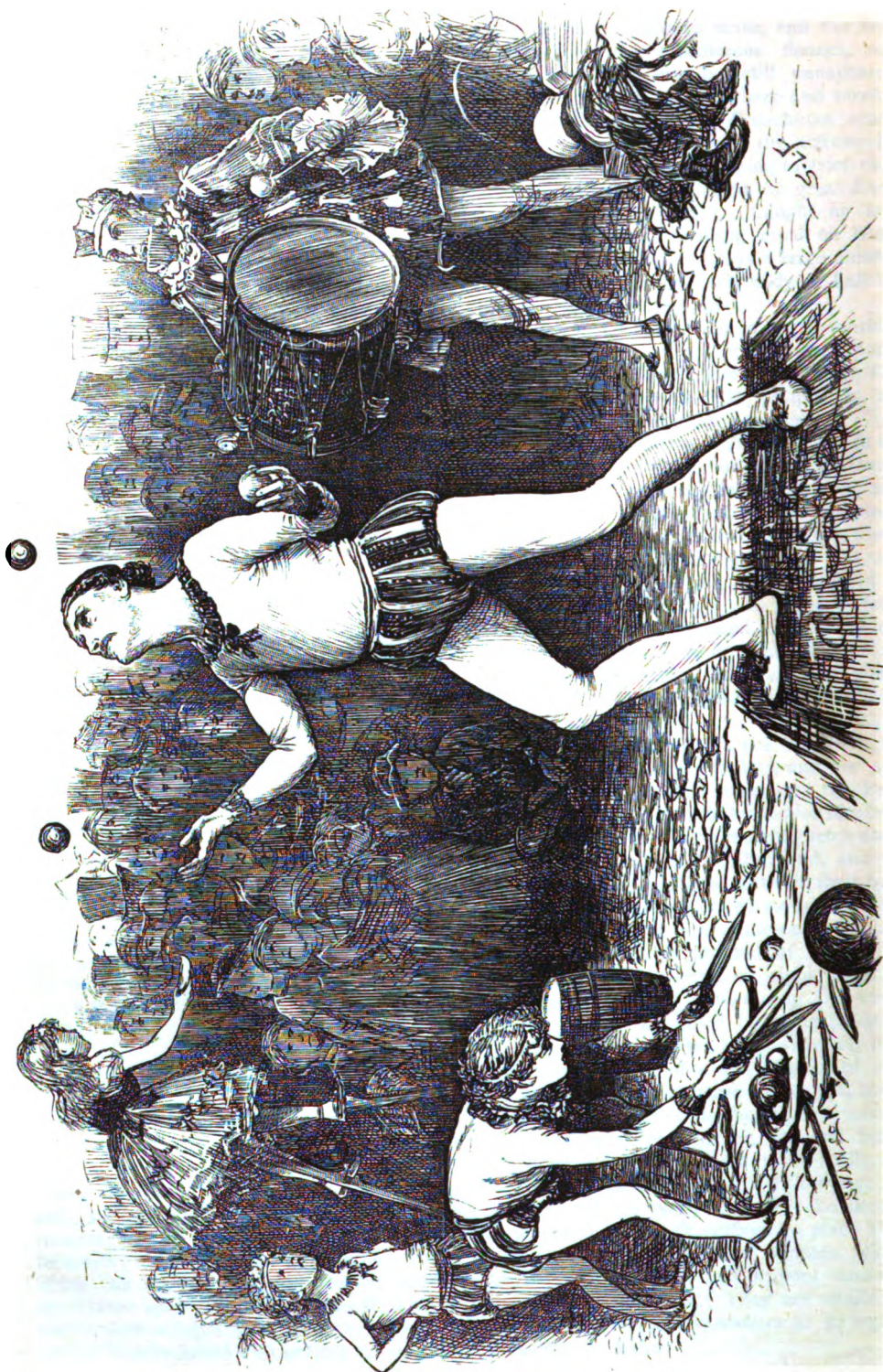
Green frogs, which are the only ones fit for food, are eaten in large numbers in the south of Europe, and are found in both running and stagnant waters. The Paris Halles are principally supplied from Quévrin in Belgium, where the frogs are caught at night with nets and hooks baited with worms. They are sold by auction in the fish market, and generally fetch about 25 francs the thousand. The hind-legs are usually stewed in white sauce, and bear a resemblance in taste to the wing of a young chicken. The fore-legs and liver are used for soups.

Snails are gathered off the vines by the peasantry in the wine districts, and are sent up in cases and wicker baskets to the Paris Halles, where they are sold by auction like frogs in the fish market. They generally fetch about 7 francs 50 centimes the thousand, and are purchased by people who make it their business to prepare them for the *restaurants* and *charcutiers*. There are numerous establishments in the neighbourhood of the Halles where as many as seven or eight thousand snails are prepared daily, during the winter months. They are killed by being placed in scalding water, and after being removed from their shells by the aid of a stout piece of wire, are thrown into an immense copper and boiled for three-quarters of an hour in a mixture composed of water, vinegar, salt and herbs. They are then replaced in their shells, the mouths of which are closed with butter and parsley, and are ready for sale. To prepare them for the table, it suffices to place them in the frying-pan for a few minutes, with a small piece of butter, and without removing them from their shells. They are retailed at the wine-shops and *charcutiers* at 30 and 40 centimes the dozen.

[March 13, 1896]

THE JUGGLER.—By S. L. FIDLER.

[Once a Week.]



MONEY BILLS.

IT is still a tradition—and was once the fact—that the chief means by which the House of Commons exercises its supreme constitutional power in the state, consists in its possessing the exclusive privilege of initiating Money Bills. The first great source of power enjoyed by the popular branch of the Legislature was the power of the purse. Nor has that power in any way lapsed. It has merely become environed by other powers drawn from other sources, so that its special importance has to some extent become eclipsed. There is also a tradition that if ever the Peers ventured to send back a Money Bill altered or amended even in the slightest particular, the Commons invariably resented the insult by kicking the polluted document out of their house. This tradition, so far as parliamentary records show, was never brought to the test of fact. The Peers never ventured to try the experiment. It is an accepted maxim—belonging to the unwritten but all-potent Law of Parliament, that all bills relating to money must originate with the Commons, and may be rejected, but cannot be revised by the Upper House. At the same time there is a sort of tacit understanding that the Commons are to employ their privilege with prudence and moderation. Keen partisans have, for instance, sometimes sought to forestall any alteration in certain debatable measures by introducing or “tacking on” a financial clause, and thus converting them into *quasi* Money Bills. The fierce debates which were thus generated with regard to the bill for abolishing the excise duty on paper are matters, comparatively speaking, of recent memory. But the good sense of the House of Commons has generally prevailed, and we hope will continue to prevail, in preventing all such violent attempts to enforce their technical prerogative for the sake of coercing or intimidating the co-ordinate branch of our Imperial Legislature.

Yet, while recognising the ancient services, and the still undiminished trenchancy of the Money Bill as a weapon alike fitted and formidable for attack and defence in the hands of the House of Commons, there are few who can tell what, under the existing parliamentary *régime*, a Money Bill really is. That such bills, more or fewer, must be introduced and passed in every session is a mere matter of inference; else how can the House of Commons' check upon the Executive Government be practically enforced? But respecting the character of these bills—their precise significance,

the practical purpose they serve—even their very title, few indeed even of those who are well up in the constitutional machinery can give us any definite information. The fact is, that these particular wheels in the vast machine under ordinary circumstances at the present day work so smoothly and noiselessly that most people are unaware of their very existence. And yet there was a time when their existence was all-important for the preservation of our liberties, if not for the very safety of the state. That such a time should occur again is possible—though not probable. Meanwhile, it is satisfactory to know that this section of our legislative apparatus is not only kept in full working order, but carefully and continuously worked—with as precise regard to all the punctilios of parliamentary etiquette as in the days of Lord Somers himself.

What the Money Bill *was* in earlier times can be very easily described. It was simply a tax bill. When the sovereign wanted money, beyond the ordinary revenue accruing to him in his individual or regal capacity, he summoned Parliament for the purpose of obtaining the needful supplies. As a general principle, indeed, it was only under the impulse of this royal necessity that Parliaments ever were summoned down to the reign of the last Stuart. Upon these occasions it was the privilege of the faithful Commons, before even hinting at money matters, to discuss and present any number of Petitions for the Redress of Grievances—which, under the circumstances of the case, were sure to obtain an attentive hearing, if they did not always result in a full redress. This privilege is represented at the present day by the Standing Order, which opens the door to an *omnium gatherum* of motions, questions, and amendments, absolutely unlimited in number or range of topics, whenever Supply appears upon the paper of business. As soon as the Petitions for Redress had been settled, and seldom before, the Money Bills were brought in which provided the sovereign with the supplies he wanted, or at all events as much of them as Parliament could be induced to grant. But this supply, in any case, only furnished a limited sum. The taxes, whatever might be their nature, were enacted for once only. When the yield had become exhausted and his (or her) Majesty wanted more, the Houses must be summoned to hold another session, and the whole process gone through over again.

This state of things lasted until the Glorious Revolution of 1688. An entirely new system was then inaugurated—sufficient, in fact, to

establish what geologists would term a vertical fissure through all the successive strata of our political, official, and financial organisation. Among the many changes then introduced, by no means the least important was the conversion of the tax bills from temporary and occasional measures into permanent Acts of Parliament. To some extent this conversion was a matter of sheer necessity—a mere consequence and corollary to the invention of the National Debt. And with the creation of the Debt, the permanency of at least some of the taxes became essential. For who would lend money on the security of a temporary impost? It is curious, also, as showing alike the influence and the jealousy of the landed proprietors in the House of Commons, that the last—and, for very many years, the sole—exception to this rule of permanence in our system of taxation, was presented by the *land tax*. While other imposts of excise, customs, stamps, assessed taxes, &c., were continued “until Parliament should otherwise enact”; the land tax was granted from session to session for one year only, and could not, accordingly, be made the foundation for any borrowing operation. It is possible that the owners of landed estates having, in their private and personal capacity, had woful experience of mortgages, were resolved that at all events the tax upon that species of property should not be mortgageable. For just a century, accordingly, the land tax was a parliamentary Annual, so maintained at the cost of a good deal of trouble, and considerable outlay in printing and stationery, and during most of this period presenting the last specimen of the “Money Bills” of the old school. This lasted from 1688 to 1789, when Pitt passed his celebrated Consolidated Fund Act, and thereafter the land tax, like other members of the numerous family of imposts, became a Perennial.

Under this new arrangement, accordingly, it may—and, indeed, not unfrequently does—happen, that a whole session of Parliament, or several sessions for that matter, may pass without the introduction of a single tax bill. War taxes are of course exceptional and temporary, and of them the Sixpenny Income Tax is a last-lingering specimen. But all the rest are gathered in under permanent Acts. In fact, the tax-collectors, of every denomination, possess privileges not enjoyed even by the Commander-in-chief, or First Lord of the Admiralty, since their powers do not lapse at a given date; whereas the heads, both of Army and Navy, would sink down into the commonest of mortals, so far as their official authority was

concerned, on the morning of the 6th of April, if the Mutiny Acts had not been punctually re-enacted for one year more. Thus it arises that, whether the House is in session or recess—or even if it were otherwise possible, that Parliament had been dissolved and no new one summoned—the money would flow in to the public account at the Bank of England, day by day and year by year, as fast and freely as ever.

The result is, that the House of Commons has relaxed its grasp—if not entirely surrendered its control—over one end, the *entrance* end, of the national purse. But it takes its revenge by keeping a very tight finger and thumb upon the other side, the *outlet* end, of the apparatus. The money flows in regularly, and abundantly, without any parliamentary interference whatever. But when *in*, not a sixpence can be drawn *out* for any one of the national services except at the pleasure of the House of Commons. And here, too, we find the modern replacements of the old Money Bills which the House of Peers are expected to pass but not allowed to criticise.

Exceptis excipiendis. Some rather considerable portions of the out-goings are just as permanent and independent of parliamentary action as the in-comings. That is to say, they are paid out under the powers of permanent Acts, and do not require sessional votes of the House of Commons. In this list figures, of course, as the first and by far the largest item, the Interest on the National Debt. Then follow, in their several classes, the outlays upon Law and Justice; divers grants, including the Maynooth Grant; pensions for meritorious services, military, civil, or literary, granted sometimes *honoris causa*, sometimes, unfortunately, merely *egestatis causa*; life pensions of retired or superannuated servants of the crown,—ex-Chancellors, ex-Secretaries of State, down to the annuities of superannuated messengers, and dilapidated Ushers of the courts in Westminster Hall. The Civil List of the Queen herself is included in this category, and is to all practical purposes a simple life pension, since it is secured by an Act which must be renewed at every accession. The most recent addition to this list is the £2000 annually granted to Lord Napier and his successor. Like all the rest of the series this annuity is independent of any vote. If unpaid, the arrears could be enforced by an action at law. Nothing, indeed, could revoke the liability thus incurred under Act of Parliament, except another Act of Parliament of equally formal character.

It may be remarked that no pension or superannuation belonging to the military, the naval, or, generally speaking, the civil service, is included in this permanent list. All are kept on the annual Votes. Down to the ninepence *per diem* allotted to some crippled veteran or out-pensioner of Chelsea or Greenwich Hospital, every item is subject to sessional revision, and may be cut down by any momentary caprice of the House of Commons. Yet, notwithstanding this somewhat alarming precariousness in theory, the general mass of half-pay officers, retired functionaries, or pensioned soldiers and sailors, live upon their incomes very securely, grumbling, no doubt, at the scantiness of the amount, but with no misgivings on the score of permanency.

For all the remaining expenditure—amounting in round numbers to about forty out of nearly seventy millions annually—authority must be given both in gross and in detail, in large sums, or item by item, by Parliament itself. Not merely by the House of Commons alone, as people are too apt to assume, but by the consent and assent of Queen, Lords, and Commons. On no less sanction can the Bank of England pay out a single shilling of a public account, however large may be the balance standing to the credit of Public Deposits in its books. In this process, however, just as in the preliminary operation of imposing taxes, the Commons, among other very important privileges, enjoy the monopoly of the initiative. As no Tax Bills can be introduced, so no money vote can be proposed, except in the Representative branch of the Legislature. If it is desirable that any member of the royal family should be enabled to marry and settle—with, of course, some adequate settlement—or even if the Sovereign wishes to bestow title and dignity upon some subject for meritorious services, with the addition of a pension to his peerage, it is constitutionally necessary to intimate such intention to both Houses; and it is proper to make the communication as nearly as possible simultaneously to each, but with a careful discrimination in the language by which it is conveyed. The latest instance of this was afforded very shortly before the last session closed, when Sir R. Napier was to be made a peer with a pension for two lives of £2000. According to parliamentary etiquette the royal message to this effect was delivered to Lords and Commons on the same evening—in fact, almost in the same hour. But while the Peers were simply asked to concur with and assist her Majesty in carrying out this intention, the Commons were invited, in addition to their

concurrence and assistance, to enable her Majesty to make sufficient provision for the due maintenance of the dignity it was proposed to confer upon the conqueror at Magdala. Of course this provision was understood by the Lords, but it was only expressed to the Commons. Great would have been the outburst of wrath if the faintest hint had been given to the peers that any money grant was involved in the message. Such intimation should only reach their Lordships' House when the bill, originating in, and duly passed by, the Commons, was brought up for a first reading. It would be a Money Bill, and require to be treated as such.

With regard to the current expenditure of the State, the initiatory steps are taken by the House of Commons upon the invitation of the responsible minister of the Crown. The process is called Voting Supplies, and is too well known to require any detailed description. We need only mention that the Estimates are, for convenience' sake, distributed into four volumes intitled respectively, Army, Navy, Revenue Departments, and Miscellaneous Civil Services. Each of these volumes contain several chapters, and every chapter a multiplicity of votes, while the special items out of which each vote is made up, are, when necessary, set forth in minute detail for the information of the House. These estimates are, of course, all prospective, presenting the amount which the heads of the several departments think it requisite to ask for upon the various items to provide for the expenditure of the coming financial year. While under discussion, moreover, some spokesman for the department must always be present, and always prepared to answer every question, explain every ambiguity, and defend all the sum-totals. Altogether the number of votes—not that of items, which is much larger—ranges between 300 and 400; and when, as happened in the last session, it was found necessary, or at any rate convenient, to ask for money on account, several batches of votes had to be discussed and passed twice over. The discussion, as every one knows who has ever sat for an hour while the House was in Committee of Supply, is of a very rambling, conversational and apparently unsatisfactory character. Independent members seem perpetually raising straw objections, which the Minister for the Department knocks down with a touch of his finger. Very rare, indeed, are the occasions when any vote is refused or even retrenched. Still, these discussions in Committee are by no means so useless as they appear. They rather resemble

a battery of guns too formidable to be approached, and which are in consequence never fired. Ministers carefully abstain from jobs and extravagances which they know would be infallibly shown up and scarified in the debates on Supply. And here another rule of Parliament intervenes. Any member may move for the diminution, or excision, of a Supply vote, but none can propose any increase in its amount. If such increment be really desired, the vote must be withdrawn and a new one subsequently introduced by the Government. The House does not allow even itself to disburse the public money, except under the responsibility of some minister of the Crown.

When safely passed, the Estimate votes are only votes of the Committee. To become valid they must be reported, *seriatim*, to the House when sitting as a House. Even at this last step any one of the series may be challenged and disallowed. As soon as this formal sanction of the House is obtained, the successive items are entered in the Journals, and forthwith become a safe basis for further operation.

The first of these further operations is to bring in a bill; and it is just here that we meet with the modern edition of the old Money Bills. The Commons' Votes of Supply constitute a preliminary necessity before any money can be actually paid away for the public service. But they do not of themselves authorise such payment. In the old days when the king's treasure really consisted of precious metals—gold and silver, coined or uncoined—stowed away in a strong box, the said box was furnished with three locks and three keys, each of which was entrusted to the keeping of different functionaries of state. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, to use his modern style and title, held one of these keys; and to this day, whenever he is called upon to endue the golden and gorgeous robes of office, a gold key figures conspicuously among the rest of the paraphernalia, as typifying the iron instrument which heretofore had a very practical application. In like manner we may say that the vote of the House of Commons opens one of the three locks. It is no doubt the most important lock, as it must be opened first, and the key is the master-key on the bunch. Nevertheless there are two other keys which must be turned before the box is opened and the money reached. For it is a fundamental maxim of the British Constitution that taxation and representation always go together. Now the Peers pay like every one else; and even the Queen pays taxes. In fact, there is but one out of the whole series

of taxation from which royalty enjoys any special exemption, and that is the legacy duty. But as neither the sovereign nor the peers are represented in the House of Commons it would be manifestly unconstitutional if they were not allowed to have a voice in the disposal of the funds they have contributed to supply. For this end, as soon as the Commons have passed a sufficient number of votes in Supply, a bill is brought in called a Consolidated Fund Bill, by which Parliament places at the disposition of the Crown a certain sum of money for the public service. In this bill no items of any sort are introduced. It is drawn for lump sums—sometimes ten or twenty millions—but it is strictly provided that the amount, whatever it be, should not exceed the aggregate sum already voted by the Commons for Supply. One of the Speaker's chief duties as Mentor and guardian of the House is to see that no Consolidated Fund Bill covers a larger figure. The bill is very brief and formal, and always word for word the same. It contains only a single enacting clause; and it is perhaps worth while summarising one of them to show the style still prescribed by etiquette to the House of Commons in its relation to the Crown.

Each bill is carefully precluded with the assertion that the grant of money emanates from the Representative branch of Legislature. "We your Majesty's faithful Commons, in Parliament assembled," and proceeds, "towards making good the supply we have cheerfully granted to your Majesty in this session of Parliament . . . have resolved to grant to your Majesty the sum hereinafter mentioned, and therefore do most humbly beseech your Majesty that it may be enacted, and Be it enacted, by the Queen's most excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:" Then follow three clauses. The first and only important clause specifies the amount which is to be allowed to be drawn out for the public service. The second, authorises the Bank of England to advance money within the margin covered by the bill upon proper requisition from the Commissioners of the Treasury; and the third clause fixes the maximum interest, &c., to be charged for such advance. These clauses are necessary because it frequently happens that, especially at the beginning of the quarter, the Treasury may want to draw out money faster than it flows in. The rate of interest clause, however, seldom comes into operation, since, although the Commissioners of

the Treasury may find it necessary to negotiate deficiency bills, as they are called, yet the Bank of England may at the same time hold balances on the public account to a much larger amount, and so having really advanced no money is not entitled to charge any interest.

The Consolidated Fund Bills, as we have already explained, are drawn for large or lump sums, and consequently need seldom exceed four or five in each session. Sometimes, indeed, a special vote for an exceptional purpose—say fortifications or exploring cruises—may be thought worth the distinction of a special Consolidated Fund Bill. But in the ordinary routine of public service, four of these bills are amply sufficient for all official requirements. The arrangements are much simplified by the chronological adjustments which have been effected for this particular purpose, between the ordinary commencement of the parliamentary session, and the close of the financial year. Parliament almost invariably meets early in February, while the financial year closes on April 5, so that supplies for about seven weeks are already provided out of the grants of the previous session. The House has accordingly that period during which it must discuss and pass votes enough to allow a Consolidated Fund Bill for a sufficient amount to carry on the public service, to be introduced and passed through all its stages before the fatal sixth of April. For on this particular morning all the supplies voted in the preceding session become non-effective. A black line is drawn across the account-books of every department, and whatever balance remains unexpended from last year's grants, is peremptorily locked up. Neither the Sovereign nor the Treasury can touch a shilling. The whole is "made savings," as it is called in technical phraseology, and passed back into the general fund of public deposits, whence only new votes of supply can redeem it. Thus the Treasury and all other departments find themselves on the sixth of every April, with pockets perfectly empty, except in so far as they have been replenished by supply votes and Consolidated Fund Acts, passed by the Parliament then sitting and for the special service of the financial year then commencing.

It takes some time to pass a Consolidated Fund Bill through all its stages. In common with all Money Bills the strict rule is invariably observed, that the bill must not pass more than one stage in the same day. In the case of other bills, Standing Orders may be suspended by either House, and measures carried through two or more stages at a sitting. Now and then, indeed, and on various occasions of emergency,

such as the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, a bill has been introduced, carried through all its stages, both in Commons and Lords, and received the Royal Assent, all within the compass of a few hours. But no Money Bill must be thus treated, and as there are four stages in each House, eight sittings must be occupied before the measure is ready for the Royal Assent.

One or two other points of its career are worth notice. In the Peers the motion for considering a Money Bill in committee is always negatived. The committee stage is that in which a measure is revised and amended, and their lordships disclaim the right of even looking at a Money Bill from such point of view. By the Queen, again, assent is signified not by the curt *le veut*, used in other cases, but by a lengthy formula, in which the Sovereign thanks her loyal subjects, and accepts their benevolence. But etiquette notwithstanding, the passage of these successive Consolidated Fund Bills, places a very practical control over the public expenditure in the hands of the House of Lords. They could reject altogether any one of the bills, and thus stop the supplies, just as peremptorily as the Commons themselves, under adequate provocation. The power of doing this—as a constitutional privilege—still remains in the hands of either House, just in the same way that either House may impeach a Prime Minister for treason, and if he is found guilty have his head chopped off on Tower Hill. In both cases the exercise of this power is equally possible—and equally probable.

To show the practical working of the system, we may briefly catalogue the amount, dates and purposes, of the Consolidated Fund Acts, successively passed during the session of 1867, known in Parliamentary Journals as the 30 & 31 Victoria. The first Act is important; not so much from its amount as in a constitutional point of view. It is in fact a Deficiency measure, required to fill up the overplus expended upon divers items of charge beyond the amount voted in the preceding session. As the estimates for each item are framed very early in the financial year, it must necessarily happen that the sums asked for occasionally fall short of that required in the course of service. Ministers are naturally anxious to keep their money votes as low as possible, and therefore now and then run the account rather too fine. That the surplus on other items must not be employed to supply these deficiencies, and that every shilling of expense must be duly sanctioned by the Legislature

before the close of the financial year, are also parliamentary rules that can never be broken. The first business in Supply accordingly, every session, is to vote the various amounts required to square accounts; and nearly the first enactment that receives the Royal Assent is the Consolidated Fund Act, by which the money is placed at the disposal of the Executive. In the process ministers are generally cross-questioned very severely as to the cause which had led them to spend more than they had undertaken to spend upon different items. But as the money is actually gone—or at least the debt actually incurred—these votes are never delayed, and fortunately the gross total seldom exceeds a very moderate figure. In 1867, for example, the first Consolidated Fund Act—representing these deficits—amounted to £369,119 5s. 6d. upon a gross expenditure of nearly forty-three millions, or only 17s. per £100, which is no great margin of error. This bill was introduced in the Commons on March 7, and received the Royal Assent on April 5, so that constitutional punctuality was maintained to the hour. The Act is numbered Chapter 4 among the statutes of the session. A companion Act, granting money, was also completed on the same day, for similar reasons. Since all the money votes of one year expire at the close of that year, as registered in the financial almanack, the public service would be left without a shilling available on any hand if fresh supplies in the current session had not been voted, and a Consolidated Fund Act, founded thereon, been passed before that critical day, viz. April 5; sufficient at all events for present exigencies. For this purpose many votes are taken merely on account, fresh explanations and further discussions, in committees of Supply being postponed to a more convenient season. In 1867 the second Consolidated Fund Act comprised an amount of £7,924,000, and counts seventh in chronological order among the statutes enacted in that session. The amount supplied about nine weeks' feed for the imperial house-keeping. The third Consolidated Fund Act was consequently passed more at leisure. It is registered as Chapter 30 in the sessional catalogue, and received Royal Assent on June 4. The amount constituted a lump sum of £14,000,000, showing what small progress had been then effected in the business of supply, but placing the Executive in funds for all purposes until the end of the session. The next Consolidated Fund Act accordingly was incorporated with what is officially designated the Appropriation Bill, whose introduc-

tion, sometimes late in July, sometimes early in August, is hailed by wearied members as the signal of approaching relief. It is like the Stir-up Sunday of the public schoolboy—a date from whence the days of prorogation may be numbered. The amount included in this Act is accordingly precise and definite, and accurately expressing, down to shillings and pence, the estimated expenditure of the pending twelvemonth. In 1867 this amount was exactly £19,106,591 1s. 4d. The Act supplied funds to carry on the public business until the end of the financial year, in April last, and received the Royal Assent, as usual, just half an hour before the prorogation speech was read and the session closed.

Another sum, however, comprising the respectable and highly accurate amount of £1,415,179 18s., was included in the same Act, where it figured by itself in a separate clause. This is the last of the series, and as the first was a Deficiency Bill, so this final item in the list may be called a Surplus Bill. It includes, in fact, the sum total of all the surpluses left over upon such votes of the preceding session as have not been fully expended during the year. Until comparatively recently the necessity for this addition to the catalogue of Money Bills did not exist. If any balance remained over on April 5, the amounts were simply carried on into the next account. But upon the Report of a Select Committee on the Public Monies, which sat in 1856, this irregularity was corrected. All surpluses are now made savings, to use the technical expression, and repaid into the Exchequer at the close of the financial year, and consequently it is necessary to pass a special Act to render the amount again available for the public service. The total amount covered by the Consolidated Fund Acts of 1867 was £42,874,887 5s. 6d.

As money is voted by the Commons in a most irregular way, bit by bit, at all times and seasons, here a little and there a little, as funds are wanted, or parliamentary convenience suits, the account presented in the daily Journal of the House becomes excessively entangled, and would, in fact, be altogether unintelligible to any but the official reader. At the close of every session, therefore, the whole series is brought together in the Appropriation Act, wherein the votes are properly scheduled, grouped, and tabulated, so as to become comprehensible to ordinary intelligences. The result shows very strikingly the magnitude of the fiscal business which the House has to transact every year.

One further process has to be accomplished

before the full cycle of a Money Bill is completed, and the cash really placed at the disposal of the public paymaster. When the votes are passed, and the Acts duly enacted, the money is only transferred into the keeping of the Crown. It is granted to her Majesty for certain definite purposes, just as monies accruing under a trust fund are paid into a bank, whence they can be drawn only by cheques authentically drawn and properly countersigned by the trustee. Before the national cash can be drawn from the Bank of England, accordingly, the royal sign manual is required; and this, in official routine, takes the shape of her Majesty's signature to what are called warrants, in which the Sovereign authorises the Treasury, or other executive departments to draw certain sums for certain purposes. At one time these warrants were drawn against every vote of the House of Commons. But as the number of votes increased, it was found inconvenient to require so many repetitions of the sign manual in a matter which was merely one of form; so that the custom was adopted of scheduling the votes into classes, and thus enabling the sovereign, by eight or ten inscriptions of the Victoria R. to authenticate the expenditure of the forty-odd millions ordinarily required for the imperial outlay.

NATURAL HISTORY JOTTINGS.

III.

A CHICKEN-DANCE.

TO see a chicken-dance requires a long journey. The performers are the sharp-tailed grouse dwelling in the north-western plains of America, and replacing on the west of the Rocky Mountains the well-known prairie-hen of the eastern districts. This beautiful bird is alike estimable for the admirable sport which it affords, and for its delicacy as an article of food; and it is very desirable that, if possible, it should be acclimatised in this country. Mr. Lord, the naturalist to the British North America Boundary Commission is sanguine on this point, and believes it to be most admirably fitted for our hill and moorland districts. "It is very hardy," he observes, "capable of bearing a temperature of 30° below zero; feeds on seeds, berries, and vegetable matter, in every particular analogous to what it could find in our own hill-country; a good breeder, having usually from twelve to fourteen at a brood; nests early and would come to shoot [Query, to be shot?] about the

same period as our own grouse." He adds, that the young birds in May could be caught at any point up the Columbia river, and once on board the steamer, could be fed as readily as fowls.

The fur-hunters term these birds spotted chickens. They pair very early in the spring, and their love meetings are celebrated by remarkable festivities called 'Chicken-Dances.' Their ball-room is a high round-topped mound, and the dancing begins either at sunrise, or in the evening, and by the time that the matrimonial arrangements are concluded, and the happy pairs set off for their respective homes, the mound is trampled down as bare as a road.

Mr. Lord saw several of these dances, and gives a very graphic report of the first which he witnessed. Riding up into the hills early one spring morning, he heard the peculiar chuck-chuck which indicated that a dance was in progress. Tying up his horse and dog, he crept towards the knoll from whence the sound proceeded, and finally gained the shelter of a stump, from whence, unperceived, he had an excellent view. Like a true lover of Nature, he frankly admits the "joyous delight which the sight afforded him. There were," he observes, "about eighteen or twenty birds present on this occasion, and it was almost impossible to distinguish the males from the females, the plumage being so nearly alike; but I imagined the females were the passive ones. The four birds nearest to me were head to head, like game cocks in fighting attitude—the neck-feathers ruffled up, the little sharp tail elevated straight on end, the wings dropped close to the ground, but keeping up by vibration a continued throbbing or drumming sound.

"They circled round and round each other in slow waltzing-time, always maintaining the same attitude, but never striking at or grappling with each other; then the pace increased, and one hotly pursued the other until he faced about, and *tête-à-tête* went waltzing round again: then they did a sort of 'cure' performance, jumping about two feet into the air until they were winded; and then they strutted about and struck an attitude, like an acrobat after a successful tumble. There were others marching about, with their tails and heads as high as they could stick them up, evidently doing the heavy swell; others, again, did not appear to have any well-defined ideas what they ought to do, and kept flying up and pitching down again, and were manifestly restless and excited—perhaps rejected suitors contemplating something despe-

rate. The music to this eccentric dance was the loud chuck-chuck continuously repeated, and the strange throbbing sound produced by the vibrating wings." Mr. Lord subsequently watched several other balls, in all of which the same series of strange evolutions was carried out.

TABLE TALK.

LAST Sunday, March 7th, was the fourth Sunday in Lent, commonly called "Mothering Sunday." An article with this title appears in the March part of the *Churchman's Shilling Magazine*; and the writer, the Rev. L. Tuttiatt, says, "I have never heard a satisfactory reason why the fourth Sunday in Lent should be called 'Mothering Sunday;' but such is the name very commonly given to it in the Midland counties." And he describes how country people and farm-servants expect a holiday on that day to see their parents; and draws a delightful picture of their attending the old parish church. Perhaps this case is exceptional, for it was only on Mid-Lent Sunday in the past year, that I heard a rector preach on "Mothering Sunday," and stated how that the parents' reception of their children and friends on that day caused them to stay at home for festal preparations, and make their parish-church more deserted than on any other day in the year. The modern observance of the "Mothering," together with the Herefordshire and Shropshire custom of eating simnel cakes, is all that is mentioned concerning Mid-Lent Sunday in Chambers' *Book of Days*. Both there, as well as in Mr. Tuttiatt's article, and also in Wheatley's *Common Prayer*, the real *fons et origo* is left undiscovered; and we have no older mention of the day than in the passage from Herrick's *Hesperides* :—

I'll to thee a simnel bring
'Gainst thou go'st a-mothering;
So that, when she blesseth thee,
Half that blessing thou'lt give me.

But "Mothering Sunday" has a higher antiquity than the 17th century; and we must go back at least five hundred years earlier to trace its origin; though we might even go more than a thousand years beyond that, to the Roman *Hilaria*, held on March 25th (our Lady-day), in honour of Cybele, the mother of the gods, whose statue was carried in a solemn procession, together with costly works of art, and plate; the day being concluded with popular games and masquerades. That was

the way in which the Romans went a-mothering. In this country, the "Mothering-Sunday" was strictly observed up to the middle of the 13th century, with solemn processions from the surrounding parishes to the *mother* or cathedral church; and, hence the origin of the term "Mothering." Offerings were made at the high altar, of which the modern Easter dues are a relic. In process of time, the natural mother came to be visited on Mid-Lent Sunday, instead of the mother church; and the offerings at the altar were represented by the presents of simnels or *furmity* (wheat, *frumentum*, boiled in milk), which represented the "mess" of Benjamin, of which mention is made in the first morning lesson for the day. The subject of this first lesson—Joseph entertaining his brethren—and of the gospel—the feeding of the five thousand—caused this day to be called, "The Sunday of Refreshment," *Dominica Refectionis*. In Italy it is called "Rose Sunday," from the Pope exhibiting the golden rose on this day. The epistle for this Sunday is that which was used in ancient times, and was evidently retained by the compilers of the Prayer-book from its mention of the mother-church, Jerusalem, and that Jerusalem, "which is above, which is the mother of us all." Wheatley has overlooked this, though the real meaning and origin of "Mothering Sunday" might have been gleaned from this passage.

THE law-courts have shown the existence of strife
Of conventional kind, in conventual life:

As a *maid* you must live, but it is, I'm afraid,
Little better, at best, than a scullery maid.

"Let your pride bite the dust," but it's rather a bore
To be let in, as well, for saluting the floor;
And, if "Cleanliness comes next to Godliness," know
That the claims of the latter must rank rather low;
For you ought not to wash, and, for shoes, you must
feel

Never down on your luck, though they're down at the
heel.

You'll be soaring, you think, o'er terrestrial cares;
But Miss Saurin was sore, in despite of her prayers,
And wished, beyond doubt (so demented we are),
That her lot had been cast 'neath a different Star.
Yes, I think she must own now, as others have done,
That the meanest of titles is better than Nun.

A CORRESPONDENT suggests that the general right-handiness referred to in *Table Talk*, p. 152, may admit of a physiological explanation. It has been long known that if certain parts of one side of the brain are injured by disease (as by hæmorrhage, or by softening of the nervous tissue), or, in the case of animals, are experimentally injured, the ordinary result

is paralysis, or loss of power over the opposite side of the body. This is clearly owing to a decussation or crossing of the nerve-fibres from one side of the brain to the other. Hence the right side of the brain may be regarded as presiding over the left side of the body, including, of course, the limbs in the general term body, and *vice versa*. One of the latest observations of the eminent French anatomist, Gratiolet (who died in 1865) was, that in the state of early foetal existence (that is to say, before birth) the right and left sides of the brain were not equally and uniformly developed, but that the anterior and middle parts of the left side were in advance of the corresponding parts on the right side; while, as a compensation, the posterior parts of the right side were more developed than those on the left. After a comparatively short time the two sides of the brain become apparently equalised; but it is by no means impossible that the early preponderating development of the front of the left brain may have a preponderating influence, which, commencing then, lasts throughout life, and thus renders the right side of the body persistently the stronger of the two.

WHALLEY'S ENTERTAINMENT.

The honourable member for Peterborough, Mr. Whalley, entertained a priest at his country residence, Plasmadoc, last week.—*Wrexham Advertiser*.

How did Mr. Whalley

Entertain the priest?

Was he very jolly?

Did he make a feast?

Did he, with his speeches

Out of *Hansard* pieced—

House of Commons speeches—

Entertain the priest?

Did he spout him sermons

On the mystic Beast?

With apocalypitics

Entertain the priest?

Did he—but a hundred

Questions, at the least,

Might be asked how Whalley

Entertained the priest.

SOME few months ago Dr. Letheby made known the results of various analyses of London mud, and told us that it contained 57 per cent. of horse refuse, 30 per cent. of abraded stone, and 13 per cent. of abraded iron—from horses' hoofs and wheel-tires. This delectable compound, rising in the form of dust in dry weather, is inhaled by passengers through the streets of the metropolis. A Dublin chemist,

at about the same time, made similar revelations concerning the detritus of his city. Now we have the results of a microscopical examination of the solid particles that float in the air of Manchester. Mr. Dancer has been collecting these from various localities, and at different heights from the ground, and subjecting them to close scrutiny. As might be expected, various places and altitudes give atoms differing in magnitude, appearance, and quantity per cubic inch of atmosphere. Strangely enough, the largest numbers are found at about five feet from the ground, just the height of pedestrians' mouths; and the matter, chiefly vegetable, is that which has passed through the stomachs of animals, or which has suffered partial decomposition in some way or other. Sometimes animalculæ are present in good proportion. This is all very disagreeable: it is to be feared that they who dwell in dusty towns eat considerably more than the prescribed peck of dirt before they die. Whether they are the worse for the excess remains to be proved: if they think that they are, let them go in for respirators, and sift their oxygen.

A QUERY that seems to be an enigma to those concerned has been mooted in maritime circles. It is this:—Can a certificated shipmaster who loses his leg and wears a cork substitute be considered a competent captain? Common sense negatives the proposition; but the evidence, what there is, affirms it. If a man can walk he can command, and navigate a ship by orders. He cannot go aloft, perhaps; nor is he required so to do. In the Royal Navy it does not appear to be known at present whether a one-legged commander would be eligible: we have had no precedent lately, and a high authority gives up the question. The late Sir James Gordon, however, commanded a frigate after losing a leg. And that is not all: his wooden limb was shot off, and he claimed a pension for it; they say he got it, too. He already had the allowance for the real leg, so he enjoyed double compensation during the rest of his life. It is argued that the certificate of a captain is of *scientific* and not of *physical* capability; therefore limbs are unnecessary if heads are sound, and a cripple, wheeled about on a gun-carriage, might be competent. If a cork-toed mariner could not well keep his sea-legs, he would have the best of it if he went overboard; for he could unship his support, and use it as a life-buoy. It would serve him better than some such we have heard of lately.

IT is again the sower's season ; and, where'er I take my walks abroad in the country, I both see and hear the various methods for bird-scaring adopted by various farmers. Set up in the centre of one field I see a scarecrow, a veritable mawkin, posted there like a seedy Guy on permanent duty, and reminding me of Hood's sketch (in his *Annual* for '31) of a similar scarecrow, in an old cocked hat, which he calls "A Field-officer." But it is not a scarecrow in reality ; for I observe those birds very busy quite near to it, and not in the least alarmed at its silent threatenings. In another field is a lad, carrying in his hand a long stick, on which are some fluttering red rags. He shouts, yells, and screams at a bevy of crows, who do not pay any attention to him until he is within a few yards of them, when they fly lazily to another part of the field ; the lad trudges after them, yelling at them as he goes ; they then fly to another part of the field, and the entire performance is *da capo*. Elsewhere I see, and hear, a boy with clappers, which are two or more pieces of wood, attached loosely to a larger piece held by a handle ; and the whole machine being shaken and rattled makes a considerable noise, which is heightened by the shoutings of the boy ; the effect of the whole being, apparently, as inefficacious as in the preceding example. The chief use of these two lads appears to me to be this, that they make good foreground figures to artists—bird-boys being more picturesque on canvass than in reality. While I am quietly pacing along a retired field-path, suddenly, with a yell, there appears on the other side of the hedge a rustic-looking man with a blunderbuss, which he forthwith discharges with a loud report. As I am fresh from the reading of Mr. Trench's Irish book, my first impression is, that the man has taken me for an Irish evicting landlord ; but, as I do not fall to the earth wounded and bleeding, I recover my composure, and find that the man has only fired his blunderbuss to frighten the crows, and that he is but another specimen of a bird-scarer. This brings to my mind an invention that I saw, rather more than twenty years since, at an Industrial Exhibition at the Queen's College, Birmingham ; and it may also have been exhibited at the Birmingham Bingley-Hall Exhibition, in 1848. It was a bird-scarer. It was to be fixed on an iron rod in the middle of a field, and then wound up like a clock, when it would go for a certain number of hours ; the said go being a loud report like the discharge of a gun, at intervals of a minute. In fact, it was a minute-gun. I saw and heard it in working-

order, and it was sufficiently terrifying to one's nerves. But I was told that, practically, it was a failure ; and that the crows were only alarmed at it during the first hour, after which, finding that its regularly-recurring report did them no harm, they prosecuted their researches for food within its near neighbourhood. As Mr. Bailey says, in that capital song of *The Crow*, in *Festus*,—

He loves the fat meadows, his taste is low !
He loves the fat worms, and he dines in a row
With fifty fine cousins all black as a sloe.

But, elsewhere, I saw another description of bird-scarer, used by a farmer of intelligence and skill. Strong sticks, about eighteen inches high, were fixed all over the field, at such distances that strings could be passed tightly from one to the other. On these strings, every here and there, were tied dangling pieces of tin—the sweepings of a tin manufactory, and bought for a mere trifle—which not only swung and jingled, but also flashed back the light. This plan is often adopted in gardens, and the farmer had merely extended it when he took it into his thirty-acre field. He told me that he had used it for several seasons with the greatest success, and that there was no plan that could surpass it for scaring the birds. It had also the merit of cheapness—did not take a man or boy from other work, and was no nuisance to the neighbours in yellings, clappings, and blunderbuss discharges. Can anyone suggest a better invention as a bird-scarer? My gardener pronounces the secret of its success to lie in the stretched strings, which the suspicious birds take for a net ; but I imagine that the flashing of the light has more to do with frightening them. Any way the plan answers.

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HETTY.

By HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XVII.

A WEDDING.

AS the little story runs on, we must come again to Mr. Hagbut's affair.

Was this actually Carry? Yes, it was actually Carry. Rebecca had helped to dress her, but Rebecca scarcely knew her, when she came into the room in her modest bride's dress. She was so pretty and so bright that Rebecca scarcely knew her own sister.

Rebecca was by no means acting as bridesmaid, far from it. In the first place, her father had rebelled against bridesmaids altogether, and in the course of a somewhat peppery conversation with Rebecca, had said that she herself, considering what her relations with the bridegroom had been, had much better stay away herself. But Rebecca, getting more and more sure of her position with her father every day, had declined to stay away.

"Not see old Carry married!" she said; "I am sure I would not miss it for all the world. She has been a dear, good, loving sister to me, and has borne more petulance from me than I ever have from her."

"Then you don't feel any spite against her, or him?" said Mr. Turner.

"Law, pa, what nonsense!" said Rebecca.

Although there were no real bridesmaids, at the same time two young ladies were, as Har-
top or Morley (or, for that matter, Hetty) would have said, "told off" to act in that capacity. They were from Miss Soper's school, and they wept as copiously as any bridesmaids at St. George's, Hanover Square. Carry did not feel at all as if she wanted to cry; but she thought it was the proper thing to do, and cried hard.

The neighbours came in and chattered and

giggled,—Mrs. Russel and Miss Soper among them. After they had come in and saluted the bride, Miss Soper drove her sharp elbow into Mrs. Russel's side and said,—

"Is he coming?"

"Who?" said Mrs. Russel.

"Morley."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Russel. "Don't shove like that; you've broke two of my ribs, I do believe."

"Where's she?" said Miss Soper.

"Who?" said Mrs. Russel.

"Rebecca."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Russel. "She will hardly have the face to show, I should think. I wish you would get out of that trick of ramming your elbow into another person's ribs when you ask a question. I'm black and blue—No. Why, that's her, ain't it, again the wall?"

It *was* her, Mrs. Russel. That grand beauty with her chin on her hand, and her elbow on her knee, who sat alone, with her great speculative eyes, seeing beyond you and the crowd behind you, was Rebecca. And as she sat there that morning, all alone, dressed in dove-coloured silk and pearls, there was scarcely a handsomer woman in all old England, from palace to cottage. Your eye was not trained for beauty; you could not see it.

Miss Soper could, to a certain extent. In her business of schoolmistress she had had so much beauty put under her eye that she knew it when she saw it. Mrs. Russel's definition of beauty would have limited itself to "a fresh complexion." Miss Soper had a dim idea of generalising from fact. Jewellers' clerks get a knowledge of what is the prevailing taste in jewellery. An old picture dealer's clerk will tell you what will sell and what will not. So Soper, in her trade, knew a pretty girl when she saw one, though in her office of dragon she disliked receiving them. But she knew more. She was well-connected in the trade, and she knew houses who would take an article which was seldom offered to her, and which often, in her way of doing things, gave her great trouble

—a very handsome girl. So looking at Rebecca, she said,—

"She is wonderfully handsome."

"Do you think so, my dear?" said Mrs. Russel. "I can't see it."

"No one ever supposed so," said Miss Soper.

"Don't shove again, dear; pray don't," said Mrs. Russel.

"What did I tell you about that girl, when we got her forbidden to go out of the lane?" said Miss Soper.

"I forget," said Mrs. Russel.

As it seemed that Miss Soper had forgotten also, she resumed the discussion at another point.

"Shall we go and speak to her?" said Miss Soper.

"My dear soul," said the really good Russel, "I think we ought. The poor child is pining over Mr. Hagbut; it would be only kind."

Was she, Mrs. Russel? No, she was away from you all, with the sounds of the great sea. While she had been sitting there in her dove-coloured silk all alone she had watched your figures till she had tired of them, and had gone to sea once or twice. You were quite out of her thought. She did not want to be naughty, but she could. Why did not you leave her alone?

She could be horribly naughty, and she had the most intense dislike for these two ladies. If you had told her that Mrs. Russel was only a hot-tempered, gossiping scold, who would have given the bed from under her to release the son she had scolded out of doors, she would have laughed at you. If you had told her that that intolerable woman, Miss Soper, was in her way a heroine, and had slaved all her life to keep a ruined family together, and in doing so—in training virtuous women, had done more good than was ever likely to fall to the share of our poor Rebecca, she would have laughed at you again. Their formulas had been rendered hateful to her, and she hated them through their formulas, which had plagued her. She was a very naughty girl, and they made her naughtier.

She was rounding some dim wild cape in a gale of wind, and there were two with her whom she knew and one who always stood perversely behind her. And the one who stood behind her kept saying like a cuckoo, "Not yet. Not yet." And again like a black-bird, "Not till you're fit. Not till you're fit." And there suddenly approach to her her deadly enemies, the Russel and the Soper. What

reader would trust her temper under such circumstances?

She rose and gave them a sweeping curtsy, and, may I say it, the devil entered into her. It was only a very little one.

"Are you quite well, Miss Turner?" said the fat Russel.

"I am quite well, thank you," said Rebecca. "I had a holiday lately. It has done me much good."

"Indeed! another?" said the Soper, alluding to the terrible escapade to Ramsgate.

"Yes," said Rebecca, looking at her with a look which the Soper had never seen in any of her school-girl's faces. "Another. A young gentleman from the sea, came and took me out for a holiday, and he took me down the river all the way to Gravesend. And we were together all day."

"Who went with you, my dear?" said Mrs. Russel.

"He did," said Rebecca.

"No one else?"

"What did we want with any one else? He was very handsome and agreeable, and a third would have been one too many. I should like you to be introduced to that young gentleman, Miss Soper. His hair is so beautiful. Little curls all over his head. He sat at my feet the most of the time, and if I had had a pair of scissors, I believe I should have snipped one off."

The allied powers retreated. Says Russel, "That girl will go to the bad."

"Not she," hissed Soper in her ear. "She is just the very one of all others who won't. She is not in my line, I don't have that article in my establishment, but I know enough to know that."

Rebecca said to herself, "It is the only way to treat you people. If kings and priests would not make outrageous pretensions, democracy would die: at least pa says so. Ha! you two, Carry said you were coming."

She sat perfectly still after this, in her old attitude, quite quiet, knowing that they would come to her. The chairs beside her were unoccupied, for the Philistines did not know exactly, whether they ought to go near her, and her father made no sign. "Those two," were quickly sitting beside her. She was determined to amuse herself, and in answer to their greetings she replied, without raising her chin from her hand,—

"Where is Hetty?"

"She is at home," said Mr. Morley.

"What is she doing?" said Rebecca, without moving.

"She is not doing anything to-day," said young Hartop. "She is getting the duds together. Change of ship, you know."

"Now, Jack," said Mr. Morley. "Mind your promise."

Rebecca, from young Hartop's silence, thought that Morley was angry, but moving her chin from her hand and looking up in his face she saw that his eyebrows were raised, and that the corners of his mouth were down. She also noticed that he looked more handsome than any man she had ever seen. But she had noticed that before.

The next properly arranged wedding you go to, when you have looked at the bridegroom long enough, look at the bride's father. If it is a well arranged marriage there will be the same light in the eyes of both. This was not a well arranged wedding, for our poor Rebecca, whom I hope you have forgiven, had rather spoilt it by her wild conduct. Mr. Hagbut had changed rather quickly too; and there was a cloud over it by his mere presence. Mr. Turner, man of the world, knew this, and did not show to advantage; he was haggard and worn, and bent his head.

He had been into the room and out again. She had scarcely noticed him at first, but when he came in a second time, she watched his bowed head and rose to her feet.

I know a young lady of such strange and radiant beauty, that I and my companion always know, when we go to a country gathering, in one instant, whether she is there or not. Rebecca's beauty was not so great as that lady's, I will allow; yet when she rose from between Hartop and Mr. Morley her presence was felt. The babble which was going on in awaiting the bridegroom died into whispers—into silence—as she came softly forward and kissed her father.

"Give me your blessing, father."

Turner raised his head as she bent hers.

"The Lord of Miriam and of Jael bless thee, my daughter. Smite as Jael, then sing as Miriam. Thou art blessed, oh! my daughter."

And so he kissed her, and she went back and sat between Hartop and Mr. Morley again.

"He has forgiven her," whispered Mrs. Russel.

"Hold your tongue," said Miss Soper; "There is something I can't understand about this, and so I don't suppose *you* can."

"Keep close to me, you two," said Rebecca, in a whisper; "I am frightened. Don't leave me, you two."

"Are you ill?" said Hartop, also in a whisper.

"No, I am never ill. But these people frighten me. This house is frightful, and the lane is frightful. You don't know what this house is. There is poison in it. My father cannot give me his blessing without frightening me. And Carry says that there is blood at the foot of the stairs," she added, wildly and hurriedly. "Why should he talk of Jael?"

"I wish Hetty was here," said Hartop, in a low voice.

"Quiet, my child, quiet," said Mr. Morley, laying his hand on her arm; "Talk of something else. What shall we talk of?"

"The sea," said Rebecca, herself in an instant; "I want to know about the sea, or about Hetty Morley."

"There is no such person," said Hartop, turning and looking into Rebecca's face.

"No such person!" said Rebecca, aghast; "Is she drowned?"

"Not a bit of it," said Hartop, bringing his face close to hers; "Hetty is alive, but she is Hetty Hartop now, for she and I were married by Mr. Morley yesterday morning."

Her dull horror of the old house, and the quaint company, was gone at once by this pretty piece of news. It was something so bright, so human, so—well, so romantic, that a great smile spread over her face, as she said,—

"No."

"Fact, I assure you. Yesterday morning. You were not to be told, but I saw you were getting low." And, indeed, the tact of this young sailor was very great, for Rebecca was quite roused again and gay.

"You provoking people. I want to see Hetty, and you will tell me nothing of her."

"It wouldn't do here," said Hartop; "They wouldn't stand it."

"But what is she like?" asked Rebecca.

"What is she like?" said the bridegroom.

"Why, she is like her father; that's about what she is like. You've seen *him*," he growled.

Rebecca turned on Mr. Morley. "She is like you!"

"But younger, you know, and more good-looking," said Mr. Morley, with a bow.

And Rebecca had just settled emphatically in her mind that Hetty was very handsome, when enter the bridegroom.

"Why that is never him," said Rebecca, suddenly.

It was, though. A man at his best, and a man generally makes the best of himself when

he is going to be married, is a very different thing from a man at his worst. Rebecca and Hartop had only known him at his worst, and even Morley, knowing him better than they did, was surprised. "That big, fat, pale faced man," he thought, "has actually more vitality than I have. I shall last longer, but if I had been what he has been, I could not have shown such a presence."

A man, we must remember, with sufficient physique for the first or second life-guards, who has spent his life in talking religionism to foolish and uneducated women, is very likely to become fat, ill dressed, and untidy. But put that man on his mettle. Get him rejected by a beautiful girl, and make him bridegroom to another girl, and I fancy you will find some of the old Adam in him. There was a considerable deal of the old Adam in Hagbut that day; so much that he looked a rather noble person.

Rebecca leant back in wonder, and said aloud, (for she knew that no one could hear her but Mr. Morley and Hartop; and she did not "mind" them) "I could not have believed it. Why the man is handsome and noble looking."

"Is there any reason why he should *not* look noble," said Mr. Morley, quietly. "My dear child, that man has done more good in his day, than ever you will have the chance of doing, even if you had the power or the will. His formulas displease you; they are purely scriptural, and move the dead bones of the middle class into life. His vulgarity displeases you; that very vulgarity is the key-note of his power among the vulgar, who would dislike and possibly resent the ministrations of a scholar and a gentleman, who could not understand their ways of thought, and who would continually keep their inferiority before their eyes, by talking in a dialect more refined than their own. I pray God that when I die I may claim to have done as much good as Hagbut has."

"Yes!" said Rebecca, thinking.

"Yes, indeed," said Morley. "There are those who say that such men as Hagbut vulgarise religion. It is not true, or at best only half true. They find a vulgarised religion among vulgar people, and they preach it, as honestly and as nobly as this man has; and he raises his people by doing so."

"How can he raise them by being vulgar?" asked Rebecca.

"He raises them, in spite of all his vulgarity, to the level of Christianity; and at that point both he and they cease to be vulgar. I daresay that the Covenanters ate with their knives, but

they could die like the best gentleman of the lot. While there are vulgar people, you must have vulgar priests. I, being a gentleman myself, know that well. That man Hagbut, whose ways of speech and of action are an offence to me, has brought more souls to Christ than ever I shall bring, with my two-penny refinements. He comes of their own class, and their language is his. Their language is foreign to me, and I cannot imitate it. And that lower middle class is the very one which wants rousing and exciting. The great use of the dissenting clergymen is to rouse that class, and to ennoble them. Hagbut can do it. I cannot. I am a useless man compared to him."

"Yet you can bring sailors to chapel, sir," said Hartop, quietly.

"Ah, yes, I can do that," said Mr. Morley, with sudden animation. "Yes, boy, I *can* do that. That was a good thing for you to say. Yes! Yes! they come again and again. It is not utterly nothing to keep lads in the faith their mothers taught them through all temptations. You must come down and hear me preach some day, Miss Turner. See, the bride is moving. We must go."

So they went. And Hagbut married Carry; and the Hagbut episode in her little life came to an end.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONFIDENCES.

AND Carry was gone, and Rebecca had to undertake her duties.

"I shall make a fine mess of it at first, pa," she said to her father on the first day, "for I have been most diligently idle all my life. But I will do the best I can. I can't scold and worry, but I will keep the maids in order for all that. *You* sha'n't want anything, my dear."

"You will do well enough if you care to do it," said Mr. Turner. "I don't want scolding or worrying; I have lost my faith in it. That is what made the mischief between your mother and me."

"Well, dear pa, that is all over and gone. We shall be happy together, you know."

"I don't know. You may be happy, for you have hope before you—the hope of my death. I am a broken man. I wish I was dead."

"I am sure I don't know why, father," said Rebecca, with a heavy heart and a light tongue; "what nonsense you talk. Is there any man in our connexion more honoured than you are? As for the money I am to have

at your death, I wish you would leave it to Carry, and then you would not suspect my love."

"You are a foolish girl."

"I think you are a very foolish man," said Rebecca, stoutly; "that prospective money has been the greatest plague of my life; I wish it was in the deep Atlantic. That—— Mr. Hagbut would have left me alone if it had not been for that money."

"You were too good for him," said Turner. "Child, have you ever thought of any one else?"

"As a husband?"

"Yes; as a husband."

"Certainly," said Rebecca; "for a whole week I thought I should have liked *very much* to marry young Hartop. But, here, he has gone and married Hetty, leaving me desolate and disconsolate. There was never any one so shamefully deceived as I have been."

"Do you know Hetty Morley?" said Mr. Turner.

"No, I don't," said Rebecca; "the artful young puss! When I do I will give her a piece of my mind. Young—— I mean Mr. Hartop, has used me shamefully. It is all very well for you to laugh, pa, but you wouldn't like it yourself."

"Come here," said Mr. Turner. And Rebecca came and sat at his feet.

"I have been a hard father to you, my child, and I do not know how I have won your love. But I seem to have it. God is very good. He is not what they want to make him out, is he?"

Rebecca answered her father by stroking his hand and putting it to her lips.

"My head is growing old, girl. I am a broken man; but I will do my duty to the very last. I am not to be trusted. This responsibility about Ducetoy's papers is killing me. I never thought I should have found my truest, kindest friend in you, but it is so. You will stay by me to the end?"

"To the death, father;" she did not want him to get excited, and so she said no more.

"You are a better man than I am, child, and I wander to-night. But, believe me, that Morley's God is the true God—is the true God—and—and not Hagbut's. Where is the little dog?"

"She is here, father," said Rebecca, putting Mab on his lap.

"Pretty little beast; bonny little beast. Bark for us, little one. Defend us. My dear Rebecca, the God who made this little thing was not Hagbut's God, but Morley's."

"There is one—but one God, father," said Rebecca. And she said it because she did not know what to say.

"Yes, but they make two or three. See, girl? Will you promise me one thing?"

"I will do as you tell me," said Rebecca; "if you will be always as you are now."

"Promise me that you will never join the established church after I am dead."

Rebecca sat silent for a long time. At last she said,

"I don't think that I could promise as much as that, father. I think it extremely improbable, but I will not pledge myself. I tell you honestly that if I were to quit our connexion, I should go either to the Moravians or to the Primitive Methodists."

"They are not a very high sect, my child," said Mr. Turner.

"I don't *want* a very high sect," said Rebecca; "that is just where it is."

CHAPTER XIX.

DARKER HOURS STILL.

DULL was the old house, duller, alas, than ever it was, for there was not even old Carry now; and Mr. Turner left alone in the house with the favourite daughter of his dead wife, began to mope and brood over that miserable old business. It was evident also to Rebecca, that his mind was not by any means what it had been.

She was free to go where she would now, but she never went far out of the lane, except a few times as far as Putney Bridge. She used to slip across sometimes to see Mrs. Spicer or Mrs. Akin, in a quiet neighbourly way, and hear their gossip, give them books, and other little things, doing them high honour. It would have been an evil time for any man who insulted her while Mr. Spicer or Akin were near.

Those two worthies were the very picture of comfort and contentment every Sunday morning, each in his shirt sleeves and a long pipe in his mouth, as Rebecca took her father to chapel, but one morning she missed them, and thought they had gone for an expedition somewhere: "It is very little pleasure they get," she thought. "We ought not to begrudge it to them." But when they got inside the chapel who should be sitting near the door but Spicer and Akin in their best clothes. Rebecca flushed up with real pleasure, and when service was over, she made her father stop while she spoke to them.

"I am *so* glad to see you here."

"Yes, Miss," replied Akin. "It looked so nice seeing you and the governor going every Sunday, that we thought we'd go. That's about the size of it, Miss."

"I *hope* you like it."

"Yes, Miss, we likes it well enough," said Jim Akin, "but we don't make much fist on it at fust."

"Ah! you won't find it strange long," said Rebecca. And so they parted.

Her father asked her as they went home under the dull grey sky, if she had asked these men to come to chapel: and she had said "No, that she had never mentioned it to them," and he said: "I am very glad of that. Whatever you do, don't undertake the responsibility of forcing religion on other people. Let them find it out for themselves—" He was going on to say a great deal more, as it seemed to Rebecca from the tone of his voice, but he checked himself suddenly.

It was dull, miserable, dripping, motionless weather, and she sat day after day utterly alone while her father was away on business; alone save for her little dog. She tried hard to be very good, and as is usually the case when a person tries that, she succeeded. Only she fretted a little that she did not hear from her friends in Limehouse.

Many things in the house-keeping were great puzzles to her, and she used to take them patiently, and lay them at the feet of her beloved old nurse Tibbey, in Leader street, Chelsea, but it was rather a long way there, so she saw but little of those excellent souls at present.

One day there came a letter which made her cry; it was from Mr. Morley. Jack Hartop and Hetty were off to sea, and Hetty was so hard at work, shifting into her new ship, that it would be quite impossible for her, or Jack either, to get to Walham Green. He added, that as soon as they were gone, he would very likely come and see her himself. She cried a good deal over this letter, but it was not in anger and rebellion. That night-mare, Mr. Hagbut, being removed from his position of possible husband, she rather liked him than otherwise, and was at peace with all the world; and the Limehouse people had done her much good; and she was in one way and another very far from the Rebecca of old times. She cried because she had wanted to see Hetty; and she told her father so, frankly, that night, when he asked her why her eyes were red?

"Why do you want to see her?" he asked.

"I don't know. I am sure she is nice."

"Why?"

"Because those two are so fond of her, and those two are the nicest people I know."

"Miss Hetty Morley," said Mr. Turner, "chose to disgrace herself and ruin her father's connexion, by a stupid and rebellious course of action. As Mrs. Hartop she is continuing it. If you walked the earth round, you would not find, in the dissenting connexion, three such sentimental idiots as Morley, his daughter, and Jack Hartop."

"What has Hetty done, pa?"

"Degraded herself; dropped into a low sphere of life, and dragged her fool of a father down with her. Morley may choose to tell you in his own good time, for he is as obstinate as a pig, what she *has* done; but he chooses to keep the secret, and I won't betray him."

"But you like Mr. Morley, pa."

"Yes. He is a good and a noble man, a pure Christian, and a real gentleman; but he will have to answer to God for his indulgence to that girl."

"But you would listen to him on spiritual matters?"

"Yes, to no man sooner. But he has been a fool in a worldly point of view, by allowing that girl to do as she has done."

And this was all she could get out of her father. And the great mystery about Hetty was no nearer solution than ever.

This was probably the most weary time she had ever had; for even if Carry had been there, she had lost the heart to scold her, and so her sole amusement was gone. She had her cats, and was still kind to them, though her little dog Mab had supplanted them in her affections. She told Mab everything now; and Mab seemed to understand. She could have told her father everything, but there was a reason.

At one time, not long ago, she had believed that there would have been perfect accord between herself and her father. It was not to be. The overwhelming sense of responsibility with regard to Lord Ducetoy's papers, were too much for his mind, and it became clouded; and in its clouding there came on a phase of religious doubt, which may be laughed at by doctrinaires, but which in practice, in reality, was, to Rebecca at least, horrible.

If he would have broken out into unbelief and sheer blasphemy at once, she could have stood it better. But he got dreadful silent fits, ending in sharp pointed deductions, the result of an hour's solitary silent argument with himself. He would sit perfectly silent, with his hands occasionally wandering one over the

other for an hour, until he nearly drove the silently sewing Rebecca, opposite him, out of her mind; and at last, when the poor unguided girl, working so hard and so nobly at her duty, was nearly out of her mind through sheer nervousness, he would say, suddenly and sharply,—

"If one actually regains consciousness after the dissolution of the body, and if one finds that the whole scheme has been a mistake from beginning to end. How then? One will regret that one had not been a profligate; a man who takes such pleasure as he can find, and discounts his bills on the future state."

And so on. Which has nothing to do with us, further than this, It was horrible and intolerable to Rebecca. It frightened her. She had rebelled against a certain close form of nonconformist Christianity, as being narrow, cold, and in her eyes worthless, because it wanted the one element of sentimentalism. There had come to her the stout nonconformist Morley, who had shown her a form of dissent, as beautiful and as spiritual as the highest forms of Anglicanism or Romanism, though wanting in the ceremonialisms, which, as the daughter of a Papist mother, she loved in her heart. And now here was her father cutting the ground from under her feet, just as she was feeling for it. De profundis clamavit, that is to say, she turned on her father once and said, most emphatically,

"I am sorry you have lost your faith, pa; but I can't see that there is the slightest reason for your undermining mine; I am beginning to believe. Please let me."

Turner saw what she meant, and uttered no more of his doubts. But he sat there opposite Rebecca, night after night, scowling over his bible as he turned the leaves, and looking unutterable things. Which did not mend matters much for poor Rebecca,—which in fact made them rather worse, for she could never tell what he was thinking of now.

In the foolish old days, before one thought, many of us used to read the accounts of the prize-fights in *Bell's Life*; and one used to read that Bob So-and-so "was a glutton for punishment." Now I claim for Rebecca that she was a better "glutton for punishment" than any snake-headed, bright-eyed young man, who ever made a brute of himself in the prize ring.

Punishment enough she got in these days. Her father fading and growing mad before her eyes. No society; and as it seemed to her, no hope. The responsibility of the enormous amount of valuable heirlooms and papers in

the house, thrown on her own shoulders, for her father was as no one, save in his determination to hold by them. No help, no advice, nothing for her but a dull mulish obstinacy; a determination to act honestly as circumstances should direct. And all the time her father in one of his "girding" moods; accusing her of idleness, and making his case good to her about her dead mother. Punishment enough, poor child. But she took it bravely and nobly.

"Pa," she said, one night, "don't gird at me."

His face had been fixed before, but it relaxed now.

"Have I been girding at you, Rebecca?"

"Yes, pa. Don't, please."

"I won't, dear. I didn't mean to. Tell me when I gird at you, and I will leave off."

CHAPTER XX.

OTHELLO, MOOR OF VENICE.

AT last Mr. Morley came. Surely no brown, handsome face, no quiet hazel eyes, no very slightly grizzled head of curling hair, was ever more welcome in a Christian house than were his.

It was in the dreary middle of the day when he came, and Rebecca, who was kneading dough (and making an awful mess of it) uttered a joyful exclamation when she saw him. I think that I have mentioned before that in social matters this odd young lady was rather radical. She certainly behaved on this occasion in a way which would have horrified the better conducted sister Carry. She ran up the stairs and opened the door herself with her hands, nay, with her finely-moulded bare arms all over flour, and she said,—“Come in; I thought you must be dead. Tell me about those two.”

“Go and wash your hands, and come and talk to me in the parlour,” said Mr. Morley, quietly, and Rebecca slid away and did as he told her.

“Now,” she said, when she was seated by him on the sofa, “tell me all about Jack and Hetty.”

“That will depend on your account of your behaviour,” said Mr. Morley. “How have you been behaving?”

“I have been as good as gold.”

“Then I shall not tell you one word,” said Mr. Morley; “you are in a vainglorious and self-seeking frame of mind, and I will mortify you by not telling you one single word.”

“Well, then, I have been very naughty.”

"One of your propositions must be false and so I shall certainly tell you nothing now."

"Then you are a most disagreeable man, and I hate you—no I don't—don't mind me. I love you very much, Mr. Morley. Only come sometimes and tell me what to do, for really and truly I don't know."

"You have been well brought up, and you ought to know for yourself. At least I mean to leave you to find out. How is your father?"

Rebecca remained perfectly silent, with her chin in her hand for a long time, and Morley sat looking at her steadily, although she did not know it. She sat so long thus that he repeated his question, I very much fear to catch the light in her eye. Rebecca turned to him quickly for one instant, and he had his will. She gave him one kindly glance, and saying, "Wait a little," resumed her old attitude of thought—that of Michael Angelo's Lorenzo de Medici.

Morley waited for her in silence and in patience. "Here," he said to himself, "is a woman who will actually think before she speaks. Here is also a woman who can act, who has acted, on far-seeing, deliberate conviction, careless of present consequences. Are there two Hettys in the world?" He sat and watched her, wondering what would come.

He had a long time to wait before it came, for she did not open her mouth until she had made up her mind. And then she told him everything, decisively, and straightforwardly, as one man tells a whole matter to another man who is his friend.

She moved closer to him on the sofa where they sat, so that the two beautiful faces were not very far apart, and so that her eyes could look straight up into his. And there and then she told him everything.

Her wasted, rebellious, furious youth; her secret hankering after popery—the religion of her mother, he must mind—as promising some sort of rest to her furious heart; the quieting effect that the gentle Primitive Methodists had had on her always; her rage and hatred against Hagbut because he wanted to marry her; the real reason of her wild escapade to Ramsgate; her love for her father; her love for Carry; her love for her little dog; her love for Mr. Spicer and Jim Akin; her love for Jack Hartop; for Hetty, whom she had never seen, and her love for him—Morley. "I assure you, Mr. Morley, that I believe I am a most affectionate person, if I had a fair chance. But people are so cross. I'd get fond of old

Russel and old Soper if they would only be civil."

Mr. Morley said, "Quite so."

Then she went on, resuming the Lorenzo de Medici attitude again, and leaving herself and her experience, told him in a plain, business-like manner, the whole story of her father, and her troubles from beginning to end. "For," she said, "you have got kind, trustworthy eyes, like Mab's, and if one wants to keep out of Bedlam, one must tell someone." And so she told him all about the fearful responsibility her father had undertaken, pointed out to him that her father's action was nearly illegal, being done without the consent of trustees, of whom Sir Gorham Philpott was one.

Here Mr. Morley interrupted her for a moment. "Was Lord Ducetoy married?"

"No; and he would not get married for a month or so, until affairs were in some way square. He was to be married to Miss Eger-ton of Delamere."

Mr. Morley was satisfied at once, and begged her to proceed.

She went on at once, eagerly, not catching the drift of Morley's last inquiry; for he was so surprised at Turner's singular and chivalrous behaviour, that it had entered into his, not generally a suspicious mind, that Turner wished Lord Ducetoy to marry Rebecca. Rebecca, I say, went on, and told him of the clouding of her father's mind; of his religious doubts; of his strange midnight wanderings up and down the old house; of the awful responsibility which weighed on her with regard to him. She told him all; and then, turning her face to his again, asked for his advice.

"It is easily given, Rebecca," he said; "go on as you are going now. Do your duty to him as you are doing it now, and you will not fail. You have a clear, sharp brain, *use it*; and you will do well."

"But I have *done* nothing," said Rebecca.

"What could you do?" said Morley.

Rebecca's chin went in her hand again directly; and after a time she said,—

"I don't see, speaking honestly, that I could have done any more than I have. The time for action has not come. And then I am such a fool, you know."

"Are you?"

"They all say so."

"Well, then, of course it is true. About this business, taken as a whole, you can do nothing more than you have done. It is one of those matters on which one cannot decide. Your father is behaving splendidly; but if

his religion goes from him in the struggle, your father will die. I will talk to him. You are a good girl; indeed, I always thought you were, do you know;" and Morley laughed.

"That is all very fine," said Rebecca; "but at the same time one would like a little practical advice."

"I'll manage matters for you, my child," said Morley. "I'll shift no responsibility off your shoulders on to mine, but I will make things easier for you. You do your little duty, and you will come to no harm."

"Then you don't think me such a very naughty girl?"

"Well, well! you are behaving well now."

"Am I naughtier than Hetty?"

"You leave Hetty alone; Hetty is no business of yours."

"But Hetty was naughty. What did she do, Mr. Morley?"

"She was exceedingly naughty, and I was very nearly being angry with her; that is what she did."

"Am I never to see Hetty?"

"What on earth do you want to see her for?"

"I don't know," said Rebecca. "I think I should like her. There cannot be much harm about her, or Jack Hartop would not love her as he does. He says that she has been wrecked three times, and that the Queen wrote her a letter. Why was she shipwrecked?"

"Because she shipped on board ships which happened to get wrecked."

"Hum!" said Rebecca. "But why did the Queen write to her?"

"Because she did her duty, as you are doing yours now."

"But tell me more," said Rebecca, eagerly. "Let me know *something* of her; for I love her, and I can't tell why. What did she do that the Queen should have written to her. Tell me."

Dangerous work this. Two noble and enthusiastic souls, sitting close to one another, and telling of great and noble deeds. As for Morley, *he* had made up his mind long before. He was determined to marry Rebecca, and Hartop and Hetty knew it. As for Rebecca, she brought her fate on herself. If she had desired her freedom she should not have sat on the sofa beside a very attractive dissenting minister, and have forced him to tell the tale of his daughter's heroism. All that happened to her was her own fault. But they will do it. Searching among rare old books the other day, I came across a very scarce

play called *Othello, or the Moor of Venice*. In that play the Moor actually wins his Venetian beauty by telling travellers' taradiddles of the Sir John Mandeville type. Morley did not do this; he only told the plain truth about his daughter. But the telling of chivalrous adventures is a very successful way of courting. At least, the man Shakspeare thought so.

"I have no objection to tell you what Hetty did on that occasion," said Mr. Morley. "It may show you what a woman may be worth under certain circumstances. She had been up and down the North Devon coast so often that she could tell every headland in the darkest night. Well, one night, working up from Hayle, against a slow eastering wind, and a heavy ebb tide, the wind shifted against the sun, and came from nor-west a hurricane. The skipper put her head for Cardiff, but that Bride is the most thundering—I beg a thousand pardons, you must remember that I live among sailors."

"You did not say anything?" said Rebecca.

"Well, I was very near doing it," said Morley. "My dear, that Bride is the most thundering idiot of a ship you ever saw. With even the N.W. sea, she shipped enough water on board to put out her fires, and there she lay entirely without deck ports to let the water away, trusting to her scuppers, which were choked with deck lumber, close to a lee shore, with the seas getting up from the Atlantic, nothing between you and Charleston, South Carolina, and the skipper utterly uncertain as to where he was. Do you understand this, my dear Rebecca?"

"Not a bit," she said. "You and Hetty must teach me."

"We will," said Morley. "My dear Hetty, finding her cabins flooded and the ship nearly water-logged, with fires out, and stokers and firemen on deck, naturally came on deck herself, bareheaded, with all her glorious beauty, wild in the storm; you know Hetty's beauty—no, by the bye you don't—but it is greater than your own, child. And in the terror of the tempest she asked the skipper where they were."

"And the skipper said: 'I think we have sea-room, Miss Morley; we are off the Bideford river, and we may get anchorage and ride it out. Can you see to leeward? Is it not so?'"

"But Hetty never answered one word. She peered to leeward through the fury of the tempest, and she came back to him with the message of death, quite quietly."

"My dear Captain Jeffries, you are not off the Bideford river at all. Look there over the starboard bow. That black wall is Baggy Point. Think ; can it be anything else?"

"And the skipper put his hat on the deck and trampled on it.

"But Hetty said, 'I will go and get my women ready for death, for with this set of the tide, we shall be on Morte Stone in ten minutes. Alas ! I wish this was untrue.' And the skipper said, 'Is there nothing to be done?' And Hetty said, 'Yes. Make sail on her and put her ashore at Wollacombe.' 'With rising tide?' said the skipper. 'It is better than Morte Stone,' said Hetty.

"And he did it, my dear Rebecca. He made sail on her and put her helm up. And she burst heavily on shore, with the rising tide behind her, and the rapidly accumulating sea following her and getting more furious each moment.

"It was a dim, dark winter's night, my dear, and there was no help to be had. One by one the sailors leaped into the long surf, and some were drowned, and some escaped. Hetty got her women into the forecabin, for the ship had gone stem on, and at last no one was left but the women and the skipper.

"The skipper was doubtful about the ship lasting out the tide, but Hetty pointed out to him, that she, although a *beast*, was strongly built. To the women under her care she pointed out the fact, that in three hours they would walk on shore. And as she was telling them this the ship, by the rising of the tide, shifted broadside on, with a sickening, thumping lurch, and the sea, which hitherto had only been beating over the poop, burst in its rising anger over the whole ship.

"And all the women, young and old, huddled round my beautiful daughter, crying to her to save them. And she, believing that the end had actually come, quieted them by prayer."

A pause.

"You say they were saved. Oh yes ! they were saved. The captain and the women walked ashore the next morning and went to Ilfracombe. But the Queen wrote to Hetty, and that is what she wrote about."

Dangerous talk this, or the rare play of *Othello* errs.

Mr. Morley came very often indeed now, and his gentle, kindly ministrations had some good effect on Mr. Turner. Morley took the line with him that he had devoted his life to what he thought the right, and that if he had erred it was only in searching after a nearly

impossible excellence. This was in the main true, and it comforted Turner exceedingly. The effect on Turner was not so satisfactory as Mr. Morley could have desired. He suddenly developed a vain-glorious, boastful mood, and would talk by the hour to Rebecca in particular, on his virtuous and blameless life ; would compare his life to the lives of all the other men he knew, very much to his own advantage. In fact the poor man's brain was upset by anxiety, and he had got into that frame of thought, which consists in persistently stating one's case against destiny, proceeds into an active contemplation of self, and ends in Bedlam. Morley saw this after a time, and counteracted it as well as he was able. On the whole, however, he did Turner much good, and made life easier for Rebecca.

FAIR MELISSA.

FAIR Melissa through the grove
Listlessly was straying,
Thinking of her absent love
Promised tryst delaying.
"Fair is false, and false is fair,
Men are traitors everywhere !"
Quoth Melissa, sighing.

Tripping came a little maid,—
"Maiden, where dost wander ?"
"But to find the crock of gold,
Where the bow stoops yonder."
"Fair is false, and false is fair,
Hope deceives us everywhere !"
Quoth Melissa, sighing.

Next drew nigh a pensive youth,
"Whither art thou hieing ?"
"Lady fair, to search for Truth,
In the dark well lying."
"Fair is false, and false is fair,
Truth she dwells not anywhere !"
Quoth Melissa, sighing.

Plucked she roses from the hedge ;
But a thorn among them,
Hidden, tore her dainty skin—
Quick away she flung them.
"Fair is false, and false is fair,
Beauty is a cruel snare !"
Quoth Melissa, sighing.

Lo ! an arm around her thrown,
Lo ! a deep voice pleading ;
Whilst soft kisses on her hand
Stop the wound from bleeding.
Doubts and fears flee fast away,—
"Hope, Truth, Love, I've found to-day,"
Quoth she, without sighing.



[March 29, 1894.]

SPRING: SURREY.—BY BASIL BRADLEY

Once a Week.

LE CORPS LÉGISLATIF.

IMBUED with the constitutional crotchets of a Briton, it occurred to me that my visit to France would be incomplete if I did not witness a debate in the Corps Législatif. The only point was how to obtain a ticket, but this was quickly settled by my landlord, who remarked, on being called into council, that in Paris the title of Englishman was a sort of open sesame. "If monsieur will only write to one of our deputies," he said, "and if monsieur will take my advice he will write to an Opposition deputy, he will at once get the tickets he wants." My landlord spoke true—I wrote that day to one of the members for the city of Paris, explaining that I was an Englishman desirous of comparing the parliamentary institutions of France with those of my native land. Forty-eight hours after, I received the reply which I here transcribe verbatim.

MONSIEUR,—Bien que nos institutions parlementaires aient quelque lieu de redouter la comparaison que vous projetez, je m'empresse de vous fournir l'occasion de nous admirer ou de nous critiquer à l'œuvre, en toute connaissance de cause. Ci-inclus deux billets pour la séance de Lundi prochain.

Agréez, Monsieur, l'assurance de ma parfaite considération,

J— S—,
Député de la Seine.

Lundi prochain having arrived, I found myself at 2 P.M. claiming admittance to the Palais Bourbon, so called from its being built on the site where stood, up to 1828, the mansion of the Duke of Bourbon, head of the house of Condé, the same whose mysterious death by hanging caused so much sensation in 1831. The French Chambers always hold their sittings in the afternoon, usually from two till seven. When the pressure of business is very great, as happens occasionally at the close of the session, the debates sometimes begin at twelve; but in no case do the deputies ever sit in the evening. This is an intentional innovation of the Emperor's, it having been found under preceding Governments that honourable members were unquestionably wilder, more quarrelsome, and less tractable, in after-dinner discussions. The Palais Bourbon is a fine edifice overlooking the bridge and Place de la Concorde, where Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and all the victims of the Terror, perished in 1793—4. The great square was then called Place de la Révolution, and the guillotine was permanently erected about ten yards east of where the Obelisk now stands. A grand flight of sixty steps leads up to the door of the House, and

through it to the Salle des Pas Perdus, which was built to answer the same purpose as Westminster Hall does with us. Under Louis Philippe and the Republic of 1848, the Salle des Pas Perdus was open to everybody. It was the place where members met constituents by appointment, and where journalists were always congregating to hear the last bit of political gossip. Under the present régime, however, it has been laid down that deputies can get on very well without seeing constituents, and that so far as journalists are concerned the more they are kept out of the way the better; the place has accordingly been closed to the public.

The present entrance to the Corps Législatif is a small door to the right of, and under the grand staircase. Somehow or other I made a mistake when I got in, and by turning to the left instead of going straight on, found myself suddenly in a vestibule face to face with a couple of officers, each with a drawn sword in his hand, and a score or so of soldiers standing at "attention," with bayonets fixed. This turned out to be the guard of honour which daily escorts the President from his official residence to the place of meeting. When his Excellency makes his appearance, attired in evening dress and with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour across his waistcoat (there is no wig and gown as in Mr. Speaker's case), a drummer sets to work upon his instrument, and rattles loud enough to make a deaf man jump. The first of the two officers—a captain—then rushes to the front; the second—a lieutenant—closes up behind; the soldiers branch off in two files to right and left, and the procession moves on along a carpeted corridor twenty yards in length, whilst any members who may be loitering in the way, stand still and take off their hats. This ceremony is repeated when the President returns to his apartments at the termination of the sitting, the two officers meanwhile being free either to witness the debate from one of the galleries—where special seats are reserved them—or to disport themselves in the smoking room.

The President of the Corps Législatif, I may say *en passant*, is not elected by the Assembly, as is usually the custom in legislatures; he is appointed by the Emperor for one year at a time, but is re-eligible of course as often as it pleases the Crown to choose him. The President at this moment is M. Schneider, the wealthy owner of the famous iron foundries at Creusot. He has had but three predecessors in his office under the Second Empire, viz. :

Count Walewski, who was overthrown by a ministerial cabal in 1867; the Duke de Morny, who died holding the post in 1865; and M. Billault, who left the presidency to become Minister of State in 1854.

After staring for a minute at the guard of honour, and being courteously shown my way by one of the officers, I hurried along a passage and then clambered up a narrow staircase to one of the public *tribunes* or boxes. There are about twenty of these tribunes, ten upper and ten lower, each holding perhaps two dozen spectators. When I entered the one for which a ticket had been given me, I found all the best seats taken; but an obliging Frenchman, who revealed himself subsequently as a journalist, made room for me beside him on the third row, and on the strength of my being a foreigner, kindly inducted me into the mysteries of the place. He began by telling me that the present House of Assembly was commenced under Charles X., and finished under Louis Philippe in 1832. It was a hotly contested point at the time, whether the chamber should be of oblong shape or semicircular. At the end the advocates of the horse-shoe carried it; but it will scarcely be credited that they did so mainly because the House of Commons' debating room was oblong. The English were so thoroughly unpopular towards 1830, that it was held derogatory to imitate them in any way or in any form. This is a positive fact; laughable perhaps, but true. The chamber was originally built to accommodate five hundred and fifty members. In 1848, when the National Assembly was elected, it was made to hold nine hundred. At present there are only 283 deputies, (the constitution says, "*one for every thirty-five thousand registered electors*") so that even when the house is "full," the benches are always half empty. There are six tiers of these benches rising in amphitheatre form, one above the other. They are covered with scarlet leather, and provided with well padded backs. Each honourable member has a desk to himself, with inkstand, blotting-book, and paper cutter. Opposite the benches rises the President's seat, perched high aloft on a platform. Immediately under is the ministerial bench, and under that the pulpit or *tribune*, whence the members speak. The reporters' desk is to the right of the ministerial bench. The staff comprises six stenographers, who relieve each other every quarter of an hour, three only writing at a time. These gentlemen are paid by Government, and theirs is the only report allowed. It is a misdemeanour punishable by a minimum fine of 1000 francs (£40), and a

maximum fine of 50,000 francs (£2000), to print or publish any *compte rendu* of the debates in Senate or Corps Législatif, other than that furnished officially. Moreover the editor and printer of the offending journal are both liable to as much as a year's imprisonment.

When I took my seat beside my friend the journalist, the proceedings had not yet commenced. A few deputies were writing letters at their desks, others were chatting on the floor of the house, and others again were congregated round one of the ministers who had just walked up to his seat. A French minister is a very pompous and dignified personage. He usually comes to the house in full evening dress, with his order of the "Legion" upon him, and his portfolio of office under his arm. The present cabinet is composed of four barristers, two soldiers, one sailor, one diplomatist, one schoolmaster, and one ex-merchant. The barristers are M. Rouher, Minister of State (and so to say Premier); M. Baroche, Minister of Justice; M. Forcade de la Roquette, Minister of the Interior; and M. Vuitry, President of the Council of State. The soldiers are Marshal Niel, Minister of War; and Marshal Vaillant, Minister of Fine Arts and of the Emperor's household. The sailor is Admiral Rigault de Genouilly, Minister for Navy and Colonies. The diplomatist is the Marquis de Lavalette, Minister of Foreign Affairs. The schoolmaster is M. Duruy, who was raised five years ago from a professorship of history, at the Collège Henri IV., to the post of Minister of Public Instruction; and the ex-merchant is M. Gressier, Minister of Commerce and Agriculture.

At a few minutes after two the door on the left of the President's seat was opened abruptly, and his Excellency walked in, preceded by two secretaries and two ushers, and followed by some sixty or seventy members. M. Schneider is a pleasant affable-looking old man of seventy. Less courtly than M. de Morny, but less stiff than Count Walewski and M. Billault, he is popular with the Opposition, but is looked on by the Tuileries as being less firm than needful. His successor presumptive is M. Jerome David, an ex-captain of dragoons. This gentleman is one of the vice-presidents, and creditably known as averse to standing nonsense. He greatly distinguished himself during the session of 1868, by having the gas turned off one evening when he was presiding in the absence of M. Schneider. It was six o'clock; the radical Opposition wished to press a motion and refused to adjourn, and it was only when left in the dark that they under-

stood what it was to have "un Président qui n'aime pas rire."

No sooner is the President in his seat than the ushers spread about the room saying: "Silence dans les tribunes; Monsieur le Président est au fauteuil." When everything is quiet the President rings a little hand-bell, and takes off his hat. This is the signal that proceedings have commenced; from this time forth, until the end of the sitting, every member must remain uncovered. The debate I heard was an important one in its way, but it would scarcely offer much interest if reported in this paper. I shall confine myself therefore to saying how the whole thing was conducted, without attempting to chronicle the speeches. In the first place, then, I may remark that the Opposition members have a bad time of it in the French Assembly. The total strength of the Opposition is twenty-three, composed of all the heterogeneous elements of Orleanism, Legitimism, and Republicanism, whilst the compact mass of Imperialist deputies, "official candidates" for the most part, numbers two hundred and sixty members. It was my good fortune to hear both M. Jules Favre, the republican, and M. Rouher, the minister, speak. But there was a slight difference in the reception they met with; for, whereas the latter was gratified with three rounds of applause every time he paused to take breath, the former had to face such uninterrupted rioting that had he not been a Stentor in point of voice, his words from beginning to end would have been hopelessly drowned. The French deputies do not talk or howl each other down, as is done in England; their manner of interrupting is much more simple. They clatter the lids of their desks persistently up and down, or play the rataplan with their paper-knives for two hours at a stretch without stopping. An Englishman will here ask why the President does not call out "order!" But a president is not appointed by the Court, at a salary of 100,000 francs, in order that republicans may have a hearing. His Excellency's duties lie in quite another direction. Let an Opposition deputy only play the rataplan whilst a minister or a member of the majority is speaking, and he will be called to order fast enough.

The privileges of French members of Parliament are singularly trivial when compared with those of the English. The French Chambers have not the right of initiative; that is, they have no right either to propose laws or to move addresses to the Crown. According to the constitution of 1852, all initiative with regard to laws comes from the

Emperor. His Majesty, aided by the Council of State, frames the bill, which is then sent down to the Corps Législatif. This body at once refers it to a committee, whose business it is to report upon it, after taking into consideration all the amendments proposed by different members. When the report is ready, the debates take place in full chamber, but in no case can an amendment be adopted unless approved of by the Council of State, the hundred and odd members of which are all named by the Crown. After the bill has passed the Corps Législatif, it is taken up by the Senate, which has the power, not of throwing it out definitely, but of sending it back to the Lower House to be discussed a second time. No petitions can be presented to the Corps Législatif, no sum of money voted by it, but on the motion of the Crown, and individual members have not the privilege of putting so much as a question to one of the ministers, unless they have obtained permission from four out of nine committees to whom the "demande d'interpellation" is referred. After listening three hours to the debates and seeing the members vote 260 one way and 23 the other, I ventured to ask my friend the journalist what was the advantage of being a deputy. "There are five advantages," said he; "firstly, a salary of 12,500 francs a year (£500); secondly, a blue uniform with gold lace; thirdly, a free pass to all museums and libraries; fourthly, a very pleasant refreshment room on the ground floor of the Palais Bourbon; and fifthly,—"
"Well, and fifthly?" I said. "And fifthly," he went on, "your vote, which the Government will always buy if you only know how to sell it." . . .

It was six o'clock then; M. Schneider had just put on his hat, saying, "La séance est levée, messieurs," and the deputies had all risen to go home, happy at having once more defeated that "turbulent and factious Opposition."

ENGAGEMENTS.

"TO love," says Henri Mürger, in one of his half-laughing, pathetic epigrams, "is an active verb, which likes to run until it sinks exhausted in the easy-chair of marriage." No one, we hope, will accuse us of any cynical or sinister purpose in quoting this epigram, which, after all, only describes that period of pre-marital happiness in which love has a joyous and uncontrollable activity. What if the easy-chair and its correlative comforts be ever so much more grateful than the previous

time of wild excitement and breathless hope? The delicious quiet and rest, the kindly snooze, the philosophic calm of that easy-chair, which was ever distasteful to the intractable Bohemian, are not to be despised; and it is from the easy-chair point of view that people have most interest and pleasure in watching the love-affairs of their younger friends and neighbours. The charms of this study, as one of the Fine Arts, have never been properly exhibited; but instead of attempting anything of their kind here, we propose to note down a few random observations of this most touching, and beautiful, and comical phase of human life.

"Engaged" young people may be divided into those who are proud of the engagement, and those who sensitively try to conceal it from the rude gaze of spectators. In girls this difference is very marked, and it invariably forms a useful index to other points of character. There are women who wear a man's love as they wear a bonnet—are proud of it, display it ostentatiously, are never satisfied if people remain in ignorance of it. It is one of the articles of their personal property of which they are vain. It is a testimonial to the value put upon them by some one; it is a costly gift which raises them in their own estimation, and which they are eager to show; it is the dearest compliment they can receive, and they wish it to be known that they have received it. It is like a new muff, or a ring, or a lace shawl—a thing of value, and why, therefore, should not its owner have the credit of its possession? There are other women who regard their love-secret as too beautiful and holy a thing to be submitted to the chatter of their friends. How can they speak of the unspeakable? How desecrate a sacred mystery by placing it in the way of coarse jokes and farcical compassion? So they closely fold the petals of their flower-like heart over the subtle fragrance; and their mute eyes tell no tale of it; and the brightening of their face, at the approach of one particular person, is to be seen and recognised by him only to whom it is a signal of welcome.

The kindly interest which easy-chair people take in watching the phenomena of the love-period fixes itself chiefly upon young people who are proud of their engagement, are yet very anxious to conceal it, and are unable to conceal it. Their little hypocrisies, tender-nesses, and mysteries are very amusing. The innocent garrulity with which Florence will glibly talk about the immense intellectual powers and deeds of a young gentleman about whom she pretends to be quite indifferent;

the artful manner in which she will couple him with some utter stranger, and make believe to have as much interest in the one as the other, are well-known points. But a much slyer and more humorous kind of hypocrisy is to hear some chit of a girl, who has big, wondering eyes of eighteen, and a girlish profusion of curly hair, calmly assume the air of wisdom and maturity, and talk of the duty of people who are engaged. Of course, she imagines we are not aware that she herself is engaged; but don't we see it in the affected indifference, in the unconscious delight she has in talking about the subject, in the careful manner she explains what *she* would do if *she* were in that position which this or that one of her acquaintances so shockingly burlesques? A certain tall young man comes into the room, and (without looking towards him or even being apparently aware of his presence) she suddenly changes the subject. Then you will notice that she is much fonder of the society of old and married people than she used to be. She pretends to have acquired gravity. She is anxious to talk about useful things; and if there are at dinner different conversations going on about the opera, about the new comedy, about the next meet of the harriers, and about some new Italian warehouse or co-operative store, be sure her small ears are turned towards the discussion of provisions. She is also great in furniture; and has quite recently picked up an astounding knowledge of the laws of decoration and harmony of colour. She will propound conundrums about the effect of crimson curtains on pictures, and advance precise theories for the arrangement of the flowers required at the dinner-table. The tall young man, on the other hand, betrays himself in an opposite direction. Formerly there was a singular absence of laughter about him, a disposition to stroke his moustache over the desolate condition of life, a peevish irritation over bad cookery, and a tendency to back his opinion of the downward course of affairs in careless bets. Plainly, he was a little ill-tempered; and if he were offered corked wine, or lost considerably at pool, or was induced to go to a dull play and compelled to sit it out, the grumblings of him were frightful. Now his pride has become weak-kneed. The greatest bore, if he happen to be a member of a certain family, is forgiven and even encouraged. There is a general amiability on his face; and towards his future mother-in-law nothing could exceed his loving reverence. The interest he genuinely takes in the affairs of his future wife's relations is extraordinary.

He becomes absorbed in the story about that shameful abuse of patronage which sent a promising officer home from India to become a discontented loafer here. He goes to the British Museum and hunts a whole day to corroborate some wonderful discovery which Florence's papa is about to send to *Notes and Queries*; he talks learnedly to Florence's younger brothers about cricket, and the pains of Greek hexameters; he, quite unconsciously, assumes an attitude of extreme courtesy towards the guests of Florence's mother, as if he were already one of the family and responsible for the kindliness of the house. Instead of the old scowl, there is a sort of promiscuous smile on his face. He hopes thus to assure Florence of his amiability, while at the same time showing her that his gratitude for her royal graciousness and favour warms him towards the whole of humankind. But hint that Florence is not an angel, suggest that Florence's mother might be less vulgar in her dress, tread on Florence's lap-dog, and then you shall see—what you shall see. At such moments, it is prudent to be out of the tall young man's way.

A lover was once known to wish that his courtship-period, being so delicious, might last for ever; and it is only cruel people who would make a joke of the impulsive aspiration. But in whatever way one regards the possibilities of marriage, there can be no harm in saying that engagements should be long. We cannot say "the longer the better," for that would place us in the position of the unreflecting lover mentioned above; but it may be maintained that the longer an engagement continues on this side of breaking off the marriage, the greater happiness and security are likely to be reaped by the two interested parties. Before love settles down into his easy chair, let him have plenty of free and happy exercise—"breathers" across open downs, and stolen walks in shady lanes. Then he gets to know thoroughly the disposition and character of his companion; and if, on reflection, he thinks it advisable to withdraw from the position, he may do so, under penalty, perhaps, of an action for breach of promise of marriage. Better that, however, than an ugly discovery afterwards. And on a mere utilitarian calculation of preponderating pleasures, long engagements are to be preferred. The delights of marriage come sooner or later, and extend over an indefinite period; but the joys of courtship, once left behind, can never be recovered. All through that charming period, the object of a man's affections is

begirt with a miraculous halo which glorifies even a commonplace face and a commonplace mind. There is a mysterious sanctity around the being whom he worships which makes her faint little condescensions, her tender interest, her gracious intimacy, a wonder and a delight. Then the pleasures and pains of quarrelling! Love is a cunning magician, and knows that a monotonous sweetness would only tire, unnerve, perhaps disgust; so he introduces sharp alteratives and tonics, that the virtues of his miraculous potion may be more keenly and markedly developed. "How happy they are!" say outsiders, when they see two young people slyly steal away from the rest of the company, wilfully take the wrong turning at the next cross-roads, and go off by themselves for an independent ramble. One cannot help imagining all the pretty things these two are saying to each other, coupled with that twin-conversation carried on by the mesmeric language of the eyes. You begin to count the number of years that have passed since *you* left that period behind, and you think it abominable that people should grow old. Perhaps, at that very moment, there is a weight as of lead on Edward's heart, and Clara is wishing she had never been born. There is thunder abroad, and Edward gloomily asks himself if "this sort of thing"—meaning Clara's unreasonableness, and obstinacy, and self-will, and independent, unwomanly self-assertion—is a foretaste of what is coming *after*; while Clara thinks her companion a brute, who has no kindliness towards her, nor consistency in himself. And it has all arisen out of Clara's having gone down to dinner on the previous evening with somebody else, when it was obvious to any impartial person that the poor girl could in no wise help it. Or else she has written a brief and formal note to a certain Captain, in reply to one of his. Or else she has forgotten that Edward expressly desired her never to wear a blue snood in her hair when she had on a purple dress—although the said Captain once gallantly defended Clara's doubtful taste. Or else she has declined to go with him to a certain ball. Or else she has spoken slightly of one of his bachelor friends. Or else—but why prolong a list of trifling causes of quarrel which might include every circumstance in heaven and earth? There is nothing about which engaged people will not quarrel; and although the cause may be trifling to outsiders, it is a Mont Blanc to them. For the time being they experience as much bitter feeling in quarrelling over a pair of gloves as they would do were

the cause of quarrel the division of an estate. The reason is clear. The time is one of ideals tending towards realisation; and both he and she are breathlessly anxious that the other should in no particular fall short of that glorious creature of the imagination whom they look to as their future spouse. Clara is determined that Edward shall be the most courteous as he is now the bravest and handsomest of men; and she is shocked and pained to see that he sometimes laughs at poor old Mrs. Gaddleton. He, on the other hand, is determined that his Clara shall be a miracle of sensitive good taste; and he cannot bear that she should praise the manners of the parson's wife. Each has a selfishly unselfish desire that the other shall be without a flaw; and a flaw, at this particular time, becomes a mountain. Then the despair of the quarrel—the sulking—the timid overtures for reconciliation—the final, bewildering, enraptured pacification, when Edward is very sorry, and Clara hysterically kind. Perhaps, after all, we ought to add these quarrels to the joys of engagements, rather than offer them as a solace to those who have got beyond engagements. There is, undoubtedly, a good deal of make-believe in lovers' quarrels; and a good deal less would be said about "parting for ever," "never see you more," and so forth, if any thought of final separation were in the two foolish creatures' foolish heads. At any rate, as the delight of "making-up" exceeds the misery of quarrelling, there is a certain surplus of pleasure; and it is upon this perpetual series of surpluses that young people, like optimist Chancellors of the Exchequer, count, when they sketch the long future on this side of marriage.

CONCERNING BÉZIQUE.

"CAN you play Bézique?" "What sort of game is Bézique?" "Is it a new game?" "Is it difficult?" "Is it amusing?" "Can you play Bézique?" Every time that you have dined out, or danced out, during the past two months, I am sure that you must have shared my fate in encountering these questions. Perhaps, even, you may have been roused or bored into an indolent curiosity yourself about Bézique?

Bézique* is said to have a Spanish origin. Be that as it may, it is a fine game, grave, deliberate, and diplomatic. It is a game wherein, as it were, you are the ruler over a

mighty dominion, and wherein you can seize upon and model, according to circumstances, plans for your own aggrandizement, and for the filling of your treasury with the results of your clever policy and judicious foresight. The whole responsibility of your diplomacy lies with yourself. If you can rarely aggrieve your adversary, you can, on the other hand, take rapid and dexterous advantage of any mistake on his part, and while bearing in mind that your success depends greatly on the concealment of your own little game, whatever it may be, you are quite free to profit by any premature disclosure of his future plans or intentions.

Bézique is a game of combinations,—and of combinations only. In the first part of the game it is not compulsory to follow suit; any card may be thrown away, which will in no way serve to further the political ends you have in view. Nor is it necessary to take any tricks; you simply lie in wait until the proper moment is arrived, according to your judgment, and then you can make your *coup d'état*.

Bézique requires the greatest vigilance, the most unremitting attention to trifles, prompt decision on a course of action, and at the same time the ready power of abandoning a long-cherished plan, and of instantly adopting an entirely new aim, to be, perhaps, again abandoned the moment a better chance presents itself, by which you may attain to higher honour and glory, and to greater emolument.

In Bézique, as in all diplomatic proceedings, matrimony plays an important and not infrequent part. Matrimony, in ordinary suits, is worth two counters; but the union of the lovely princess of the house of trumps with the reigning king of that house commands four counters.

Intrigue, I grieve to state, is of equal value,—in fact it may be said to represent Bézique itself; and whenever you can openly exhibit the queen of spades in company with the knave of diamonds, Bézique is proclaimed, and you take four counters. But if during the same deal this erring couple are again found together, you proclaim double Bézique and take fifty counters. However immoral the caution may be, this large remuneration will prompt the expediency of never discarding from your hand, if possible, either a queen of spades or a knave of diamonds.

The satisfactory establishment of a royal marriage in the house of trumps often results in a succession, called a sequence, which is not only an object of the highest ambition, but

* Or more correctly Bazique, from the Spanish word Baza, a trick at cards. The Italians have the game Bazzica.

also adds twenty-five counters to your treasury. A second sequence may occur, but it is a rare event, and such a result is valued at fifty counters whenever you can succeed in establishing it.

No marriage is possible with a widowed king or queen; once separated, the other remains faithful, and enters into no further matrimonial alliance, but is still eligible for Bézique or other combinations.

The meeting of four aces (let us regard them as emperors), whenever you can manage to convene such an illustrious conference, is worth ten counters. The meeting of four kings is worth eight, and whenever you can succeed in assembling four queens, that coterie is considered worth only six. We will presume that the ladies would lose much time in talk, so that great value is not set on their deliberations. Varlets are sometimes useful, and when the four knaves are laid on the table they are considered worth four counters.

One peculiar feature in Bézique you will have to bear in mind;—the ten is next in value to the ace, taking precedence of the king, queen, and knave. I am disposed to regard the tens as powerful prime ministers, without whose agency the king is nowhere, and whose presence is always necessary on state occasions, such as sequences.

There is also a comparatively insignificant card, the seven of trumps, which represents to my mind a clever ambassador or envoy.

Whenever he is played, he counts one, and more than this, if the turned-up trump be a very good one, worth possessing and adding to your hand, you can after taking any trick announce his presence by saying "count one," and substitute the little seven for the nobler trump card, leaving the seven as its representative at the post of honour. The reason of this is obvious, as without such an exchange double sequence is impossible. Every respect and courtesy should consequently be shown to his excellency the seven of trumps.

The objects, *au résumé*, of Bézique are therefore marriages, single and double Béziques, and sequences, and the meetings of crowned heads.

Now come we to the game itself.

I hear, in consequence of its being so fashionable, that there are now many elegant ends to Bézique, but of these I know nothing. Two ordinary packs of cards, from which we carefully cast out all below the seven, a few hundred counters, gun-wads, or beans, or even a pencil and paper, are all we require.

We sit, *vis-à-vis*, but near together, as if for

chess; we shuffle the two packs well together, we cut, the lowest deals, it is you.

You deal eight cards to each, by threes and twos, and you turn up a trump card, remove it from the pack, and stick it up against your lamp or candlestick, *en évidence*, where you may see it and remember it. I then play a card; you play to it. It is by no means compulsory for you to take the trick, nor need you follow suit; nevertheless, if you have any combination to declare, you are compelled to take it, as it is only after taking a trick that you are entitled to announce and display any marriage or other combination.

Every trick consists of two cards; after every trick we each take in a fresh card from off the pack, which is placed between us, crosswise on the table, the winner of the trick of course helping himself first. Always keep eight cards in your possession during the whole game. Never omit to help yourself to a card after each trick. Keep all those tricks which you happen to take in a neat pile before you, you will see the reason of this by-and-by. Carefully spread on the table any combination you make as you announce it. The cards so displayed remain as it were in your hand (forming part of your eight cards), and are always eligible for fresh combinations.

Never throw away a ten. These prime ministers, even if not in office, or belonging to the trump dynasty, must never be slighted or passed over. Whenever you can make use of one of these tens, do so, therewith to take any trick of your adversary, not for its value, which is nil, but for the securing of your own ten. Occasionally, (alas! too frequently,) you must sacrifice one of these respected advisers of the Crown to some sudden exigency, or to further some pet scheme, whereat your adversary rejoices, and bags it with pleasure; for at the end of the game, when all is over, all the tens and aces which you may be possessed of, count one a piece. As the game proceeds, watch your adversary's cards as he lays them on the table, and guide yourself thereby. If he have made a marriage in trumps, and then a second marriage in trumps, give up of course all hopes of a sequence for yourself. If he has had Bézique, and displays yet another queen of spades, or another knave of diamonds, in any position whatever, abandon all desire of Bézique; you can never attain to it. Turn your attention therefore quickly to some other scheme; neglect not small things, pounce upon your adversary's carelessly played aces or tens, make marriages where practicable, and hope for better luck next deal.

When all the cards have been taken up (and the trump taken in by the loser of the last trick which completes his eight cards), proceed to play as at whist, these remaining eight cards in your hands. Follow suit, when you can; but when you cannot, you are *bound* to trump. The winner of the last trick claims one counter.*

The final proceeding is to gather together all your cards and old tricks, and then to count over all the aces and tens in your possession, taking one for each.

This concludes the deal. Proceed as before with the next, and the game will be won by whichever player first attains to a hundred.

I hear that the moderns make it a thousand, but I have played *Bézique* for many years in different parts of the world, having always considered the game a hundred; and when you play with counters, this is at any rate the easier mode of calculation.

TABLE TALK.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "There is a picture in *Punch*, March 6, representing a railway porter explaining to an old lady that the station-master says that her cats and rabbits will have to travel as dogs. I dare say that this sketch was founded on fact; for a somewhat similar circumstance happened to me. I have been a rector for many years, and have often heard and read of tithe-pigs; though I have never met with a specimen of them. Perhaps they were pre-Adamite porkers, and were disendowed and disestablished before my time. But I had once a little pig given to me, which was of a choice breed, and only just able to leave his mother. I had to convey him by carriage to X station; from thence, twenty-three miles to Y station, and from thence eighty-two miles to Z station, and from there eight miles by carriage. I had a comfortable rabbit-hutch of a box made for him, and with a supply of fresh cabbages for his dinner on the road, I started off with my wife, children, and nurse; and of these *impedimenta* piggy proved to be the most formidable. First, a council of war was held over him at X station by the railway officials, who finally decided that this small porker must travel as 'two dogs.' Two dog-tickets were therefore procured for him; and so we journeyed to Y station. There a second council of war was held, and the officials of Y said that the

officials of X (another line) might be prosecuted for charging my piggy as two dogs; but that he must travel to Z as a horse, and that he must have a huge horse-box entirely to himself for the next eighty-two miles. I declined to pay for the horse-box—they refused to let me have my pig—officials swarmed around me—the station-master advised me to pay for the horse-box and 'probably the company would return the extra charge.' I scorned the probability, having no faith in the company—the train (it was a London express) was already detained ten minutes by this wrangle; and, finally, I was whirled away bereft of my pig. I felt sure that he would be forwarded by the next train, but as that would not reach Z till a late hour in the evening, and it was Saturday, I had to tell my pig tale to the officials; and, not only so, but to go to the adjacent hotel and hire a pig-stye till the Monday, and fee a porter for seeing to the pig until I could send a cart for him on that day. Of course, the pig was sent after me by next train, and as the charge for him was less than a halfpenny a mile, I presume he was not considered to be a horse. Yet this fact remains—and it is worth the attention of the Zoological Society, if not of railway officials—that this small porker was never recognised as a pig, but began his railway journey as two dogs, and was then changed into a horse."

IN Mr. Black's very clever new novel, *In Silk Attire*, one of the characters is Count Schönstein, an Englishman, who has been successful in trade, and having bought a German estate and title, is unable to support his new character by speaking the language. This reminds me of an actual circumstance in real life. An English nobleman who was on a Continental tour, was desirous of purchasing various articles of what Mrs. Caudle termed "bigotry and virtue," and was exceedingly annoyed by finding that, wherever he went, he was on the track of a German count, whose mission appeared to be to make purchases of the like articles, and who had invariably carried off the choicest specimens. At length the nobleman caught up the count; and finding that they were at the same hotel, sent to him a polite message, desiring to be introduced to one who was evidently a distinguished connoisseur and a wealthy patron of art. The count graciously accorded the interview, and the nobleman was ushered into his presence. "That face! yes, it is, it is!" as they say in melodrama. In fact, the count was a highly

* This is, perhaps, the nicest point of the game, for it requires both skill and memory to enable you to make sure of this last trick.

respectable tradesman in an English city, in whose shop of fancy articles the nobleman had expended much money; and the count gave the explanation to his customer that he was then on his annual trade journey for the purpose of collecting things for his shop. "I have really," he said, "the right to pass myself off as a German count; for I purchased property to which was attached the title. But I do not travel under that title from vanity or display, but from motives of business. If, when I went to the various shops, they knew that I was an Englishman with money in my purse, more especially if they were aware that I was buying their goods to sell again, I should have to give for them as much again as I now give. As it is, I enjoy my tour, and stock my shop at the same time; and when I get home, I sell the things that I have collected at a sufficiently advanced price, not only to cover the expenses of my tour, but also to leave a balance at my banker's." The nobleman thought the count an admirable specimen of the nation of shopkeepers.

A PASSAGE from Mr. Timbs' new work, *Historic Ninepins*, has gone the round of the press. It is entitled in the work (p. 119), *Chevy Chase, or Otterbourne*, and shows that the old romantic ballad with the former name was not a true and correct account of the historic battle at the latter place between Percy and Douglas, a fact, the statement of which has no more novelty than that contained in the announcement of the decease of Queen Anne. There are at least two versions of the famous old ballad that was modernised by Dr. Percy in his *Reliques*, who chiefly followed the copy that had been printed by Hearne, though Percy also printed another copy of the ballad found in the Cottonian collection. And the ballad mentioned by Addison (*Spectator*, Nos. 70, 74), was yet another version from that old song of *Percy and Douglas*, which Sir Philip Sidney, in his *Defence of Poetry*, says moved his heart more than with a trumpet, and which Dr. Percy considered to date to the time of Henry VI., the later ballad being, as he thought, of the age of Elizabeth. But on these points Mr. Timbs is silent, and restricts himself to an abbreviated copy of a communication printed in *Notes and Queries*, August 17, 1867. This gives a condensed version of the historical account of Otterbourne by Froissart, and of the popular *Chevy Chase* ballad, which derived its name, according to an ingenious suggestion of the writer, from the battle of

Otterbourne being styled the Battle of *Cheva-chées* (forays or raids), whence the term Chevy-chase would be easy and obvious. Without accepting this suggestion, which the writer in *Notes and Queries* merely puts forward as a conjecture of his own, and not as a historical fact, we might be content with the simpler explanation of Mr. Chambers, that Chevy-chase was the extensive hunting-ground of the Cheviot hills, then partially covered with wood and stocked with deer and roe. Leland in his *Itinerary* thus describes Chivet hills, as having woods and deer. As the extract from Mr. Timbs' book has directed attention to this subject, I will add a few more particulars that are not there included. Froissart and Carte have given the details of the battle of Otterbourne, and the points of contrast between it and the battle of Chevy-chase are admirably given by Dr. Arnold (*Rome*, ii. p. 88), where he speaks of the romantic versions of the Gaulish invasions and the historical account of the same by Polybius. The notes to *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* may also be consulted on this point; also King's *Early Ballad Poetry*; also the second volume of Sir Walter Scott's *Border Antiquities*, with its engravings of the banner of Douglas (still preserved by Mr. Douglas of Cavers, Roxburghshire) and of Hotspur's pennon captured by Douglas, to regain which Hotspur fought the battle of Otterbourne. The Battle-stone, at Otterbourne, is sometimes called the Percy Cross, as marking the spot where the Percy (of the ballad) fell in Chevy-chase; though there is a Percy Cross or Leap, on Hedgley Moor. The engravings from Bird's picture, "The Field of Chevy-chase on the day after the Battle," have greatly assisted to sustain the impression made by the ballad, to the utter confusion of all history; for there is the dead Hotspur, who did not die until he had fought at Shrewsbury fifteen years later, and there is Lady Percy who was either at Newcastle-on-Tyne, or else at Alnwick, and there is the dead deer and the dog to remind us of the chase. The vestibule of the grand staircase at Alnwick Castle is decorated with scenes from the battle of Chevy-chase; and when the Duke of Northumberland gave his banquet, in Dec. 1859, to the 650 men who had been employed on the castle and estate, the baron of beef was borne by four men, preceded by his Grace's piper, blowing upon his pipes the old weird tune of *Chevy-chase*, perhaps the very same air to which Sir Philip Sidney heard the "old blind crowder" sing the ballad. As to the gallant Witherington, who "fought upon his stumps," his case was paralleged (or

plagiarised) by a female. The battle of Ancrum Muir, seven miles south of Melrose, was gained by Douglas, seventh Earl of Angus, over the English in 1545, and in Border legend is called the battle of Williard's Edge. This Williard, says Murray's *Handbook for Scotland* (p. 9), was a girl, "who is said to have followed her lover to the battle, and on seeing him fall, rushed herself into the heart of the fight, and was killed after slaying many of the enemy. Her burial place is at the corner of the plantation. The inscription, no longer discernible, runs thus :—

Fair maiden Lillyard lies under this stane,
Little was her statue, but great was her fame :
Upon the English loons she laid many thumps,
And, when her legs were cutted off, she fought upon
her stumps."

The writer in Murray's *Handbook* does not give any authority for this invisible inscription. I may therefore say that it rests solely on the authority of the Rev. A. Milne, who was minister of Melrose from 1711 to 1747, and who says that he copied the inscription from the monument.

If somebody does not take care we may have a revival of the burking and body-snatching practices that were the terror of our forefathers. There is a great and serious scarcity of subjects in the anatomical schools of London. The students at Guy's had only forty bodies between them during January and February last, whereas they were supplied with sixty in the same period last year. Other dissecting-rooms have similarly had short complements, and men have been driven to study models for want of natural parts. The *Lancet* ascribes the deficiency to two causes. The Act of Parliament, called the Anatomy Act, although it permits workhouse authorities to give up unclaimed bodies for scientific purposes, does not compel them to do so; and the late inquiries into the management of workhouse infirmaries seem to have deterred their officials from too freely exercising the power granted them, for fear of creating scandals which might damage them with the public; and the reports of these inquiries appear to have prompted the friends of deceased paupers to investigate their modes of death and burial. The second reason for the sparsity is to be sought in the establishment of suburban cemeteries, which tempts these same friends to claim and bury their dead relatives, since the ceremony is an excuse for an outing or a half-holiday in the country, with copious liquors—to drown sorrow—on the way. There is the

want, however, and a supply will be sought, and, no doubt, somehow obtained; how, consistently with decency and reverence, we know not, unless philanthropic folks will bequeath their mortal coils to the anatomists.

THE bakers of Cologne have been subjected to what would at first appear to be a meaningless system of supervision. The representatives of certain health officers have been down upon them, seizing samples, not merely of the bread they bake, but of the fuel with which they heat their ovens. It appears that a famous chemist of the scented city, Dr. Vohl, discovered poison in his loaves, in the form of oxides of lead, zinc, and copper, and sometimes a salt of baryta also. By-and-by he was commissioned to make an official inquiry into the subject, and it came out that the chemical matters found their way into the dough from the wood used for the bakehouse fires, and which, in the bad cases, proved to be old painted house-timber. The ashes and smoke from such fuel yielded in considerable quantities the salts mentioned. White lead, be it remembered, is the base of all the house-painters' colours, and wood-work gets coat after coat of it. The alarm was raised, and the raid was made upon the *boulangeries*; when it was found that in many instances the ovens were heated with demolished doors, window-sashes, and in some cases with broken up railway-carriages. The paternal guardians of the public health of Cologne have taken measures to stay the evil.

A CLERGYMAN, in the County of Durham, told me the following anecdote. He had taught an old man in his parish to read, and had found him an apt pupil. After the lessons had finished, he had not been able to call at the cottage for some time, and when he did he only found the wife at home. "How's John?" said my friend. "He's canny, sir," said his wife. "How does he get on with his reading?" "Nicely, sir." "Ah, I suppose he'll read his bible very comfortably, now." "Bible, sir! bless you, he was out of the bible and into the newspaper long ago."

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

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HETTY.

By HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XXI.

A SUDDEN SURPRISE.

ONE Saturday night her father was in a very silent, thoughtful mood, and would not speak at all, but sat brooding, and now and then would kneel down and pray; to poor Rebecca's great discomfort. How many bitter tears she shed that night, who can tell? She saw that he was not angry with her, for even when he sat by the half-hour together, looking steadily at her, his look was not unkind. This little fact saved her from hysterics, for, to an exceedingly sensitive nature like hers, the fact of having a stern old man, sitting perfectly silent before her, hour after hour, and staring at her with intervals of prayer, was nearly too much. She was relieved when he took his candle and prepared to go to bed.

"Rebecca," he said, "I desire that you will be ready for Mr. Morley to-morrow morning by the first boat."

"What does he want with me?"

"I do not know; but you will have the goodness to go with him. Good night;" and he went.

It would be very difficult to say what Rebecca's thoughts were that night. They were, one would fancy, not very profound. She had tact enough to see that Mr. Morley would, most probably, ask her no question requiring any immediate answer; yet he might. Long before morning dawned she had thought it all through, and had come to the resolution that if on this occasion, or on any other, Mr. Morley chose to put a certain question to her, that he would have a most decided and emphatic answer; an answer which would prevent his ever repeating his question. "For we do love him, Mab, don't we?" she said, to her little dog. "The only question is, what does he think of us?"

She had breakfast ready for him, and was nicely dressed when he came. "Well, Mr. Morley," she said, "and so I am to have a Sunday out with you? If you are pleased, I am sure I am. This is very kind and considerate of you, indeed. Where are we going?"

"I was going to ask you to come down to Limehouse with me."

"I am dressed, ready to go where you will. Now we will start, or you will be late for your service."

Morley rose and leant against the chimney-piece, and Rebecca stood before him. The man had resolved the night before to examine her character more closely, in times of trial, for another six months. He had resolved that he would see her under every form of temptation before he committed himself irrevocably; he had determined that he would see how far he could mould her character—had made a hundred priggish resolutions. But as she stood before him at that moment, she looked so grand, so noble, and withal so good, that his resolutions all went to the wind; and, like a true man as he was, he spoke his mind.

"Rebecca, child, I love you more than all the world besides."

She only flushed up and stood quite still. She was as utterly unprepared for this as he was himself. She hardly thought it would come at all; still less on this day; still less at the beginning. But these accidents happen, and Rebecca, although prepared with her answer, could not give it from sheer surprise.

"Are you angry with me? Is there another?" he said; and she quickly found her tongue—"Oh! no, no! no other. Please try to love me, Mr. Morley, and I will do my very best."

And so they kissed one another and jogged out to the steamboat arm-in-arm, with no further words which would assist the telling of this story; and it was all over and done, for ever and ever, a great deal sooner than either of them dreamt of. And men of the world have informed me that this is frequently the case. "If a man and a woman," said one of

them sententiously, "have made up their minds to make fools of themselves, they no more know at what particular time they will do it any more than you or I do. They, however, always do it before they mean to."

They jogged out arm-in-arm down the lane in the most sedate manner conceivable. But you cannot keep that sort of thing quiet; it will show itself. Mr. Spicer and Mr. Akin were taking the refreshment of shag tobacco, out of the style of pipe which they called "long churchwardens," when Mr. Morley and Rebecca passed. They saw what had happened directly. Mr. Akin said,—

"She's took him."

Mr. Spicer said, "He has got her, hard and fast."

"He is a Methody, ain't he?" said Mr. Akin.

"Oh!" said Mr. Spicer, "but he is a sailor Methody. Why, that man," he went on, pointing after the disappearing Mr. Morley with his pipe-stem, "has been a bursted up, with shipwrecks, and earthquakes, and gales of wind, more than any skipper as sails upon the sea. He has got a good 'un, and she has got a good 'un. There is her little dog a-coming out, Jim, a trying to foller; send her back. Hish back, little dog. Hish back, little pretty pet."

But Jim Akin, having secured Mab, with that intense love of a highly bred dog which seems almost ingrained in the Londoner's nature, possessed himself of Mab's person, and made her take breakfast on a chair among his children. Mab, as great a radical as her mistress, enjoyed this extremely, and was in fact not taken back till just before chapel time; by which time our two friends were landing far down the river.

The steamer was nearly empty, for it was very early, and they sat alone and talked.

"When did you think of this first, my beloved?" said Morley.

"Only very lately. I am utterly taken by surprise."

"And I also. I never dreamt of speaking so soon. My own, I have no home to offer you. I am bound for the sea."

"And I must stay by father," she said. "So that happens well."

"Then will you wait, Rebecca?"

"Wait for what?"

"To be married."

"Of course I will wait, any time. I have got your heart; I care for nothing more."

"Now I am going to say something which will offend you," said Mr. Morley.

"I think not," said Rebecca; "but say it."

"All this has been talked over, time after time, between Hetty, Jack Hartop, and I."

"No, really! Well, I am very glad of that. Does Hetty think she will like me, dear?"

"You shall find out that for yourself."

"I am content. Alfred, this is the first day I have ever felt peace in my whole life. When may I know Hetty?"

"When she comes back from America, perhaps."

"Only perhaps. Are you going to America, Alfred?"

"I am going farther than what one generally calls America. I have failed here to a certain extent. I am only popular among sailors, and sailors come and go; and the regular connexion at Limehouse dislike me for preaching pure moralisms, and for consorting with the men of the Establishment. They are right. But I am a scholar and a gentleman, and it is a sore temptation for me to mix with the men of the Establishment, who are, some of them, scholars and gentlemen. And as for preaching moralisms, what can one preach else, when the heart is sick? And, again, Hetty, my darling Hetty, is a standing scandal to a certain set, the rich set, down there; and so I am going abroad; and I have no home to give you."

"But," said Rebecca, "if you have power among the sailors, they should keep you."

"Well, you see your brother-in-law, Hagbut, has gone so terribly against Hetty. And he is all-powerful there."

"I will ask no more about Hetty," said Rebecca, laughing, "because I shan't be told. But all dissenters are not so narrow as these?"

"Bless you, no. It is only our little connexion, fighting for sheer existence, which is so narrow. Any one of the larger sects would welcome me,—ay, and Hetty with me."

"And you could not join them?"

"No," said Morley. "Theoretically, our people are the only pure Christians. Practically, from ignorance, vanity, and stupidity, we are the weakest of all sects. But I am no turncoat."

"Where thou goest I will go. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God," murmured Rebecca; and so they went on their Sabbath day's journey,

Until the forward creeping tides

Began to foam and they to draw,

From deep to deep to where they saw

The great ships lift their shining sides.

And Mr. Morley said, "This is Limehouse. Do you think you shall like it?"

"I'll see," said Rebecca, as they went on shore.

He was very anxious to know, for he had his plans; but he did not press her, but waited

anxiously, for Limehouse is not at all an attractive place. Rebecca's first impressions of it were, that it was very dirty; that it smelt of tar and coals; that the ladies of Limehouse did not do their hair at their first toilet, or levee, and that they stood in the middle of the street, with their arms crossed, and stopped talking to stare at her. That there were too many bare-armed ladies leaning out of upper windows, who talked to one another across the street, and had the same disconcerting habit of being perfectly and suddenly dumb, as she and Mr. Morley went by. Likewise the gentlemen, although evidently sailors, were by no means sailors of the Hartop type, being far less deferential and far more ostentatious in the admiration of her beauty than was at all desirable; and, moreover, she could not disguise from herself that but a few of these gentlemen were exactly sober, though only one was drunk: a Norwegian skipper, a short, stout man, with a great blonde curling beard down over his broad chest, who had been making a night of it, and was bent on making a day of it, but who was being taken to his ship by a select committee or caucus of experienced toppers, and whose reiterated argument was that his ship lay off the back door of every public-house which he passed. This was strange, and not very agreeable, to Rebecca, and she still withheld her opinion.

But, when they went further, she began to alter her opinion, and, in fact, changed it altogether.

On the edge of the brimming river they came on a quiet, peaceful row of houses. These houses partly faced the river one way, and on the other a dock, in which ships, small ones it is true, but still real ships which had fought the great ocean, with their yard-arms against the windows of the houses.

They came along this dock in approaching the river, and Rebecca looked down on the decks of the ships, and began wondering how those dull inert masses must look at the mercy of all the fury of wind and sea combined against them. There was no sign of the great sea struggle on them now; only a waste of coiled ropes on deck, and cobweb-like rigging aloft. On one of them was a boy, a coally boy, in a blue jersey. He, in the surrounding silence and peace, was remarkable. On board another was another boy, (washed, this one,) who played with the skipper's dog: this boy was an event; on another was the skipper's boy climbing up a high ladder to shore with the Sunday's dinner of neck-of-mutton, with potatoes under it, and a solitary onion atop,

balanced on his head, going to the baker's, while, from below, the skipper's wife, baby on arm, watched him breathlessly.

"I shall like this place very much indeed," she said, emphatically and suddenly.

"That is well," said Morley.

"Do you *know* these people?" asked Rebecca.

Morley stood still until the boy with the potatoes and mutton had effected his dangerous landing on that iron-bound coast, and continued to look down on to the deck of the ship. After a time the skipper's wife's eye, being diverted from the very dangerous landing of that bold young mariner the apprentice, rested on Mr. Morley. Whereupon she danced the baby, and "hailed" Mr. Morley in that peculiar yell with which the wives of coasting skippers hail the wives of other coasting skippers, their gossips, on the high sea. C in alto staccato, I suppose, not being musical myself, notes inaudible to the male ear on the waste of waters, but perfectly audible in dock to a priest as well used to sailors' wives as Mr. Morley. While Rebecca was reading on the stern of the vessel, Jane, Ilfracombe, she heard the following dialogue.

"My dear, tender heart, how be ye?"

"All well here, Mrs. Camp?"

"He has a gone to chapel, my dear," said Mrs. Camp, "and he is agoing to stay. So nice and kind he is. And I'm coming if the boy is back in time; but I can't leave the ship."

"Listen to me," said Morley, in a strangely emphatic voice. "Have you any fire on board?"

"No," said Mrs. Camp, coming close under him, and speaking eagerly.

"Then, if the boy don't come back, leave the ship and come and communicate. Remember, it may be the last chance either of you will have to communicate together for ever. Come and kneel with him. There will be an empty place in his heart some day, maybe, if you do not."

The woman said "Wait," and went into the cabin, and in a moment had re-appeared with a bonnet on, not clean, and a grey shawl over her shoulders (for these people were not rich), and her baby on her arm. "Now," she said, "minister, I am ready. God bless you for pointing it out."

And they three walked away together. And Rebecca took all these things and hid them in her heart.

Now baby had not occurred as a difficulty to Rebecca, but Mrs. Camp had provided for

baby, and was going to leave him on the way with one Mrs. Tryon, widow of a deceased warrant officer, R.N., who lived on his pension, and on the letting of lodgings to dissenting skippers. She was the most terrible tartar in that peaceful waterside community, and the most difficult to manage. "No one," said the dwellers in Ropewalk Terrace, "could get to the windward of Mrs. Tryon, save Mr. Morley, and a sailor's wife in distress."

Now it so happened, in the everlasting fitness of things, that Captain Moriarty, of Waterford, a Papist, had run his schooner, the *Ninety-eight*, in on the tide opposite her house, and had then incontinently gone ashore and amused himself. And that schooner, finding herself deserted by the tide, with no hawsers laid out to larboard, had, in an idiotic and beery way, heeled over and poked her foretopsail-yard through Mrs. Tryon's best parlour window, to the destruction of property. If it had been a Protestant ship she would not have cared; but a Papist ship—the *Ninety-eight* (she was old enough to remember Hoche), was too much. The damage to property was small; but if a staunch dissenting Protestant woman's windows were to be broken by the yard-arm of a Papist ship, why then—So she had laid in wait for Captain Moriarty.

Captain Moriarty had kept away like a good sailor and a dexterous Irishman, till he supposed she had started for chapel. But it was no good. As Mr. Morley and Rebecca came up they were hard at it. Both Mr. Moriarty and Mrs. Tryon were sincerely religious in their very various ways; and Mrs. Tryon, knowing this well, exercised him principally on religious grounds, until he was half crazy with anger.

"That is what the old fool at Rome tells you to do, is it? To break into widows' houses with your foretopsail-yard, and for a pretence make long prayers. Oh, yours is a precious religion, yours is."

"You insult my religion, Mrs. Tryon," said the Irishman; "I never insulted yours. It was an accident, and I am very sorry."

"*Accident!*" said Mrs. Tryon. "Why, if my poor man that is gone had come home the worse for drink, and had moored his ship as you have moored yours, me and my gal would have gone out in the dead of the darkest night, and have taken the hawsers to larboard ourselves. Bah!"

By this moment our party had arrived, and had heard what had been said. There was no need for any interference on the part of Mr. Morley, for Mrs. Camp stepped up to Mrs. Tryon with baby, and said,—

"My dear, mind baby for me. I want to go to chapel with Mr. Morley, and take sacrament with my old man. For we are going to the old Cameroons, on the West Coast, and we shall never come back no more, I doubt."

Hard-featured Mrs. Tryon flushed up. "Here, Keziah," she said, to her maid, "take this baby; I am going to chapel. Moriarty, don't mind my tongue, for you are a good man; mind your larboard hawsers."

And so they all went together. And Rebecca said, as they went, "I think I shall like this place very much indeed."

When they came out from chapel there was a brimming flood tide under a bright sun, with the ships passing upwards under a good brisk wind from the free happy sea beyond.

"How far is it to the sea, Alfred?" asked Rebecca, in a whisper, for the congregation was still round them.

"Fifty miles."

"We shall sail on it together one day, shan't we, with Hetty and Hartop?"

"I hope so," said Mr. Morley, quietly; "but much must happen first. I must provide a home."

"Yes. I do not mean that," said Rebecca; "I was only thinking of your sermon. Why did you take such a text on such a happy day as this, and preach only of the cruelty of the sea? Such a wild, strange text,—'The burden of the desert of the sea.'"

"I only wished to check your fanciful love for it, Rebecca. A day will come when you will not love it as well as you do now."

And Rebecca said only, "Well, the present is with us, and I am very happy."

"I want to ask you, Rebecca, if you have any objection to my telling what has happened between us two to a few intimate friends?"

"I have none at all, Alfred, if you think it right. I am very proud of it, I assure you."

I, for my part, don't think that there was much necessity for any announcement at all. The whole congregation might run and read, and in fact did so. When they saw their very handsome and eminently marriageable minister with a beautiful young lady on his arm, to whom he talked in whispers, they formed their own conclusions, and generally "overhauled" her (we are in a nautical neighbourhood), at their one o'clock dinner, some saying she was too fine for him, but the most of them thinking that she would do, but that her beauty put them too strongly in mind of that poor Mrs. Hartop; they hoped that he might have better luck with his wife than he had had with his daughter, but generally acquiesced in what

did not in the least concern them, and wished their good minister well. Two young ladies seceded for a week or so, and met one another at various chapels in the neighbourhood for a few Sundays; but even they got over it in time. The "minister's wooing" was a patent thing to all.

But here were the minister and his sweet-heart (we have no better word than that dear old English one, except that abominable French one, *fiancée*!) on the breezy quay, with all the congregation gone except a very few, dreaming and whispering. They were aroused by the emphatic voice of Mrs. Tryon, a woman given to management from her youth upwards, who said,—

"Where do you take your dinner to-day, minister?"

"Dear me!" said Mr. Morley, with a start. "I had not thought about that."

"No one ever believed that you had," said Mrs. Tryon. "But here are Captain and Mrs. Camp, making an extraordinary proposal."

And indeed, there was no one on the wharf, but Mrs. Tryon and Mr. and Mrs. Camp, when Mr. Morley turned round to speak to them.

"My dear friends," he said, "I want to tell you something. This young lady has promised to be my wife."

"So I should have supposed," said Mrs. Tryon the irrepressible. "And a lucky woman, too, if she only knows it. Well, my dear, I wish you all joy and happiness. There's no such good husbands in the world as sailors, my dear. And *he* is a sailor, true blue, every inch of him! But what do you say to this ridiculous proposal of Captain and Mrs. Camp?"

Captain Camp stood meekly behind his wife and pushed her forward, prompting her in whispers from behind his hand; and Mrs. Camp did the talking.

"Mr. Morley, me and my old man thought, that you being a real sailor, and having made no arrangements for dinner, and Mrs. Tryon's windows being broke in—"

"By the yard-arm of a Papist fore-topsail schooner," interposed Mrs. Tryon, with emphasis.

"Quite so, thank you," said Mrs. Camp, turning to Mrs. Tryon gratefully, as if from the stores of Mrs. Tryon's wisdom she had been assisted with an additional argument which had previously escaped her. "Mrs. Tryon's house being broke into by Captain Moriarty, a dear loved friend, I am sure, but incautious; we thought that perhaps—seeing that we're for the Cameroons, and might never

come back—that you would have your dinner aboard. But the young lady. Miss, I humbly wish you every joy; but I doubt it wouldn't do for you, Miss."

"Please let me go, Alfred. Do let me go," said Rebecca, eagerly. Whereupon Captain Camp came forward, and Rebecca looked at him.

A splendid young sailor, truly, but not of the Hartop type. Very blonde, with a golden beard, cool, deliberate, but wanting vitality; a man who is apt to knock under on a bad coast, an anxious man, who kills himself by worrying about his responsibilities, when coarser natures, often culpably careless, lose their ships and make such a good sailor-like show before the Board, that they keep their certificates, while men like Captain Camp have theirs suspended. This young man said to them very quietly,—

"If it was possible, Mr. Morley, that you could dine with us, it would give us great pleasure. If this lady is to be a true wife to you, and if you are the same man as ever, she will fare rougher than she will to-day. Our last voyage was to Levant, Miss, and we can give you pretty and delicate things to eat, which you could scarcely buy in shops."

"Please let me go, Alfred!"

"My dear, I am not preventing you. I should like you to go. Only I thought—"

"Never mind what you thought. I am very hungry, and Mrs. Camp's mutton must be on its way home, so we had better get on board ship as soon as possible."

"You will do, my dear," said Mrs. Tryon. "Camp, you had better start your boy up to my place for some knives and forks and things. You shall have my place with your back against the mizen-mast."

"Are you coming?" said Rebecca, as they walked. "I am glad of that."

"Are you, my dear? well, that is good hearing, for it is few like me. As for coming, I make it a rule never to dine ashore on Sundays—Rabbit the man, he will never be quiet in his grave till he has had my house down!"

This last exclamation was tortured out of her as they rounded the corner and had come in sight of her own house, and the reason of it was this, the schooner Ninety-eight had righted with the rising tide, and, in so righting herself, pulled away the whole of Mrs. Tryon's verandah. It was really a serious disaster in a small way, and Mrs. Camp dreaded a terrible storm. She took Mrs. Tryon the terrible by the arm, and said,—

"Don't be angry with him, dear ; he is only an Irishman. Think where we have been together to-day, and don't be angry with him, he is such a good fellow."

"I won't be angry with him, my dear," said Mrs. Tryon. "But I will have it out of his owners if there is a law in the land."

"And then the Board will stop his certificate," said Mrs. Camp. "Don't'ee say anything, don't'ee. He was so kind to us, when my man got his ship ashore at Fayal. Don't'ee say anything. Minister, ask her not to quarrel with him."

"I will take no steps at all," said Mrs. Tryon, "further than asking him to moor his ship opposite some other widow's house. But how has he managed to do it? My old man used to say when talking of gunnery, that the angle of incidence was equal to the angle of reflection. So I should have supposed that when he had once poked his yard-arm through my window, he could have taken it out again, without pulling half the wall down. I see, this is your Irish seamanship."

Captain Moriarty was straight in their way, and it was unavoidable that there should be an interchange of broadsides. They were all a little nervous, as the frigate Tryon ranged alongside the frigate Moriarty. Moriarty prepared to fire.

Mrs. Tryon delivered her broadside and passed on, leaving Moriarty in a state of collapse.

"Seas and tidal waters," she said, "are free to all nations, in times of peace. At the same time, Captain Moriarty, the next time it pleases you to knock a Protestant widow's house about her ears, I would trouble you to remember, that it is better seamanship, according to English Protestant lights, to let a ship right as she went over, and not to alter her angle by useless hawsers. Likewise, if you had let go your larboard tacks and sheets, your yard-arm would have come out of my parlour without carrying away the verandah. Whereas, there they are all taut now to shame you, as taut as any standing rigging. Have you navigated Mrs. Camp's baby to death, or has it escaped?"

No, Mrs. Camp's baby was waiting for them opposite Captain Camp's ship. Kesiah had made it ill with Ipecacuanha lozenges, but babies generally are ill, as far as I have ever observed, and so it did not much matter. Not only the baby was here, but the boy, arriving from the baker's, with the mutton on his head, and going across the ladder, (for it was now high tide,) before them, without apology, feeling

himself master of the situation. In less than three minutes Rebecca found herself, with her back to the mizen-mast, in a rather small cabin, eating baked mutton and potatoes,—and liking it too.

"I hope you like your dinner, Miss Turner?" said Mrs. Camp, anxiously.

"I like it very much," said Rebecca. "And I like the place I eat it in, and I like the people I eat it with."

"So *you* can make *your* mind easy, Mrs. Camp," struck in Mrs. Tryon. And to Rebecca "I knew you were one of us, my dear, the first moment I set eyes on you."

"I'll do my best," said Rebecca. "If people will be kind to me, I will do anything. But I am foolish. If anyone is unkind to me, I will sit moping and dull, without any power of action, for days and days."

"That's bad," said Mrs. Tryon ; "but it is better than flying out and saying things you never meant, and which you can't recall. If a man don't love a woman, her hard words are nothing. If he does, her words mean more than she thought, and he wants time to forget them, and don't always do that. And a man's hard words to a woman are worse, because a woman can't ship for a voyage as a man can, and come home like a bridegroom. As for me, I only speak of what I have seen in others, for I have had no experience myself."

"You were married a long time, Mrs. Tryon?" said Rebecca.

"Yes, but me and my old man never had words. We both had tempers, and so knowing that, we kept them. And he was a good husband to me ; and the parting was bitter. With the Sacrament in my mouth, I should not bear ill-will ; but it was that African squadron killed him, and so I bear ill-will to the Cameroons. It didn't much matter. Our minister has assurance that we shall meet again. And then all doubts will be cleared up, and old love revived, (as if it wanted reviving,) and we shall go on hand-in-hand through eternity. Therefore, Miss Turner, what does such a trifling parting as ours matter?"

"Then we shall meet our loved ones again?" said Rebecca.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Tryon : "unless the Book lies, 'I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.' I think that finishes the argument, Miss, if there were any. Piff."

The gentle Mrs. Camp changed the conversation, by arriving after a short absence with her husband, laden with quaint boxes and quainter bottles, the spoils of the East.

"We sailed to Levant last voyage, Miss,"

she said, "and we brought these things home, for friends. And if Mr. Morley and his sweetheart (I know no better word, Miss Turner), are not friends, who are? Here are figs from Syra, better than you can buy, and here are the little grapes, from Xante, (you call them currants,) which I laid in sugar by my own hand, just before baby was born. You don't take wine, I doubt; but take a little to-day, for our sakes; this is some that my old man bought at St. Lucaz, Spanish wine, strong, but very good. Do be hospitable, my dear young lady, with a Devonshire woman, and drink a little drop of wine with us."

Rebecca consented most willingly, and indeed the wine was most admirable wine like port, a wine not got in this country.

"You find this cabin close, now," said Mrs. Camp, as soon as the boy, who had waited perfectly, as he waited from good-will, had been sent to his dinner, and baby was established on his throne. "You would feel baked in such a little cabin as this."

"It is the nicest place I have ever been in," said Rebecca. "I suppose it is different in a gale of wind at sea?"

"Ah!" said Mrs. Camp. "I have been through it all more than once, with the old man, in this cabin. This ain't our first baby, Miss Turner. Our first was drowned down there, under that locker, behind you, when I lay drowned, and nigh dead on this very place, with my head cut open."

"Well, we don't want to hear about that," said Mrs. Tryon. "Sailors' wives have their trials, and you have had yours. Similarly I have had mine. Similarly Miss Turner will have hers. Why, my boy was eighteen when he sailed for the West Coast, and never came home again. Therefore, what are your troubles to mine?"

"That is very true, Mrs. Tryon," said the humble Mrs. Camp; "and I am wicked to think of my little troubles, in any way. But I think I am sentimental to-day; and that is what a sailor's wife should never be. I suppose it is because I went to Sacramento with the old man for the last time."

"What do you mean by the last time?" said Mrs. Tryon, sternly.

"I didn't mean any harm," said Mrs. Camp. "But we are going to the West Coast."

"Better folks than you have been to the West Coast, and come back again," said Mrs. Tryon. "Don't cry out before you are hurt. The Cleopatra has only lost ten hands in eighteen months. Of course, if you, in your lazy, merchant way, choose to moor in a mangrove swamp, you will all die. Veer out a

couple of cables, and lie well off shore, out of the land fog, as Her Majesty's ships do, and you will come to no harm at all. If you sneak into fever holds, you will have fever. Mr. Morley, I am going to chapel."

Mr. Morley, who had been having a quiet conversation at the end of the table with Mr. Camp, asked Rebecca if she was inclined to go; but told Mrs. Camp that he was not going to chapel, but had provided for his duty.

"Then why not stay longer with us?" said Captain Camp. "We shall never see you again."

"She and I have much to speak of, as you may understand," said Mr. Morley. "I only said the words to her this morning."

"You have a prize," said Captain Camp.

"Yes, indeed," said Morley. "I have known her, and watched her for long."

"What does Hetty think of her?" said Captain Camp.

"She has never seen her; and Rebecca knows nothing of Hetty. Jack Hartop is the only one of our local connexion who has ever seen her."

"But, my dear minister, is this concealment wise?"

"Hagbut hates Hetty so; and he is all-powerful."

"That is true. Well, Miss Rebecca is a trump, at all events. Good-bye."

And Mr. Morley and Rebecca crossed the ladder, and stood again on the wharf. The afternoon had become wild and rainy, and the tide was going down; and Mr. Moriarty's ship's maintopsail-yard was (through Mr. Moriarty's careless arrangement of hawsers) rapidly approaching Mrs. Tryon's bed-room window. Mrs. Tryon had resigned herself to this fresh desecration of her hearth-stone, and gone to chapel: the Camps had got ready for a sailors' dawdle among the ships. But our two set their heads westward, knowing that their end for the present was Walham Green.

"Could you get on with such people as those, Rebecca?" said he. "If I was long away, could you live with them?"

"I could live and die with them," said Rebecca. "Those people are alive, ours are dead. Is the sea so cruel as they tell us, dear?"

"The sea is very cruel. The world is cruel, also. Come, *you* have seen that."

"I shall have to wait for you?"

"Yes."

"I wish I could wait for you there. Mrs. Tryon is better than Miss Soper; and I do so dearly like those Camps."

"You will hardly see much of them," said

Mr. Morley ; "they are bound on a long voyage."

Aye, indeed, they were. An old, old story, read in the papers every day ; but a wearisome one to tell, from sheer reiteration. The Camps sailed away on ebb tide, a week after this, with their baby, and their apprentice, and five hands all told. And they sailed westward, before the east wind of late March ; and they sailed away into the golden west of early spring, and nothing was ever heard of them from that day to this. Nothing will ever be heard of them until the sea gives up her dead. They had taken the Sacrament together for the last time on earth.

To Rebecca they had been like a bright gleam of sunshine, on the happiest, most April-like day of her whole life. In the times soon to come, when she was all alone, watching a dying life, behind windows which quivered and rattled in the furious blast, she would hear the cry of sailors mooring their ship. And she, in that vague, foolish superstition, of which those who have watched long by the beds of the dying can tell you, would slip down silently, saying, "That is Camp's ship." But it never was Camp's ship, and it never will be ; for Camp's ship, wife, baby, boy, and all her crew, are at the bottom of the blue, wandering sea.

CHAPTER XXII.

RUIN.

REBECCA got home soon after afternoon chapel, and Mr. Morley left her at the door. She was very quiet and cool over what had happened, not seeing any great reason why she should be otherwise. Mr. Morley had bidden her tell her father at once, and she went upstairs to do so very quietly.

He was sitting alone with the little dog on his knee, reading the *Pilgrim's Progress*. His mind was perfectly quiet and unclouded this day, and he brightened up when he saw his handsome daughter before him. The little dog wriggled and scolded in his lap to get at her, and Mr. Turner put her down and smiled when she ran to Rebecca.

"My dear father, I hope you have not been dull?"

"No, daughter. I have been very happy. I was at the Communion with you in spirit ; and I was glad to think that you were in pleasant goodly company. Come and tell me where you have been."

"Please, pa," said Rebecca, kneeling at his

feet, "I want to tell you something very particular indeed. Mr. Morley has asked me to marry him, and I have said that I would, if you would let me. And you will let me, won't you?"

"I am very glad of this," said Mr. Turner ; "this is the only wish I had in this world, I think. I am very glad, my dear ; God bless you. Try to be worthy of him."

"I will father, indeed."

"I doubt you will be very poor," said Mr. Turner, as soon as Rebecca was seated. "You will have about £120 a year,—he will never have anything to speak of. He is not a drawing man, to any except the poor. But I don't see why you should not be happy. I'll tie your money up, and you shall have it when you marry. Four thousand pounds is all I can guarantee you. There may be a little more, but I can't tell. Hagbut is a near man."

"I was not thinking of money, father," said Rebecca.

"It would be extreme indecent if you were," said Mr. Turner ; "but I was. I have secured you from actual poverty, and Hagbut is hard and near ; and I gave my word to certain things with regard to Carry, or we should have had her on our hands for ever and a day ; and my word is as good as my bond. Beyond this four thousand pounds I can only give you Hobson Bay scrip, which may be worth something or nothing, but which has escaped that man's ferret-eyes. You won't starve, Rebecca."

"Pa, don't talk about money to-day."

"Well, I won't. Get me my tea."

She soon did that, and made him comfortable before the fire. "Come," he said, "don't take all the good things to yourself ; give me the little dog," and Mab, a black peaked nose, and hair, was handed reluctantly to him by Rebecca.

Mab had a great idea of Mr. Turner, considering him in the light of an idol or fetish, requiring continual propitiation and flattery. So she scuffled over his waistcoat, licked his face, and only desisted from her cultus of him when he gave her a little slap, after which she was quiet. Rebecca thought that she had seen the same sort of thing before in certain chapels ; and indeed one may see the same in certain churches also.

"Pa," she said, when Mab was quiet, "tell me all about the Establishment."

"I don't know much about it. Is he going to join it?"

"Lor, no ! He would die sooner. Only I wanted to know."

"Well, the Establishment is the gentleman's

church. Never mind the Establishment. You listen to me, girl, and never you mind the Established Church."

"I was only talking to amuse you, sir; and I will trouble you to remember that I have taken brevet rank, that I am engaged to Mr. Morley. So no airs."

They were but silly words, but they were said so prettily that Turner himself laughed for a moment. "Come, girl," he said, "you are happy to-day, and indeed, old Rebecca, I am happy in your happiness. I assure you that I am; but I am in trouble after trouble. Are you going to him at once, for I am sore bested, and I want you at home?"

"My dear father, he has asked me to wait a very long time, and I have told him that I could not leave you, and that *he* must wait a very long time."

"That is good," said Mr. Turner; "that is very good. Listen carefully to me, for my mind is unclouded to-night, and it may be clouded again to-morrow; for I have had a hard life of it, child. I have never had a day's holiday; and your mother—well, never mind her, poor dear, you have made it square between us—and my head goes at times; listen now, and be mute."

Rebecca listened intently.

"You have heard of the great house of Gorhambury & Co. (limited, in all ways save an unlimited smash)?"

Rebecca nodded.

"Well, they are hopelessly smashed for two millions and a half of money. They have been bankrupt for a long while; and their last effort was to get our cousin Ducetoy's title deeds, and lease money on them, by which he would have been brought into the bankruptcy. His father had meddled and muddled with them in the old times, before they were a Company; and they thought they could connect him with the Company. I have saved him—utterly illegally."

"But he is nothing to us."

"He was your mother's cousin, and I owe her reparation," he said, gloomily; "I have papers which would tell one way, I don't say which. But they dare not ask for them."

"You mean papers which would involve Lord Ducetoy?"

"Yes, and I am acting illegally in withholding them."

"Then why do you withhold them?" asked Rebecca. "Be sure it is best to follow the law."

"I don't know that," said Mr. Turner; "I have seen too much of law. These papers, if

produced, would put Lord Ducetoy's property into the bankruptcy."

"But the creditors," said Rebecca, aghast; "the poor souls who have invested their money—have you no pity for them?"

"They would take any advantage of the Company, and they must take their chance."

"But, pa, wrong can't make right. I am sorry for Lord Ducetoy, but for heaven's sake restore these papers."

"I can't," said Mr. Turner.

"Nonsense. Why not?" asked Rebecca.

"Because I have *burnt* them," said Mr. Turner. "Now as you have your father's character, and in consequence his life in your hands, I wish to point out another little matter, more in your way of business."

Rebecca, sitting pale and calm, was dumb from that moment and for ever about her father's felony. But their relations from this moment were altered, never to be replaced on their former footing.

She never showed this fact to him, but he knew it, and acted on it. He was deferential to her after this. Sometimes he was insolent to her, but very seldom, and for a very short time; he was generally easy and almost jocular with her, but from this moment she was in a way mistress of the situation.

She had now entered into a community of guilt with her father. That her father's motives were of the highest order was certain, but still her father might be a convict to-morrow.

What was the effect of this singular community of fault between them? A strange one to ordinary eyes. A love which had never existed before. If pity, combined with admiration and fear for the object, does not produce love, what does? Again, if admiration and trust do not produce love, what again does? These two hearts were together now.

But I must return to the original conversation. Rebecca said, "But these documents will be demanded of you, pa!"

"No, they won't, my dear. I have too many forgeries, those of my own name among others, by Sir Gorhambury and Captain Gorhambury, for them ever to ask for them. Our danger does not lie here."

"Where does it lie then, father?" said Rebecca.

"In this," said Mr. Turner; "they will try to get into the house, and murder me to get at their own forgeries. So don't leave me, girl, and let the little dog sleep with me."

And so he went to bed. And Rebecca spent the first evening of her engagement in brooding over the fire, alone and terrified.

THE TWO DEATHS.

I.

TWO maidens walking beside a river,
The one in pall, the other in grey.

Two maidens walking beside a river,
Oh how fair to see were they !

And one has gold rings on her hand,
And a knife with a silver crest ;

The other has nought but her ling long hair,
And a white rose on her breast.

And one with cruel, bitter words,
Handleth herself right scornfully ;

And the other says but " He loves me best,
The more is pity for thee and me."

II.

Two maidens walking beside the river,
Who used to love like sisters of yore.

Two maidens walking beside the river ;
The one shall rue it for ever more.

The thorn scray grows at the horn of the river ;
Dark on three sides, and dark over head,

Dark with the shadow of hemlock and nightshade
That fatten the best on the flesh of the dead.

A fair, fair hand on the shining dagger,
A glint in the sunlight, a long wild scream.

A groan, and a splash in the raving torrent,
A white rose eddying adown the stream.

III.

A low dark room where the sunshine wanders
Through blood-tinted shields of limning rare.

A lone hard woman with long grey tresses,
Whose proud soul bends not to smile or prayer.

A playful child with a posy of flowers,
And one white rose in its plump red hand ;

Says, " Mother, wear this for your darling's sake,
She has brought it for you from a far-off land."

A wild shriek ringing from cope to foundation ;
A struggle to speak, no word ever said.

A white, white shroud 'round a haggard dead body,
A grave in the choir, and the mass for the dead.

IV.

No priest sung prayers for her who died
By the thorn bush on the river's side,
Long, long ago.

But the mass is said, and the dole is given,
And the lamps send their black smoke up to heaven,
For her who has passed away unshriven,
Into the realm of woe.

APRIL.

AFTER the snow, before the thunder ;
When March no more, with stormy hours,
Keeps sea-fowl from the sea asunder,
And space grows thin 'twixt foam and flowers ;
And rainbows come, and winds are less,
And clouds are ebony now, now pearl ;—
Then dead may seem my bitterness,
Drown'd—where the woods their flags unfurl
In music of the merle.

Dead ; and a new blue violet wreath
Is found each morning on its grave :
Drown'd ; but it dies a harder death
With each fresh spring's returning wave.
Dead ; but, ah ! youth being parted, now
Joy is as grief, slayer as slain ;
Drown'd ; but its drowning arms, I trow,
Have clasped me, nor shall loose again,
Till sunset thwarts the main ;—

Till sunset thwarts the sea, where striving
Of swimmers is, and wreck of ships ;
Till the great giver comes, whose giving
Is sweet, and very pale his lips.
Ah ! Youth of mine that I have spent !
Can Life, thy glorious flush that knew,
Survive thee ?—yea ; the firmament
Still hangs, nor is one whit less blue,
O'er Hellas and Peru.

O hours of dreaming o'er a tress !
O days of glamour, not of gold !
O unreturning carelessness !—
And yet—the sweet times are the old—
Were they so sweet, those days of old ? }
Alas !—if all the west o' th' wind
Of Youth be Memory,—Age will whirl
A bitter blast on me who find,
Now, scarce more solace than the churl,
In music of the merle.

CONCERNING BIRDS' NESTS.

DURING a summer tour in Switzerland,
and whilst walking one day in the grounds
of my friend Monsieur B——, my curiosity
was excited by the sight of two or three extra-
ordinary constructions attached to the various
trees around us. On inquiry I was told they
were artificial birds' nests ; and having re-
cently read in the *Times* a short paragraph

on *The Good of Swallows*, taken from *Once a Week*, I was inspired with a desire to know something more concerning small birds, of which in general one is apt to take little account.

I was informed that there exists at Mulhouse, near Berne, a Society, the members of which are accustomed to meet annually; and to discuss the various improvements relating to agriculture, much in the same manner, it may be supposed, as they do at our Farmers' Meetings. It was at one of these meetings that Monsieur B——, in 1866, presented his papers for the first time *On Artificial Birds' Nests*; and from that period to the present his ideas have been very generally adopted throughout Switzerland, and in some parts of France and Germany. In appreciation of the services rendered to agriculture by Monsieur B——, the Society of Mulhouse presented him with a gold medal; and from every quarter he has had ample testimony to the utility of his invention. Many will remember that the models were exhibited at the Paris Exhibition.

Since their first introduction certain modifications have been made in the form and materials of the nests in question. Those most used are made of earthenware. They are fixed in an inclined position (as indicated in the diagram) by means of a pole resembling an iron curtain-rod. This is attached to a little boss, or projection (*d*), and fastened at the point (*c*) where the branches separate. The support may be made thicker if necessary, to keep the nest in an unchangeable position; and may be adapted to suit the branch or trunk to which it is attached. As it is, however, desirable to have at hand another model, so that either may be used according to the form of the tree on which it is suspended, a representation of the latest invention is given. Sometimes it is useful to have two orifices; the smallest about the size of a five-shilling piece, the other larger. In Switzerland it is admitted that the proportion of large to small birds is such, that it is found necessary to have one *small* to ten *large* openings.

It is also stated that the vertical nests, fashioned after the model A, should be supplied only with the larger orifice, whilst those of the other form may have either. The reason assigned for this opinion is, that it is difficult for little birds to stand upright, and to make their first attempt at flight by a *narrow* aperture. Great objections were at first made to these nests because it was alleged that sparrows would not easily accommodate themselves to

habitations which did not offer the same facilities as the cavities of trees. This objection Monsieur B—— refutes by observations made in his own grounds, the result of which was as follows: "I observed," he says, "two years ago, at the base of a cavity in the trunk of an old apple tree, that a woodpecker had established its nest there; and, as if the orifice itself did not afford a sufficient guarantee from any external attack, the bird commenced to hedge itself about with a sort of masonry, which was fastened together by a very strong kind of cement, applied by the aid of its own beak. In the following summer I placed one of my nests in a good position, and very soon I had the satisfaction of seeing the same process going on there which had formerly interested me in the apple tree." In this, as in the other case, the bird, judging the opening too wide, began to diminish it in the same way as before, leaving only sufficient space for ingress and egress—a sufficient proof that the woodpecker was willing to avail himself of the proffered accommodation, and that in his eyes there seemed to be no very despicable difference between the cavity of a tree, and the little contrivance that had been substituted in its place; indeed, continued my friend, "as the number of nests was multiplied the cavities were abandoned, and the improvement in the produce and appearance of my garden, by reason of the destruction of the plant-devouring insects, can hardly be imagined by a disinterested observer."

Monsieur Ehrlen of Colinar, having informed Monsieur B—— of the ravages committed in his garden, and what he termed "the destruction of his property," was advised to have both descriptions of nests placed in large numbers about his grounds. "The aspect of things quickly changed," he says; "they were soon inhabited by tomtits, and the crops of fruit became abundant."

The prices, in Switzerland, of the artificial nests vary from 1 franc 25 centimes to 1 franc 50 centimes, according to the form adopted. It is of the utmost importance that they be rendered firm and indestructible, and occasionally watched, for if the rain penetrated into the interior it would rot during the winter the nests constructed in the preceding season. In the spring when the birds returned, finding their old home in a state of decomposition, and being unable to carry off the materials, (as is their wont at this season,) the probability is that they would establish their new nest on the former foundation, season after season, until, after three or four years, the young broods being on

the wrecks of successive nests would be too near the orifice and become the prey of cats, and other enemies, such as magpies and crows. This reason will probably be deemed sufficient for condemning absolutely the artificial nests made in wood.

I will endeavour to give a free translation of what has been said by Monsieur le Dr. Weber on the matter in question. What should most excite attention on this interesting subject of natural history, is the great law of compensation exhibited in created things, one and all of which are necessary for the reciprocal nourishment and preservation of the other, so that, if the equilibrium be disturbed, and one series be wanting which should be matured by another series, the latter assumes development oftentimes destructive to the interests of mankind in the failure of his crops, and thence of the general welfare of the human race.

To notice only a few of the imaginary scourges by which some suppose we are troubled: there is the caterpillar, which in the early spring is so destructive to the verdure—buds, leaves, and vegetables, alike falling a prey to its voracious propensities; the white worm, which destroys the roots, &c., and the cockroaches, with their devastating ravages on the most luxuriant foliage, leaving the trees they infest very frequently little better than birch-brooms; mice, too, which convert the soil into a sieve, and carry off to their holes the precious grains of wheat that have been deposited in the ground. Are not these things sufficient to make us act on the defensive, not only towards insectivorous birds, but towards animals, erroneously considered useless or injurious, such as the bat, and the hedgehog, which live on insects?

Then, again, moles, which wage perpetual war on the worms; and amongst the birds there are owls, buzzards, and other mice-devourers, which are slaughtered without mercy.

But, in allusion to the insectivorous birds spoken of so particularly by Monsieur B—, it must be remarked that they have one character in common; viz., that they make their nests in the hollows of trees, or in the holes of walls, and rocks. So necessary are these cavities to the species that, in the localities where

they cannot be met with, they can neither remain nor increase, nor, as a matter of course, consume that prodigious quantity of insects necessary for their own, but especially for the nourishment of their young ones. It will, therefore, be evident that the invention of artificial nests meets the difficulty, but as Dr. Weber observes, the word is almost a misnomer, for it is in fact the bird itself that constructs its own nest in the cavity prepared for its reception. He then goes on to show that sparrows do not fear



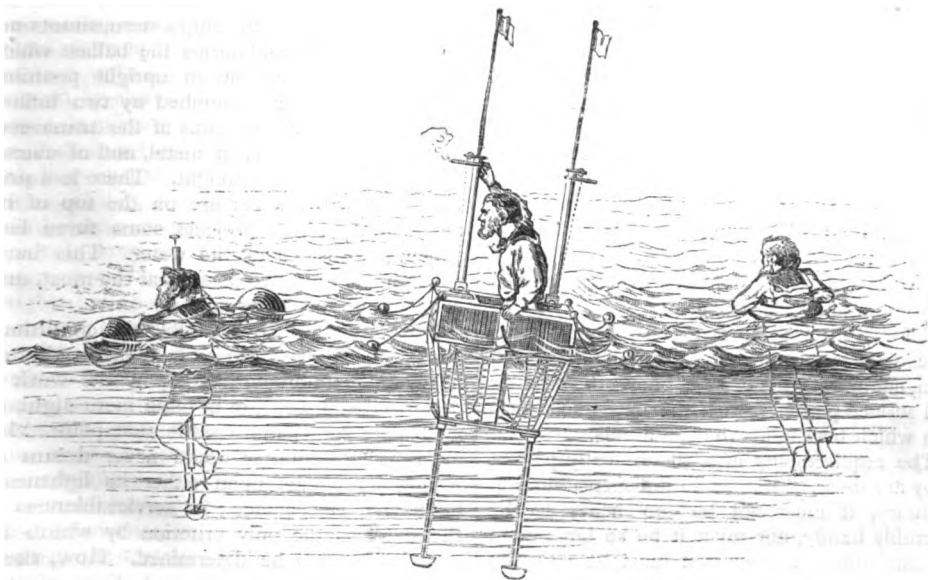
these factitious hollows, for it is in the statement of Monsieur B—, and others who have carefully noticed the birds, that they seem to look about in the most judgmatical manner, and then, when apparently satisfied that the place is free from damp, and all such like enemies to comfort, they settle in it at once without troubling themselves whether their nest has been formed by the hand of a potter or by the decay of the body of a tree. The artificial nests were exhibited in the Zoological Gardens of the Bois de Boulogne, and several interesting little brochures have been written on the subject, such as—*Sur l'utilité de la conservation des oiseaux dans l'intérêt de l'agriculture*, and *La Neige et les petits oiseaux*.

PRESERVING LIFE AT SEA.

THE almost unprecedentedly long list of wrecks and losses at sea, which terribly distinguished the opening and closing months of last year, wreck following wreck in almost unbroken succession of daily disaster, must surely come home to all of us who give the matter one moment's consideration as a strange comment upon the supposed efficiency of our provisions for saving life at sea. That such awful loss of life as resulted a short time back from the wreck of the *Gossamer*, or the found-

dering of the two ships *Hibernia* and *Starry Banner*, not to mention others, should be even remotely possible, is a disgrace to our civilisation. It is scarcely credible, and is certainly not creditable, that a ship should be allowed to put to sea with a large body of passengers on board, besides the crew, and so badly found in life-saving apparatus, that when the time of trial came more than four-fifths of her human cargo, as was the case with the *Starry Banner*, should be left to perish helplessly in the waves.

The life-boat arrangements round our own coasts and those of the great maritime countries,



are for the most part admirable, and fairly keep pace with the march of modern invention. But our appliances for saving life at sea are alarmingly defective. Of all the dangers and perils which our brave seamen have to face, there is, perhaps, none more frequent than that of falling overboard. Yet for nearly sixty years (during which time our whole system of naval architecture has been more than once revolutionised) nothing has been done to improve the appliances for saving lives thus imperilled. The present service life-buoy was introduced into the service in 1811, and remains now, in 1869, in all essentials just what it was then. Some little advance has been made in the way of life-rafts, but no marked success has yet been attained. Now at last, however, that something which promises well has been done in this direction, we feel doubly bound to give it a hearty welcome.

A few months ago, or to speak more accurately, in September last, I happened to be at Sheerness, and chanced to see part of the MS. of a pamphlet, entitled *The Perils of the Deep*, setting forth the specifications of a new life-buoy and life-raft, invented and patented by Messrs. Welch and Bouchier, two retired naval officers. So novel was the principle of this invention, yet at the same time so simple and intelligible, that I craved an introduction to the inventor, and a sight of the model. The inventor proved all courtesy, and showed me the model with such alacrity, that I volunteered to form one of the water party at the approaching official trial. Those of our readers who are in the habit of scanning the naval and military intelligence in the columns of our daily papers will most likely have seen a notice how that a life-buoy, patented by Messrs. Welch and Bouchier, was

tried under Admiralty orders, in the great basin in Sheerness Dockyard, in the presence of Captains So-and-So and So-and-So—all the great naval guns of the place—and how that, after Mr. Welch, the inventor, had displayed its capabilities, two gentlemen—one a naval officer, the other a civilian, (your humble servant)—made trial of it in all conceivable ways, and how that moreover they tried at the same time, for comparison's sake, the service buoy and the ordinary circular buoy, to the evident disadvantage of the two latter. Further, if they have kept a careful watch upon the naval column, they will have seen that the inventors, having carried out certain suggested alterations—mere questions of detail—a fresh trial was ordered in November, and this second time the buoy passed the ordeal with full and perfect success. That is, the Admiralty, being now advised of the value of the invention, and always ready to encourage inventors, has graciously accorded permission to the patentees to fit up a buoy on a sea-going ship, at their own expense, for trial at sea. One of these buoys was accordingly fitted, a few weeks back, to H.M.S. Crocodile, and is now undergoing trial at sea.

Before I attempt to describe the new buoy, let us first inquire what a buoy should be, and then, comparing the two old buoys, the circular and service patterns, with the new one, ascertain which best fulfils the conditions.

The requirements of a theoretically perfect buoy are these. First, as an indispensable preliminary, it must not be too heavy to be tolerably handy, nor must it be so large as to be cumbersome. Secondly, it must be instantly and unfailingly available at a moment's notice. Thirdly, it must not be easily susceptible of damage, and when let go must take the water anyhow, indifferently, without chance of prejudice to its efficiency. Fourthly, it should show out of the water as distinctly as possible, both as a guide for those who are in the ship and who will have to pick it up, and for the man overboard. Fifthly, it should afford as large a floating power as is attainable, due regard being had to other conditions. Sixthly, it should support the man with as little exertion and fatigue to himself as possible; and seventhly, a point hitherto overlooked, it should support his head as high out of the water as is by any means practicable. So much for what we ought to expect from a buoy. Keeping this clearly before our eyes, let us proceed to examine the three buoys.

No. 1. The ordinary circular buoy, used by the Humane Society men, and almost univer-

sally elsewhere, is too well known to require description. It is only useful when it can be thrown to a man at once in still water, and in broad daylight; it is quite useless at night. Even in daytime, if there were any sea on, a man might swim about in its neighbourhood for a long time without seeing it. Therefore it may be put on one side as a sea-going buoy for general use, and the service buoy only remains to compare with its new rival.

The service buoy is of very simple construction. It is in the shape of a Latin cross, the longer limb being hollow, with a sliding rod, heavily weighted at the end, working telescopically inside it. This weighted rod, when the buoy is let fall from the ship's stern, shoots out to its full extent, and forms the ballast which maintains the buoy in an upright position. The floating power is supplied by two hollow copper spheres at the ends of the transverse limbs. The whole is of metal, and of course of some considerable weight. There is a provision for fixing a portfire on the top of its upper limb, which projects some three feet above the surface of the water. This buoy will support only two persons at the most, and is only constructed for one.

Now let us see how it fulfils the conditions laid down above. First, it is assuredly as heavy and cumbersome, judging by the work it performs, as it well can be—the mere sight of it is quite sufficient to settle that point. Its most ardent admirer would never dream of basing its claims upon either its lightness, handiness, or elegance; its serviceableness in the water is the only criterion by which its actual value can be determined. How, then, does it come out on service? Supposing a man to have fallen overboard, and the order, Let go the life-buoy, to have been given, is it probable, is it *possible*, that some hitch may occur? (every second of delay of course, as the ship sails on, gives the man so much farther to swim). We have no data by which to decide whether this does ever actually occur, but a glance at the method of launching is quite sufficient to show that such an accident *may* occur at any time. The source of danger is this: the buoy when launched, is directed into the water by two parallel iron rods, to which it is attached by rings; now it is very evident that a very slight deflection of either of these rods, *in any direction*, must entail a deadlock, and, what is worse, this deflection might easily remain undiscovered until the very moment of action. It is true the rod could be very readily straightened again and the buoy launched, but time would be lost, and time in these

cases is everything. Were it not for that, a boat would be better than any buoy, since it can go to the swimmer, and buoys would be superfluous. For the third requirement, constructive strength, it is thoroughly up to the required standard, failing, if anything, in excess. Fourthly, it but very indifferently fulfils the condition of showing well out of the water; all that it offers to the view is a black staff some two inches in diameter and rising scarcely three feet above the water—the man's head and the three-parts-submerged spheres need scarcely be taken into consideration; those of our readers who are at all acquainted with the sea will at once perceive what a very inefficient signal staff this makes—almost useless indeed, even in the daytime, at any moderate distance, unless, perhaps, with a very smooth sea and in clear weather. The signal fire, of course, is effective enough as long as it burns, but that is not an integral part of the buoy, and, therefore, should not come into our category. Fifthly, its floating power is, as we said before, sufficient to support two men—or rather to keep the heads of two men above water—not a large capacity if we consider its weight, but still amply sufficient for the purpose. Sixthly, *how* does it support the man? Though there is a place to support his legs, the man has to cling on, with his arms round the upper limb of the cross and over the cross-piece, no great strain, perhaps, for half-an-hour or so, but terrible work if it be prolonged through many hours, especially if we take into consideration the exhausting effects of long submersion in the water—no light thing even in the tropics, but in colder latitudes a matter of dreadful import. Seventhly, this service buoy barely does more than keep the man's head above the water, leaving the whole body submerged—what this entails we shall discuss farther on when we come to the new buoy. Thus much for the present service buoy, a good thing enough in its time, but far behind the mechanical possibilities as it is behind the requirements of the day.

Messrs. Welch and Bouchier's buoy, when it is hanging at the ship's stern, looks for all the world like a glorified red bucket, of large size, with a lattice-work bottom; or, to take another simile, like a big waste-paper basket, with the upper half filled in. It *is*, in fact, a kind of bucket, the lower half of lattice-work, and the upper a circular, air-tight casing, from which it derives its floating powers. So far there is nothing wonderful, however novel it may be; but stay a moment. "Let go the buoy" is heard, and down it plunges instan-

taneously into the water; but not to tumble and roll about ignominiously, as a mere tub would do—no! As it falls, two weighted rods shoot down a full yard below its bottom, and, acting as ballast, keep it as steady in the water as the ship herself; and more wonderful still, as these shoot down from below, two masts, a pennon waving on each, shoot upwards to a height of more than six feet, and there it sits on the water, the very apotheosis of a buoy. Now let us plunge overboard, and swim to it. Here we are; we lay our hand upon the side, it inclines to us, we grasp the masts with either hand about a foot up, the buoy dips its mouth over to receive our legs, which we forthwith insert, and before we are well aware of it, we find ourselves standing upright, with the water a little over our knees, and feeling as safe as in a barge. Our first feeling of surprise being overcome we sit down on the side, expecting to be shot out incontinently for our pains; but we very soon find out, what we thoroughly proved afterwards, that it is a great deal easier to get into one of these buoys than to get out again. In getting in the buoy seems to meet you half way, and help you; but in getting out you have all the work to do for yourself: of course it is easy enough, only the buoy seems to allow you to take any liberties you please with it, without losing its equilibrium. For instance, amongst other testing pranks, I stood upright on the bulwarks, if I may use the term, of the buoy, and grasping the two slender masts (which are of polished brass) by their extremities, threw myself backward, half expecting to find myself wrong side upwards under water; but, to my great surprise, I found myself still at an angle *above* the horizon, about 5°, or thereabouts, for the back of my head was just in the water. Next I tried the circular buoy, then the service buoy; and I came to the conclusion that, of the two old-pattern buoys, the circular is more comfortable than the service, but that in case of actual emergency I would rather spend a week in the new buoy than twenty-four hours on the old, if only for this reason, that in the former no part of the body *need* be in the water at all, or at the most only to the knees, while in the latter the whole body is submerged. Perhaps the best way to form an idea of the absolute merits of the new invention will be to imagine ourselves in the position of the man overboard, under a variety of arduous conditions. For instance, we have fallen overboard in a place much frequented by sharks, and the buoy is let go, we splash about to keep them away until we can get into it; once there we

can laugh at them ; they may come and smell round our legs, but we are safe within a double net-work of iron. They fortunately do not know their own strength, or even a boat would be no protection against them. The patentees have rather wickedly pictured in their pamphlet the three buoys under such circumstances, with the sharks playing around them, one of them just in the act of helping itself to the lower extremities of an unfortunate in the circular buoy, while another looks wistfully up at the man in the new one, as a cat looks at a caged bird.

Again, we have fallen overboard on a dark night, the ship going very fast through the water, the buoy is let go, and guided by the port-fire we gain it in safety ; but the port-fire is burnt out, the boat has missed us, the ship is a long way off, shouting is no use ; but we are not at a loss yet, provision has been made for this very eventuality. There are two masts, it will be remembered, and each of them carries a port-fire ; one of these has been lighted and is burnt out, but the other yet remains, and if we look we shall find on the other mast a lanyard, one pull to which will fire port-fire No. 2—a fresh light will shine over the water, and thus guided the boat will soon pick us up. But supposing, to our dismay, by some accident the port-fire will not burn, or the boat is so far off that it again fails to reach us before darkness has come upon us afresh, we need not despair ; we are not at the end of our resources yet ; fastened inside the buoy is a truncheon like a constable's staff, we draw this, strike the head violently against the side, a cap explodes, and immediately the staff appears as a pyrotechnic tube, which emits a stream of light for many minutes.

Or shall we suppose ourselves hopelessly adrift in mid ocean, and with a prospect of passing many days alone on the waters before any ship may chance to come across us. Let us take courage ; we are in one respect at least better off than if we were in an open boat ; the buoy *cannot sink* under us ; so far at least we may feel secure. We need have no fear, either, of our being passed unseen by any ship that comes fairly into sight ; our two pennons, waving six feet above the water, will secure us from that by day, and if our port-fires have not previously been expended, they will call attention to us by night. But shall we not, exposed to the heat of a tropical sun, soon be driven mad with thirst, or perish of hunger ? By no means ; the lower part of the air-tight casing is, in fact, a water-tank, holding about two gallons of fresh water, enough to keep a man

alive at a pinch for ten days or a fortnight, while for food, arrangements are projected by which room will be found in the upper compartments for a sealed tin canister of preserved meat. And can one buoy do all this ? Ay, and more too. The inventors claim, in addition, first, that it can be hoisted directly on board—suitable provision has been made for this—and secured in its place without a man leaving the ship's deck, or a boat being lowered, the man in the buoy can manage it all. Sailors only, we are told, can appreciate the value of this. Secondly, that in case of total loss by wreck or foundering, in each one of these buoys could be packed the ship's papers, chronometers, and special valuables to the extent of 200 pounds' weight, with a certainty of their floating until picked up by some other vessel. Thirdly, that in case of wreck on a lee-shore, when all other methods of communication have failed, as in the case of the Royal Charter, a few years back, or the Gossamer, only the other day, a man could easily be drifted in one of these buoys either to or very near to the shore, and so establish a communication ; or where a ship lies on a shoal, such, for instance, as the Goodwin Sands, and the life-boats dare not approach too near, communication could, without much difficulty, be established between them and the ship, and if requisite, the crew passed along, by means of one of these buoys hauled with a rope. Fourthly, that the buoy will not only support one person inside in the manner shown, but five or six more (so great is its floating power) into the bargain, who hold on outside by short ropes with cork floats attached, specially provided for the purpose. And, fifthly, that the apparatus by which it is secured to the ship and let go (also a new invention), is so constructed as to insure an unfailing instantaneous fall of the buoy into the water by merely pulling a single bolt. Are not these claims enough to make the fortune of any inventor ? Surely. But have they been substantiated ? Yes, in all general particulars, by the aforesaid trials under Admiralty inspection. Then truly we are driven to believe the force of buoyhood can no farther go.

The inventors, having overcome the initial difficulties of their undertaking, are now chiefly directing their attention to diminishing the weight of the buoy, and improving it in handiness and general appearance. The original buoy was square, somewhat large and cumbrous, and weighed not much less than two hundred-weight. But they had to ensure its passing the ordeal of possibly very severe

rough usage, and therefore sacrificed everything for strength. The second pattern, tried in November, was a great improvement in many respects on the first. It was round instead of square, far more elegant in appearance, and only about two-thirds the weight; and we understand that the inventors have now still further reduced the weight to one hundred-weight, a by no means alarming figure.

But, some of our readers may say, you have not yet given us a distinct idea of what the buoy is like. How is it constructed? what is its general appearance? First, then, the body of the buoy is, as we described it above, like a bucket with lattice-work bottom, and consists of a circular air-tight casing of metal, the lower part of it forming a water tank of about two gallons capacity, from which the water is drawn by suction through a flexible tube, while the upper part affords the floating power. Had the buoy to support no weight higher out of the water than itself, its very construction would ensure its maintaining an upright position; but when a man is in it, the upper and heavier part of his body is considerably above the centre of gravity of the mere body of the buoy; a counterpoise had, therefore, in some way, to be provided, and, not only this, but measures had to be taken to make the buoy visible from a distance; a heavy weight, some way below the buoy's bottom, was the natural remedy for the one, and a tall mast with a waving flag for the other; but how were these to be reconciled with the before-mentioned indispensable requirement of compactness? The inventors solved the difficulty thus: The two masts are severally composed of a series of brass tubes, each about three feet in length, working one within the other like the different parts of a telescope, while inside of all works a stout iron rod with a heavy iron weight at its end, and, here comes the ingenuity of inventive genius, the fall of the weighted rod, as the buoy is let go, provides the power which raises and sustains the masts. This is effected very simply by means of a wire cord attached to the weighted rod and passing over a pulley.

Thus the buoy, when not in use, is as handy and compact as if it had no such appliances as masts and ballast rods at all, and yet the mere act of letting go brings them at once into active service. When the buoy is hanging at the ship's stern, the masts are kept from rising, and thereby the ballast rods from falling, by two caps attached to the davits, so that the buoy in falling away from its support, leaves behind at the same time, the only restriction upon the action of its masts and ballast rods. The fall

of the buoy, and the instantaneous, almost magical, rise of the masts is a very pretty sight.

So much for the buoy itself; now for the letting-go apparatus, which is hardly less ingenious.

The davits, from which the buoy is suspended, are two stout iron tubes projecting horizontally from the ship's stern; a few inches from the end of each, and on the under side, a slot is cut about two inches long, and in depth about one quarter of the tube's diameter, and into each of these slots fits a ring, one at each side of the buoy.

When the buoy, then, has to be suspended in its place, it is hoisted up to the davits, the rings inserted in the slots, a couple of bolts, working one in each tube, passed through them, and the buoy is ready for use. To facilitate the launch, these two bolts, by which the buoy really hangs suspended, are joined at their inboard ends by a stout rod to which is attached a handle, one pull of which draws both bolts and, of course, instantaneously liberates the buoy. It is admirably certain in action, exceedingly simple in theory, almost incapable of injury, and, what is more, considering the mental calibre of some of those who may be one day called upon to work it, beyond the reach of the bungling or blundering of even the most arrant stupidity.

Here we would take our leave, but that we are loath to pass over, without some mention, a further application of this new invention, which bids fair to rob the perils of the open seas of more than half their terrors. The inventors have designed and modelled a series of life rafts—(merely modified buoys, being precisely identical with them in every particular save that of shape)—which shall serve in peaceful times for the ordinary deck furniture of a ship, such as seats, &c.; even the very sky-light, becomes a life raft, with two tall masts twelve feet high, with capacity for thirty men, water &c., all complete at a moment's notice. This skylight especially attracted the attention and encomiums of the sailors; one captain, directly he had grasped the principle, and had found, after putting a few pertinent questions, that every possible eventuality had been foreseen and provided against, cried out, in our hearing, to the explaining patentee, "There, sir, now you *have* done it." Whilst another stepped back a pace and said, "Well, sir, I have been in the service forty years, and that's the best thing I have seen yet."

Let me give a short description of the sky-light raft. The skylight itself is of the usual

description, a roof-shaped glass frame ; this does not form part of the raft, but, when a case of emergency arises, is detached and cast aside. The seats round the skylight are composed of a water-tight casing, as in the buoy, and form the real frame work of the raft ; it is like the buoy in every respect, except its shape, which is of course oblong. It is maintained in its position on the deck by pins passing up from below, which thus only restrain its movements horizontally ; were the ship to founder beneath it, the water would float it off at once, but for fear any hitch should occur, or in case any necessity should arise to launch the raft from the side, as in case of wreck for instance, provision has been made for the instant withdrawal of all the pins, and the immediate perfect liberation of the raft. As soon as the raft floats into the water, four flap gratings, which, folded down at the sides and ends, serve to keep the sitter's clothes from the cold metal of the raft, float out horizontally all round ; the men in the raft raise them perpendicularly, join them at the four corners, and thus form a bulwark some twenty inches high all round ; while on the inside two longitudinal flap gratings, usually kept raised so as not to intercept the light, are folded down, and form a grated bottom to stand upon.

It is an old saying amongst sailors that "more lives are saved by rafts than are saved by boats." Rafts certainly have one advantage over boats that they cannot leak, be swamped, or otherwise sunk ; they are not so comfortable, but, if well-constructed, they are certainly safer.

Now these rafts have advantages over all others in many ways : first, they are already made, and thoroughly made, and have not, like all others, to be put together when the emergency arises—raft-making in a storm cannot be an easy operation ; secondly, they have all the fittings previously mentioned in the buoy, water, signal fires, &c., already in them ; and thirdly, if only by reason of their bulwarks, they must be infinitely safer and more comfortable, while as against boats they are not so liable to destruction before launching—in records of wrecks the smashing or swamping of one or more of the boats is an almost inevitable episode—and, after launching, they are literally *unsinkable*. And last, but not least, as they serve the purpose of absolutely indispensable deck furniture, they may be said to take up literally no room at all.

These rafts may be used for a variety of purposes, landing troops or stores in case of emergency and the like. Messrs. Welch and

Bourchier have also patented a very ingenious combination of raft and ladders for use on the ice. Waggons, too, may be made for military purposes, that, in a few minutes, can be converted into pontoons for crossing rivers, and will carry not only their own burden across, but, in successive journeys, the very cattle that draw them too. In fact, there is almost no end of the purposes to which this admirable system may be applied.

Messrs. Welch & Bourchier have embarked their inventive ingenuity, and, we fear, in no little degree their private fortunes too, upon a noble venture, and we heartily wish them all success, not only for their own sakes, but for those of the thousands of shipwrecked mariners and other seafarers generally, who, if their system realises only one quarter of the expectations that are entertained of it, will be saved from the horrors of a watery grave. And, surely, they should receive some little recognition, at least, from those who hold as we do, even in these days of big guns and ironclads, that "it is better to save the life of one citizen than to slay many enemies."

SCHOOL.

WHEN in these days a dramatic author achieves undoubted success, without having recourse to sensational incident, to intricacies of plot, and to impossible situations, something has occurred to arrest the attention of those who are eternally bemoaning the degraded position of the modern stage. There is a play being performed in London at present which has ensnared the public into admiration ; which fills a theatre night after night with pleased audiences ; and in which, strange to say, there is introduced no railway train no hansom cab, no real pump. The title of the play is *School*. The object of this article is to discover, if possible, the secret of the author's success.

We take it for granted that the cloud of accusation which, awhile, hung over Mr. Robertson's head has been dissipated. Lord Macaulay informs us in his essay on Byron, that the British public is subject to periodical fits of morality. When *School* was produced at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, the town was suffering from one of these attacks. Almost every event became a text. But it so happened that anent public exhibitions the Briton was especially asserting himself. The State was interfering in the matter of stage petticoats, and various journals were waxing eloquent

over the degrading and demoralising spectacle of the Siamese Twins. It was impossible that *School* should escape. True there are no legs displayed in Tottenham Street,—nothing there to offend a correct taste. In a happy moment, however, it was discovered that Mr. Robertson had translated his comedy from the German. Here, indeed, was a charge of immorality compared with which an accusation of legs would be less than trivial. What Goldsmith once called “the busy disposition of some correspondents,” went to work with a will. Printing House Square helped it to utterance, and in a day or two the town rang with the echoes of it. Those who have read the German play about which the correspondents wrote, have been able to convince themselves, and those who have not, will have by this time been convinced by the *Times* article on the question that *School* is not a translation. Mr. Robertson has indeed borrowed the idea of a play, in which a boarding-school should afford some of the characters, and the legend of *Cinderella* a background. Further than this, the author of *School* is not indebted to his continental contemporary. If there be criminality in so borrowing we should at once commence to measure modern authors with a standard higher than that which we apply to the great masters of the dramatic art.

But, after all, the most convincing refutation of the charge of translation is afforded by the comedy itself. With one exception (that of Krux the tutor) can anything be more thoroughly, more peculiarly English than the delineation of the *dramatis personæ* of *School*—than the dialogue, the channels in which it runs, and the allusions with which it is studded?

Mr. Robertson's comedy, then, is not a translation. And in crossing the channel to search for the author's model, critics have put themselves to unnecessary trouble. A great deal of the press praise lavished on our author has been excessive. And probably no one feels this more than the author himself. Mr. Robertson does not write for immortality. His plays will never be *read*; after a few years, probably, will cease to be acted even. He is not a Sheridan, any more than Sheridan was a Shakspeare. But he is a dramatic author, capable of portraying a character with ability and finish, and of writing dialogue which is sometimes sparkling, often charming, and always clever. And much of his success in these respects is attributable, as we think, to his having studied earnestly the writings of Thackeray. This idea has not suddenly and only now occurred to us. When we first saw

it, we thought that *Society* was not altogether uninfluenced by *Vanity Fair*. And although in *Caste* and *Ours* the genius of the master was not so observable, it reasserted itself in *Play*, and in the author's latest production it is more than ever felt. In endeavouring to show the extent of Thackeray's influence on Mr. Robertson's work, we purpose confining ourselves to that latest production.

Glancing over the bill we meet with one or two of Thackeray's names. We have Farintosh, we have Poyntz. Mere indications these. But useful, nevertheless, as evidence in confirmation of our theory—straws indicating from what quarter the wind of inspiration blows. When the curtain rises we meet with something more convincing than indications.

We meet, for example, with Beau Farintosh. It would be silliness to attempt to identify Mr. Robertson's Beau Farintosh with any of Thackeray's characters. The points of dissimilarity are almost as numerous as the points of similarity to that character which he most resembles. But what reader of the *History of Pendennis*, having seen *School*, was not constantly reminded by Beau Farintosh of that delightful but godless old dandy Major Pendennis, who, as we all know, “could not have faced the day without his two hours' toilet.” Major Pendennis had a nephew; so has Beau Farintosh. The name of the Pendennis nephew was Arthur; Beau Farintosh's nephew is an Arthur too. But the resemblance does not confine itself to names. Before Farintosh has been ten minutes on the stage he gives his nephew sundry sage but dreadfully worldly counsels on the subject of marriage, which set us thinking of very similar advices confided years ago by Major Pendennis to *his* nephew. In manner also the Beau possesses a strong family likeness to the Major. There are little peculiarities of thought and expression common to both. Major Pendennis especially, when conversing with an author, was wont to adorn his conversation with little allusions and quotations, just as samples of what he *could* do were he so intended. “Tempora mutantur, egad. And whatever is, is right, as Shakspeare says,” said the Major one afternoon in Pall Mall. The Beau is equally happy in his allusions. “Arthur, Arthur, this is blasphemy—atheism—reminds me of Burke and Hare—and, and, Voltaire.” Perhaps on scientific matters the Beau surpasses the Major. In act ii. of *School* one of the young ladies has given an answer displaying a more than ordinary amount of stupidity, upon which the Beau expresses his delight by declaring that “She's a remarkable

girl; a perfect Sir Humphrey Davy, begad." How the Beau's studied compliments to the young ladies, of whom he "can't distinguish a feature," seem familiar to us. And as to his "God bless you, Arthur," Pendennis senior has said it to Pendennis junior a hundred times. The two characters most resemble each other (I should rather say, remind us most of each other; for, in good sooth, the *characters* differ most at this point, though the resemblance of manner is strongest) towards the close of the comedy, and towards the close of the novel. Beau Farintosh's interview with his nephew in the last act of the play will bear a not unfavourable comparison with those passages in chapter seventy of *Pendennis*, in which the Major beseeches Arthur to marry Blanche Amory, "Arthur," says Major Pendennis, "for the sake of a poor broken-down old fellow who has always been dev'lish fond of you, don't fling this chance away—I pray you—I beg you . . . dammy, on my knees, there, I beg of you don't do this." Then when Arthur's resolution shatters the fond hopes of the old soldier, he goes on, "I've done my best, and said my say; and I'm a dev'lish old fellow. And—and—it don't matter. And—and Shakspeare was right—and Cardinal Wolsey, begad—and had I but served my God as I have served you—yes, on my knees by Jove, to my own nephew—I mightn't have been— Good night, sir, you needn't trouble yourself to call again." This is, of course, inimitable. The master-hand is there. But the later author has put a pathos into the Beau's confession of old age—confession after so many years of hair from Truefitts, and bloom from Bond Street, too forceful to be ludicrous. And the tears which he makes the repentant old sinner shed are too genuine to be thought other than natural.

In the plays of Mr. Robertson it is a general resemblance to the novels of Thackeray which arrests us, and not so much a similarity of particular characters. Ever and anon we happen upon little well-known touches, peculiarities of expression, turns of sentiment, moralisings, teachings, which convince us of the justice of our assumption. They are impressions of "the touch of a vanish'd hand." They are echoes "of a voice that is still." Thackeray very largely adopted a strain, half satire, half banter, with regard to certain shams both in high and low places. Some people, who didn't know the meaning of words, called this strain cynicism. And, at one time, it was considered quite the fashion to dub Thackeray a cynic. People know better now, let us hope. This note, or strain, is easy of

detection in *School*. In act i. it is particularly noticeable.

There is one scene in the play—in the third act—which has been regarded with especial admiration by the public; and concerning which some of the journals have gone into ecstasies. It is a scene, however, concerning the merit of which there is a difference of opinion. When a thing is loudly praised by the Philistines, the children of light turn up their noses. We are referring to the moonlight scene, in which Bella and Lord Beaufooy are the actors. To us the bit of sentiment about the jug is a touch worthy of Sterne. The comparison of the shadows, and the allusions to the distance of the moon, are very susceptible of burlesque. But when in *Vanity Fair* we read of Miss Sharp's walk in the moonlight with Captain Osborne, and listen to her as she says, "Who'd think the moon was two hundred and thirty-six thousand eight hundred and forty-seven miles off?" it never occurs to us to burlesque *that*.

The letter of Jack Poyntz to Naomi Tighe is just such a composition as Thackeray would attribute to a young officer of the Poyntz stamp; even to the bad spelling. "He spells cochineal with two ee's," says Naomi on reading the letter; though, we should scarcely imagine, from Naomi's previous appearances, that she was the most competent to decide on matters of orthography. However, "with two ee's" is exactly the way in which Rawdon Crawley would have spelt cochineal, if the ever-watchful Becky were not looking over his shoulder.

The influence of the most popular English novelist has for some years been very potent on the stage. Imitators of Mr. Dickens do alarmingly abound in these days. And so it happens that we can scarcely enter a theatre without a strong foreboding that we are about to be entertained by some thief from White-chapel, whose highest notion of fun consists in making "v" and "w" interchangeable; or some turfy clerk from the City, who relies for his power of attraction principally upon his "get up." That this is no fault of the novelist (of whom we can never have too much) we readily admit. The followers of Mr. Thackeray are less numerous, and anything that indicates a spread of his influence on the modern stage is worthy of note. Whatever may be said about Mr. Robertson's originality, the public is right in applauding his efforts. This applause is at once an unconscious tribute to the genius of Thackeray, and a mark of appreciation of Mr. Robertson's ability. It will

surely be a matter for congratulation when eccentricities, whether from St. Giles's or St. James's, are driven from the boards, and when in their place we have put before us the men and women—or something like them—which we meet in real life, and in the pages of *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, and *The Newcomes*.

One does not like to close a notice of this kind without some mention of the actors, on whose efforts much of the success of the piece depends. In having such a company as that of the Prince of Wales' Theatre to undertake his characters Mr. Robertson is especially fortunate. Miss Wilton is perfection. Mr. Hare has genius, and his acting evinces careful study. The other performers are so excellent, each in his or her own way, that unless we mentioned all of them we dare not mention any; and, indeed, any notice now is somewhat after date, for has not all London seen the play, and all Pressdom said its say anent the same?

TABLE TALK.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—The two enigmas that have recently appeared in your *Table Talk* (Nos. 59 and 62), in which the several words, "backwards or forwards are still the same," are excellent specimens of ingenuity. The second, as you had already supposed, was not altogether a novelty, though it was, probably, unknown to the generality of readers, and was decidedly worth reprinting. This "Madam" enigma was written by Miss Ritson, of Lowestoft (see Sand's *Specimens of Macaronic Poetry*, 1831). Although several English words can be ransacked from the dictionary that are spelled "backwards and forwards the same," yet, the difficulty of making from them a whole sentence that shall be both grammatical and not unmeaning, is, perhaps, altogether insuperable. A ridiculous sentence has been constructed, such as the following *Address to a Costermonger's dying Cur*:

Go, droop,—stop—onward draw no pots poor dog.

But it is stated, both by Mr. James Harris, and by Dr. Winter Hamilton (in his *Nuga Literaria*), that only one good example is known in English. It is by Taylor, the water-poet, and, as he gives it, it is necessary to put the contraction for "and," and to spell "dwell" with one l, though the "&" is redundant. It then runs thus:

∴ Lewd did I live & evil I did dwell.

Retrograde or recurrent verses of this description can far more readily be constructed in

Greek and Latin than in English; so readily, indeed, that a writer in *The New Monthly Magazine* for 1821, (Vol. II., p. 170,) gives twenty-five specimen lines of a modern Greek poem, that contained four hundred and fifty-five lines, each one of which read backwards and forwards the same. Other examples will also be found in that same article, which has not been mentioned by the writers on this subject in *Notes and Queries*; although quoted by one of them without a reference. But, in that most valuable compendium of information, various notes have appeared, during the last seventeen years, on the composition of Palindromes, as such verses are usually styled. Occasionally they are called Canorine verses; and, sometimes, Sotadic verses; though the latter term can only strictly be used in a bad sense, as the *Sotadea Carmina* (written by Sotades, a Roman poet, who lived about 250, B.C.) were of a lewd and base character. Quintilian attributes to him the lines, which "backwards or forwards are still the same,"—

Roma, tibi subito motibus ibit amor,
Si bene te tua laus taxat, sua laute tenebis,
Sole medere pede, ede, perede melos.

Disraeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature* (p. 108, Ed. 1840,) takes the first line of these three, and, placing before it the line,

Signa te signa temere me tangis et angis,

attributes the two lines to Sidonius Apollinaris; and says, that they "were once infinitely admired." The lines have been made the subject of a legend, which is nowhere better or more fully told than in Hone's *Every-day Book* (p. 170). It is to the effect that St. Martin, walking to Rome, met the Evil One, who changed himself into a mule, in order to carry the saint. To make up for the lack of whip or spur, St. Martin kept goading his steed by making the sign of the cross; until at length, in a rage, the Evil One said the Latin distich, thus translated in Hone, "Cross, cross thyself; thou plaguest and vexest me without necessity; for, owing to my exertions, Rome, the object of thy wishes, will soon be near." I will only mention one other example of a palindrome. A noble lady at Queen Elizabeth's Court, having been falsely accused, and driven from Court, chose for her device, the moon partially obscured by a cloud, with the palindrome for a motto, "Ablata at alba," secluded but pure. Perhaps the most beautiful Greek palindrome is the inscription for a font:

NIVON ANOMHMATA, MH MONAN OWIN,

"Wash your sins, not your countenance

alone." This is mentioned by Jeremy Taylor, in his *Great Exemplar*; and the sentence is inscribed on a marble Bénitier, in the church of Notre Dame, Paris, and in many English churches—Sandbach, Cheshire; Dulwich, Surrey; Harlow, Essex; Melton Mowbray; St. Mary's, Nottingham; Hadleigh, Rufford; the private chapel at Longley Castle, &c. It is also found in the great church of Sancta Sophia, at Constantinople.

ONE of the most unfounded among the many strange assertions made respecting Lord Lyndhurst by his latest biographer, is that of his being always ashamed of his origin and family. Everyone who was at any time on familiar terms with him, can disprove this calumny. So far from shirking the fact of his birth and parentage, he referred to it whenever an occasion offered. In the last years of his life, the eminent artist Mr. Watts, who at that time had no personal acquaintance with Lord Lyndhurst, wished very much to have a sitting or two from him for a sketch of his head, and I undertook to negotiate between them. One of the Ex-Chancellor's most intimate friends assured me the attempt was hopeless, as he had often heard him declare he would sit for no more portraits as long as he lived. The answer given, however, was most characteristic. "A Lincolnshire lawyer, and the son of a painter, cannot with any grace refuse such a request from the painter of the Lincoln's Inn fresco:" and the sketch was made accordingly. Two or three years before his death, I called on the old lord to bid him good-bye on my departure for Italy for the winter. He inquired what route I meant to take. "Marseilles, and thence by steamer direct." "Oh, don't do that; never go by sea when you can go by land." "My dear lord, I never can see the force of that recommendation. All sorts of accidents may happen to me on a land journey, but on a sea voyage I can only be drowned!" "I beg your pardon," said he quickly, with a grave face but a comic glance of the eye, "There was that poor fellow my father painted—you know the picture. He fell overboard, and before they could fish him up a shark bit off his leg. A pretty figure you'd make at the balls over there, if such a thing happened to you!"

A WRITER in *Belgravia* for March introduces as "a new game for ladies," the old, Scotch game of Golf. As adapted for a ladies' game, it has to be shorn and restricted, and reduced from a game on wide links, wherein

whirling and powerful strokes are required, to a "putting-green" of the dimensions of a croquet-ground. If, therefore, golf is ever to rival croquet as a ladies' game, it will be but the ghost of the true golf. Nevertheless, there is no reason why it should not be introduced on English lawns and croquet-grounds; and Golf-clubs for Ladies are already in existence at St. Andrew's in Scotland, and North Devon in England: and ladies who are desirous to know more of the subject would do well to read Mr. Tulloch's excellent article. I may also remark, that a sixpenny handbook to the game has been published by Messrs. Chambers, who some few years ago issued a small work entitled *A few Rambling Remarks on Golf*, which, although anonymous, could readily be assigned to one who is famous both as an author and golf-player. He has also celebrated *The Second or Cartgate Hole*, in the following sonnet:—

Fearful to Tyro is thy primal stroke,
O Cartgate! for behold the bunker opes
Right to the teeing-place its yawning chops,
Hope to engulf ere it is well awoke.
That passed, a Scylla in the form of rushes
Nods to Charybdis which in ruts appears:
He will be safe who in the middle steers;
One step aside, the ball destruction brushes.
Golf symbols thus again our painful life,
Dangers in front and pitfalls on each hand:
But see! one glorious cleek-stroke from the sand
Sends Tyro home, and saves all further strife!
He's in at six—old Sandy views the lad
With new respect, remarking "That's no bad!"

This sonnet is one of a series (by R. C., R. C., jun., and P. A.) on the nine holes in the famous links of St. Andrew's, and it appeared in a volume of *Poems on Golf*, which, although Printed for Private Circulation (by R. Clark, Edinburgh, 1867), and not mentioned in Mr. Tulloch's article, should not be overlooked by the historian of this national game. Mr. James Ballantine, and (the late) Sheriff Logan, are the authors of some of the songs in this work; and there is a poem on *The Golf*—as the game was then called,—bearing the date of 1763, and written (in imitation of Pope) by Mr. Thomas Mathison, Writer in Edinburgh, and afterwards Minister of Brechin. But in all these poems Golf is regarded as a game for men; nevertheless, in a curtailed shape and modified form, it may also be made a ladies' game, and a rival to Croquet.

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HETTY.

By HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THALATTA.

THE very next afternoon Mr. Morley called, and was told by the little maid that Miss Turner was too ill to see him, but she gave him a note, which he, as is usual in such cases, opened and read.

"DEAR SIR,

"Let yesterday be as though it never had been. Forget it, and forget me. It was all a mistake from beginning to end. I should like to have seen Hetty; but that can never be. My love for you is unalterable. I never loved anyone on earth as I do you. But what we talked of yesterday is utterly and entirely impossible. "REBECCA."

Morley stepped into Mr. Turner's study, and taking pen and ink, wrote,—

"Come downstairs directly, and tell me all about it. Don't keep me waiting, for I have news for you, and but little time to give you. Look sharp, and don't dawdle. "A. M."

So she came down. She was very pale, but there was no sign of wildness about her. He was shocked at her appearance, but he did not show it at all. He received her affectionately, and kissed her.

"My dear Rebecca," he said, "can you explain to me the meaning of the note you sent me down just now?"

"No, Alfred," she said; "an explanation would involve others."

"So I have supposed for a very long time," he answered. "I have quite expected to hear of something like this for a year past. But that note I got this morning from you was never written. It don't exist."

"I am no fit wife for you," said Rebecca.

"I am surely the best judge of that. You are held to your words, Rebecca. Have you repented of that silly note? Cannot you trust me, as I am going to trust you?"

"If you knew all, Alfred!"

"Bah! sweetheart; I know more than all. Do you think that your sister knows nothing? Do you think that Hagbut has not got it out of her? Do you not think that Russel and Soper have not heard of it from him, and illustrated it. My story is that your father has raised money on Lord Ducetoy's title-deeds, to pay Carry's marriage portion."

"You never dared believe it of him?" said Rebecca.

"Not for one instant," said Mr. Morley, laughing; "only, this being the report about him in our little society, I asked his daughter to marry me. There is very little time to talk nonsense, my dear; let us therefore talk sense. If your father's affairs got utterly wrong, what earthly difference would it make between us? And under any circumstances, you know," he went on, laughing louder, "you can never be the plague and disgrace to me that Hetty has been."

Whenever he mentioned Hetty, a smile came on his face, and a brightness in his eye. What had Rebecca to say to such wooing? Why, nothing.

"I repent. I am all yours. I will never distrust you again."

"Bravely said. Now I am going utterly away from you, to leave you entirely alone, without one solitary friend, for a long time. I have no hopes in England; my chapel is only full of sailors, and sailors do not pay. But our connexion has given me the new Tahiti mission, wisely and well, for at Tahiti every one can manage the natives, but no one the sailors. Another man was appointed, but has got a good chapel and has refused. They offered it to me this morning, and it came to me like a gleam of light, pretty bird, that my work for my Master lay among the sailors, and I said yes."

"I see," said Rebecca, nodding her head, and smiling; "this is good."

"I am half a sailor myself, you know, and I can talk to our wild boys in their own language without affectation and without mistake, which is a great thing; for men dislike following a man who exhibits ignorance on their own *spécialité*. They say, he talks seamanship, and makes errors which the cook's mate would be ashamed of, how can we trust him in other things? It is silly and illogical on their parts; but they are silly and illogical. For my part, I think the priest who simply confesses ignorance, and applies to them for instruction, will have a good chance with them; possibly better than mine. I mean the man who will show *them* his ignorance, and then show them their own. But we have not these men. Our men are all too scholastic; they will talk to our fellows about the one thing of which they know nothing—seamanship. Hagbut preached a nautical sermon at my chapel once, which made my ears burn with sheer shame; and the lubber believes to this day that he produced a profound impression—as indeed he did—of his own utter pretentious imbecility. I have not time to go into this. I feel that I am the right man in the right place; and, to use our Saviour's own words humbly and reverently, 'I go to prepare a place for you.' Are you content?"

"I am more than content. You are doing well. Shall you be away long?"

"A year at least."

"A whole year? And when do you go?"

"The day after to-morrow."

"That is very sudden. But is all right and well, and very good, Alfred? I shall know that you are not lost but working, and shall stay by home to prove to you that I am worthy of you. Yes. This is a little hard, and a little bitter, too: but it is right and good. You have forgiven my folly of this morning?"

"Why, I really don't know that there was any folly to forgive. You acted exactly as I should have wished my wife to act. You are the dearer to me for it."

"May I help you with your preparations?" she asked.

"My chest is always packed," he answered, with a smile. "It does not take long to ship such an old sailor as me. One chest of clothes, and one of books, are all I own; and my landlady has taken good care of them."

"But I may come and see you off?" she asked.

"Surely," he said; and they passed on to talk of other matters, and talked until it was time for him to go.

She scarcely knew how to break this sudden resolution to her father; whether he would think it a kind of desertion on Mr. Morley's part, she could not tell. He took it quite quietly, and only said, "So soon, hey! Well, I am glad he has left me you. We will wait for him together, my child; and perhaps when he comes to fetch you away, you shall take me with you out of this hateful miserable place to a happier one."

There was a wild surging wind from the north-west, bringing with it occasional heavy showers of cold rain and brilliant gleams of cold sunshine: one of those bitter days which are almost worse than any weather in England, except east. The river was brisk though dull, leaden, and muddy, dashing in short crisp waves against the piles of Trafalgar Terrace. Mr. Morley was gone on board a little higher up the river, and Rebecca had said the last words to him; she was standing at the edge of the river, in the piercing blast, wrapped up from head to foot, shielding her little dog from the cold, and watching the ships pass swiftly seaward until his should come.

It was not long in coming. A beautiful schooner eager for her battle with the sea, curving her sharp high bows in triumphant anticipation, flying before the swift squall with only a foretopsail set. He stood upon the poop and waved his hand, and so the ship passed on eastward, under a gleam of sun, towards a heavy black cloud which lay upon her path, and he was gone. And she stood silently weeping on the shore, and holding her little dog, close to nearly the most desolate heart which beat in England that day.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOMEWARD ALONE.

BUT by degrees her silent crying stilled itself, and, the cold blast arousing her, she turned resolutely westward against the wind, which, cold as it was, caused her but little annoyance, for the heavy weariness which showed itself in her gait, and the feeling of solitude which gnawed at her heart, made her indifferent to the weather.

•A gleam of such happiness so rapidly overclouded. She had only had him for three days, and had never realised actually her position towards him. Never. Until she saw him on the deck of the schooner passing rapidly eastward down the river. Then she knew really, for the first time, that the man had wooed her so well—had, that is to say, understood her thoroughly, and persistently

shown her the best side of herself, and of himself also; had petted and encouraged what was good in her, and ignored what was bad; nay, had gone so high in the art of wooing, that he had shown her herself at her best, and himself as something better still; that she found there was no one like him in the whole of her little world, and she believed no one like him in the larger world beyond hers. She knew that she loved him entirely, with her whole heart.

There was not much sentimentality in her love for him. He was very handsome, certainly, of a rare and peculiar beauty, dangerous to "the peace of mind" of most young ladies, but she thought little of that. It was his "way" which was so irresistible, and the impression left on her mind was that he had selected her, the poor wild girl who had been a plague to everyone, to do her the highest honour that man can do woman. That he was a penniless, friendless, and unpopular man she never considered. She looked on him as having descended from a high pedestal of perfect truth and perfect virtue, to do honour to her. She could not understand it, for, like most very noble people, she utterly undervalued herself; but the fact was the same. He loved her, and she had lost him.

So she thought as she set her face westward, in her solitude, towards her miserable home. If there was any mere sentimentalism in her deep love, it was not for Morley. She could not be romantic and sentimental about *him*. In fact, a sentimental young lady would scarcely have liked her lover sailing away in a foretop-sail schooner, for a twelvemonth, three days after he had proposed to her. In Rebecca's sensible eyes this only made him nobler and more dear to her; she was assured of his love, and could laugh at Russel and Soper, and all the rest of them.

But this young lady had a good deal of sentimentality also, but, strangely enough, or rather, *naturally* enough, she reserved all her stores of that article, not for Morley, but for his daughter *Hetty*, whom she had never seen.

If one was a Frenchman one might write, "Sentimental love is born of Mystery. Calypso steps from her pedestal and assists Eros to bind the napkin over his eyes." But, I am not a Frenchman, and so will not say it. There was certainly nothing Calypsoic about Rebecca's love for Mr. Morley.

But with regard to his daughter. That young lady was a consummate mystery to her, (which made Calypso step from her pedestal). And she had certainly, in some way or another,

broken through all rules, which caused Rebecca to love her, while knowing nothing about her. (Calypso binds the eyes of Eros.) And so, fighting westward against the wind, she found herself thinking very much about Hetty. "She will be home before him, and we can talk together about him. I know that I shall love her."

Stereoscopes are to me only magnified photographs. Others have the stereoscopic eye. Let us look at her with a different eye—say the left.

There went wearily along the streets of Bermondsey that day a weak, ill-clad woman with a baby on her arm, against the wind westward. There came such a driving, furious storm of cold rain, that this poor woman was forced to put into an archway, and took this opportunity of opening her bosom and giving the baby her milk.

While she was doing so a shadow passed before her, and she hurriedly was drawing her shawl over the arrangement, when she saw that it was only a woman, and was more at her ease.

It was a singular woman, too. Very young, very handsomely dressed, and wrapped up from head to foot in a shawl the price of which would have kept that cowering woman for a twelvemonth. Her hat was of golden sealskin, the value of which that poor woman had reason to know, and in it was set a storm petrel, a bird that woman knew too well also. She carried her head high this lady, and was so beautiful in face and in carriage that the cowering woman turned away.

In her bosom this splendid lady had something which was not a baby, only a little dog, with bright eyes, who put its head out to sneeze.

She put her grand head down to look at it, and caught sight of her shivering companion. She spoke at once, in the high, clear, splendid voice of an unaffected English lady.

"My dear creature, you are very cold."

"Yes, my lady," said the woman, "but my master is colder."

"Where is he?" said Rebecca.

"He is gone to sea, my lady, with half his kit, poor dear. He broke his arm in the frost hauling a rotten foretopsail halyard, and he missed a voyage, and we have pawned everything, and now my man is gone to sea again."

"So is mine," said Rebecca, without thinking.

"Yes, my dear lady, but your good gentleman has his full kit aboard, no doubt. My poor man will be up reefing topsails in the snow, thin clad, while yours is warm and comfortable."

"Do you worry and vex yourself all the time your husband is away?" asked Rebecca.

"What would be the good?" the woman answered; "I've got to live, and to hope."

"Has he left you money to live on?" asked Rebecca.

"Lord bless you, no, he hadn't got none to leave. He will bring back some, though."

"And what have you to live on, then?" asked Rebecca, deeply interested.

"Charing and needle-work."

"Have you plenty of it?"

"Yes," she said; "I don't need to be beholden, I have a connection among seafaring men and women, and I can make my three shillings a week till he comes back."

"Look here," said Rebecca, suddenly and quickly, "our cases are similar in some way, but your necessity is greater than mine. I have money, you have not. Take this five pounds, I meant it to buy a present for him, but had not time. When you want more write to me."

"But I might be an impostor, miss," said the woman, aghast.

"Your words show that you are none," said Rebecca, and, giving her address, she walked quickly away.

Quiet, though having got thoroughly well tired, she turned, after an eight miles' walk, into her own dismal lane, and found herself confronted with Miss Soper and Mrs. Russel.

In small communities news fly fast: the whole earth is a small community now, thanks to the telegraph; hence our telegrams, which always require to be emphatically contradicted next day. It had got about in the small Waltham Green connexion, that Mr. Morley was going to marry Miss Turner, but that she had shown such abominable temper that he had shipped on board a fast brig, and gone to sea; and that she had started early that morning, down to the docks, to bring him to book. This was too good a thing for Russel and Soper to miss. She must come home some time in the afternoon, and so Russel and Soper cruised off the end of the lane, as Anson did for the Acapulco plate ship; knowing that if they could lay her by the board they would have something to reward them.

Their cruise was (comparatively speaking) as long as Lord Anson's, and in the end very little more successful. They made raids into the lane, and took Akin's house, and Mr. Spicer's house—with tracts; but they were always soon on their post off the lane's end; and after a time the Acapulco ship arrived, and they boarded her, to the intense delight of Akin and Mr. Spicer, who were watching.

Rebecca, tall, handsome, fresh from the sea, head in air, with sealskin hat and storm-petrel for ornament, thinking of things far away, was arrested by Russel and Soper. Mab, who had not been let to walk, had accommodated herself to circumstances so far; but Soper was too much for her, and she barked so furiously at that good lady that she was put down; a liberty which she used for a cloak of licentiousness, for she bit Soper's gown without a moment's hesitation, and kept hold of it, too; which so agitated Soper that fat old Russel had to do the talking.

"She is a varmint little thing," said Akin to Spicer, in the distance.

"So is her mistress," said Mr. Spicer.

"My dear," said Russel, "we were here, and saw you coming. Are we to congratulate you?"

"On what?" said Rebecca. "Mab, you naughty little thing, be quiet."

"On your approaching marriage with Mr. Morley."

"No, I think not," said Rebecca. "He sailed for Tahiti this morning. But I am very much obliged to you, all the same."

"Is he coming back soon?" said Miss Soper, who had been delivered from Mab by Rebecca.

"I should think not," said Rebecca. "It is quite impossible that he can be back under a twelvemonth; possibly, not for two years. But it is of no consequence that I know of."

And so those two very good people went away, and told the whole truth to the connexion. And the whole truth was, that Mr. Morley had found out too much, and had shipped for Tahiti.

CHAPTER XXV.

HAGBUT IN A NEW LIGHT.

BUT to Rebecca's great and never-ending astonishment, Hagbut came out in an entirely new line at this juncture. Hagbut was stupid, vain, avaricious, and selfish. You will find such characters in every form of religion, just as you will find Morley's. But Hagbut was an exceptional man. The man had power. He had put a few ends before him, social and religious; and in steadily pursuing those ends, he looked neither to the right nor the left. The success of his own small religious connexion, and his own personal governance of that connexion, were his two great objects. Take him apart from those objects, and you would find a *man*, not without strength, but who seemed narrow, because

he referred all matters in heaven and earth to his own services and that of his own sect. If any matter did not appear to him to interfere with these two objects, he *could* be as just and even generous.

Now Rebecca had done no such thing as the scandalous Hetty; and besides—and besides—well, he had been fond of Rebecca once on a time. And sometimes, when Carry was most religious, and most affectionate,—when he was wearied with religious work, and would gladly have heard something of the world which he was bound to despise in words, Hagbut thought seriously that he had made a mistake. Rebecca would not have him, it is true; still Carry, with her money, was a great bore, and Rebecca was worth ten of her.

Russel and Soper invaded him when he was thinking of these things, and saying to himself that he was glad the poor girl was so well fitted with Morley; and honestly, and, as far as he was able, tenderly wishing her good luck, Russel and Soper did not meet with the reception they anticipated.

"He has gone and left her," said Miss Soper. "Rebecca Turner was down after him to the docks, this morning; but he has gone and left her."

"He has gone to provide a home for her," said Mr. Hagbut.

"Mr. Hagbut, it is not so. Mr. Morley has run away. She told us with her own lips that he was gone away, and that she didn't care when he came back."

"I know she didn't say *that*," said Hagbut, bending his ugly pale face on Miss Soper, and thrusting out his powerful jaw in a way which Miss Soper did not like. "What were her words?"

"Her words were, that he was gone for a twelvemonth, and that it was no matter," said Mrs. Russel.

"See how you stand cross-examination, you two," said Hagbut. "I can't trust a word you say. Now look you here, you two. That girl is my sister-in-law, and a good girl, too; and Morley is the most refined and educated man in our connexion,—a connexion which wants, what I have not got, refinement and education, more than most. I won't have Rebecca's name pulled about. She is a fine creature."

The more cowardly Russel was abashed at once; not so the more resolute and sourer Soper, who had never felt a man's influence, but who had got her living by bullying girls.

"You pulled her name about at one time pretty freely, yourself," said she.

"Yes; but that was my business. This is

none of yours. You mind what I say, and leave the girl alone. I won't have her meddled with. Mind, I mean what I say."

And, indeed, he looked very much as if he did. Pale, ugly, and generally lazy, as he was, there was an immense amount of powerful animation in the man, with a good deal of shrewd sense. Russel and Soper had brains enough to find out this; Rebecca had brains enough to find out more.

She was alone that evening, with an atlas before her, following Morley across the map, when the little maid told her that Mr. Hagbut was come to see her. And she said, "Show him in."

Mr. Hagbut came in, and they greeted one another civilly; after which, Mr. Hagbut pointed to the atlas, and said,

"After *him*?"

"Yes."

"You are a happy woman, Rebecca, if it is all right between you and Morley. Come, sister-in-law, tell me that it is."

"It is 'all right,' as you call it," said Rebecca, laughing. "He is going to be away for an indefinite time; but we are, what the world calls, engaged."

"I wish you happy, most heartily," said Hagbut, leaning his ugly face on his great fat hands, and looking at her. "It is your own fault if you are not. He is refined, and a gentleman; I am neither the one nor the other."

"I think you are a very good man, Mr. Hagbut," she said, looking him frankly in the face.

"I do among vulgar people, being vulgar myself. And I do good where a gentleman would fail. But, Rebecca, it is well we did not marry."

"It is very well, indeed," said Rebecca.

"I suppose you have often put this case to yourself, with regard to me,—'If I had married that ugly, fat man, without ideas, without the manners of a gentleman, without education; death would have been better than life.' You have put it so, have you not?"

"Not so strongly as that, Mr. Hagbut; but still very strongly," said Rebecca, with resolution.

"Did you ever put the other side of the question?" asked Hagbut. "Did you ever think of me? Did you ever think for one instant what a hell on earth (I beg pardon) my life would have been; tied for life to a beautiful, clever, refined, and furiously rebellious woman like yourself? You congratulate yourself on your escape; congratulate me on mine. We should not have lived together a month in decency; for my will is immovable."

Rebecca paused for a long time. At last she said,

"It seems to me, brother-in-law, that you are a very honest man. You served me ill once; but let us forget all, and be friends: God knows I want them. Come, brother-in-law, do not be my enemy, although we can never be companions; for we should squabble so dreadfully over ways of speech on religious matters, you know: and I doubt if we should agree with regard to Hetty."

"What do you know of her?" said Mr. Hagbut.

"Nothing. What has she done?"

"If you do not know, I see no reason for telling you. I have taken my side there, and will maintain it."

"Well, if you go against her, you will spare me?" said Rebecca.

Hagbut would not have taken an oath in a court of justice to save his life; but, in his heart, without speech, he swore a deep and terrible oath then. No religionist can be without sentiment; and the deepest sentimental part of Hagbut's soul was aroused by the spectacle of this utterly solitary and defenceless girl, whom he had once thought that he had loved, in spite of his fear of her, alone against the world. Hagbut made affirmation silently to himself, that he would stand between this poor child and the world, which meant their small connexion. And he did it, like a leal and loyal soul. It is easy to see the worst of these men. You must know them to find out the best of them. For my part, I have known many ministers of religion. Roman Catholic verbiage, or Dissenting verbiage, may be offensive to the ear; but in twenty years I have only known two bad ministers of religion of any sect, and that is not a large percentage, after all: one speaks, of course, merely of a large personal acquaintance. Being on dangerous ground, I will step off it; merely enrolling my opinion, that the ministers of religion, with all their eccentricities, are the most valuable class in the community.

Hagbut spoke to Rebecca no more after this. Carry would have been jealous had she known that he had said so much. But Russel and Soper's vilipendings of Rebecca were now reduced to sniffs and glances.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE GAZETTE.

AND so it came about, that Rebecca, who began at the very beginning of this story by wishing herself dead, wished nothing of the

kind now; but only wished like Jane Eyre, "that she might keep in good health and not die."

Yet she was infinitely worse off than in the old times when she wished herself dead. She was in utter and entire solitude, for her father was not much better company than can be found in the saner side of Bedlam. She had not a soul to speak to in any sort of way approaching the confidential, except Mab, and Mab could not answer her.

Although Hagbut had stilled all tongues, with his fat emphatic fist, yet even he could not prevent people looking at Rebecca in chapel: and she knew that they were looking at her, and she hated it. She never saw them looking at her, but she felt it; and the effect of this consciousness on her face was to produce an expression of calm careless anger, which assisted devotion in no way whatever.

Had she known that they were only studying in a humble way, her imperial magnificent beauty, reading it like a book, and learning from it, as one learns art at first, from a great and traditionally authenticated picture; she might have been content, and have given them at times softer developments of her not very mobile face. But she thought they were only staring at her; and she hated her chapel worse than ever.

She felt this more than ever one morning, when she had gone alone, her father being too ill to come. "I will never go again," she said. "They hate me." And she stalked out through the crowd with her head in the air.

Soper was helping Russel along, and said, "Did you ever see anything like *that*?"

"A bold-faced jig," said Russel.

"I mean," said Soper the schoolmistress, "did you ever see such beauty in all your life; because I have had some experience, and I never did."

Soper and Russel went their ways, and Rebecca went hers. But she was followed home by two admirers.

Mr. Akin and Mr. Spicer. When they had turned into their own lane, they came up beside her, one on each side, and spoke to her boldly and eagerly.

"Glad to see you about, Miss. Mr. Turner is quite well, I hope?"

"My father is not at all well," said Rebecca.

"I am so glad to see you two at chapel."

"We will leave that alone, Miss, at present," said Mr. Spicer. "We want to speak to you very particular indeed, Miss. Don't us, Jim?"

"Indeed we do."

"You see, Miss," said Mr. Spicer the sweep,

"we sweeps as a general rule are the cleanest of all working chaps, always taking a bath afore we turns in. But we have what we call the black bed, into which we turns in all our crock when there's a difficult flue early in the morning. And we got orders for Beaufort House, and (you won't tell on a man for breaking the act) I lay in the black bed with my youngest son Tom, to put he up the flue before the police was round. It was again the law I know, but that boy loves his profession; I should say his art: for that boy is as much an artist in a crooked flue, as the great Anelay is in the *Mysteries of London*. With a father's feelings I went with him of course, and we was no sooner out of our house, than he said,—

"See to those coves round Mr. Turner's, father."

"Burglars?" asked Rebecca.

"There was two on them, Miss. It was pretty dark, but we could see. One was a young swell, and the other I knowd."

"This is very alarming," said Rebecca. "What did you do?"

"I called out the name of the man I knowd. I said, 'Bob Syers, you hook it.' And he offered in return a low remark, referring to a misfortune of mine in years gone by; but he hooked it all the same."

"Whatever shall we do?" said Rebecca.

"Put the police to watch. Syers is well knowd, as is doubtless the young swell."

"I *can't* employ the police," said Rebecca, incautiously. "Whatever shall I do?"

In the following paragraph I am only speaking of what I have seen with my own eyes. It is wrong and immoral, but there it is, for better or for worse—a great deal for worse, I should say.

Rebecca had won these men. Not by her beauty, for their eyes were too utterly untrained to see her beauty. They would probably have pronounced Buckingham Palace to be finer than Wells, Bayeux, or Salisbury, and have called Winchester a barn. They would possibly have called a red-faced Devon lass far prettier than Rebecca; it was not her beauty which had won these men, it was her sympathy and geniality. They were neither of them very respectable men, but either of them would have fought for her, merely in return for kind words and kind acts to their wives, at any time. Now that she had confessed to them that there was something the matter in her father's house, which forbade the police being called in, they would die for her or risk it. There was a new bond of sympathy between her and these gentlemen now, which made them ready for

anything in her behalf. It is all wrong and bad, but so it *is*. You don't know where the criminal class begins. *Still less do you know where the sympathy with the criminal class begins.*

And further, Mr. Turner, solicitor and Methodist, had been an offensive person to them both, by his mere existence hitherto. Now that there was an obvious hitch in his affairs, insoluble by those enemies of mankind the Metropolitan police, they began to have a fellow feeling with him, which they never had before. The sympathies of people like Mr. Spicer and Mr. Akin, are distinctly *not* on the side of the law. On all sentimental grounds they were perfectly ready to assist Rebecca.

"Lord bless you, Miss," said Mr. Spicer, "don't vex yourself. We will watch. You have got a little dog as will bark."

"Yes," said Rebecca, showing Mab.

"Pretty dear," said Jim Akin, "there she is. Let me have the handling of her, Miss, please. She is worth ten pound, Miss; there ain't a p'int about this dog which is at fault, Miss," he continued, nursing Mab.

"Never mind the dog, Jim," said Mr. Spicer.

"Ah, but I *do* mind the dog, Tom," said Mr. Akin. "You ain't a cynosure in dogs, you see."

"He'd serve six months for a rat-tailed terrier, Miss," said Mr. Spicer. "We all have our fancies. But see here, durst you fire a gun?"

"Yes, I know how; my father has shown me."

"Then," said Mr. Spicer, "every time that little dog barks, you fire a gun out a winder, and me and Jim will be with you. They won't try it on often, if you do that, Miss. Their nerves is never good. If it only comes to nothing at all, they will get scared; if we get 'em *in* the house, why then we shall know what to do. *You* needn't bother about the policemen. In fact we don't want no police round here."

"I will do what you tell me," said Rebecca. "If anything were to happen, you could hold your tongues—keep silent—could you not?"

Mr. Spicer sniffed, and Mr. Akin, in giving back Mab, winked. "Tell her about the backer, Tom," said this coarse young man.

"Hold your tongue, you fool," said Mr. Spicer. "What do you suppose the young lady would want to know about the running of a twopenny halfpenny, four hundred boxes of cigars, so high up the river as this, in a ballast lighter? I am ashamed on you. Good afternoon, Miss; depend on us." And so they went.

Leaving Rebecca with the terrible impression that she had connected herself with the criminal classes, not through her own fault, but utterly without hope of extrication, she was so puzzled by her quaint position, that she was actually whimsical, almost humorous over it.

"I shall be in gaol, my dear," she said to Mab. "And you will be reduced to bacon and cold potatoes, at Akin's, until I come out again. I *wish* father had not broken the law in this matter, even from his very high motives. Bother you," she continued, shaking her fist at the law of the land, "you will pass over Sir Gorham Philpott, and Lord Ducetoy, and you will catch my father. You Brute, not if I can stop it."

She had come at her purpose before she reached home. Her father was in a very difficult position: retaining papers which he had no right to detain: detaining them on very chivalrous grounds. But he had only seen part of the consequences in a sentimental, or as she put it, Walham Green way; the first thing she had to do, was to put the Limehouse view of the question before him.

So she burst in on him suddenly, and said. "Pa, you have made a nice mess of it. They are going to rob and murder us all. They were about the house two nights ago."

"So I suppose," said Mr. Turner.

"So you *suppose*," said Rebecca. "Well, I tell you, pa, that I am not used to it, and that I am not going to stand it. Trampling about in other people's gardens, indeed! I tell you, pa, that I am not going to endure it."

"Are *you* going to leave me, Becky?" said Mr. Turner.

Rebecca had not calculated on this. The thread of her argument was unravelled.

"Leave you, dear," she said, kneeling at his feet. "Why father, father, I have no one left but you, now Alfred is gone. My dear, I will never leave you this side of the grave."

"Is Alfred Morley actually gone?" said Mr. Turner, eagerly.

"Yes, but he will come back. He is only gone for a weary year or two; just to leave us alone, you know."

"I thought from your manner that you were angry with me; stay by me."

"I was and am angry with you," said Rebecca; "you are moping and brooding when you should be acting. We want your brains to direct us; we will find hands to assist."

"We?" said Mr. Turner.

"Yes, we," said Rebecca; "Spicer and Akin and I, not to mention Mab. Tell us what to do."

"You have strange accomplices," said Turner.

"And you have done a strange thing. Their motives are as high as yours. They help us from mere love."

"What have they seen?" asked Mr. Turner, rousing himself.

"Our house was 'attempted' four days ago by two men. One, Syer, a burglar, and the other a young gentleman. Spicer the sweep knew Syer, and challenged him. The young gentleman he did not know."

Mr. Turner lay back in his chair and laughed—laughed again almost heartily; then he began to speak.

"My dear child, this is exactly as I supposed. The man Syer is, as you tell me, you being acquainted with the criminal class so intimately, a burglar. Now the young gentleman who was with him, is Edmund Philpott, whose forgeries, those of my own name in particular, I hold."

"Well," said Rebecca.

"You may well say 'well,'" said Mr. Turner; "you don't understand business; indeed no one will soon, and financing has come in, and the L. C. & D. can't exactly make out whether Mr. P. owes them six millions of money, or they owe him two-and-a-half millions. But you understand enough for this. That a Limited Liability Company bought the Gorham-Philpott business for £500,000, and have made a mess of it, as limited companies always do and always will. We don't *want* limited liability, girl, we want unlimited responsibility. Ha! look at M. when he was short: what did the trade say to the limited liability companies? Why they said, one and all, 'we will have the man and not a parcel of irresponsible shareholders. We know the man, and the man is honest as knows the business,' says they, 'but we don't know 500 irresponsible shareholders;' and the trade pulled the man through, and there he is now. Well, child, you can't understand this, though every reader of a newspaper can. This Gorham-Philpott business was sold; and I gave up my position as their attorney. And first of all I did a wrong thing for our relation Lord Ducetoy—I kept his papers here to save them from the smash. And secondly, to save Sir Gorham I kept all the papers which young Edmund had forged."

"And you did well and nobly," said Rebecca. "You have broken the law, I doubt not; but I am with you."

"Well, that is finely said," said Mr. Turner. "But don't you go breaking the law, you

know one is quite enough in a family. Listen and don't talk nonsense. The Limited Company has gone to unutterable ruin. The property of the old house was guaranteed to the Company, and their deeds must come into the Bankruptcy Court. Some I have burnt in my brooding folly, some are here still. I hardly know, child, what I have destroyed and what I have not. But young Philpott has forged heavily, he believes that his forgeries are here, and he will murder us all."

"And indeed he will murder none of us," said Rebecca; "I'll sort him if he comes here. Pa, dear, what on earth ever caused you to be so silly?"

"As how?"

"As to burn those papers."

"Brooding and brooding," said Mr. Turner; "brooding about your mother eternally, for one thing. I don't know what I have burnt and what I have not."

"Can't you look and see, pa?"

"No. I am gone beyond that. It kills me to look at papers. I am a lost man."

"Are you in debt, pa?"

"No. There will be money enough when I am gone. But Hagbut told me on our last meeting about business matters that he saw no signs of grace in me. And he is an experienced man in spiritual matters; therefore I doubt that I have never been convinced of sin, and am damned everlastingly. That is all."

"This is worse nonsense than the other," said Rebecca, furiously: "pa, how can you sit there and talk like that, with the good God listening to you? Hagbut is a good fellow, but he ought to be hung if he told you that."

"He did not, my dear. I know it," said Mr. Turner.

"Well, I can do nothing with you," said Rebecca, "except ask you not to talk nonsense. Do you think they will try the house again?"

"Certainly."

"Shall you shoot young Philpott if you meet him?" said Rebecca.

The answer was a curious one. Mr. Turner raised a wan pale face to hers, from which every kind of expression was banished. Her father's brain had gone. The mechanical work of his office for so many years, his terrible troubles with his wife in old times, and this last miserable, silly, inextricable confusion, had been too much for him. Rebecca saw that she could not trust him again.

Once see that dead stare in the eyes of one you love, and love may remain; but confidence has departed for ever.

Rebecca repeated her question, with an artificial laugh. "You won't shoot young Philpott, will you, pa?"

His answer was worse than his silence. He looked at her steadily, and with some recollection of the old days, of which she knew nothing, said—

"Trout should be as bright as peacocks before you should catch them. Or to be more correct, like the butterfly called Vanessa Io. You should lay them carefully in cowslips and grass; an orchis or two atop is not amiss; Morio or Pyramidalis would do; but above all things a sprig of 'Geum,' which the hinds call 'Avens,' Lord knows why. Seek also in the damp meadows for your Ophioglossum, and put a piece of it in your biggest trout's mouth. And when she sees it, she will know what you mean by her. And she will walk in the sun along the south wall, and will pick for you rosemary, old man, and the flower which fools call 'prince's feather,' but which wise men call, 'Love lies a-bleeding.' That is what she will do, and then go and marry George Somers."

"Lord help me!" said poor Rebecca, "his mind is gone."

Not gone, Rebecca, only babbling of green fields. Most men have lived at least three lives before they get married, and once and for all, lay everything at the feet of one woman. He was only dazed a little in his brain, and, as I have noticed in dying men, reverting to the first of his lives—a life she knew not of. He was shrewd enough next morning; his keenness was more painful to her than his wandering.

THE CLAQUE

IT is not long since the director of the theatre known by the name of Fantaisies-Parisiennes had one of those excellent ideas which belong to everybody, but which few are bold enough to put into execution—the idea of abolishing the *claque*. The *claque*, one of the great features of French theatres, is the name given to a body of individuals who are paid to applaud and sustain the pieces and actors. It was barely before the eighteenth century that the system was known in France. The poet Dorat was one of the first to organize a company of *claqueurs*; it was composed of his servants and tradespeople, and he paid them so dear that, one evening, after the performance of a piece of his which had been most frantically applauded, he exclaimed, "Another such victory, and I am ruined!"

The whirl of the Revolution swept the *claque*

away, but the reign of the first Napoleon saw its revival. Mlle. Georges and Mlle. Duchenois divided between themselves the favour of the Comédie Française. Mlle. Duchenois only had talent, Mlle. Georges was both beautiful and talented. Napoleon took the cause of the latter, the Empress Josephine that of the former. Each of them hired people to applaud their respective favourites, and they were so well paid that they continually fought each other in the theatre. Once revived, the *claque* became an institution. In all Parisian theatres, authors and director, both equally desirous of success, work the oracle, and each gives a note which soon becomes that of the whole theatre, and decides the applause at the very moment when the spectators are asking themselves whether they ought to applaud, hiss, whistle, cry, yawn, or imitate the cock's crow.

Two well-known French dramatic authors, MM. Emile Augier and Alexandre Dumas *fils*, have declared themselves enemies of the *claque*. Their courage is to be admired; above all, that of M. E. Augier, who, not being so well served as M. A. Dumas *fils*, by his friends, has often been saved by *Messieurs les Romains*, as the *claqueurs* are sometimes styled.

The post of chief *claqueur* in a large theatre is greatly sought after, and large sums are expended in the purchase of the situation. Auguste, chief of the French Opera *claque*, who died some few years back, bought his place for 80,000 francs (£3200); he made his fortune. "More than one actor or actress in vogue," says Doctor Veron, "paid him a pension. The *débuts* of each artiste were worth certain sums, which varied according to the pretensions of the *débutant*. Towards the end of their engagements more than one artiste, to deceive both director and public, paid Auguste for a momentary increase of vogue, so that they might have their engagements renewed, and their salaries even raised." These sham successes were thus traps laid for the director, and that gentleman did not always escape them. Auguste is not the only celebrated *claqueur*; we must also cite David, Santon, and the great Porcher, all three of whom made their fortunes. The profession of *claqueur* is therefore not to be despised, since it is so profitable, and with a view of initiating the public into its mysteries, one of *Messieurs les Chevaliers du Lustre*, as the gang are sometimes called, published his memoirs in 1829; he entitled them: *Memoires d'un Claqueur, contenant la théorie et la pratique de l'art de succès, par Robert Castel, ancien chef de la compagnie des Assurances Dramatiques, Chevalier du Lustre,*

commandeur de l'ordre du Battoir, membre affilié de plusieurs sociétés claquantes, &c. &c. (Paris, 1829).

There is a curious story showing how the director of a French provincial theatre managed to have his pieces applauded without incurring the expense of a human *claque*. Some twenty years ago, the director of the theatre of a provincial town, seeing that his actors were never applauded or sustained by any marks of approbation, organised a *claque* to stimulate the spectators. This innovation did not meet with success; the *claqueurs*, hissed and beaten, were obliged to resign their functions the first evening. The manager did not insist, but at the same time did not acknowledge himself beaten. He was endowed with great perseverance, and above all with a very ingenious imagination; he proved it in this circumstance, for shortly afterwards the public, so calm and cold in appearance, became demonstrative and loud in applause. It was brought about thus. In conjunction with a machinist, as discreet as he was intelligent, our director organised a mechanical and mysterious *claque*. The reader must imagine several articulated hammers fastened at four different places under the pit floor, and so that they might strike on a string being pulled. The noise produced by these hammers simulated that of a stick. A few yards from the hammers, in the centre of the pit, were placed two instruments, which imitated *exactly* the clapping of the hands. They were two large castanets covered with leather; a string pulled the two shells together. The noise of these mechanical clappers penetrated into the theatre through holes placed above them, and dissimulated under the seats of the spectators. The six cords met in a part of the theatre unknown to all, and were fastened to six strong wooden keys, like those of a piano.

One can easily understand the working of the instruments; at certain passages of a piece, indicated beforehand by the director, the machinist placed his finger on one or another of the keys, struck little blows right and left, as people, impatient of applauding, do with their canes. It was only very rarely that the public did not answer this appeal. In this case the machinist set his whole machine at work, and all the approbatory engines mixed themselves with the real applause of the spectators. This ingenious artifice remained always ignored by the victims, and to-day the town is much sought after by travelling actors on account of the good will and readiness to applaud of the spectators.



. THE MONTH OF MARCH.

VENICE.

THE time to do Venice, is undoubtedly during the Carnival. Visitors formerly flocked to this from every quarter of the globe—and numbers even go there now. Voltaire in *Candide* represents six kings as quite indifferent to the loss of their kingdoms at the prospect of going to the Venetian Carnival; and the historians of the time are unable to find words to describe the unbounded abandonment, licentiousness, and revelry which then reigned there supreme. And so, eventually, it has come to pass that the public believe, that winter is the time *par excellence* to visit the city of the Doges. Now this is a great mistake, for Venice is really much pleasanter and much more Venetian in the early summer and in the autumn. Besides in winter it is very cold—not thermometrically but sensationally—because the houses are not built for warmth and because there are no stoves, no fireplaces, and almost no fuel. Italians, strange to say, do not feel cold so much, or perhaps they bear it better than the inhabitants of more northern latitudes, and thus they can sit in the open air in weather in which a German, a Russian, or an Englishman would be shivering even in the house.

As Paris constitutes France, so the Piazza constitutes Venice. To sit in the Piazza and to sip coffee or ice, and to indulge in small talk through the day with every acquaintance, is the chief apparent business of the modern Venetian gentleman. "What profession has your son?" said some one to a Venetian. "E in Piazza," he replied; that is, he frequents the Piazza. The Piazza resembles the Palais Royal as nearly as possible, with the addition of the gorgeous church of San Marco and the great Campanile at one end. It is however paved in the centre, and there are no gardens or trees. During the daytime the public walk under the porticoes, or sit languidly there in the caffès, looking at the passers-by. Let us also, reader, take a seat at Florian's—Florian's, the most celebrated caffè in Europe. Crowds of people of all nations and dress are lounging by us. This is really what Byron calls it, "the world's fair." See, there goes an Englishman, *bien distingué*, with his mutton chop whiskers and abstract indifference. After him come two or three Dalmatians in national costume; now a group of Bersaglieri with their plumed hats jauntily hung on one side; now two or three Venetian women darting long languishing glances as they go by; after them two or three officers of the guard. Then there are Frenchmen Mon-

Dieu-ing, and Germans Mein-Gotting, and young Italian giovanetti (swells) vociferating all at once. And through this crowd, pedlars are endeavouring to dispose of smuggled tobacco or Venetian trinkets to the unwary strangers, little Italian boys run about with water, crying at the top of their voices, "aqua? aquà, aqua frescà—a—a," and flower-girls with large dark eyes, carry round exquisitely made bouquets of orange-flowers and tuberoses, which they present to the travellers with a grace—quite Venetian—quite irresistible. The sky above is deeply blue, the heat luxurious and relaxing, the smoke and coffee enervating; and so the day slips by whilst a curious dim and dreamy sensation of pleasure pervades the intoxicating brain. In the evening when the sun sinks, the chairs are brought out of the porticoes into the open space of the Piazza, which is now thronged with fair Venetians who have come out to enjoy the coolness of the evening air. The band plays now, or some wandering minstrel sings to his guitar, or a venerable grey-bearded raccontatore half relates half intones various anecdotes to the delight of admiring crowds. The chief hours for the Piazza are after dinner from two till four or five, and in the evening from eight till eleven. At four or five everybody who has nothing to do, in short *tout le monde*, goes to Lido.

Everyone has heard of Lido, the island, as Shelley says, which "breaks the flow of Adria towards Venice," the island where Lord Byron used to ride up and down the long deserted sandy beach. Going to Lido is still one of the chief diversions of a Venetian. The wealthier class are rowed in their own gondolas, the middle and poorer go in a little omnibus steamer for the moderate sum of two-pence halfpenny. The purer air, the change, the exercise of going, and the bathing, are the chief attractions of this place.

The bathing place at Lido is quite unique. It is true that the ladies and gentlemen are separated, but nevertheless they frequently bathe together, and as the gentlemen are only attired in bathing drawers, this is, to English taste, a little remarkable. Besides it is always peculiarly diverting to watch the various Germans who are certain to come every day. Although they know perfectly well that seawater should be salt, yet their naive exclamations of surprise at finding that this really is the case, are always delicious. These Germans after their bath are conducted invariably by their guides to some spot where they can pick up some shells to bring home as trophies of the Adriatic. Great is the delight and wonder

of these innocent inlanders if by chance they see a crab ; and each new sea-weed discovered calls forth new exclamations of surprise. After the bath, which from the warmth of the water may last with security two hours, the visitor may either return at once to the town to sup, or may adjourn to the trattoria or restaurant beside the bathing place. The sunsets seen from the western coast of Lido are probably the most beautiful, if not the most famous, also, in the world. The sun sinking sanguine behind the dark Euganean hills, the domes and spires of Venice beneath, the broad lagoon between, half blue and half gold and crimson, waveless and smooth as a sheet of glass, the gondolas sliding over the water, and the distant harmony of music and Italian voices, form altogether a never to be forgotten charm.

It is also well worth while to observe the groups of poverini (beggars) and gondoliers assembled round the jetty at Lido, where the gondolas are anchored. Some are lying stretched out on the ground, some are buying fruit or eating red gourds (anguria), others are talking. And then there is such vociferating, such joking, such laughter. It is one of the scenes in Goldoni's plays enacted day after day. *Anatomy of Melancholy* Burton, towards the end of his life, could only laugh when listening to the bargemen on the Isis slanging each other, but if he had heard the boatmen in Venice he might, perhaps, have almost been a happy man. The following extract from a German book of travels (*Streiflichter aus Venedig*) is a very fair description of the way these fellows fight ; "If two gondoliers quarrel they utter the most frightful menaces at a hundred paces distance, but the nearer they approach the quieter they are. When quite close, they pass each other murmuring slightly. But as soon as they have passed one another, they begin crescendo again, each abusing the other as long as his extremely powerful lungs retain power, and each crying to the by-standers—'Guanta me, guanta me, se no lo copo,' (Hold me, hold me, lest I hit him.) And so on da capo till they are tired." When you go to Venice, readers, never omit to see this scene. And when the evening falls and the sun has sunk, and the stars one by one begin to shine, how delightful it is to sink luxuriously into a gondola, and breathing the warm air of the Adriatic, and dreaming soft Italian dreams, to sweep over the moonlit waters to Venice.

The fashionable world and the sons of pleasure extraordinary, in Venice, keep late

hours. The opera only begins at nine, and Florian's and several of the principal caffès are open the entire night ; but nevertheless the mass of idlers have deserted the Piazza by eleven, and everything is still in the narrow streets as you go homeward.

Venice is a very cheap place to live in if you can live as an Italian, and if your lodgings are not on the Canalacchio, water boulevard, or on the Riva dei Schiavoni, but nevertheless I advise everyone who wishes to see Venice to perfection to take rooms on the Grand Canal. Rooms here are dear for Venice, but cheap for any other capital. I can strongly recommend to all travellers the Palazzo Gustiniani beside the Palazzo Foscari, where rooms at moderate prices and comfortably furnished are always, I believe, to be had. The landlord, although an Italian, was married to an English lady, speaks excellent English, and is courteous and obliging in the extreme. This palace is in one of the best situations in Venice, nearly opposite the house where Byron used to live, and at the curve of the canal ; so that it commands a view at once of the Rialto on one side, and of the Ponte Nuovo on the other. In summer no stranger should take lodgings in any of the smaller streets or canals, because mosquitoes abound there terribly, and besides, the air, to say the least, is by no means fresh. The Hotel Bauer, a German house, near the Piazza, is also excellent, scrupulously clean, and its charges are very reasonable. Most of the hotels in Venice are extortionately dear, and the Hotel Dauer, if I recollect rightly, says on its card "rooms from four to five hundred (!) francs per day."

The chief sights of the town, are they not written in the book of the travellers by Murray ? —and I shall therefore not allude to them, but I cannot refrain from advising visitors when doing the Doge's Palace, not merely to observe the marbles and paintings, but also to observe the observers themselves. This is in its way a most curious sight. Ruskin, in relation to the various forms of architecture employed in this Palace, has finely called it "the central building of the world," and it certainly appears to be so in more senses than he meant, because pilgrims from all civilized lands seem to have met here by common consent.

There are constantly here Italian, English, French, German, Hungarian, and, for all I know, Russian guides, each explaining to a circle of attentive listeners the wonders and curiosities of the place. But it is, however, somewhat remarkable that in different languages they are nearly all saying opposite

things. Thus while the English guide says to his coterie, "this painting is by Tintoretto," the German guide is probably at the same moment informing his auditors that it is by Paulo Veronese, and the French fellow declares it is by somebody else. As a rule the Italian guides are the most to be relied on, but they are nearly all as unscrupulous in pecuniary as they are in historical matters, and unfortunate is the traveller who falls into their clutches.

As Mrs. Hannah More is said to have sat down in an arm chair which she believed had belonged to Dr. Johnson, and, inspired there by the recollections of his genius, to have written a most pathetic ode to his chair, and eventually to have found out that he had never even been near the chair—so it should seem from the works of the latest writers on Venice that all the poets who have written about it have been in the position of Mrs. Hannah More, and have been addressing merely a Venice of their imagination. It is asserted in these latter days that no political prisoner ever crossed the Bridge of Sighs; that Marino Faliero never descended the Scala dei Gigantici to be executed, because the staircase was not built until nearly a hundred years after his death; that no persons of importance were ever confined in the Piombi; and that none of the great merchants ever trod the present Rialto, which is a structure, they say, of modern times,—Credat Judæus! For my part I prefer to be foolish with the poets and writers of the past, than wise with the archæologists and historians of the present.

To see Venice as she is, the traveller should wander about it alone by himself, should roam at liberty through the streets, should regard the markets and gatherings of the townspeople, observe the picturesque groups at the traghetto (ferries), the wells and the Campi, should stroll along the Riva dei Schiavoni when the moon shines through the cordage of vessels, and over the distant domes of San Giorgio Maggiore, should mark the ever changing effects of light and shade and colour at every turn, and in short, look at the people and the town, and not eternally at his guide and his guidebook. Everything in Venice is picturesque, is romantic, is mysterious, but the town is fast falling into ruins, and every building wears the aspect of decay. The seaweeds grow on the marble steps of the palaces, its commerce is a thing of the past, its aristocracy is exiled to distant lands, but still, notwithstanding its ruin real and social, there is in the inner life of Venice a charm that exercises over all a still irresistible fascination. "Un sentiment de tristesse," says

Madame de Staël in *Corinne*, "s'empare de l'imagination en entrant dans Venise;" this is true, but believe me, reader, "un plus grand sentiment de tristesse s'empare de l'imagination en quittant Venise."

I loved her from my boyhood—she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart
Rising like water columns from the sea—
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart.
And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakespeare's art
Had stamped her image in me—and even so,
Although I found her thus, we could not part.
Perchance even dearer in her day of woe
Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a show.

VOULEZ-VOUS DANSER, MADE-MOISELLE?

TO dance, now, is more nearly, perhaps, *not* to dance. It may seem far-fetched to say so, but silk and muslin, tarlatan and tulle, determine the extent of our light fantastic toe performances. What queen, for instance, could pirouette, burdened with a velvet and ermine-edged train? What queen either, similarly be-tailed, could execute the most simple and least exacting *pas*? Imagine her attempting an *entrechat*! Figure her disporting in a Saltetto or a Gavotte! What would be the effect, to a quartette of queens, now, of a *chassé-croisée*, or a hands-across? Nothing but an inglorious bundle and bungle of tripped-up garments, the wearers under them in an expostulating and passionate heap.

What, then, is *la danse* of to-day? This. This, at any rate, at the house of Mlle. Pauline, the once-noted *ballerina*, who teaches a select class of young ladies at half-a-guinea each one for a short two-hours' lesson, and in whose *salle* we had the privilege one morning to be. She lives—that is, resides—in a fashionable street in a fashionable part of London; and everything—the tariff and neighbourhood being so exclusive—is exclusive, of course, to match. By Mlle. Pauline's highly-varnished door bright carriages were dashing; the polish of sleek and honied fashion was on ladies, and coachmen, and footmen; and a commanding Rattle-tattle, rattle-tattle, rat, tat, Tat! that broke every now and then through the buzz and burr, conveyed the assurance to whomsoever it might concern, that Mlle. Pauline's pupils had begun to come.

It concerned us, among others; and we found a snug assembly of half-guineas when we were ushered up. Some twenty pupils, perhaps, were collected; their preliminary exercise was the art of making a lowly bend.

Strains from a piano kept them all in time. The chords sounded; the pupils bent; and the lady who played the music kept her eyes fixed on them, to see that their bend was exactly to her desire.

"Sink it! Young ladies! Sink it!" she suavely cried, her hands busy on the harp-like chords. "Look at the model, young ladies! The model! The model! And sink it! Sink it! Pray attend to what I say!"

Their attention would have required no stimulating if they had thought of their instructress as we did,—the enchanted lookers-on. She was so ripe and graceful, and cultivated and comely, it would have been extasy to have undertaken anything at her bidding. A hint that it was wished would have sent us on a trip to the moon. But what were the young ladies to do? They *were* sinking it; they had, so to speak, made their lunar journey. They were in the moon now, so how could they once more get there? And they were obliged to hear the suave entreaty break out again.

"Sink it! Sink it!" went the clear, sweet voice—not Mlle. Pauline's. No. Sweetness had been wrung out of hers a quarter of a century before, when gas and paint had refused to hide her wrinkles, and she had been obliged to relinquish showers of bouquets, and rounds of intoxicating applause. Besides, her time and leisure were too precious to be bestowed on a portion of the lesson that could be given as well by anybody else; so it was Mie-mie, her adopted daughter, who was presiding for her, and before her the twenty girls were sinking it, in a line against the wainscoted wall; their left hands touching a mahogany rail, their right hands gracefully hanging down. Before them was the model; a tiny girl, eight years old at the most, dressed so that her frock had as little skirt as possible, and so that her small form looked all leg. She was the drollest little individual possible to be imagined. Her skin was olive, and her small face quite flat—and looking so business-like, with her sharp attention to the movements of the young aristocrats hers were to teach, and yet so winning and picturesque;—and she had wonderful black eyes that completely outshone and made one forget a regular negress nose; and her thick dark hair was cut quite square over her little olive-coloured brow. Mie-mie called her Fleur; and Mie-mie was quite ready, by means of polished reprimand to some one else, to give her the praise her correct flexions deserved.

"Oh! Miss Cavendish!" said Mie-mie.

"The model, if you please! The model, Miss Cavendish! the model! And Miss Belgrave! and Miss Eaton! sink it! sink it! And your elbows, ladies! Your elbows, Lady Grace! Oh! you are *so* awkward as you are!"

And then the pupils' eyes came in for a share of censure, as they were still sinking it, and as Mie-mie still struck the harp-like chords. "Where are Lady Winifred's eyes?" she asked, in the same tone of refined banter. "Surely they were on the floor! Would Lady Winifred bend to her partner, then, and not keep her eyes fixed upon his face? Oh no! surely, no, no! Eyes straight up, then, young ladies, if you please! Low bodies, eyes high!"

"Better, young ladies, better!" Mie-mie said, a moment farther on; her words, perfect, keeping time to her chords. "Better! Better! We shall know how to sink it now! O-o-o-oh!"—as some dreadful delinquency was observed; some, possibly, inch-wide discrepancy,— "O-o-o-oh! Miss Montague! Miss Bryanston! That arm! That arm! What *must* I say to that *terrible* arm! Better *no* arm than one held so awkwardly!"

Little large-eyed Fleur started when Mie-mie's utterance thus quickened. She feared it might be because of some unconscious wrong of hers; but no relief broke over her droll face when she found she had escaped. Stern business and duty were alone visible in her, as her small form went still rising and sinking on. Rest, however, was ready for her, sooner than she was aware. "Lady Grace," said Mie-mie, "be good enough to be the model now, whilst Fleur sits down. Fleur, dear, you may go. Young ladies, Lady Grace is so good as to be your model; be very attentive, young ladies, and fix your eyes on Lady Grace!"

It was so strange then to see the little Fleur. She gave no leap and glisten at her release; she simply moved a step or two backwards *à la danseuse*, whilst Lady Grace—a fair-limbed, sweet-faced girl—placed herself in the post of honour; and then she retreated, with the same indescribable *pas*, to her little low cane chair.

With only this much of pause, the lesson went on again. Not quite so satisfactorily, judging from Mie-mie's tones. "Miss Portman! Miss Berkeley!" she cried, "those eyes! Miss Manchester, that arm! And your backs, ladies, your backs! Oh! soon, young ladies, you will force me to speak more plainly than I wish! You will make me, ladies! It will come! Ladies! Pray, pray!"

Your Hips!"—which word, when well spoken, gave due alarm, and made the sinking so considerably better there was enough of it for that day.

Mie-mie left her seat at the piano. "You may take your seats now," she said, graciously. "All but four of you. Four shall go through the figures we began last time. You, and you, and you, and you. Yes: so."

At this moment, precisely when she was wanted, entered Mie-mie's sister, another thoroughly-English Fanchette. She sank it as her hand was upon the door; she kept her eyes high, so that they comprehended a salutation to every one in the room: she looked towards the piano, asking Mie-mie plainly (though she never said a word), whether she wanted her to play; and she smiled, and looked beautiful, all before we, who were once more captivated, had time to draw breath.

Mie-mie thanked her, as though she had spoken out loud. "If you please, dear," she said. "We are placed for the *diversion*. If you will, I shall be glad."

Upon which Fanchette became *pianiste*, and double instruction went on. "Lady Winifred!" was Fanchette's cry, the very echo of her sister's—evidently "modelling" had so prevailed at the establishment, other things besides action had taken to it,—"Lady Winifred! Your dress! your dress! You are taking hold of it behind! Oh! Lady Winifred! In *front*, if you please! In *front*! Better! Ah! *much* improved!"

Mie-mie was walking round the girls during this, watching their indolent feet, beating time for them with her flexible head and hands. "Daance it! Daance it!" was her polished cry, as a soft under-current to Fanchette's. "You must daance it, young ladies! You must daance it, Miss Belgrave, Miss Eaton! Oh! that will never do! That is sad, indeed!"

She showed, then, what the step should really be: Fanchette stopping her music that she might say the One, Two, Three, Four, as her light foot fell. And what a foot it was! Small, arched, pliant, as a hand; covered with a thin boot that was no restraint upon it, but let every muscle have full play. It was bent to a point; it was waved round; it was on the point again; it was placed fully down. And the girls looked at it (and so did we!), and Fanchette urged them, and resumed her music when the step was done.

It was not so instructive as it should have been (perhaps from very despair of imitation), and the girls lumped and see-sawed, and looked very sorry pupils; but Mie-mie never

once lost her smiles, though there was ample reason for getting out of temper. "Daance! Daance!" she went on with her under-current,—meaning, Have real *steps*, not a languid *glissade*. "Daance it! Daance it! It is fatiguing this hot day, I know; but you *must* daance it! There! Better! Better! Now you shall sit, and the others come!"

Whilst the change was being made, Mlle. Pauline herself came into the room. She was *ag e*, and tall, and *ronde*; but her face had its beauty still clinging to it, and she had a graceful action that would have suited an ideal queen. In spite of the disadvantages of her years and figure, her bend was as beautiful as Fanchette's, her glance round was quite as comprehensive and acute.

"*Jeunes dames*," she said, speaking, haphazard as it were, sometimes thoroughly-good English, and sometimes thoroughly-good French, "*bon jour! Bien!*" as the girls rose and saluted her, and she was full height again after her sweep. "Nicely! That will do!"

She trod on majestically, amidst a little ceremony and awe of silence, to the piano; and Fanchette vacated the stool in front of it, and she took it. "*Mes filles*," she ordered, "*la Polonaise. Vous*, Miss Belgrave, and Lady Grace, *ma ch re*, and you, and you, and you. Fleur, *petite, prends-toi* Miss Cavendish, *elle est la plus maladroite*, and be sure she sees your feet. Daance with the ladies, Mie-mie and Fanchette, then we shall get through. *Maintenant! Comme- a! Oui!*"

At first the figures of the dance were unrolled skilfully, under the guiding influence of the two grown models and little Fleur; but the size and strength of the last little creature prevented her steering her big partner quite the way she ought, and the dancers were involved suddenly in an inexplicable and unmanageable maze.

Mlle. Pauline turned on her stool with well-checked ire. "Fleur! Fleur!" she cried. "Sit down! *Tu n'es pas parfaite, ma pauvre petite! Pauvre fille!*" And Fleur picked herself out from the posse of arrested pupils, and once more sought her seat. Her olive face had a cloud upon it that took somewhat from the lightness of her step; but *danseuse* at the beginning, she was *danseuse* at the end, and so retreated.

When the dance that was re-commenced without her was over, a maid-servant entered with lemonade. The girls were told to go and help themselves, and the Fleur looked on with her great black eyes. There was no move for her, in her new disgrace. But Mlle. Pauline

was no ogress, at any rate during her half-guinea hours ; and she stooped and kissed the child, and told her kindly she might get her share. It was a strange sight then, to see the little thing step off ;—so wee, so proper, so silent, so long-legged. She would have fared badly, behind the balloons of silk and taffetas that besieged the maid and the tray, if the wearers had not considerably parted and let in her small form. Shut out from view as she was then entirely, let us hope she found the lemonade as nice as she had anticipated, and that the maid, femininely, petted her, and was able to give her a double supply.

The lesson was resumed after the partaking of the refreshment ; but for the Dance itself, the Dance as a display of muscular activity, what was it ? It was a sweep, a bend, an undulating self-transmission from one side of the room to the other ; it was no effort of saltation. And we know it could not help being of this stationary and stately type ; it could not help having no nimbleness and no agility, when even Mic-mie's dress was *en demi train*, and had to be held up to show her magic feet. *Qual ballata, tal sonata*, say the Italians ;—Such as the dance is, so will be the tune. It might rather run (to return to our premiss) Such as the dress is, so will be the dance. There was a time when the question Do you jig ? was as polite and frequent as the more recent Do you polk ? But ladies allowed a few inches of space then between their skirt-hems and the floor. Country-dances, the Triumph triumphantly among them, would produce a sad litter of torn garments now. In unceremonious and charming Christmas parties, there still lingers with us Sir Roger de Coverley (of sweet Addisonian memory ; the real "kick," recalling to us quilted petticoats, and buckled shoes, and ruffles, and the time when town fashions were confined to towns, and rural beauties dressed as rural beauties should) ; but it must soon disappear.

ONE'S IDEAL FACE.

THERE is a very curious experience known to artists who have had much practice in portrait-painting. They will tell you that nearly every man (and every woman, also, though perhaps in a lesser degree) has in his mind an imaginary picture of his own face, which differs in a most striking degree from his real face. It is not that every man considers himself handsomer than he is ; for in cases constantly occurring a man is disap-

pointed with his portrait because he fancies it obviously flatters him, and because he fancies his friends will be amused by his having paid for the flattery. On the contrary, the ideal face may have weakness where the real face has strength, and coarseness where the real face has refinement. The preference which people who have no artistic training, and consequently no knowledge of the respective methods of treatment, exhibit for portraits in oil over photographs may partly be traced to this cause. The cruelly true lines caught by the camera never in any case give the ideal portrait. This they know, and many are the complaints directed against the vulgar error of supposing that photography is of any value in portrait limning. But in the case of a portrait in oil, there come in innumerable chances. Instead of the blind working of a machine, we have human agency, with its receptive and reproductive faculties ; and who knows but that the ideal face—which is to the gentleman in question his real face—*may* be hit upon ? He has tried photography in vain. He is familiar with the face which photography persists in giving him. It is not his face. He cannot account for the consistency of various cameras, but it is not his face. Therefore he says to himself that he will abandon these mechanical appliances, and trust to the magic power of the human hand to catch his real features, his real expression. The genius of the portrait-painter will seize the true points of appearance, and properly transfer them to canvas.

Here is a pretty outlook for the portrait-painter, to whom he comes with his impossible request. For it is the purpose of a portrait in oil to be truer than any photograph can be—to catch up the lights of a face that are repressed by the harsh process of photography—to translate and render apparent and permanent the fleeting changes of characteristic expression—a far too difficult task for the camera. If the photograph was truth, this portrait in oil is truth vivified ; but the gentleman in search of his ideal face is not a bit better pleased. He accepts the portrait as a likeness. He hangs it on his walls, and is half-dissatisfied when his friends tell him it is remarkably good. After dinner he sits and looks at it as if the immovable figure in the frame were an impertinent stranger who was posted there to annoy him with his perpetual smile and his stiff and glossy hair. We are supposing just now, be it observed, that the portrait in oil is really a good one. When it is bad, both the subject of the experiment and his friends are likely to feel uncomfortable in

regarding it. There is always something more hideously absurd in a bad oil-painting than in a bad photograph. The camera often misrepresents, but she seldom burlesques; while it is in the nature of a bad portrait-painter to introduce, against his will, a comic element into his painful efforts. A man who is anxious to tame his carnal pride, should have his portrait painted by a dozen fifth-rate artists, should lock these travesties of himself up in a room by themselves, and visit the collection for a few minutes every forenoon. A hair shirt and gruel for dinner would be a feeble penance compared with this daily humbling of the proud spirit.

What is the cause of this odd mistake about their personal appearance under which most people labour—a mistake which survives the daily argument of the looking-glass, the assertions of friends, the verdicts of the pencil and the camera? We believe the hallucination to arise from a combination of causes that are in themselves almost pathetic. Every man is possessed of an ideal self. There is either something he believes himself to be, or something which he would like to be, and which he is not. He plucks the heroisms out of this or that character in history, or in fiction, or in his own acquaintance, and clothes himself with these borrowed plumes. He would fain have the splendid melancholy of Dante, or the severe purity of King Arthur, or the gallant bearing of Ivanhoe, or the bitter wit and tenderness of the suffering Heine. Dwelling upon the characteristics in other people which they most love, men begin unconsciously to imitate them. The weak school-boy, who slinks away from the rough gambols of his playmates, reads in a corner some novel of the *Guy Livingstone* school, and fancies himself a muscular miracle, with the fine po-tence of six-feet-eight. The fat and elderly farmer, dozing over *Tristram Shandy*, fancies himself the keenest and cleverest dog alive, in that he is able to see the sly humour and fun of the successive quips, jokes, and insinuations. From a hundred different sources we drink in impressions of characters unlike our own, and unconsciously assume so much of that, or so much of this, until we have built up a very pretty monster, whom we regard as our own image. If a man were honestly to sit down and describe his character minutely—if he were to accurately set down what he considers its potentialities and limits, its good active qualities, and its latent virtues—he would produce a composition sufficient to make the universe split with laughter.

Now this imaginary hero whom every

man constructs must have his corresponding face. He must have features to express these noble qualities, and give token to his neighbour that he is no common man. Whereupon the ideal face is constructed, and accepted as a fact. All these processes, be it remarked, go on unconsciously, so that the acting thaumaturgist believes in his own tricks. He imagines that, possessing the strongest sympathies with this or that virtue, this or that form of character, his face must reveal the presence of these postulated qualities. If he feels himself a hero, he must appear a hero. Take the case of a young man who, of smooth visage and open disposition, has been struck by some Byronic portrait of gloom and despair. He chooses one out of that gallery of demon-heroes as his particular hero, and he feels that he, too, is such a man. Being such a man, shall he not show it in his face? So he begins to fancy that his smooth countenance is in reality full of burning scorn, and moody melancholy, and impatient selfishness. He feels himself *en rapport* with these phases of mental colouring, and his face *must* be an index to his thoughts. He has no longer the polished features of a raw Adonis, but the marked and sulky physiognomy of Conrad the Corsair.

And there is another branch to the subject. Many people's faces are grossly at fault in indicating the qualities which they, the said people, actually do possess. George Eliot's epigram about the want of connection between long eyelashes and the moral sense has become proverbial; and while a goodly number of enthusiasts (chiefly women) try to persuade themselves that they can easily tell a man by his face, we have, generally, arrived at the conclusion that any such system of interpretation is hazardous and provocative of ludicrous blunders. Indeed, one of the fine arts of society is the cultivation of monotony in appearance, so that you shall not be able to tell the difference between Tom, Dick, and Harry, when they sit down to dinner, with the same shirt-front, the same parting of the hair, the same smooth chin and appropriate moustache, the same air of vague languor. Apart from this wilful rubbing off of angles, in which the tuition of a moustache has come to be regarded as an important part of the day's labour, there is the common case of the man who, against his will, has features strongly marked and incapable of education. So far from expressing the idealisms of the victim's mind, they convey a quite contrary effect. But how is he to know? He may be aware that his mouth and nose are not the mouth and nose which the

Chevalier Bayard probably possessed ; but how does he know that the divine enthusiasm which the story of Bayard stirs within him is not marked *somehow* on his face ? Nay, suppose he is only conscious of a very actual and practical good nature, which is his own by natural inheritance, and not assumed by any mimetic effort, how is he to persuade himself that his habitual expression is either gloomy moroseness or utter vacuity ? And yet this want of correspondence between the mind and the features constantly occurs ; and it is the most natural thing in the world that the man should be quite ignorant of it. Hence he fancies that any portrait of him should reveal what he knows to be his own disposition. The portrait he actually does receive he considers to be a mere bugbear, a husk, a burlesque, something entirely distinct from himself. Consequently, he blames the artist for the blunder that nature has committed. He never thinks of studying the looking-glass. *That*, he says to himself, only reflects the passing moods of impatience (over a wanting button), anger (over a rough razor), or despair (over a headache). What he wants is an interpretation of himself, or of his ideal of himself. Nature has not printed that ideal legibly on his face ; and yet he believes she has ; and he will go on believing, in spite of the concurrent testimony of a whole worldful of witnesses.

TABLE TALK.

THOUGH the rapid and constant communication we have with our continental neighbours in modern times teaches us differently, we are still apt to cling to the idea that we are a great deal worse off than they are in point of climate, especially in spring. The fact that the adjacent countries partake very closely of our enjoyments and sufferings in this respect is proved by the daily weather-report in the *Times*. Moreover, a comparison of the farmers' proverbs with those of our own land, shows that our experiences are, and have always been, very similar. April has been credited to so great an extent with the genial smiles and tears that bring May flowers, that, by poets, at least, its frowns, which are apt to be many and severe, have been almost ignored. After the marvellously warm winter we have enjoyed, we need not be surprised if April treats us harshly this year, even though we have paid a toll to March.

Februaire, if you be fair,
The hogs may mend, but nothing mair,

says an old proverb, hogs being lambs ; and the vegetation was so abnormally pushed forward during that warm, wet month, that it is hardly possible but that mischief should ensue. The French ideal of Spring is expressed in the following couplets :

En Mai rosée, en Mars grésil,
Pluie abondante au mois d'Avril.

Le laboureur est content plus
Que ne le ferait cent écus.

Their sense of the untrustworthiness of the coquettish month we are just entering has many exponents ; and we may hear them quoted even in the favoured southern provinces of France, especially in the wine-growing districts :

Bourgeon qui pousse en Avril,
Met peu de vin au baril.

Tant que dure la rousse lune,
Les fruits sont sujets à fortune.

The *lune rousse*, much dreaded in the Bordeaux country, and at Pau, is the first full moon after April 1.

Il n'est si gentil mois d'Avril,
Qui n'ait son chapeau de grésil.

The sayings which concern the precautions to be taken by human beings against the faithlessness of Spring, have their exact counterparts in English : for example,

Pendant le mois d'Avril
Ne quitte pas un fil.

Till April be dead
Leave off no thread ;

or,

Till April be out
Change not a clout,

as I have heard it ; but some commentators give, as the correct reading, "till *May* be out." These last proverbs evidently belong to the time when the wisdom of our ancestors led them to fix a certain day for beginning and leaving off fires in their sitting-rooms, and for adopting or discarding winter clothes. There are few people now who do not assert the right of private judgment in these matters ; and even the Horse-Guards, if I remember rightly, made their rule elastic to fit one unusual season.

THE Thermo-electric Pile, which affords us the means of ascertaining almost inconceivably slight differences of temperature, and which, for delicacy of action, bears about the same relation to the best ordinary thermometer as the most exquisitely finished balance in the laboratory of a chemist bears to the weighing-machine by which the weight of a waggon-load of coals is determined, has recently been

yielding most remarkable results, both in stellar physics and in physiology. By means of an instrument of this kind, which was so sensitive that the needles in the astatic galvanometer turned through 90° , when two pieces of wire, of different kinds of copper, were held between the finger and thumb, Mr. Huggins, the great spectroscopic analyst of the heavenly bodies, has been enabled to prove that, at all events, some of the fixed stars communicate appreciable heat to the earth. In a note on this subject, read at the Royal Society last February, he announces that he has "succeeded in obtaining trustworthy indications of stellar heat in the case of the stars Sirius, Pollux, and Regulus, although he was unable to make any quantitative estimate of their calorific power." The image of the star was kept upon the thermo-electric pile by means of the clock-motion attached to the telescope; and the galvanometer was then watched during five minutes or longer, and the needle almost always began to move as soon as the image of the star fell on the pile. The telescope was then slightly moved from the star, when, in one or two minutes, the needle began to return to its original position. Sirius gave a mean deflection of the needle of 2° , Pollux of $1\frac{1}{2}^\circ$, Regulus and Arcturus of 3° , while Castor produced no apparent result. Mr. Huggins thinks that there is reason to believe that observations of the heat of the stars, if strictly comparable, may be of value, when taken in connection with the spectroscopic analysis of their light, in helping us to determine the nature of their individual constitution. The physiological result to which I referred is this. Drs. Brown, Sequard, and Lombard have recently ascertained, by means of the thermo-electric pile, that by pinching or otherwise irritating the skin of one side of the body, the temperature of the opposite side is always raised. The most severe pinching did not cause an alteration of temperature of above half a degree (Fahr.); and they found in their experiments, which were performed on one another, that after either of them had been continuously pinched for about five minutes, the original effect ceased to be produced.

MR. HELPS, in the last number of *Good Words*, pleads for the usefulness of lectures, and suggests that agricultural lectures should be given through the country, especially on the subject of drainage, and to show "how the capillary system acts in drainage." I presume that Mr. Helps would intend the information

to be conveyed through the means of diagrams and explanation: as actual experiments would seem to be out of the question. This reminds me of what Dr. Johnson said: "I know nothing that can be best taught by lectures except where experiments are to be shown. You may teach chemistry by lectures: you might teach making of shoes by lectures." And, speaking to Dr. Scott, he said, "Lectures were once useful; but now, when all can read, and books are so numerous, lectures are unnecessary. If your attention fails, and you miss a part of the lecture, it is lost: you cannot go back as you do upon a book."

THERE is a pertinent paragraph in the *Athenaeum* of March 20 that speaks of Mr. Sims Reeves having been singing at Manchester, "in what is, or used to be, dignified by the name of English Opera." And, adds the writer, "the strictest purist could scarcely object to all sorts of miscellaneous songs being introduced into such an 'opera' as *Guy Mannering*." Certainly not; it is rather fun than otherwise. Of course Julia Mannering displays her vocal dexterity in *Softly sighs the voice of evening*, or in any other song that she feels herself equal to delivering; and the baritone gipsy sings *The Wolf*; and the gipsy women chorus *The Chough and Crow*; and the audience do not feel that any very remarkable violence has been done to Scott's novel. But the more difficult enigma to be solved, is, how shall the great tenor sustain his character as Bertram, and yet sing that new and popular drawing-room song which has been entrusted to the glorious advertisement of his matchless voice? It is managed thus. Mr. Sims Reeves sits at a table, looking very dejected. Dandie Dinmont, who is drinking, asks him to propose a toast or sentiment. The dejected one is unequal to this effort, and has not a copy of Mr. Routledge's handbook wherewith to prompt him to the utterance of a convivial Tupperism. Dandie Dinmont, inspired, says, "If ye can't gie us a toast, ye can gie us a song, mon." This electric touch brings the dejected one to his legs: he advances to the footlights; the fiddlers tune up; and the great tenor prepares to deliver his soul of *Will you love me now and then?* or *Will you meet me up a tree, love?* or whatever other rubbish the music publisher may have crammed down his throat. Of course this sort of thing is only tolerated in the provinces or at an east-end metropolitan theatre. I remember sitting out *Guy Mannering*, at the

Birmingham theatre, at the date of the Crimean war, when Mr. Sims Reeves had to come forward in the way just described, and sing a music-publisher's song, called, *What will they say in England?* which entirely depended on its fleeting popularity from its being a so-called national song that related solely to Crimean doings. The delicious anachronism was overlooked by the audience, who loudly redemanded the song; upon which the great tenor—probably with a just contempt for, and appreciation of, his hearers—sang an entirely different song—"In this old chair my father sat—in this my mother smiled;" the said two chairs being represented by those of Bertram and Dandie Dinmont. But the audience applauded as loudly as before, and would have listened with delight to the *Bay of Biscay*, or any other melody with which Mr. Sims Reeves, as Bertram, might choose to favour them.

THE ancient Gauls were wont to make sacrifices to Dis—that same "dusky Dis" who is spoken of in the masque before Prospero's cell in *The Tempest*; that same Dis, from whose "waggon," as said Perdita, in *A Winter's Tale*, Proserpina let fall the

daffodils

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty.

Though, strictly speaking, the flowers that she was gathering in the fields of Enna were those of the white daffodil or narcissus; and hence they are represented as crowning the head of Pluto. For he was that same Dis who inhabited a region thus described by Carlyle: "So confused, unsubstantial, you might call it almost spectral, pallid, dim, inane, like the kingdoms of Dis." Such was the Dis to whom the ancient Gauls sacrificed. And the modern Briton so far imitates the ancient Gaul, that he also makes sacrifices to Dis, in the many ways in which that syllable is presented to him as a preposition, derived from *dis*, and used in composition. I say nothing here of that great *Dis* question of the day—Disestablishment and Disendowment,—or of Disraeli; except to note, in passing, the oddity of this syllable of separation being at the head and front of the name of him who is the leading opponent of the other two *disses*. I will leave Dizzy and the *disses* to themselves. Nor need I speak of the discussions, discords, disputes, dissensions, and disagreements to which those dismal *disses* have already given birth; or of the discontent, disasters, dishonours, discomforts, disgraces, distresses, dislikes, distractions, and disturb-

ances which so many discontented people, in their discourses, have discovered in the future of the measure of disestablishment. This is a subject to be discussed, by dissenters and others, elsewhere than here; and I only refer to it as an illustration that the modern Briton has, in many ways, to make sacrifices to Dis. Other forms of the sacrifice are suggested in the "disinheriting countenance" which Careless sees in Sir Oliver's portrait in *The School for Scandal*; in Milton's euphemism for clothes—"those troublesome disguises that we wear"—to say nothing of his "man's first disobedience;" in Moore's "dissensions between hearts that love;" in Pope's "Discord, dire sister of the slaughtering pow'r;" in Hudibras' "Disputants" who

like rams and bulls

Do fight with arms that spring from scullars;

and in *Falstaff*, that "dissembling knight," with "his dissolute disease." And I might add those words from Mr. Disraeli's speech on the second reading of the Irish Church Bill, where he spoke of philosophers meeting "the insoluble, where all *the most transcendent*" (which, as the Yankees say, was "piling it mountainous, rayther!") "powers of intellect dissipate and disappear." In all these instances the prefix *dis* involves the idea of a sacrifice being made by some one or other. And, not to multiply examples, I will only mention one other. The other day, at the Athenæum Club, a clerical reader dashed down his newspaper with the ejaculation, "Disgraceful, disgraceful!" What had caused this ebullition of feeling? Simply a small paragraph to the effect that a venerable dignitary of the Church had attained the great age of ninety-four, and was in good health. It is to be presumed, therefore, that this newspaper-reader considered the decanal nonagenarian to be perversely living on for the sole purpose of keeping others out of their long-expected promotion; and that, in that ejaculation, "disgraceful!" he presented the spectacle of a modern Briton sacrificing to Dis.

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HETTY.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE WALPURGIS NIGHT.

MR. TURNER slept, or pretended to, till nine o'clock, then he began furiously ringing his bell. Rebecca came to him in her dressing-gown.

"Is the *Times* come, child?" he said.

"How could it be come, pa?"

"Go Eastward, child, and meet it. Quick, go!"

She dressed herself and went Eastward, she had got nearly to the South Kensington Museum before she got the *Times*, and she hurried back with it. Her father sat up in bed while he opened it. After glancing at a column or so, he said, "What a thundering lie!"

"What, pa?"

"Philpott & Co., Limited," he answered, "bankrupt for £800,000. Why, child, I could account for £1,200,000. I will have another nap after that. If any genteel looking man calls, tell him,—well tell him he had better call somewhere else. We know too much here."

What between Turner's wildness of the night before, and his shrewd jocularly now, poor Rebecca was utterly puzzled. One thing she knew, and that was that Morley, Hartop, and the never-seen Hetty, were all at sea, that her father's mind was going, and that she, with her affectionate heart were alone in the world together.

One can see how our nation has developed by turning over old novels; for one, over *Dombey and Son*, written by Dickens, a man not unacquainted with the ways of this world, but by our new lights rather behind his time, in a few particulars.

For instance, Mr. Dombey goes bankrupt for the mean sum of one hundred thousand pounds. That was all very well in 1848, but we have improved on that since. Mr. Perch, the mes-

senger congratulated himself on the fact that Dombey had gone for "one hundred—thousand—pound." That is but a small smash now. Great, and heretofore trusted names in trade, seem to be vying with the worst of the old aristocratic scoundrels, and beating them hollow. The frightful recklessness of the habitual gambler, Lord Mornington, (about £700,000, leaving no one unpaid in the end) or that of the unhappy boy just dead (some £200,000) is fairly beaten out of calculation by the deficiencies of some of the clearest and best heads in the world of business. How these men can keep sane under such a nightmare of hopeless debt is the wonder to some. See if this little case of the Philpotts is overstated in any way. Do we not all know of an honoured (justly honoured) member of the House, now dead and beyond trouble, who sat later than any one at the House; sat through the most wearisome of business, *sooner than go home*. There was a leaden weight of £300,000, on that man's soul. That hopeless deficiency of capital, which well used would have saved Bethnal Green, or the Isle of Dogs, from their present state, hanging on his mind; hanging round his neck. It was no error of his, but of younger branches of his family. He was one of the purest, best, and noblest of men, but condemned to silence for the love which he bore to his family.

Such an old age is not good to think about. Better to study William Blake, when he is most wildly melancholy, and most unutterably sad. Still in Blake's deepest sadness, there is always tenderness and hope. And so we should think of this poor member, who had never one selfish thought in his heart. Tura to Blake's great master-piece, *Death's Door** (which I have

* Notes are very unpopular, but one seems necessary here. The piece I mean is to be found at p. 224 of Gilchrist's *Life of Blake*, but has been copied many times. A bent old man, doubled up with age, is hobbling on crutches into a vault. He is not well clad, and the winds of the world are blowing on him from behind, and helping him towards the dark doorway,—a half-open iron door set in Cyclopean stonework. The attitude and gait of the old man are, as far as my experience goes, not only unapproached but unapproachable. Many Frenchmen—and a few Englishmen—can paint action in double-quick time. Blake here has expressed action, not in double-quick time, or even in quick time, but in *slow* time. I have no space to de-

known since I was six years old, and which never palls on one) when you think of an old man, dishonoured through no fault of his, creeping to his tomb, as Sir Gorham Philpott was to his.

The younger members of a dishonoured family, will, however, sometimes make a fight to save what cannot be saved, more particularly where there has been criminality. Young Philpott was distinctly criminal. He had forged more boldly than Sir John Paul. He was, unlike that man, dissolute, dissipated, and utterly reckless. He was perfectly safe if he could recover his own forgeries, and he knew that Turner had them all. Could he get those forgeries in his own hand, he was well provided for. With a view to these contingencies he had bought heavily in foreign funds, denying himself every kind of luxury to do so. In the case of a mere bankruptcy, these funds could not be tracked, but in the case of a criminal prosecution, his money was of little value to him, for he would spend his time at Portland. This made him desperate.

Another thing made him still more desperate. This young forger, was a very handsome young fellow, of good manners. And his family had caused him to make a great alliance with another great house. And so he had married, somewhat against his will, one of the most beautiful and charming women ever born.

He married her first, and fell in love with her afterwards, as is often the case. His love for her grew as time went on; her exquisite grace, her perfect equable temper, her beauty, her deference to him, her intelligence—all had their effect on him. And after two years, he awoke one morning, by her side, and saw the whole of his very ghastly position. He was a felon, who might be in Cold-Bath Fields to-morrow, and she thought him an honest and respectable man.

"She would stand the bankruptcy, but she could not stand *that*," was what he said. "By the Lord, I have a good mind to tell her the whole business and get it over."

So it happened one morning that Mrs. Philpott, turning over in her bed, found her husband kneeling at the bedside with the sheets bathed in blood. "I have hurt my head," he said. "I got out of bed incautiously and have broken my head over the dressing-table." She was piteous and tender over his

accident; little thinking that the young man in his mad despair, had rushed against the wall. Enough of such things; the man was desperate.

His desperation little matters to us, save that he brought it to Turner's house, and so involved our Rebecca, and her dog Mab. In a little story, about homely facts like these, one has not room for one's rascals. Neither has one the genius of Shakspeare, to develop one's rascal (Falstaff) until loving gets to be right, and one loves him.

Rebecca said to her father, "Pa, haven't you made a great mess of it?"

"Very great indeed, my dear."

"Why don't you tell the whole truth, pa?"

"Because I should be in Cold-Bath Fields Prison, my dear."

"But we can't come out of it, dear pa, any way."

"My dear child," said Mr. Turner; "the whole thing is a stale-mate at chess. No one dare move for his life. I have seen worse muddled matters than this got through." And indeed he gave her proof.

"Why, even in Paul's case," he said; "if it had not been for a high-minded and indignant parson, the whole thing would have dropped through. I tell you, child, that you don't know business. Nobody is safe except a magistrate's butler. I am very very tired again, Rebecca. I am going to die."

"Pa, you had better go to bed again, if you talk such nonsense as that."

"I am going, my dear. I shall sleep through the day, and wake at night. They will try the house to night. Be ready for them."

"How shall I be ready for them, father?"

"Bless the girl, I don't know. Ducetoy's deeds are in the iron safe. Philpotts' papers are in the box under my bed. Do the best you can, child; I am horribly drowsy—deadly drowsy. They will try the house to-night, and if the house gets into the possession of the police, I can't say what will happen. Go and see to matters, I am going to sleep."

Rebecca, seeing that there was nothing more to be got out of her father, did probably the quaintest and most indiscreet thing which she ever did in all her life. Matters were very desperate with her. Anticipated disaster had been familiar with her for some time. But here was disaster itself. Disaster of the very worst kind. She knew perfectly well that in the opinion of experienced lawyers about the great bankruptcy of the Philpotts, her father must sooner or later, through his folly, be involved. How deep she knew not. Her

scant on the marvellous sentimental beauties of this wonderful piece, worthy to rank with Michael Angelo's Lorenzo de Medici. Below the feet of the old man, dimly seen in the darkness, are the barred windows of the charnel-house, to which we must all come. But above and aloft, in blazing sunlight, is the newly-awakened figure of a young man rising naked and wondering into the wonders of the new life.

father, with the highest motives possible, had broken the law. She went for advice and assistance to people whom she dreamt had had some experience that way themselves.

It was twelve o'clock, high noon, when she put her hat on, and stepped across the lane to Mrs. Akin.

Mrs. Akin was in a deluge of soapsuds. She took in washing. Rebecca said to her, "Mrs. Akin, is your husband at home?"

"Dear Miss," she said; "no. He is out with his barrer. There is some husbands, Miss, which you will find yourself, when you are married, and a nicer gentleman I never see, I am sure, who objects to any washing at home at all, but wants it all put out, and I am sure I hope for your favours, Miss. Some will stand one washing day in the week, and some won't. But my dear man, he has a washing-day every week, and never grumbles. He may come round home to dinner, Miss, but I ask you to look at his little home, full of damp linen; you are a sneezing yourself. If he comes home shall I make him step across?"

"If he would be so good," said Rebecca.

"He would step further than that for you, Miss," she said; "there is a little one in heaven pleading for you with us, Miss. The old fellow shall come across."*

Rebecca left the costermonger's wife—not a noticeable woman in any way—and went next door to the chimney-sweep's wife, who was decidedly a noticeable person.

She was a very stout, florid woman, with all the ill-temper which is produced by the accumulation of fat round the heart; she scowled on Rebecca.

"Is Mr. Spicer at home, please?" she asked.

"No, he ain't."

"I am very sorry for that, for I wanted to speak to him."

"What about?"

"I only wanted a little advice," said Rebecca.

"I can give you some of that. Don't you go trampolining about with those Methodist parsons too much. They are no good."

"I shall not have the chance of doing so any more, Mrs. Spicer," said she.

"And a good job too. And now you have come to us for advice, I'll advise you a little more. Don't you come here unsettling my man's mind, and getting him to chapel, and setting his mind to the keeping of the law

about the boys. Why I suppose your advice has cost me a cool £20 a year. He won't send a boy up a flue now since he has taken to consort with *you*. And, if you knew anything at all, you would know there was flues which could not be sweep'd without boys. And our connection resents it naturally. My man says, 'it is agin the law,' and they make answer, 'do you accuse us of abetting an' breaking the law?' and he, with his spirit, makes answer, 'I do.' 'Then you need not call again, Mr. Spicer,' they says; and that is *your* doing."

"You are very impertinent and entirely wrong," said Rebecca; "if I have prevented Mr. Spicer, my very good friend, from sending boys up these horrible chimneys, I am very glad. I would have any one transported who sent those children up the chimneys. I want to know when Mr. Spicer will be at home?"

"Then you just shan't. I don't want him near your's. There's worse gone on in that house than sending boys up flues. Better send a boy up a flue than chuck a woman down stairs. You shan't see him—you shan't see him—lawk, old man, is that you?"

It was indeed that worthy chimney-sweep, who had been awakened by his wife's voice, and had heard the whole of the argument while he was dressing. And a very fine, grave-looking man Mr. Spicer was, too; ugly, but rather grand, owing none of his good looks to his complexion, which was rendered very pale by daily applications of soot. He laid his hand on his wife's shoulder, and with the cool determination which seems almost a *specialité* in his trade,* beckoned to her to retire, which she did, perfectly dumb.

"We will walk across the road, Miss, if you please," said Mr. Spicer, and he led the way. As soon as they were clear of the house he said, "The best woman in the world, Miss, if you only knew it."

"So I should fancy," said Rebecca; "she don't like me, but there are many others who don't. In fact I don't at all like myself."

"Indeed, Miss!" said Mr. Spicer.

"No," said Rebecca; "I don't like myself at all. I don't *hate* myself, Mr. Spicer; I only dislike and despise myself. For you know, Mr. Spicer, I am a most contemptible fool."

"Indeed, Miss. Now, I should not have

* To meet any charge of want of verisimilitude from any one not acquainted with the labouring classes so well as myself, I have reproduced actual dialogue. One has no reply to criticism: which is a pity. A man who cares for the opinions of the most able of the weekly press, writes in fetters—as I do. I suppose I should do otherwise; but abuse gets a wearisome thing after a time.

* Chimney-sweeps are but little known or understood. Very few people know that that splendid young man Sadler, who raced Kelly himself so hard the other day, was a chimney-sweep. I was trying once to make peace between a working bricklayer (Harris) and a working cooper (Letwell). Old Harris struck out in pride of family, Letwell's sister (I think) had married a *sweep*. Old Harris afterwards got two months for a violent breach of the revenue laws, about which I had warned him; so I suppose there was no further question about family precedence.

thought that, unless you had told me. But it is no doubt true. You are better educated than I am."

"You are not a gentleman, Mr. Spicer," said Rebecca, laughing in spite of herself.

"No, Miss; but in what particular?"

"When any one accuses themselves to a gentleman, Mr. Spicer, the gentleman excuses them. Now, you have confirmed my view of myself, doubtless from politeness; but still, you are no gentleman. You should have told me that I was one mass of wisdom; as it is, you have merely confirmed my opinion, somewhat emphatically, that I am a contemptible fool."

"I only meant to mind my manners, Miss; and my manners tell me, that you should never contradict a lady. That is what Mr. Hagbut calls the unwritten law. That is about the size of *that*."

"Well," said Rebecca, "we must not joke any more, Spicer; I am in serious trouble."

"We know all about it, my dear Miss," said Spicer; "the only question is, When and where?"

"The *when* is to-night, I am afraid; and the *where* will be inside the house."

"Then there is no reason for much talk, Miss. The least said the soonest mended. Bob and I will come in and lay down anywhere."

"But I want to explain to you," went on Rebecca.

"Just exactly what we don't want, Miss. We want to know nothing. Did you ever hear a man cross-examined?"

"No."

"Ah! If the grand jury would take the trouble to follow some of their 'true bills' down-stairs, instead of going off to play billiards, they wouldn't send so much down-stairs as they do. I don't want no cross-examination, unless I can say No. Tell me and Bob what you want done, but nothing more."

"Can Mr. Akin and you sleep together in one garret? And can you know nothing at all?"

"We can sleep together well enough, and we can easily manage holding our tongues, if there is nothing told us to talk about."

"Then come about ten o'clock, please, and I will have everything arranged for you."

Her father slept all day, but at night got up and dressed himself, and took dinner and wine. Then, setting all the doors open, he walked up and down the house. At the last she told him what she had done; and he, having got feeble

and ill again, was persuaded to go to bed, with his clothes and his pistol, all ready.

"I shall not sleep a wink," he said; and saying so, lay his weary head over, and was asleep in one moment.

Then Rebecca began *her* tiger walk up and down the house, until Mr. Akin and Mr. Spicer turned in. Mr. Akin, a scientific and experienced hand, got Mab, and put her to sleep in the small of his back; which, as he explained to his companion, was the wakefullest place of all for a dog. Mab was well enough content, and scarcely recognised her mistress, during her frequent visits to her two sleeping friends. For they soon slept, after a consultation about taking off their boots. Mr. Spicer could never, he said, sleep well in his boots, unless he was three-quarters on. But Mr. Akin, having pointed out to him that this job would come to rough-and-tumble in any way, or might come to Chevy-high-ho, the grinder, Mr. Spicer determined to sleep without even the removal of his boots; which determination he put in force with the rapidity of a man who has to do his day's work long before other people are awake.

It was a wild night, dripping wet, with great rushes of wind from the westward—the middle of a wild spring—when Rebecca began her night watch. She set dim candles in different rooms, and began her walk up and down; going from her own room along the main passage at the head of the stairs, towards her father's door, and passing that to the room where her two indifferent, honest friends slept and snored.

The wind hurled at every window and door, in the crazy old house; and, with an ear tuned to concert-pitch by anxiety and nervousness, she listened for something more than the wind, but nothing came.

It would have been less dreary, perhaps, had the night been silent and still. But the dreariness of that house to one listening for suspicious sounds, and hearing a hundred, was terrible, even before the lane was still and asleep. After that, terror grew into horror, and horror into a kind of temporary loss of judgment.

Dim, inexpressible, causeless terrors come, I believe, on the most prosperous of us, when we wake in the night, in the dark. I know a military officer of good repute, excellent courage, respectable fortune, and without one solitary anxiety in this world, who takes his recreation in these sad, solitary hours, by thinking of *death*. By putting to himself that he must die some time or another, and trying to make out what the last, horrible hour will be

like. Rebecca's fantasies, this night, were scarcely more reasonable than his.

There was very little cause for fear of any kind: there was nothing of what some call sensational about her position. She was splendidly protected. Her father had done a very quaint thing, but she had practically checkmated all consequences. Still, she was in a state of nervous anxiety; and that anxiety became precordial, and made her start with inexplicable terrors at every sound, and in passing every dark place. The physical effects of this nervousness was to make her knees tremble, and so cause her to walk unsteadily. The mental effects of it were still stranger.

For her anxiety began to take a single point as its culminating one. I do not think that this is by any means a rare case. A man confused in ruin, brought on by an accumulation of causes, will say, that he always knew that the beginning of it was some twenty-pound speculation. A man, dazed, stunned, and ruined by his wife's death, will attribute it to her swallowing a pin ten years before, after his neighbours had been hearing her bark her heart out all the winter, with tubercular disease of the lungs. Not well chosen as examples, possibly, but which will do. When people's minds are confused, they will pick out a cause for a particular form of anxiety, seldom the right one. Rebecca did on this occasion. The door behind Carry's bed—disused, and locked and bolted for so many years,—was the point she fixed on as the most horrible and dangerous point in the house.

It communicated, as the reader may remember, between the used portion of the house and the unused. Since her mother's death, that back staircase, and all the adjacent part of the house, had been closed up, and had been a mystery and a horror to them. In very early days, as early as Rebecca could remember, Carry used to have a habit of shrieking out suddenly, in the night, that some one was trying the door; after which she would fly, in her nightgown, and leave Rebecca in the terror of death. And now, on this, to her, as she believed, supreme night, Rebecca, with a solitary candle, feebly lighting up the great room, stood before that door, and thought of what lay behind it.

What *was* there, locked up for twenty years, behind Carry's bed? The skin of her head had a cold, nervous creeping in it, (which is what the romantic people mean when they say that So-and-so's hair stood on end). She had a horror on her which was indescribable, as awful as the horror which occasionally pre-

cedes death; it had a somewhat singular effect on her, for she moved Carry's bed out of the way, and looked at the door: and as she did so she says that the handle was softly turned, and some one pressed on the door from the outside.

One bolt, and the lock was all that opposed her. She had got into a state of horror by solitude and mystery. One simple physical movement, even of a door-handle, restored her to herself in an instant. "We will get this through, my gentleman," she thought, with a low laugh: and suddenly and dexterously unlocked and unbolted the door, threw it open, and said, "Walk in, if you please."

No one was there. There was nothing before her but a dark passage, ending in darkness. The solitary glance at her feet showed her, not only that no one was there, but that no one had been there at all. The dust of twenty years, so lightly laid by the hand of ever busy Nature, was untouched. The foot of a spider might be traced on it, but not that of a man. The door had been tried by hands not of this world.

So her horror revived again tenfold; but, in her obstinacy, she went on into the passage. And as she went she turned round, and saw the marks of her own footsteps in the dust. She was the first there. There were no other footsteps. The door had been tried by a ghost: and she went on, until she came to the head of the stairs, at the foot of which her mother had been picked up dead. And as she looked down them, her candle struck against something, and she saw that it was a halter hanging from the ceiling, with a noose in it, ready for any man to put his head into. Had there been a corpse as ghastly as that of Bewick's over the trout-stream in it, she could not have been more unutterably terrified. She fled swiftly, with some member of the other world's skinny hand entwined in her back hair, with a view of detaining her, and showing her a little more. But she was strong and resolute; and when she had got back to her bedroom, locked and bolted the door, put Carry's bed back, and found her back hair unruffled, she began to believe that she had been making a fool of herself, and thought she would go and look at her friends.

Mr. Akin was what you may call a violent sleeper. Like the famous Hackney-coachman of our youth, Tamaroo, whatever he did was done with fury and effusion. The frantic physical exertion which that young man had to go through in going to sleep would have ruined some constitutions. It was a University race

to him going to sleep, and a ten-mile handicap (he starting from Scratch) for him to wake up again. At this time he was quiescent. He had taken off his velveteen coat, strangled himself with the arms round his neck, and suffocated himself by ramming his head into one of the hare-pockets. He likewise found it necessary to cross his left leg over his body, and hold on tight by his left boot with his right hand. It was impossible, in regarding this young man in his sleep, to avoid wondering what Mrs. Akin thought of it.

In a similar way, when one looked at Mr. Spicer at rest, one wondered whether Mrs. Spicer, in spite of accumulating wealth and good position, did not wish that there might be a few alterations in trifling details. For Mr. Spicer, though a quiet sleeper, lay on his back, and spread himself out in every possible direction, snoring magnificently. And, moreover, he talked in his sleep, very constantly, as people who sleep under constant expectation of being awakened always do. And Rebecca heard him say, as she watched them for a moment, "Jane's mother is a lie. The chaney and tea-spoons was give to you by word of mouth."

This was realistic enough to do away with the folly of the deserted staircase; her father's conduct dissipated her silly terror much more.

He was sitting up before his writing-table, examining papers and accounts. "Come in, old girl," he said. "Is there any news?"

"There is none yet, father," she said. "How are you to-night?"

"I am better, my love; hard at work, you see."

"Pa," she said, "is it wise of you to work?"

"My dear," he said, "believe an old man. Mere work never hurt any one in this world. Just look at the lives of our public men. Those who have lived the longest are generally found to have worked the hardest. Work don't kill: excitement does. This mechanical work which I am doing now is doing me more good than a doctor's shopfull of medicine. Where have you been?"

"I have been frightened, father. I opened the door behind Carry's bed, and I got utterly terrified. There was a rope there with a noose to it, as though one was going to hang himself."

"You silly child, to frighten yourself with fancies, when there is real danger abroad. That is the rope of the old bell which hangs in the cupola."

"Gracious me!" said Rebecca. "What a gaby I must have been not to think of *that*."

"Did you see many ghosts?" said Mr. Turner.

"Heaps," said Rebecca.

"How many?"

"A dozen or two. One of them turned the handle of the door, under my nose."

"A ghost, you think? Be sure."

"Oh, yes, a ghost. The dust on the staircase was quite undisturbed."

"You are sure of that?"

"Yes, I am quite sure."

"Because we must mind that they do not get in *that* way."

"I will put my sheets on Carry's bed, and sleep there," said Rebecca.

"I would if I were you," said her father. "Ho! They will not come to-night."

"Will they come at all, father?"

"They will most certainly come, one would fancy. But they will come soon, I should think. It is possible that they have been round the house to-night, and have seen us moving. Leave those two good fellows to sleep here for another night or so. We can reward them."

Morning dawned, and there was no sign of any burglary. Rebecca had a consultation with Mr. Spicer and Mr. Akin before they went away.

"My opinion is, Miss," said Akin (and Spicer hung on his words, as on those of an expert,) "that they won't try it on until everything is quiet. Is it plate, Miss, or is it jewels?"

"Neither," said Rebecca. "Papers."

Spicer and Akin looked at one another, and laughed. "Lord love you, Miss; that accounts for the swell being in it. Papers, oh? He'll get another professional hand, we sprung one, and they will make a mess of it at last. Have you got a pistol, or any kind of firearm?"

"We have pistols; but I am a little afraid of them."

"Well, we will sleep here, turn and turn about, for a week. After that, if you hear anything fire your pistol and we will be with you. The little dog is your best alarm. I wish you and your father slept closer together. You trust to us and the little dog."

"Do you know anything about the part of our house which is shut up?" asked Rebecca.

"The part under the bell-tower, Miss? No, I don't, and I don't want to."

"Come with me, then," said Rebecca. "Good morning, Mr. Spicer, and a hundred thanks."

Akin left alone with Rebecca, exhibited a strange unwillingness to follow her. Still you would be utterly mistaken if you fancied that a cockney was neither chivalrous nor

superstitious. He would sooner have fought any man within a mile, than have followed Rebecca. He would sooner have seen a man privately hanged than have gone into the disused part of the house, "where the accident was."

But she took him to her bedroom. "You see, Mr. Akin, you know more of this sort of thing than I do." (He knew more than he need have done.) "I am going to put my bed across this door. Just move that bed, will you, and come with me."

Akin followed most unwillingly, though it was broad day. "Do you see these footsteps?" she asked, when they were in the passage; "they are mine last night. Do you see any others?"

"There have been no footsteps, but those of yours for twenty years, Miss," said Akin, with emphasis. "Are you going any farther?"

"Yes," said Rebecca; "I want to see what is below."

And she led the way down the stairs, Akin following in the same state of mind as Shimei.

"You are quite right," she chattered, "the stairs are piled with dust. It was all my fancy last night about someone having got in here. There is not a footmark on the dust. See, here, at the bottom of the stairs, is a shoe with a blue rosette, I will have *that*."

"Come away, Miss, and leave it alone," said Akin, sharply; "there is ghostesses enough without yours." For Akin had a shrewd suspicion that this shoe had been left there after the removal of Rebecca's mother from the very same place.

Rebecca got scared also, and came back with him somewhat hurriedly, with the ghost feeling at her back. But she brought the shoe with her too.

"If you put your bed across that door, Miss," said Akin, "as you propose, you stop 'em that way. I can't make out myself which way they will come. There is plenty if we leaves watching."

"Do you think they will come at all, Mr. Akin?" said Rebecca, confidentially.

"Will they come? I gather that there is forged papers. I gather that there is a swell with cash. I gather that the governor has those papers here. And that swell will come after those papers, with professional assistance, as sure as they apple trees will blossom next April. Sooner or later he will have those papers. Why, if he will get two years for 'em, it stands to reason that he will chance three, (and it's seldom more for a first offence) for stealing 'em. He'll come fast enough."

"What *can* poor father do?" said Rebecca.

"That is easy enough to tell," said Akin; "let your pa write to that swell, and say, 'Here, Tom,' and he says, 'you have been a-writing of other folks' names here, and I have got the writings. None of your gammon,' says your father, 'I've got your forged writing, and I'll Old Bailey you as sure as there *is* a Old Bailey.' Says your pa again, 'You have been a-hanging about my little place, and giving a world of trouble, keeping Akin and Spicer up all night, and my daughter and me sleeps habitual with Armstrong revolvers in consequence of your goings on. Why,' says your pa, 'you are a regular nuisance, that is about what you are. But I'll tell you what I'll do with you,' says your pa; 'you send me ten thousand pounds, notes of the Bank of England, and you shall have they documents. Not otherwise. There's been several rows,' says your pa, 'about convicted swells being kep' in the okum yard, at the 'Ouse of 'Crection, but Portland is bleak for delicate constutions in the spring months, and the beaks themselves has been touched up in some of their speculations, and they mean Portland and nothing short.' That is what your father ought to say to this young swell. Your father, as a gentleman, would naturally dress it up, and draw it milder than an ignorant man like me. Still I wish the plant was mine. I'd have the old girl to Ramsgate every year if it was."

"It might be yours," said Rebecca, suddenly, with that strange heedlessness which was the great fault in her.

"Don't say such dreadful things as those, Miss," said Akin, turning pale; "that ain't worthy of you."

"What have I said?" said Rebecca, aghast.

"What was wrote in that book, Miss, which you give us, about Charles Steward?"

"The Pretender, yes. What have I said?"

"It is wrote down in that book, Miss, that Charles Steward, who had been up to some game or other, I never made out what, had thirty thousand pounds set on his head. And he was loose among the Highlanders (a bad lot) and not one of them gave the pleece the office on him, not one out of all them—not for thirty thousand pound. And you would rank me lower than a common Highland drover."

"Dear Akin, I did not mean it. I spoke only in compliment. I *know* you would never turn on us. Please don't be angry."

There was a child in Heaven who had left her footprints behind her, which prevented Jim ever being angry with Rebecca. Still she had heedlessly touched his honour. There is

a mass of potential chivalry in this queer nation of ours, to which, under our present military *régime*, we do not get. I wish I had the Queen's commission to raise a regiment. Kingsley's foot should be as terrible as my granduncle's Kingsley's horse. And equally queer in their antecedents, I doubt. I should trouble Lord Shaftesbury for about two dozen from Field Lane to begin with.

To Rebecca the next fortnight was actually worse than any time since the breaking of the Gresham bank. Her father had told her that the house would be broken into for the forged papers, which was one evidence, and Akin, a most experienced man, had confirmed her opinion emphatically. So she believed in it day after day less and less, and after Mr. Spicer and Mr. Akin had taken to sleep at home she was quite comfortable. They were all wrong together. She had never really believed in it at all.

The weather might have been better, for even in this part of the metropolis it howled and raved. St. Swithin had been unpropitious, and the land was deluged and flown. Still, Mr. Morley was possibly safe, and wind was better than burglary.

"Pa," she said, one night, "they are not going to rob and murder us at all."

"I am glad to hear it, my dear ; for I am getting very ill."

"Shall I sleep in your room, pa ?"

"No. Let me have the little dog. That is a very dear little dog, Rebecca."

"You can have the dog, pa. She is very nice. Let me sleep in your room, dear."

"No, no," said Mr. Turner. "I am well enough, only I am very ill indeed."

"You have not been to the office for ten days, pa ; you are not well."

"I am going to sell out of the business, my love. It was too much for me."

"And the papers?" said Rebecca.

"You will hear about *them*," said he. And they went to their respective beds.

Rebecca, with her bed across the mysterious door, went to sleep and dreamt of absolutely nothing. She told Alfred Morley in aftertimes that she never dreamt less in her life than she did that night. After, as it seemed to her, a good night's sleep, she was awakened by what she thought was morning. But it was not morning at all. It was the light of a lantern on her face, held by a man with a black mask on, and two others behind him.

"Miss Turner," said this man, "we must trouble you to get up. If you speak we shall use violence."

"How on earth did they get in?" thought Rebecca. "This is your burglary, is it? I'll manage *your* business," she added to herself. "Mr. Philpott, you have no possible business in a ladies' bedroom. If you only came after your own forgeries we should not care ; but there are others. If you will retire, I will go to my father, and *your* rascalities shall be put into your own hand."

Young Philpott took the key from the door without one solitary word, and locked the door on the outside. The instant he did so, Rebecca was out of bed. She wrapped herself in her dressing-gown, and pulling her bed aside, unlocked and unbolted the door, ran barefooted to the rope of the bell which hung in the turret.

Philpott heard the door unlocked, and ran in. But he was too late ; the pluck and nerve of that solitary and defenceless girl had beaten his well-laid plot. The girl who was to have been intimidated, and held as hostage until the necessary papers were got from her father had passed through their net. Instead of cowering among them in terror, she was pulling resolutely at a rope, and sending forth upon the night air clang, clang, clang, in a terrible staccato, which in old times would have brought thirty-thousand men out of St. Antoine, and even now would people it with ghosts, if there were a St. Antoine, a tocsin which promised to rouse Walham Green, if not St. Antoine.

Her enemies were utterly beaten. Philpott (no fool) was prepared for both pluck and obstinacy ; for such rapidly acting dexterity he was not prepared. The girl's brains were keener than his. He was unused to crime, and accustomed to music. When he heard his burglary proclaimed at midnight in an amorphous staccato (I am sorry to use bad language), he fled. When he thought of the courage and dexterity through which Rebecca had outwitted him, he fled faster for mere shame. The bell, disused and dumb for twenty years, went on clang, clang, clang, clang, proclaiming him to the world as a ruined gamester, who had staked all to keep his wife's respect, and had lost. The poor fellow fled away.

Lost through the courage and dexterity of an idle girl, who was going to be married to a Methodist parson—if he came back ; but who had had messages from the sea which gave her sailor's courage, and sailor's recklessness. And she still went on ringing that horrible bell. And if he had gone back and cut her throat it would have been much the same. He had met with a nature more powerful than

his own. He was beaten. His wife must know all now, and he was desperate, for he, potential felon as he was, did not trust her.

One hardly knows sometimes whether Providence is kind or unkind. In the end, it seems to me (and to others), that Providence always acts for the best. When you come to mere details, any one can say Providence should have done otherwise. One would say to those who question the government of this world that you must *wait*. One would say to them, *par exemple*, was not the 2nd December the seal of Democracy, not of wax, but of iron?

I have only a very poor little illustration to offer for my pretentious theory. It gets infinitesimally small as one looks at it. Still, granting that the little dog Mab was not brought into the world for nothing, you must grant this.

When Rebecca began clanging the bell, Mab began to bark, and aroused Mr. Turner, who put on his trousers, and got hold of his pistol. Coming out he met young Philpott in a mask, but knew him, and challenged him by name, holding his pistol towards him. Philpott, in his desperation, fired at him and wounded him, and Mr. Turner fell at the head of the stairs.

The whole district was gathered round now. Akin and Spicer were in and had Philpott and his accomplices in hand very quickly. Turner only said, "Let them go before the police come, and stop that bell. Where is Rebecca?"

Akin, the dexterous, assisted by Spicer, carried the captured men through Rebecca's bedroom to get down the back stairs. On their way they came on Rebecca ringing away as hard as ever.

"For heaven's sake, Miss, stop that noise," said Akin; "the parish engine's in the lane. Let us get these folks out this way. Is there any road this way?"

There was, it seemed, and Philpott and his friends were got out. There was nothing saved from the bankruptcy save his wife's fortune, and she knows nothing of his midnight meeting with Rebecca. To pleasanter matters.

UNWELCOME FACTS.

EVER since Eve ate that apple, her descendants have gone on prying into good and evil, careless of results; indeed a considerable number of them have held, and now hold that knowledge and good, ignorance and evil are convertible terms. The poet Gray took a

different view, and one more congenial to my feelings at all events, for the people who devote their lives to making science popular have succeeded in impressing the folly of wisdom very strongly on my mind.

Do you not sympathise with the poor Brahmin who flattered himself that he had never taken life, until some officious European showed him a minute portion of his daily food in a microscope, and reduced him to despair? I declare that if I knew the exact weft in which truth resides I would clap the lid on and sit upon it. I always thought my teeth were sound enough until Jones persuaded me to go to his dentist's and have them looked at, when it appeared that half of them required to have holes bored in them, which were crammed afterwards with gold. The man's instrument slipped and went through my cheek; I had to pay half-a-guinea a tooth, and I have had imaginary twinges in one or other of them ever since. Green paper, it seems, will salivate you; I like green paper, and it never did me any harm before its character was taken away by the daily journals; now of course I feel poisoned by it. I wonder whether the pigs have been pleased to become convalescent, and if we may venture on a bit of bacon or a *sausage* for breakfast without fear of meeting with the fate of Herod? Do you ever drink champagne now that you know that there are only a million bottles produced every year and a billion drunk?

Do the newspapers which are principally read by the real artisans often contain extracts from the *Lancet* upon subjects affecting their condition, I wonder? Does the stone-mason know that he is condemned to blindness; the wool-carder that his lungs are being injured by every breath he draws; the painter that a peculiar form of colic has marked him for its own; the soldier that his knapsack is doing something to his heart, and his stock would necessitate apoplexy if he were a little better fed? Because the happiness of the people must be immensely increased, if each individual sees disease and death in the occupation which he is obliged to pursue.

What strong nerves modern boating men must have! I was fond of a bit of rowing myself some twenty years ago, but certainly I should never have had the pluck to train for a race if I had known what was going on inside me all the while. Read this extract from a medical paper, which has been copied into many lay ones.

"During the summer of the present year, Dr. Fraser, F.R.S.E., of the University of Edinburgh, undertook a number of accurate

observations on the effects of rowing on the circulation, upon the crew of one of the University boats. The sphymograph was used automatically, [how painful that, whatever it means, must be!] to record the pulse movements, and his observations may prove of some interest in relation to recent discussions on the probably injurious effects of rowing exercise. The observations were prolonged throughout the greater period of training. He presents, in Humphry's *Journal of Physiology*, woodcuts of the pulse tracings of the stroke oar. The tracings obtained, all show that an extremely large quantity of blood is being circulated with great rapidity. It is obvious that, in the great majority of functional and organic diseases of the vascular system, such a position could not possibly be maintained. The author believes that such diseases may be detected by the use of the sphymograph in time to prevent further mischief; the examination being made immediately before the boat is entered, and a few minutes after a moderate pull has been indulged in."

Let Sparta be no more mentioned; our modern youth eclipses the old heroism. I hear the groans wrung from the noble eight, as the fearful sphymograph is applied automatically; (I wonder if they give a touch of it to the saucy coxswain); I see them leave the dressing-room, pale but firm, and enter their boat. They start, each man knowing exactly what is going on inside him. The stroke says to himself, "now for helping on that aneurism," and quickens the pace. Number seven, with a sigh for his lungs, answers to the appeal; number six thinks his spleen will just last till after the races, and strains his feet against the stretcher; and so on to bow. Thank goodness that I got my boating in the days when blisters and raws were all the physical ills we knew how to anticipate, and no cruel surgeon stood in the boat yard ready to make automatical sphymographic woodcuts of our pulse tracings.

I know a man of generous disposition, who likes to live close up to his slender income, and once thought he was patronising the local bank by keeping a balance of £20 or £30 there. After a good many years he chanced to learn that £100 was the lowest balance they cared to be troubled with, and that they considered they were conferring a favour on *him* in receiving his dividends. Ever since he discovered that unlucky fact he has been wretched. Now he has closed his account, and keeps all he is worth in his desk or pocket.

The consequence is that he has been garrotted and robbed once, and his house attempted immediately after three quarter days, so that he sleeps with a revolver under his pillow, and as he is a very nervous man will probably shoot himself ere long.

The comfort of my own life has been seriously impaired by letters which appeared in the daily papers some little time ago on the subject of Tipping. On leaving a friend's house I had been in the habit of giving some one something, according to length of stay, and other circumstances. The servants seemed pleased and glad to see me next time I came, so I supposed it was all right, and felt happy. But now I learn that such fees are far below what is expected; no one will tell me exactly what *is* the correct standard to pay by, and my comfort in visiting is gone. There is also the matter of railway porters; I have positively been simple enough to take the intimation that they are not allowed to receive gratuities in its literal sense, and thought that their civility and attention was part of their business. But the letters written *against* the practice of feeing porters opened my eyes; I know now that the man who gets me a cab before the train has stopped, and puts my luggage into it so promptly, does so because he thinks I look like a man who will give him a sixpence; and, as I cannot bring myself to obtaining his civility on false pretences—for I suppose one must be considered responsible for one's facial expression,—I do give him sixpence; and, as I feel that it is wrong, and unfair to poorer passengers who have an equal claim on his labour, and possibly a greater necessity for saving time, I am uncomfortable. Unpleasant political facts sometimes overflow their ordinary channels, and flood the papers, making the nervous tremble in their shoes. I do not mean Party prognostications of evil, which we listen to with our tongues in our cheeks, but Imperial. Is our army quite inadequate for the defence of the country? Could an invading force land on our shores, and grasp London with the ease which is periodically pointed out to us? Would our artillery be immediately silenced by the more effective guns which any continental power might bring into the field? Above all, is the money we spend in ship-building really thrown away?

Well, I suppose we must hope that a millennium, either Cumming's or Buckle's, is at hand, and that the powerful will be merciful, and leave us alone: otherwise, we must hit as hard as we can, and trust that after all our enemies may blunder too.



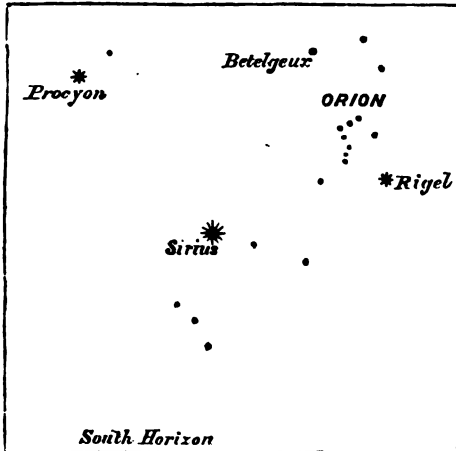
Once a Week.

COURSING.—By G. BOWERS.

[April to 1854]

CONCERNING THE DOG-STAR.

LOOK out upon the evening sky during these spring weeks, and your eye, if it glance towards the south, will be drawn to the most conspicuous star that the firmament contains. There is no mistaking the dog-star, bright, particular, and lonely, without a rival near or far—its lustre heightened by its isolation.* If the influences attributed in superstitious ages to this innocent twinkler were real, this should be the time for feeling them; these early days, when the star is the lord of the skies, should be the *dies caniculares*, and not that summer fortnight when it happens to rise and set nearly with the sun, and when the heating, and drying, and maddening agency of the lesser light must be quenched in the overwhelming influences of the greater.



The name of the dog-star implies a burning brightness, albeit one learned man connected it with the ancient name for the river Nile, which was Siris, inasmuch as the overflowing of the fruitful river coincided in time with the heliacal rising of the star. There is, after all, much in a name, and we have all a

* To sight the dog-star during the latter end of March and the beginning of April, look a little to the west of south as soon as it is dark, and at about twenty degrees' elevation the star will stare you in the face. Later in the evening you must look for it farther west and lower down. The map will help you if you are in doubt, especially with the aid of certain doggerel lines given by the late much-esteemed Admiral W. H. Smyth, in his *Celestial Cycle*, for the guidance of tyros in the gazing art:—

Let Procyon join with Betelgeuze,
And pass a line afar,
To reach the point where Sirius glows—
The most conspicuous star;
Then will the eye delighted view
A figure fine and vast,
Its span is equilateral,
Triangular its cast.

tendency to connect characters with cognomens. Virgil accounts for the unhealthy period which follows the summer solstice by the invisible presence of the dog-star, and does not Homer compare the brightness of Achilles' armour to the blaze of the star "whose burning breath, taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death"? The fortuitous connection of the star's diurnal coursing with the period of parching heat gave a name, and then the name was held to mean a power.

If we could put our intellects and our knowledge back a few centuries, we should have no difficulty in recognising the old ideas upon starry influences. We of this generation know well enough that the planets are too far off to affect us, but when the sun was thought to be but a few miles away, and the stars not much farther, the case was different, and astrology was excusable. The power of the sun was manifest, that of the moon was rather more than suspicious; why should not the planets influence to their degree? and, then, why not the stars? Sirius being the largest of these, was endowed with almost planetary influences.

But to leave the imaginary for the real. This star has had a very considerable influence on the direction of astronomers' labours. As the stars differ in glory, so do they vary in the interest which their physical characteristics have for those who gaze at and study them. Every glittering stellar point may have a story that time may let us read; but the dog-star has one now.

Ever since the heavenly bodies began to be closely watched and followed for practical purposes; since star-catalogues were first formed, Sirius has been regarded as a fundamental star; a test object for the setting of instruments and the rating of clocks; a principal landmark in the sky, to use a Hibernicism; a datum point for celestial measurements and chartings. Necessarily, a large collection of most accurate observations has been accumulated, extending over more than a century. The comparison of these, the modern with the ancient, has shown that Sirius possesses, to a large extent, what well-nigh every well-observed star manifests to some small extent—a motion proper and peculiar to itself, and not due to any known change of position of terrestrial observers in succeeding generations. It may be that the so-called "proper motions" of stars are really due to a progressive movement of the solar system through the universe, but for present purposes the observed variations of stellar positions are ac-

cepted as pertaining to the stars only. The real cannot yet be determined, so the apparent is taken as a substitute.

But no doubt exists that the dog-star has a motion of its own, and a very peculiar one it has been shown to be. The proper motion of all stars was reasonably supposed to be regular and rectilinear; proper in the sense in which well-conducted people regard the word; not shambling or wobbling, or in an intoxicated manner, which we should call improper. Yet, strange to say, when very exact and very severe scrutineers took the case of Sirius in hand, they found that his motion was anything but orderly; instead of progressing steadily onwards year after year, as a good star should, he marched with crooked gait, now swerving one way out of a fair path and now another, now going too fast and then too slow. As greater and greater accuracy came to be invoked by the star-gazers in their daily and nightly labours, this vagarious body came to be rejected from the list of fundamentals, and the followers of Flamsteed, who keep our clocks and watches right from their look-out on Greenwich hill, have struck him off their good books, and no longer use him as what they call a *clock-star*, to wit, a star whose well-determined position in the sky makes it reliable as an hour-mark for comparing their clocks with the heavens, and keeping the one in step with the other.

But before this drumming out had to be resorted to, curiosity was aroused concerning the real cause of the irregularities. The famous Bessel, like an assiduous detective, kept the star in sight, and narrowly watched its movements. The vagaries might after all be only due to rough observations, or to errors of calculation in converting the readings of instruments into celestial latitudes and longitudes. So he critically scrutinized a particular series of position determinations made with an instrument of unimpeachable character, and this investigation satisfied him that the irregular motion was a physical fact, not to be confounded with possible errors of eye or brain, but a thing to be accounted for only by a physical cause. What could this be? Bessel hazarded a bold speculation; there was no help for it; he conjectured that Sirius had a companion affecting his movements, and drawing him aside from the straight path of a well directed star. There was no such disturbing body visible; but as sure as effect betrays cause there must be one; so the only alternative was to suppose the companion to be dark and invisible; in other words, to

consider the dog-star as a binary system, of which only one member is luminous, the other obscure, and the variable motion of the former as arising from its rotation about the common centre of gravity.

Dark bodies, although, for obvious reasons, having no known existence, had been suspected before this assumption was made. In early times the suspicion was a mere fancy; but in later years it had a reasonable basis. Several stars had been known to blaze forth for a season and then disappear, the inference being that they were dark before their outburst, and returned to blackness after it. The phenomena of variable stars, too, invited the supposition of partial stellar eclipses caused by the intervention of opaque masses. Bessel justly retorted in reply to a jocular remark coming from Humboldt, that no reason existed for considering luminosity an essential property of celestial spheres. The fact that numberless stars are visible is no proof against the existence of an equally incalculable number of invisible ones. We see them of all degrees of brightness, giving forth all degrees of light; why should there not be some that give none at all? Cosmicists want them; poets want them—Byron could not get on without them—we cannot prove that no such things exist; let us believe in them, though we shall see that to account for our subject's wanderings they need not be.

Naturally Bessel's hypothesis excited considerable interest. Such a grand idea was not to be received without question, nor, considering its originator, rejected without searching inquiry. Some there were in high quarters, who, not precipitately, but after close examination, held to the bad observation explanation. Professor Peters, however, bringing fresh materials to bear upon the inquiry, adhered to and enforced the disturbing body theory, and even gave numbers representing the conditions of the orbit. Your star-philosopher is never in a hurry to jump at conclusions, or to acknowledge results not proved without the shadow of a doubt to be valid. He wants a bushel of facts to support a grain of theory. If the world was as chary of relying upon *prima facie* evidence as that small section of it which includes the mathematical scientists, the world would be the better for its caution. The stargazers waited a dozen years, and gleaned more facts, and then they brought the dog-star into court again.

Bessel and Peters had considered the irregularities in one direction only of the star's motion, in what we may call a horizontal

plane ; leaving alone the irregularities in its vertical movement. To be technical, they confined their attention to the changes of proper motion in *right ascension*, and left to others the task of tracing the variable proper motion in *declination*. This research was attacked independently by two calculators, Dr. Auwers in Germany and Professor Safford in America. The results of each investigation were made known, almost simultaneously, a very few years ago. Peters had asserted that the motion of Sirius was circular, and he even defined the period of the star's revolution. The new evidence, derived from different observations—vertical displacements instead of horizontal—entirely confirmed this conclusion. The figures indicating the yearly variations of the bright body's place were represented and harmonized by the hypothesis that Sirius revolves in an elliptic orbit, according to the law of gravitation, around an invisible companion, making the circuit of its orbit in fifty years and four days, and having passed the lower apse in the year 1791. These data agree very closely with those given by Professor Peters. History repeats herself, sometimes at very short intervals ; in this convergence of distantly achieved results to a common conclusion, in this foreknowing an invisible body from its action on a visible one, we have a parallel to the wonderful discovery of the planet Neptune.

But the parallel runs closer. While the computers in their chambers were plying their brains, the optician in his workshop was working with hand and machine to the perfection of a telescope of unusual power. The body disturbing the dog-star was called dark because it had not been seen : but after all, its invisibility might have been due only to insufficient optical means. The companion might be either very faint, or, if tolerably bright, so close to the big star as to be lost in the brilliant splendour of its beams. A larger glass and *the knowledge that there was something to be sought for* led to a closer scrutiny of the space surrounding Sirius than had been hitherto possible or thought desirable. The prediction of the calculators was realised by the observer on the 31st of January, 1862, when Mr. Alvan Clark, an American telescope maker and astronomer, using an instrument of his own construction of 18½ inches aperture, made the happy discovery of a small companion star or satellite, apparently close to Sirius, but really some four thousand million miles away. Once known, and its position indicated, many other telescopists recognised it with inferior means to those that first revealed it.

Then the interest centred upon the question whether this tiny attendant was really the disturbing body, or merely a little star, near the line of sight, but far away beyond the Sirian system. To settle this it became necessary to follow it year after year, measuring its position with respect to the superior luminary, and thus ascertaining whether it had a motion reconcileable with the hypothesis that called it within the domain of our knowledge. There were pros and cons, of course ; but the verdict pronounced by Struve, Russia's imperial astronomer, from the discussion of a set of measures collected during four years, was to the effect that it could scarcely be doubted that this insignificant consort was the true cause of the mystifying undulations in the star's apparent path. The observed positions of the little star agreed very closely with the places predicted for it by Dr. Auwers. The Russian astrometer, true to the diffident character of his class, hesitated to pronounce an absolutely positive opinion. An American *confrère*, Professor Newcomb, who also investigated the subject, using different materials, expressed himself more boldly : said he, "If there is any doubt of the identity of the two objects [the disturbing body, and Alvan Clark's star,] an appreciable fraction of such doubt must pertain to the question whether the *Neptune* we see with our telescopes is the same body that disturbs the motions of *Uranus*."

The weak point of the case, weak in appearance only, is this. The little star is only of about the ninth magnitude, and the large one is the brightest among the first. Now it is found that the mass of the disturbing body must be only one third less than that of Sirius itself. Accepting the identity, it follows that the physical constitution of the twins must be very different : the small one must be exceedingly heavy, and the large one very light. It may be so. There is just a possibility that the satellite shines only by the light that it receives from its superior ; if so, it may be of large size and yet appear very faint. In such a view of the case we have a sun and planet system like our own : a great point for the plurality of worlds' advocates.

As regards the different densities that may pertain to the two bodies, it is to be borne in mind that our earth is four times heavier, bulk for bulk, than our sun. Sirius may be specifically lighter, as he is intrinsically brighter, than the sun, and his attendant may be heavier than this world of ours. These are points to be cleared up : the story of the dog-star has not yet been fully disclosed.

But we must scamper on. We have seen how a remarkable discovery has grown out of a peculiar apparent motion. Now let us glance at the manner in which a non-apparent motion has been revealed by a peculiar method of research. Obviously, the only movements that can be seen are those that are transverse to the direction of vision; a regression or advance of the star from or to the earth could not be detected by ordinary gazing. Yet there is no reason to doubt the existence of such motions in stellar bodies. And thanks to the magical powers of spectrum analysis, we have been enabled to take cognisance of it. In an article on *Sound*, a year ago, I pointed out the fact of a railway whistle altering its pitch as it moves to or from an auditor, the reason being, that the sound waves are either quickened or retarded on their way to the ear; the pitch of a note depending upon the rapidity with which its sonorous undulations impinge upon the auditory nerves. Now light is a wave motion, its rays are as notes, and what would be difference of pitch in the case of sound, is difference of colour in its case. A spectrum is a gamut: the red rays at one end are bass, the violet at the other end are treble. Move a source of light rapidly to or from the eye, and you alter the speed of the ethereal undulations. In a star there is a vast assemblage of rays: the eye cannot discriminate them. A prism, however, can; it sorts the colours, or separates the notes, so as to make each perceptible, and arranges them in order of rapidity of their vibrations. If it be known that a certain gas gives light of one pitch when it is stationary, and if it be found that this same gas coming from a star has had the speed of its light-waves altered, the inference is that the star is moving to or from the spectator. This is just what Mr. Huggins has discovered, by an excessively delicate process of research, in the case of the dog-star. He has proved that hydrogen is present in the star's atmosphere, and by comparing a certain line in its spectrum, which is due to the gas, with a hydrogen line obtained from a stationary source, he has detected a want of coincidence in their positions which is equivalent to a difference of their wave lengths. The ray coming from the star is too low on the spectrum-gamut: its waves are therefore retarded or drawn out, and we are driven to the conclusion that the star is going away from us. By measuring the displacement, the retardation is arrived at, and thus it is found that the rate of regression—due allowance being made for the earth's orbital motion—of Sirius from our system is $29\frac{1}{2}$ miles a second. This highly

ingenious and interesting branch of discovery is quite in its infancy, and it will be a troublesome child to rear. Our star is the only one that has yet yielded a reliable result.

A very great change of motion in a star might have the effect of changing its colour altogether. This is Doppler's theory of coloured stars: according to it the red stars are all running away from us, and the blue ones rushing towards us. The ancients chronicled Sirius as a red star. Now it is white. The alleged ruddiness has been disputed, but Humboldt accepted it and referred the change to some physical revolution in the star's photosphere. Was it that Sirius was in olden times retreating from us at a much faster rate than it is at present? This point is worth consideration.

TRADE TRICKS.

THE new President of the Board of Trade, while explaining the other day that the department over which he presided was more a department of counsel than of action, gave no kind of hint of any change being in contemplation, although, it would appear, there is ample room for one. Trade has been likened to an elephant's trunk, insomuch that nothing is too small or too large for its grasp; and if the new head of the Board should only chance to be gifted with a like double capacity for great and little things, there is a trifling matter on which he might very well "try his prentice hand," and which would afford him, by the way, ample scope for action. This is the amendment of the law relative to adulterations and false weights and measures.

If tradesmen are occasionally victimised by some clever swindler, they retaliate by paying the public at large back in the same coin; and this they do all the world over, and in England, possibly, with more impunity than in most other countries. There is no need for us to take a leaf out of the Turkish code, and to nail dishonest tradesmen by the ears to their shop doors and shutters, exposing them alike to the jeers and the projectiles of passers by; but we might take a hint from our French neighbours, whose supervision of weights and measures, and of articles of food liable to adulteration, is one of the many things they manage better than we do ourselves. In Paris, for instance, a considerable number of special agents, attached to the prefecture of police, are charged with examining every description of alimentary produce offered for sale to the public. They

comprise inspectors of meat, of eggs, and of flour, tasters of wine, &c., and ambulant inspectors called *flaircurs*, or smellers. The duties of the latter extend all over Paris; over every shop where edibles of any description are sold; over every restaurant, café, and cabaret; every stall and hand-barrow with fish, vegetables, fruit, &c., exposed in the streets for sale; and it may be said in their favour, that they pitilessly seize all damaged and adulterated articles which they succeed in detecting. They visit, on an average, eight thousand establishments every month, in the course of which period the seizures made by them vary from three hundred to six hundred in number, according to the season of the year. Detailed reports, addressed to the prefecture of police, specify the quantity and character of the articles seized, from which it would appear that provision-dealers, milkmen, and grocers are the principal offenders. In the month of August, 1867, at the height of the Paris Exhibition, during visits paid to six thousand five hundred and eighty-one establishments no less than five hundred and ninety seizures were made, being at the rate of nearly ten per cent. From long practice, these smelling inspectors have acquired a kind of infallibility which the delinquent tradesman is the first to recognise; consequently their decisions are rarely contested. A single sniff suffices to enable them to detect whether either the cooked or salted meats have formed portions of an animal that has died of disease, or been slaughtered according to the prescribed regulations.

These ambulant inspectors have not only to verify the wholesomeness of all substances offered to the public, but to examine carefully and confiscate, if requisite, the utensils employed in the preparation of alimentary substances. For this purpose they visit the kitchens of the various restaurants, *traiteurs*, *tables d'hôte*, and boarding-houses, and any copper vessels on which verdigris is discovered, or plated dishes and spoons, the plating of which has worn off, are immediately sent by them to be re-tinned or silvered, as the case may be. In like manner, they prohibit the use, for culinary purposes, of zinc utensils, or earthenware ones coloured with arsenic green, or glazed with any varnish the basis of which is salt of lead.

The inspectors of meat are attached to the various Paris slaughter-houses, and to the Pavilion of the Halles Centrales, where the Paris dead-meat market is held. Early every morning, as soon as the various pieces of meat arriving from the *abattoirs* and the railway-

stations are numbered, they commence their rounds and stamp every joint approved as wholesome with the letter V, in blue ink. All unsound meat is at once put aside to be sprinkled with spirits of turpentine, the strong odour of which renders it useless for alimentary purposes. It is then sold, to be converted to various industrial uses. Meat that has a bad appearance, but yet retains certain nutritive qualities, is consigned to the *Jardin des Plantes* to feed the wild animals with.

So careful are the authorities with regard to the main ingredient of the universal omelette, that they have appointed no less than sixty-five inspectors of eggs, fully half of whom are constantly employed in examining singly every egg sent to the Paris markets, which they do by holding it up before a candle. All that are bad are at once destroyed, and such as are over stale are sold to gilders and others, for trade purposes. A certain number of these egg-inspectors are charged with the duty of testing the stocks of the retail dealers.

The tasting inspectors of Paris have to exercise an active supervision over the extensive depôts of wine at Bercy, and the Halle aux Vins, and to visit no less than twenty-four thousand establishments where wine and other liquors are sold. They are only appointed after an examination, at which they are required to give proof of their powers of instantly discriminating all the different kinds of wine presented to them to taste. Adulterated wine seized by them used to be emptied into the gutter in front of the delinquent's door, but many poor people collected it in jars and saucepans, and with sponges. Now it is thrown into the Seine, on the principle, we suppose, of rendering to the river that which has been mainly derived from it.

Distinct from these several corps of inspectors of provisions are the inspectors charged with verifying the exactitude of all scales, weights, and measures of capacity in use at the markets, and in the shops and warehouses of Paris. So certain are offenders of being detected, and severely punished, that the use of fraudulent weights and measures is confined to the lowest class of Paris tradesmen; and although, during 1867, the police reported between ten and eleven thousand cases, including every kind of petty irregularity, with reference to weights and measures, only two hundred and twenty-six of these were regarded as fraudulent, and submitted to the police tribunals.

All this active surveillance, though powerless to prevent fraud, is efficacious in checking it, and more particularly in ensuring to offen-

ders an amount of punishment proportionate to their deserts. The fines inflicted range from fifty francs up to twenty thousand francs—a fine of the latter amount, in addition to several months' imprisonment, having been inflicted on a landed proprietor convicted of adulterating milk sent by him to Paris. Whenever substances deleterious to health have been employed for purposes of adulteration, a sentence of imprisonment is invariably inflicted, as well as the customary fine. But the best feature of the French process is the publishing of all sentences on placards, printed at the delinquent's expense, three of which the police are required to see duly exposed in the window, on the door, and inside his shop, for the space of fifteen days. The remainder, usually about twenty, are posted up by the authorities in the immediate neighbourhood.

Spite of the activity displayed in the detection and punishment of offenders, the French, nevertheless, persist in exercising their natural ingenuity in the clever sophistication of numerous alimentary substances. We learn from M. Michael Chevalier, that turning water into wine, so far from being a miracle now-a-days, is a matter of common occurrence. All that is necessary is to add to it certain of the following ingredients, according as the *crus* of Bordeaux, Burgundy, Champagne, or the wines of the South have to be indicated:—cyder, perry, spirits of wine, elder and juniper berries, mulberries, beetroot juice, coriander seeds, sugar, treacle, campeachy wood, chalk, alum, carbonate of potash, sulphate of iron, oxide of lead, litharge, and tartaric, tumeric, and acetic acids. There are, at Cette, scores of firms which imitate not merely French wines, but concoct the great bulk of foreign wines drunk in Paris; and at Rheims one well-known house prides itself on producing every description of wine, spirit, and liqueur under the sun.

Paris milk, though superior to the fluid sold in London under that name, has, in too many instances, an unfair proportion of water, and is indebted for much of its mucilaginous qualities to gelatine, and an infusion of rice, barley, or bran, rather than to the pounded calves' brains of which one hears, and which are turned to more profitable account. The so-called olive oil, of which such large quantities are consumed in Paris, is produced from poppies, rape seed, colza, sesame, various nuts, the fat of fowls mixed with honey, and a score of other substances. Sugar and tea are, of course, subject to endless adulterations; salt is commonly mixed with powdered sand-stone; while, as regards chocolate, so largely consumed

from one end of France to the other, and exported to the furthest corners of the globe, much of it is made of bean or potato-flour, burnt almonds, veal or mutton fat, and cinna-bar or ochre, with the addition of a little treacle to bind the whole together. Ground coffee is adulterated with barley and other meals, beetroot, carrots, acorns, chesnuts, and, as a matter of course, chicory, which, in its turn, is largely adulterated with refuse from the distilleries, ochre, brickdust, soot, and even common black earth.

The use of this last substance would seem incredible were it not well known that coffee berries themselves—such as would stand the test of any ordinary examination—are actually manufactured, like bricks, of clay, and, after being ground up, find their way regularly every morning into tens of thousands of Paris *cafetières*. The artificial berries approximate so closely to the natural ones, in their unroasted state, that they can be mixed with them and escape detection; and as the price is one-fortieth that of pure coffee, no matter what the proportions of the mixture may be, the result is certain to be profitable to the grocer. The only machinery required by the artificial coffee-berry maker is any number of sheet-moulds, opening and shutting with hinges, each of which will model a hundred berries at a time. After being filled with clay, and closed, they are placed under a powerful press, and exposed to a slow fire. On the moulds being opened, the dry berries, which have the greenish-gray tinge of genuine unroasted coffee, fall out of themselves.

The great merit of the invention is this. Supposing a person to be of an economical turn, or fastidious in the matter of the flavour of his coffee, and he should determine, not only to buy this unground, but to roast it himself, so as to preserve all its vaunted aroma; well, the false berries will stand even this test; for the essential oil which the roasting brings out of the genuine coffee will be absorbed by them, and the productions of art and nature will emerge from the roasting-machine with precisely the same bronze coating. It is under this deceitful envelope that the clay berries pass into the coffee-mill, and thence into the coffee-pot, where they impregnate the boiling water with none of the anticipated aromatic flavour; and, in truth, one must be unreasonably exacting to expect them to do so.

All that can be said in favour of clay-coffee is, that it is innocuous to health, as when dissolved it forms a sediment which, if de-

tected at the bottom of the cup, is set down to genuine coffee-grounds. It is certainly considerate on the part of the manufacturer not to poison the people whom he robs. Let us at least render him this justice.

Just as the Parisians have found out how to make coffee without coffee, so have they discovered the way of making *bouillon* or beef-tea without beef. At the *gargotiers*, the lowest class of Paris restaurants, a species of ingenious fraud has of late years become very common. It consists in passing off warm water, coloured and flavoured with burnt onions and caramel, and into which some little grease bubbles have been injected, as soup. It is true that bones which have been twice well stewed, first by the larger restaurants, and secondly by the inferior class of *traiteurs*, and cast away as done with, are stewed in this water for the third time, in order that it may be impregnated with some particle of animal substance; but as this fails to impart to it those little greasy bubbles which the French term eyes, and for which the shrewd frequenters of these establishments invariably look to satisfy themselves that the broth they drink has been actually made from meat, a clever cook got over the difficulty by filling his mouth with about a spoonful of fish-oil, and, after tightly compressing his lips together, blowing with all his force, so as to send forth a greasy mist, as it were, which, falling into the cauldron, formed the eyes so dear to epicures of a certain type. The system was found to answer so perfectly that an *employé aux yeux de bouillon*, as the individual who performs this operation is termed, is now an indispensable necessity at all *gargotiers* in a large way of business.

Parisians of a certain class are inordinate eaters of ham; in fact, almost as many hams are eaten in Paris as could be furnished by all the pigs killed throughout the whole of France, even allowing for both shoulder and leg being cured in accordance with the French practice. The demand was supplied in this wise. The dealers in cooked hams bought up the old ham-bones at a couple of sous a-piece, and ingeniously inserted them into pieces of pickled pork, which they trimmed to shape, and coated with grated bread-crusts. In this way many bones did duty hundreds of times over, lasting, in fact, for years. They would leave the dealers in the morning, and frequently return to them the same night, to quit them again the following day; nevertheless, the supply could hardly keep pace with the demand. Fancy the inconvenience of having to wait for

your ham until your neighbour's servant took back the ham-bone which the *charcutier* relied upon receiving yesterday. It was to obviate such a state of things that an ingenious individual conceived the idea of manufacturing ham-bones wholesale, and ere long he drove a thriving trade, at ten sous the dozen; since which time the stock of hams has augmented, and the porcine delicacy become less difficult of attainment.

Much in the same way another ingenious individual, knowing the immense consumption of cockscombs in Paris for *ragouts*, *coquilles* of cockscombs, and *vol-au-vents*, and seeing the high prices they commanded, owing to the limited supply, set to work to minister to the demand, and duly established himself as a manufacturer of cockscombs. So extensive was the trade done by him that he found it necessary to set up a small steam-engine. He was a great enthusiast, and was accustomed to pride himself upon the artificial cockscombs which emanated from his *atelier* being greatly superior to the natural article. With a modesty uncommon among his countrymen, he styled himself a "rival" only of nature, who was thus not subjected to a too humiliating comparison. Nevertheless, he would say, "Nature's productions, in the matter of cockscombs, abound with unpardonable defects, there are not two of them alike; whereas, all of mine are not only beautifully proportioned, but dentilated at the edges with the utmost exactitude. Mine, in fact, are the work of an artist, and art is simply nature perfected by the genius of man. Nature makes the marble, but it is man who carves a statue out of it: nature produces a woman, but it required a man to produce the Venus de Medicis, an ideal that nature is incapable even of imitating."

This is the way our artist goes to work. He takes the palate of a bullock, calf, or sheep,—either will do, though he prefers the first. After having blanched it in boiling water, he macerates it, and detaches the flesh of the palatic vault without in the slightest degree deranging it, and then places it under a stamping machine, which punches out cockscombs more perfect in shape than those produced by nature, yet sufficiently resembling them to deceive the connoisseurs. Still there is a way of detecting the artificial production: the cockscombs of clumsy nature have *papillæ* on both sides, whereas those of art have them only on one. Counterfeit cockscombs are sold as low as four sous the dozen to poulterers, keepers of restaurants, pastry-

cooks, &c., and at six sous to cooks in private families. The inventor, seeing the multitude of statues set up under the Second Empire, is naturally astonished that one has not been erected in his honour ; but he sensibly resigns himself to what he calls the fate of genius, which is, he says, never to be really appreciated until after death.

This man, in his intercourse with poulterers, got to learn that when they did not sell their stock of turkeys off at once, they were obliged to lower the price about one-fifth every subsequent day a bird remained on hand, and, consequently, frequently had to submit to a loss, although the turkey might present the same appearance of freshness that it did when first killed. And yet no cook could be deceived, and this solely because the bird's legs, which were black and shiny the day of its death, assumed a more and more grayish tone as time went on. This was quite sufficient for a man of genius. The shrewd manufacturer of cockscombs hastened home, and set to work to compound a varnish which should defy the attacks of time, and render turkeys' legs "beautiful for ever." In a couple of days he returned triumphant to the market, and furnished the best proof of his success by deceiving the dealers themselves. Trials were next made upon the public, and turkeys with varnished legs were offered to the cunningest cooks, who, deceived by appearances, made their purchases without demanding the customary abatement, and the conservation of the brilliant lustre of turkeys' legs became from that time forward a regular trade ; which certainly says little for the honesty of the poulterers, less for the judgment of the cooks, and least of all for the assumed delicacy of taste of the Parisian gourmets.

An imposition of quite another kind, which is carried on in Paris on a large scale, is the fabrication of Egyptian mummies. One man alone, Combalon by name, has manufactured no less than eight hundred of these interesting relics of the Ptolemaic era for provincial museums alone. His export business in counterfeit mummies extends over half the globe, even to Egypt itself, whence they return to Europe, with a sort of guarantee of genuineness. A skull, two fillets of veal, a dog's skin, and some linen bands, suffice for all that was mortal of a Cheops, a Pharaoh, a Ptolemy, or a Cleopatra.

From mummies to tape-worms is an ignoble transition, and only to be tolerated on the plea that both are equally counterfeited. Artificial tape-worms are manufactured at Paris in

crochet, any number of yards in length, according to price. When the rings constituting the ribs are completed, all that is necessary is to steep the future worm in a mixture of starch and gum. On becoming thoroughly dry it is placed in a glass jar, and, in due course, is exposed in some chemist's window as a marvellous result obtained by the persistent use of some specific vended by him.

The thousand and one fraudulent shifts apart from trade, to which certain of the Paris population are reduced, to get a living within the bounds of the law, has given rise to what is styled the ready-witness, or *détripé*, as he is nick-named, who, as soon as he hears of a crime having been committed, hurries off to the spot, where he picks up all the rumours that are afloat, and supplementing them with some inventions of his own, repeats them in the neighbouring cafés and cabarets, taking care to let his name and address be known. His statements, in due course, get repeated, and at last reach the ears of the authorities, whereupon he is summoned, and relates what he has heard. As may be supposed his deposition proves insignificant ; still he has secured for himself the couple of francs allowed to all witnesses duly summoned by the police. After a time of course he becomes known, and his evidence is no longer in request ; but he soon invents for himself some other calling, becomes, perhaps, what is called the "people." According to the Paris police reports of a few weeks back, an individual charged with vagabondage, in answer to the inquiries of the presiding magistrate as to the various callings he had followed to gain a livelihood, among other out-of-the-way pursuits, informed him that, under the reign of Louis Philippe, he had been the "people." On being asked to explain himself, he said he had received an allowance for shouting *Vive le Roi !* when his majesty went abroad. The newspapers, in chronicling the incident, admitted that the calling still existed, though the cry had changed into *Vive l'Empereur !*

TABLE TALK.

FIRE-PROOFING with asphalte sounds like killing to save life : the idea of employing a highly combustible substance as a safeguard against the spread of a conflagration, seems an absurdity. Yet it did not so prove itself on the occasion of a late trial made at one of the forage dépôts of the Paris General Omnibus Company. On the contrary, the experiment

put it beyond doubt that the bituminous compound is a most efficacious fire insulator ; and the company aforesaid has actually arranged for coating the floors of its granaries with it. In the tests which were employed, platforms of deal boards were erected to represent floors, and upon these a layer of asphalté was spread, a thin stratum of earthy material intervening. Fires were lighted, in some cases, on the asphalté surface, in others under the platform. In the first case a small depth of the pitch was melted, and its vaporised oils were burnt, but the calcined crust, thus formed, entirely prevented the heat—although it was sustained for an hour and a quarter—from reaching the substratum, and when the wood was laid bare, it was found to have sustained no injury whatever ; it was so cool that the hand could be held against it. In the second case, with the fire below the representative floor, the flames played upon the wood itself, but they could not do much mischief, because the joints were hermetically closed against them by the superposed asphalté ; the only damage was the charring of the under surface of the timbers ; no fire penetrated the floor. The thickness of the layer of earth was about an inch, that of the asphalté a little over half an inch. If anticipations are fulfilled, we shall have in this ductile but inodorous material a medium at once fire-proof and water-proof.

THERE are stranger fish out of the sea than ever were in it. A Yankee showman, a Barnumite, lately announced that an eminent doctor and traveller would exhibit at a certain natatorium a gigantic whale, which he, the doctor, had captured in the Pacific and brought to New York. The advertisement drew, and crowds went to see the monster, which floundered and spirted in a sort of cetacean style, but apparently with a somewhat unnatural, and in fact rather mechanical regularity. Some very suspicious visitors dared to doubt the vitality of the creature, and they set a sharp watch upon its doings. At a certain phase of the exhibition—possibly when his whaleship was exhausted and quiet—they were rewarded by the sight of four modern Jonahs emerging in secret from his capacious belly. This discovery prompted further research, and it was found that the fish was entirely home-made, and that its movements were produced by sundry ingenious mechanical devices worked by the stalwart fellows who had just been disgorged. The mob became infuriated, and the showman having skedaddled, vented their ven-

geance on the whale, and almost tore it to pieces. In a little while the matter appeared in one of the New York courts. The showman brought suit against the man whom he had employed to make the animal, for recovery of the money he had given him for the job—on what grounds my authority stateth not—and, strange to say, the judges gave a verdict for the plaintiff.

THE more valuable an article is the more it is counterfeited, and the greater the perfection to which falsification is carried. The diamond has been so successfully imitated that he must be an expert indeed who can tell the false from the true. It by no means follows that because a man deals in jewels his honesty must be of the first water, and the fact of a purchaser having paid for a diamond is not always proof that he has obtained one. There are known tests of genuineness, it is true ; but they are chiefly optical, and require apparatus and skill to make them. A method which any one can apply, or easily get applied, has been a desideratum ; but the want exists no longer. If you have a doubtful stone, put it, or cause it to be put, into a leaden or platinum cup, with some powdered fluor spar, and a little oil of vitriol : warm the vessel over some lighted charcoal, in a fire-place, or wherever there is a strong draught, to carry away the noxious vapours that will be copiously evolved. When these vapours have ceased rising let the whole cool, and then stir the mixture with a glass rod to fish out the diamond. If you find it intact it is a genuine stone ; but if it is false it will be corroded by the hydrofluoric acid that has been generated around it. A small "paste" diamond would disappear altogether under the treatment. They who profit by this recipe have to thank Signor Massimo Levi, an Italian chemist.

THINKING is an important preparation for speaking ; but in the heat of an argument there is not always time for it. A friend of mine gets over the difficulty, to some extent, by arming himself for a knotty discussion with a cigar : he says that a long draw and a protracted puff, give him a few moments to look around the point at issue, and to frame a safe reply—the opposite party attributing the delay to the requirements of the weed. But thinking before writing is still more important. Do you know how Lord Palmerston kept his pen waiting for his brain? He wrote standing, and had his desk at one end of the room and his inkstand

at the other. Every dip involved a walk, and a brief cogitation that prevented rash expression. Moreover, the body was kept in healthy exercise and the blood in constant circulation.

IF it be a fact that murderous deeds are done in cold blood, the proper time for such sins is between 11 at night and 1 in the morning; for it is in this interval that the temperature of the human body falls to its minimum. From some researches, lately communicated to the Royal Society, it appears that healthy beings go regularly through a daily cycle of variable warmth. The maximum heat is reached at 9 A.M., when, in persons under twenty-five, the temperature of the flesh stands at 99° Fahr., and this is maintained till 6 P.M., when it slowly and steadily falls till an hour before midnight; the amount of decrease by this time is something over two degrees. At about 3 A.M. the upward turn is taken, and the heat increases till 9 o'clock. It is curious that this extent of change only occurs to young bodies; old folks preserve a nearly equal degree of warmth all the twenty-four hours through. Other notable facts are, that feeding has nothing to do with the variations, and that hot and cold baths do not appear to interfere with the regularity of the successive changes.

DOUBTLESS everybody has, by this time, seen something of the beautiful electrical phenomena exhibited by what are called, after their inventor, Giessler's tubes—cylinders, or bulbs, of glass filled with rarefied gas, which glow with a soft mysterious light when a current is passed through them. Well, a French electrician, M. Alvergniat, has been for a long time trying to prepare these tubes in such a manner that they will need no electrical machine, or galvanic battery, to set them a-shining, and he has at length succeeded in making some that can be excited to luminosity by mere brisk rubbing with the hand or a silk handkerchief. The tubes, in this case, are filled with a substance that becomes phosphorescent by the action of electricity. There are many useful purposes to which such safe and portable illuminators could be applied. The postman, on his nightly round, could rub a light to decipher his addresses by; the traveller could use them to read sign-post inscriptions; the wakeful mortal, or the early riser, could keep one under his pillow along with his watch, to see the time without disturbing his horizontality. For this last purpose, I used, when young and green, to employ a small

phial with a few drops of sweet oil and a particle of phosphorus in it; this used to glow on being warmed in the hand. It was a dangerous trick, though no harm came of it. The electrical tubes will be perfectly harmless, when we get them; it can hardly be long first, for scientific toymen are eager to snatch at any feathers that will please, or straws that will tickle.

NEWSPAPER Correspondents, and the Court Newsman, have been telling us of "the christening" of her Majesty's ship *Druid*. Why could they not have contented themselves with saying that the ship in question was named on such a day? Surely the etymology of the word *Christen* should preserve it from being used to describe the breaking of a bottle of wine over the bows of a ship.

AT last it is possible to publish Victor Hugo's new story; and we regret very much to say that it cannot be published in *Once a Week*. The reason is that long before M. Hugo's novel was heard of in this country Mr. Anthony Trollope had agreed to write a story, to be commenced in the course of next month, a story of great interest, and specially designed for the form of *Once a Week*. In consequence of the first delays attending the appearance of *L'Homme qui Rit* in Paris, Mr. Trollope kindly consented, in spite of his other arrangements, to allow his story to stand over till the beginning of July—by which time it was expected that the publication of Victor Hugo's tale in this Magazine would be nearly completed. But unfortunately the latter has been so long delayed, that it is no longer possible to begin it in *Once a Week*, the limited size of which forbids the simultaneous publication of two novels of special interest and of great length. The proprietors have, therefore, wisely determined to transfer *By Order of the King* to the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. In place of Victor Hugo's tale a new story by a popular author will be immediately commenced.

NOTICE.—The English Translation of Victor Hugo's New Story "*L'Homme qui Rit*," announced to appear in *ONCE A WEEK*, under the title of "*By Order of the King*," will be published in *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE*, commencing with the May Number.

The Authors of the articles in *ONCE A WEEK* reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK

New Series

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SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

A Novel. By the Author of GARDENHURST.

CHAPTER I.

"BY THE WORLD FORGOT."

NEVER did a house stand so completely out of the world as the old Manor of Auriel, in Essex. Not only was it isolated from the din and hubbub of towns, but its loneliness was unshared even by those small attendant homesteads that usually cluster near a rich man's abode. A wealthy gentleman who spends a certain portion of his time in the country, generally forms the nucleus of a small colony of poor neighbours, who bear the same relation to the great house as parasitical plants to the giant trunk which supports and nourishes their weak tendrils. When my lord is at the castle his farrier exults in the village—there is a constant clatter at the anvil; the blacksmith's hand encircles the dainty heels of my lord's highly-bred horses; these horses, with their well-groomed glossy faces, standing often cheek-by-jowl beside their stalwart brothers, the hairy Esaus of the plough; while jaunty stable-boys, with the inevitable sprig in their mouths, lounge against pillar and post, doing the grand for the benefit of gaping clowns. The butcher and the baker, the grocer and the carpenter, all have equal reasons to rejoice in my lord's occupation of his house. The back paths to his door echo with the rumbling of rustic carts; the needy and infirm creep to his gates on those days when the smell of hot soup and newly-baked bread in the court yards tell of alms to be given and received; the schoolchildren are clean in face and straight in back when they make their curtsies to what, they suppose, are the gentlefolk's faces; but such obeisances (being awkward and ill-directed) are more generally given as tokens of respect to the inferior side of their superiors' persons.

At Auriel Place no such signs of life and occupation were ever visible. The roads that passed the grounds were bye-roads; no mail-cart ever trolled along those rugged lanes; no railway whistle outscrambled the cry of the jay in the woods, or the shrill wail of the peacock that strutted through the unkempt grass of the lawn. The house had been empty of its owner for eleven years past. During that period the Mowbrays of Auriel had been living on the Continent, eking out as economically as possible the remains of what had once been a fine income. Their one son, Thurstan Mowbray, was educated in England; but as he always spent his holidays with some cousins, he was a stranger to Auriel.

The sole occupants of the big house, the only human tenants of the wilderness of flowers and trees, whose voices alone sounded through those trailing gardens, were George Moore, the gardener, and his daughter Azalea.

George Moore had been placed in charge of Auriel Place when it was deserted by its owners: Mr. Mowbray had taken him from a distant county at the recommendation of a friend. "Moore has been in my service some years; he is well-educated, trustworthy, and an able gardener; he is a widower with one child; he has but lately lost his wife, and has been much crushed by his sorrow; he does not require high wages, and from his steadfast, taciturn disposition he is just the Cerberus required to guard your empty house."

This letter, signed *Orme*, proceeded from one of Mr. Mowbray's old college friends, Baron Orme, of Orme Castle, in Sussex, one who had been born a younger son, but who had lately succeeded to the title by one of those strange turns of the wheel by which Fortune sometimes compensates to cadets of noble families for the legal misfortune they have experienced in being begotten late in the day.

Mr. Mowbray had no hesitation in accepting his friend's recommendation; and on the day the Mowbrays left Auriel for the Continent, George Moore and his daughter walked down

the grass-grown path that led them to their new home.

"I think we shall have it all to ourselves here, lass," Moore said, as his eye fell on the desolate-looking pile of buildings that stood before him. Azalea, aged four, sucked her thumb and stared solemnly at a magpie that was ducking his head under the shelter of a broken dial to evade the assaults of some angry swallows, whose young the pie bird had maliciously ejected from their nests.

When they entered the house Moore raked together some charred bits of stick that had been left to smoulder away in solitude in the old-fashioned kitchen chimney, and re-kindled them, with the aid of some shavings he discovered in an adjacent cupboard. In a few minutes flames were leaping brightly on the hearth, and little Azalea, seated on a three-legged stool by the fireside, generously endeavoured to communicate the warmth and comfort she herself felt to the unshapely feet of her sawdust-stuffed dolls, Blanche and Isabel. George Moore looked tenderly at the bright flaxen curls that made such a halo against the dark background of shadows.

"I love 'oo," she announced presently.

"I thought you loved the other daddy," George objected, secretly flattered, nevertheless.

A look of profound meditation came over those baby features.

"But he went away; and now 'Zalea can't 'member him. 'Zalea likes daddy best, who always carries her when she's tired and gives her supper."

The child looked wistfully at the basket which contained the viands that had accompanied the travellers from Sussex, and George rose and attended to her wants, and listened to her foolish, fond, child-talk until the forlorn man believed that the love he felt he was creating, and that this round, dimpled, curly-headed babe might one day grow to love and cherish for their own sake the hands she clung to now from a purely animal instinct—the instinct that makes young blind puppies nestle their blunt noses in the right quarter for their mother's milk.

The shadows deepened on tree and shrub outside the lonely house; the wind came sweeping over the dank marsh land, to fill the mind with ill omens with its dreary aimlessness; but George had no leisure to feel the ill-lighted room dark or dull, for Miss Azalea had chosen that he should assume for her amusement the position in which a much more distinguished man was once detected by Henri Quatre. Moore was getting old, so he felt

rather stiff when at length Azalea suffered her horse to rise from his knees.

"I tired—I go to bed," cried the mighty despot of four years.

Then she essayed to kneel, but overbalanced herself, and subsided into a bundle at Moore's feet—a bundle of tumbled lilac frock, shapeless flaxen curls, flushed cheeks, and sleepy eyes. Clapping her dimpled fingers as tightly as their rotundity would permit, she looked up at the blackened rafters, beyond which lay vague realms of that beautiful something which she had been taught to address as heaven, and cooed out little prayers for such things as she esteemed dear.

"Pray God bless papa, and poor dead mamma, who can't pray for herself, and take care of daddy, and me, and—"

She hesitated. Moore bent down his ear to the little pink mouth.

"Amen," he prompted. "Amen."

"God bless her and keep her. I dare say she will be a comfort to me when I am grown old and helpless," was Moore's reflection as he bent over the flossy webs of hair.

He forgot that his nestling had not found her wings yet. What young swallow, bound landward for new summers, would stay its flight for the sake of the parent bird, should the latter sink cramped with cold and age in the dim ocean behind it?

Eight years passed like a dream to George Moore; a dream full of sad content, like the death-glow of autumn eves. He felt a placid interest in the world of flowers and fruit in which his lot was cast. He would sit for hours in the sun cleansing the buds and stems of the roses that grew on the lawn. He took especial pains with the grassplot that faced the front windows.

But George still cherished the illusion that "company might come some day;" so he expended all his energies on that portion of the lawn which fronted the carriage-drive and the trim-shaven plot of grass, the methodical way in which the roses hung their heads, the even flower-beds, and the regular box borders, made a quaint, ugly little bit of civilization in the midst of the untrained luxuriance of the rest of the garden. Outside that patch of cultivation the roses flung their red heads recklessly into the laps of dull nettles. The bramble and woodbine rivalled each other in wantonness, while the ivy scrambled over grey terraces and crumbled walls, as though in haste to smother all trace of human workmanship.

Time passed away happily to these recluses.

They did not feel the want of the world from which they were shut out.

Azalea was nearly twelve now, and the pleasures of childhood were already slipping away from her. She no longer made toys of the pebbles and palaces of broken glass and spongy moss. She liked better to listen to the rustle of the leaves as the wind swept through them; the whispers of strange voices seemed to come through the mysteries of dense thickets, and echoes of faint laughter to ripple down the brook that splashed at her feet; the faces, of which she had read in the old romances, grew into life in the summer-scented air. The plumes of her favourite knights gleamed through the dark avenues, and lustrous-eyed beauties plucked the roses that grew in the Auriel wilderness to grace their lovers' helms. In youth, when the child flings down ball and rattle to take pleasure in the first faint glimmer of awakening intelligence, the joys and sorrows of his bitter hereafter come shadowed to him in the delicious fancies of romance. He hears in fiction faint echoes of sobs that are not his, but with which an instinctive prescience teaches him to sympathise. He thrills to the passion that rings in the tone of phantom lovers; his heart goes out to that warmth, and with each quickened pulsation he leaves his childhood further behind him. Like Don Quixote, the child, earnest and single-minded, does not appreciate all the sham of fiction or of the life that fiction simulates; to him the puppets are living souls, and so he gives genuine sympathy to their mimic sorrow, and tastes a thousand pleasures in their success.

It was an October evening when Azalea was disturbed from a reverie under her favourite chestnut-tree, by the unusual sound of strange footsteps coming down the path near her. Strange footsteps were not uncommon on the narrow track that led across the back path to the village, but they were very rare indeed in this, the principal road to the lodge. A small terrier, that had been huddled up in his young mistress's lap, broke from her suddenly, and, with eyes of fire, and tail in a quiver of angry agitation, flew to assault the new-comer. The child looked up with a wondering stare.

Who could this be—this slight middle-aged man who was walking down the path with such ease of manner—a man whose refined appearance contrasted greatly with the rustic garb and bearing of the only male acquaintance Azalea had ever known?

A few steps more, and he would be near her. Azalea wavered between an inclination to rush away in a tumult of unreasoning terror, and a desire to stay and rescue her dog from the proximity of this strange presence.

The gentleman looked up curiously at the tree. Azalea had shrunk back a little, and the afternoon sun was in his eyes.

This was a man of observation, and he was curious to see what cause for doggish excitement lurked behind those crooked branches. So he lifted his hand, and removing the foliage, became aware of a bright, startled human face opposite to him. He stepped back hastily, his own face white with surprise.

Then he moved forward and looked earnestly at the little figure perched on the bough before him.

"My dear," he said—and his voice sounded low and pleasant, like the voices she imagined her favourite heroes possessed—"what is your name?"

"Azalea," the girl answered promptly; "and that is Topaz," pointing to the dog.

Then she slipped off her seat to the ground, and confronted the stranger with shy wondering eyes.

"Do you want father?"

Her voice had a slightly rustic intonation in it, but it was as sweet and low as his own; his eyes dwelt with satisfaction on her small-tipped fingers and tiny feet, and his pale face glowed at the sound of her voice.

"Why do you think I want father?" he asked abstractedly.

"I thought you might have come to buy some apples," the little maiden said; "our ripstone pippins are very fine this year."

"So you sell apples."

"Yes; would you like to see some?"

"Very much, if you will show them to me."

They moved away from the tree together, and as they walked down the gravel path, he looked intently at the only bit of bright human life this deserted place seemed to possess.

A head of fair curls, cut short like a boy's, dark violet eyes, a small sun-tanned face, red mouth, and slender form, white shoulders surrounded by the clumsy, ill-made hem of a lilac cotton dress, a torn pinafore, bits of withered leaves clinging to her hair, and a tattered book in her hand.

Such was the picture presented to him.

The little girl walked silently by his side: she felt as if she were in a dream. The dying sunbeams that streamed athwart the path, the creaking firs, the friendly aspect of trees with whose every contortion of shape she was

acquainted, seemed to wear a less familiar appearance under the influence of this new, strange presence.

They arrived at the apple house. The apple house was a huge shed, and in the shed stood a ladder which communicated with the loft where the apples were kept. Azalea ran up the ladder with the ease and speed of a cat; her new acquaintance followed more soberly. He had not been accustomed of late years to such a primitive method of ascent, and his thin boots slipped provokingly over the well-worn bars. He scrambled into the loft with some loss of dignity, and found Azalea looking complacently at the pyramids of red, brown, and yellow apples piled in rows on different sides of the shed.

"Eat one," she suggested, insidiously.

The stranger laughed.

"My dear, it would kill me," he said, ruefully.

"Would it, really?" drawled Azalea, in a tone of wonder. "Why, I eat baskets and basketsful."

"So could I when I was like you, only twelve years old; but you see I am a grey-headed old man."

"How do you know I am twelve?" said Azalea, surprised.

The stranger looked rather disconcerted.

"I—I guessed it," he said.

"And you are not so very old," she added, looking at him. "Not so old as father."

"Do you love your father?"

"Oh, yes! and Topaz too."

There was silence again for a few seconds. Then he caught hold of the book in her hand and drew it towards the old-fashioned lattice to read the title.

"Can you read?" he asked, abruptly.

"I should rather think so."

"And what do you read?"

"*The Arabian Nights*, *Clarissa Harlowe*, *Jack the Giant Killer*, *Hume's History of England*, and the *Latin Grammar*."

"The Latin grammar! What a very odd little girl. You must be very wise."

"No, I am not," the child said, simply; "but I know my verbs."

"That's more than Conrad does."

"Who's Conrad?"

"My little boy."

"Have you any little girls?" Azalea asked, edging nearer to the barrel on which he had seated himself.

"Yes, two."

"Only two?"

"Only two." It was strange the difficulty

he seemed to find in answering this last question: he hesitated, and as his eyes met hers, he looked down at his boots.

She lifted up her violet eyes, and said, with a sort of subdued enthusiasm, "Oh, how I should like to see them!"

The stranger looked at her with tenderness. "So you shall," he said.

Again there was silence, for Azalea was lost in the reflections evoked by the nature of her new friend's last observation; and she stared out of the lattice panes in a sweet tumult of excitement. The occupant of the wooden cask looked at her thoughtfully. "I wish they were like her," he muttered; "so high-bred in appearance—so pretty!"

The sun was sinking in intensely red streaks behind a grove of firs opposite the window. A faint reflex of its glow suffused that rugged-looking room, and cast warm lights on Azalea's flaxen head and on the mound of gold-cheeked apples heaped near the eastern wall. The faint, sweet smell of the fruit, the flutter of the birds in the eaves, the warm gusts of air that came in through the broken panes—all breathed of peace and wealth; not of the wealth of art, but that of Nature.

He who sat watching little Azalea with such a wistful sadness in his grey-blue eyes had spent the previous day in a house where the wealth of art predominated. In his London home the rooms were furnished with gorgeous sofas and heavy curtains; exquisitely painted pictures hung on his walls, and marble statues gleamed in the shadowy nooks of his broad staircases. He possessed rare similitudes of flowers and fruit, painted by clever Dutchmen, but the living flowers that stood by the windows were shrivelled and limp-looking; the ivy that was planted in the area rippled up the outer wall in a dingy-looking streak of green. Here, round this roughly-shaped chamber, Nature revelled in her exuberance. She poured forth sweet scents from the dew-heavy roses below. The ivy, thick with foliage, threw out hundreds of light-green tendrils to clamber over the darker mass of green beneath; the birds built their nests in the securely-twisted branches, while the twigs offered a secure footing to numberless young swallows, who sat on them in puffy imbecility.

Some of the ivy tendrils had forced their way into the room, and had conferred grace on the uneven boards and cobwebbed walls; outside the window the eye roved over rich undulations of variously coloured foliage: the deep red of the beech, the wan yellow of the

limes, contrasted well with gloomy, stolid-looking groups of firs and delicate masses of oak-leaves. Far off, where the soft fringes of the woodland melted into the vaporous gloom of the horizon, a church spire was dimly visible, and the deep tones of its bell began to toll the hour of seven. The stranger drew nearer the window, and looked wistfully out at the dying day.

"What do you see?" Azalea asked, curiously, as she caught sight of the intent face he was turning westward.

Had he answered truly, he would have said, "I see the gleam of a broad river begin to widen among these dense thickets. I see a grey bridge, and a drooping willow. The red sun is flushing the water instead of these woody glooms. By the stream's verge I watch for the flutter of a little grey shawl, and then I feel with my lips the glow that deepens on the sweetest face that ever man loved."

As it was, he turned his grave eyes on the child, and gave her what she mentally stigmatised as a crooked answer.

"Do you ever go to church?"

"Yes; often."

"Do you like it?"

"Yes; there's a sermon on afternoons; father goes to sleep, and I sit and watch the figures. There's a man in armour kneeling on a cushion, and a woman in a stiff collar at the other end: there are six children in stiff collars kneeling by their side; the children have got their mouths open like little birds gaping for worms. Underneath there are some verses, which says they're all gone to heaven. I used to hope that when they got there some one would undo the collars for them—they looked so choked. I wish," the child added, coming nearer to him, "that if you know anything about it you would tell me, it *is* such a puzzle to me."

"What is a puzzle?"

"What we are up *there*," pointing to the sky. "Will the birds wear their feathers? Will the squirrels run up trees? Will the dear little foxes burrow their sharp noses without being troubled by the dogs barking at their tails?"

"Hush, hush! you mustn't talk so: there won't be any animals there: and don't call a fox's tail a tail—call it a brush."

He was a sound christian, and a good sportsman, and he was shocked by such unconventional remarks.

"Then you think when I die I shall never see Topaz any more?" the child said in a melancholy voice.

"No; but you'll see every one else: all the human beings that have ever died will wear the bright form of spirits."

"But I don't care about any one else excepting father," the child said, ruefully. "To be sure," she added, with a gleam of satisfaction, "I shall see the little marble boys and girls, and perhaps they will be pleased to see me as I've looked at them so long."

The stranger was inexpressibly touched. "My poor darling," he began; but he was arrested both in his speech and in the caress he was about to give the flaxen head, for George Moore's voice was heard below.

"Azalea, lass, come down: it's time to go home to tea. I've beaten down all the 'sops in wine,' and to-morrow we'll pick them up."

"There's father," Azalea said, her little face lighting up. She descended swiftly, and meeting George at the foot of the steps, began a hurried account of the new visitor, in which the only coherent sentence was: "And he has promised I shall see his little girls."

George Moore listened with wonder, mixed with a vague sensation of alarm: "Who is it? *who* is it, d'ye say, Azalea?" he asked. The stranger had descended the steps, and now advanced in time to answer the question.

"You have forgotten me, I see, Moore," he said, kindly.

The old gardener turned pale at the sound of the voice—at the sight of the clear-cut face.

"Good Lord! is it really you, Mr. Francis? My lord, I mean. Oh, sir! what a start you have given me!"

Then, with a deeper agitation in his voice, the old man pointed to the child, who fitted swiftly before them as they turned to go to the house.

"You are—not thinking—of—you're not going to take her from me, are you, Mr. Francis? I love her so, and she is like my own child to me. She makes old age easier to me, and I think she loves me."

"Yes, I think she does," the younger man said, with a slight touch of vexation in his voice; then he added gently, "Be easy, Moore; I would only take her for a very little while. She shall never leave you while you live, unless she herself wishes it."

"Take her for a very little while," Moore echoed, in astonishment; "what would Lady Orme say?"

"Lady Orme is dead," his companion answered gravely.

"Tea is ready, father," said a childish treble at his knee. Both men started and smiled, as,

on looking down, they saw a flaxen head breaking the shadow between them, and each felt a little hand slipped in his own.

"You shall both lead me home," she said, graciously. And accordingly all three entered the Auriel door together.

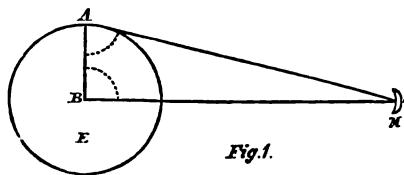
THE SUN'S DISTANCE.

ASTRONOMY is a science of grand problems, and one of its grandest is the measurement of the distance between the earth and the sun. Upon this datum depends the survey of the solar system, and the sounding of the deep space that lies beyond. Would we number the myriads of miles that separate us from the habitants—if such there be—of Uranus and Neptune? our counter must be the distance of the sun. Would we span the bright zones that float around the Saturnian globe? we must infer the dimensions from the distance of the sun. Would we gauge the great sphere of Jupiter, and mete his fourfold moons? we must first learn his orbit's width by deduction from our own distance from the sun. Further than these, if we would essay to throw a bridge of numbers from this universe of ours to the far distant stars that light up other worlds, the same fundamental measure must be the basis of our calculations.

And while the problem is grand from the results that are derivable from it, it is noble from another cause—from the difficulties that attend its solution, and the skill, ingenuity, and foresight with which it has to be attacked. It is not to be resolved by a few hours of comfortable telescopic gazing, nor by a few days of even arduous calculation. There must be brought to bear upon it a large knowledge of antecedent facts; extensive schemes of observation must be organised, involving well considered and costly preparations; and, for the most accurate means of determination, at all events, the uttermost parts of the earth must be visited to find stand-points for the observers. Moreover, the advantageous circumstances upon which this particularly accurate means is dependent can only occur at epochs separated by a century: the dimensions of the planetary orbits given in all but the most recent and most accurate astronomical works, depend upon observations made in the year 1769.

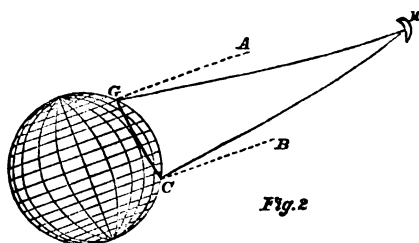
The astronomer's term which expresses the distance of the sun is the *solar parallax*, or the angle which the earth's radius would subtend to an observer situated on the sun; and, gene-

rally, the parallax of any heavenly body is the angular semi-diameter of the earth as seen from that body. For instance, in the annexed figure, in which call *E* the earth and *M* the



moon, the angle $\angle AMB$ is the parallax of the moon. To obtain this angle we should have to measure the angle at *A* and that at *B*, when, knowing, as we do from geodetic surveys, the earth's radius, or AB , it would be easy to compute the rest of the elements of the triangle ABM , and thus arrive at the angle $\angle AMB$, which is the moon's parallax, or at the length of the line BM in miles, which is the distance from the moon to the earth.

Our figure 1 does not represent the identical state of things in the determination of the moon's distance, because no observatories exist just a radius of the earth apart, as we have supposed: but figure 2 shows what is really done. There is an observatory at *G* (Greenwich) and another at *C* (Cape of Good Hope). The milear distance between them is accurately obtainable. This distance is the base line which serves with the observed declination of



the moon at each station, to wit the angles $\angle G M C$, $\angle B C M$, to construct the triangle $G M C$, and thus to determine the moon's distance in miles from either station, and, by deduction, from the earth's centre.

The determination of the distance of a heavenly body, then, is a trigonometrical measure, with the earth's radius, or some well ascertained proportion of it, for a base line. But this method cannot be employed for every celestial object; for this reason, that where the object is very distant the base becomes too small to serve as a reliable unit of measure. A foot-rule would be a very unsafe standard, for

the measurement of a mile. Accuracy cannot be secured where the measure and the distance to be ascertained are immensely disproportional. The earth is a sufficient base for triangulating to the moon, and it can be used for the nearer planets Mars and Venus; but for nothing beyond. A certain amount of error is inevitable in any astronomical measurement, and where this amount bears any considerable proportion to the whole quantity sought for, the method becomes unreliable and worthless. In this matter of parallax, an error of one second of arc in that of the moon would only give rise to an error of about fifty miles in the deduced distance of our satellite, whereas the same amount of error in the parallax of the sun, would involve an error of distance of no less than seven millions of miles.

Direct measurement of the solar parallax being debarred us, we are compelled to resort to a circuitous mode of ascertaining it. Kepler's beautiful third law, the harmonic law, offers the solution of the problem. It connects the distances of the planets from the sun with the periods of their orbital revolution, and thus enables us after having found the parallax of any one of them, to infer all the rest. Venus and Mars are the two members of our system which approach us so nearly as to admit of their distance being determined from our available base line—the earth's diameter. And of the two, the first, coming the nearest, offers the greater advantages. But the conditions favourable to the determination of Venus's parallax are those to which we alluded as occurring only once in a century. In fact they are only fulfilled when the planet passes exactly between the sun and the earth and is seen by a terrestrial spectator to transit the solar disc in the form of a round black spot. This phenomenon recurs at intervals, regularly alternating, of 8, 122, 8, 105, 8, 122, &c. years. The earliest observations of a transit undertaken with the view of determining the point before us were those of 1761, and it is to Halley, the second of our astronomers royal, that we must accord the credit of recognising and enforcing the importance of the event as a favourable occasion for solving what he styled, "a problem most noble." Kepler, however, had suggested the application a century before.

The principle involved in this use of a transit of Venus is easily to be understood with the help of a diagram. In figure 3 let the large circle represent the sun, E the earth, supposed for our present purpose stationary, and V Venus, moving along her orbital course, in the direction of the arrows. Suppose that one ob-

server take his station at N, on the North pole, or near it, and another places himself at S, near to the South pole; and imagine them both on the look out for the coming of Venus in front of the sun, the time of which is predictable to within a very few seconds. It is plain that the observer at N will see the planet enter upon

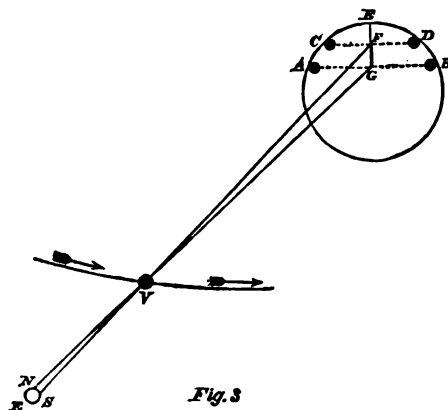


Fig. 3

the disc at A and traverse the longer chord I have drawn, going off at B. The observer at S, however, will not see the entry till some little time after N saw it, because from his point of view the planet is thrown up to a smaller part of the solar circle. He sees it come on at C; and, as it has a shorter chord to pass over, it leaves the disc to him sooner than it will to N. In other words N observes a long duration of transit and S a short one; for each notes and records the instant at which each phase occurs. Now the diameter of the solar disc is accurately known, and so is the rate at which Venus travels; these enable the calculator in possession of the two durations of transit procured by N and S to compute exactly the lengths of the chords AB and CD. And from these he can obtain the corresponding versed sines, as he calls them; these are the lines EF and EG; and finally he arrives at the length of FG. And this is the diameter of the earth projected on the sun, or so much of the diameter as is comprehended between the observers at N and S. And while it is projected it is magnified, in proportion as the distance of the sun from Venus is to that of Venus from the earth. If these distances were equal, obviously the length of FG would be just that of the line NS lying between the two observers. But the distance of Venus from the sun is to that of the earth as 72 is to 100; consequently the respective distances of the planet from sun and earth are as

72 to 28, which is as $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 1. So that the magnification of the projected diameter of the earth, the line *FG*, is $2\frac{1}{2}$ times, and that of the earth's radius 5 times. And the earth's radius thus projected on the sun through the interposition of Venus is the parallax of Venus, from which that of the sun can be inferred. In the magnified projection we see the advantage of the method; that whatever inaccuracy may creep into the measurement or the determination of the line *FG*, it only affects the resulting parallax by one fifth of its amount. A large measure is made to get a small one, and this is the plan to minimize the consequences of error.

For verily the case demands every possible help towards accuracy; the actual quantity to be measured is so exceedingly small. Let us endeavour to convey an idea of it. The disc of the sun subtends an angle, to a terrestrial spectator, of rather more than half a degree; really about 32 minutes, or 1924 angular seconds. Now the sun's horizontal parallax is rather less than 9 of these seconds; more accuracy presently. Dividing the diameter by this figure we get 214 in round numbers. So that the whole quantity of which we are in search is only equal to the 214th part of the apparent diameter of the sun. A sixpence six feet from your eye just covers the sun; it subtends the same angle as the solar disc. Imagine the 214th part of the coin's diameter at this distance, and you have an idea of the microscopic proportions of the measurement that has to be made to arrive at the distance of our earth from the centre of the planetary system; and you may judge of the care required in the work, by the fact that an error amounting to a twentieth part of the whole measurement would produce a corresponding error of about four millions of miles in the said distance.

We have seen how an *angle* representing the solar parallax is found. It may be asked, How is this turned into milear distance? Simply thus: we know that the earth's radius is 3956 miles long; all, then, that we have to do is to find how far off a line of this length must be to subtend an angle of 9 seconds, or whatever is the solar parallax. This is easily calculated by trigonometrical tables; and it is found that the distance is something less than one hundred millions of miles.

The method of finding the solar parallax by means of transits of Venus, although simple in conception is very difficult in consummation. The greatest trouble is in planting the observers in suitable situations for getting

the maximum displacement of the chord which each sees the planet traverse on the solar disc, especially when account is taken of the earth's rotation, which in the four or five hours occupied by the transit, completely alters the position of the sun in the sky at the various stations. Halley foresaw the labour and cost which the observations would entail, and he seems to have been fearful lest they should not be made, for he put forth his suggestions forty years before the transit of 1761, and when he was himself sixty years old. His appeal, spoken before the Royal Society a century and a half ago by the astronomer royal of that day, was lately echoed word for word by the astronomer royal of this day, in urging before the Royal Astronomical Society the necessity for preparing for the transits that are to occur in 1874, and 1882.

Halley did not plead in vain. England, France, and Russia, dispatched their best observers to the indicated vantage grounds for viewing the conjunction of 1761, and a goodly series of observations was secured. But the after discussion of them revealed discordances that made the whole collection unreliable, and no more use was made of this transit: it was at the best an unfavourable one, from astronomical causes. Experience, however, was gained, and when eight years brought a favourable recurrence of the phenomenon, all was prepared to make the best of it. The same countries again put forth their scientific strength, and fitted out costly expeditions to the places of observation. Captain Cook was sent with two other observers to Otaheite, at the private expense—it is said—of George the Third. Wales and Dymond went to Hudson's Bay; Father Hell and two colleagues to an Arctic position, Cape Wardhus, to the north-east of Norway; the Abbé Chappe, Vincent Doz, and two others, to St. Joseph, in California; and Rumowsky to Kola, in Lapland. These were the successful enterprisers, those who made available observations: others there were who made journeys for nothing. On the whole, a most excellent series of observations was secured. Forthwith several famous astronomers set about the reduction of them, obtaining slightly different but generally consistent results. These varied from $8''.43$, which was the value obtained by Planmann, to $8''.82$, which was that deduced by Euler. Subsequently, in 1824, the illustrious Encke took the materials in hand, and analysed and reduced the observations with what was then thought exhaustive care; and the result was a parallax of $8''.5776$; the extra

decimals are no proof of accuracy, but German calculators rejoice in them, correct or not. The corresponding distance to this value is ninety-five millions of miles.

This was the distance which we were taught by the text books to believe in, and which we held to as a figure as indisputable as the sum of two and two. And it supplied the wants of the astronomers during what may be called the early years of their era of accuracy. It must not be thought that the science has always been characterised by the extreme exactitude which at present distinguishes it. Precision of observation depends upon instruments, and these owe their present state of perfection to the advancement of mechanical skill and the employment of machine tools which have come with later times. The tests of theory are observations; greater accuracy in the latter brings about the scrutiny and correction of the former.

Ninety-five millions of miles, answered to the radius of the earth's orbit for a while, but by-and-by it came to be doubted. Professor Hansen, of Gotha, working at the theory of the moon's motions, found that the observed attraction by the sun of the moon in different parts of the lunar orbit, an element into which the sun's distance enters, was not consistent with the accepted value of the solar parallax. Le Verrier, investigating the orbits of the earth, Venus and Mars, found that the same value required an increase of about the third part of a second. Foucault, measuring the velocity of light, obtained a result which was incompatible with the received distance of the sun and the time occupied by its beams in travelling to the earth. Lastly, at the instigation of the astronomer royal, several independent determinations of the parallax of Mars were made in 1862, when the planet was favourably situated for the purpose, and the parallax of the sun inferred from these was in close accordance with the increased value suggested by M. Le Verrier. The mean of all the assigned values is $8''.9$: it does not appear that another decimal can be depended upon; and this corresponds to a distance of 91,800,000 miles.

When it was announced that a correction amounting to three or four millions of miles was to be made in the chief datum of metrical astronomy, the ignorant were loud in their sneers at the boasted accuracy of the science. Even Dr. Hooker, addressing the British Association at Norwich, could not resist a side blow at its dignity, alluding to this error as a proof of the fallibility of human deduc-

tions. The reproach, excusable enough from the uninitiated, ought not to have escaped from a professed man of learning, who could easily have ascertained the actual state of the case. The three millions, more or less, of miles correspond to about a twenty-fifth part of the solar parallax. Revert to my sixpenny comparison. The whole parallax is represented by the 214th part of a sixpence, six feet off. I have just measured the breadth of a human hair, and I find that this 214th part of the silver coin is equal to rather less than a hair and a half. The error is but a twenty-fifth of this, or about the seventeenth part of a hair's breadth at six feet distant. When any man finds himself equal to measuring a hair's breadth thus far, and thus accurately, and not, mind, by direct vision, but by a circuitous method, measuring an intervening object first, that man may jest at the astronomers' mistake; but if he fail, let him ever after hold his peace.

There was the discrepancy, however, and why did it exist? Viewing the inter-corroboration of the later determinations, suspicion naturally fell on that from the old transit. It had been thought that one observer, Father Hell, who occupied an important observing station, had forged his observations. Let us hope that his name had nothing to do with the bad opinion; I believe the only reason for it was that, from some unknown cause, he withheld for some time the publication of his figures. Now there seemed additional grounds for the doubt. The 1769 transit, and all its results, appeared likely to become a dead letter, when one of our foremost mathematical astronomers, Mr. Stone, the astronomer royal's first assistant, bethought him to go over the process of reduction once again, in order that, if no other fruits were reaped, a clearer view might be obtained "of the sources of systematic error or wrong interpretation which might be feared, and ought to be guarded against, in the observations proposed to be made at the transits of 1874 and 1882." His reward was great; for, without any arbitrary selection or rejection of materials, such as others, to procure apparent consistency, had resorted to, and by strictly interpreting the language employed by the observers in describing the particular phase of the phenomenon they observed—a precaution which the older calculators did not sufficiently heed—he arrived at a value of the parallax which may be called identical with that obtained by the later methods, his actual figures being $8''.91$.

A curious appearance presented by a planet

in crossing the edge of the solar disc is at the bottom of all the confusion. It is so curious, yet so explainable, as to be worth illustrating. We will take the case of Mercury or Venus going off the sun. When the planet comes nearly to the edge of the disc it appears to throw out a black tongue or protuberance, forming a ligament connecting it with the dark sky. Figure 4 shows this peculiar effect,

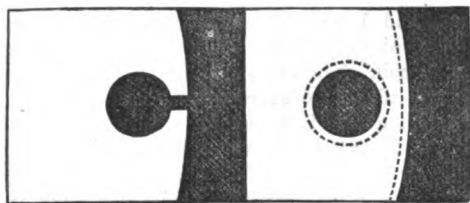


Fig. 4

Fig. 5

with a little exaggeration. I and many others had an opportunity of seeing it at the late transit of Mercury. It is no illusion, in the ordinary sense of the word, but an inevitable phenomenon; and this is the cause of it. When we look at the sun through a telescope we do not see its *real* edge but a spurious edge, extending beyond the real one; the enlargement being due to what luminologists call irradiation. From the same cause Mercury or Venus, seen with the sun for a background, is diminished in apparent size by the encroachment of the solar light upon its dark disc. This will be understood from a glance at figure 5, in which the dotted lines represent—upon an exaggerated scale, necessarily—the real boundaries of sun and planet, and the black outlines what the eye takes to be such. Now, when these real edges come together and overlap, what happens? Just what I have drawn on figure 6. The light is absolutely

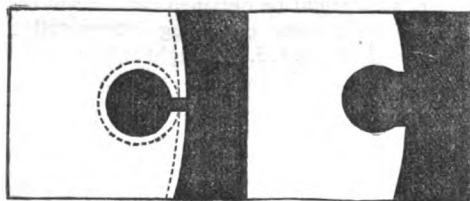


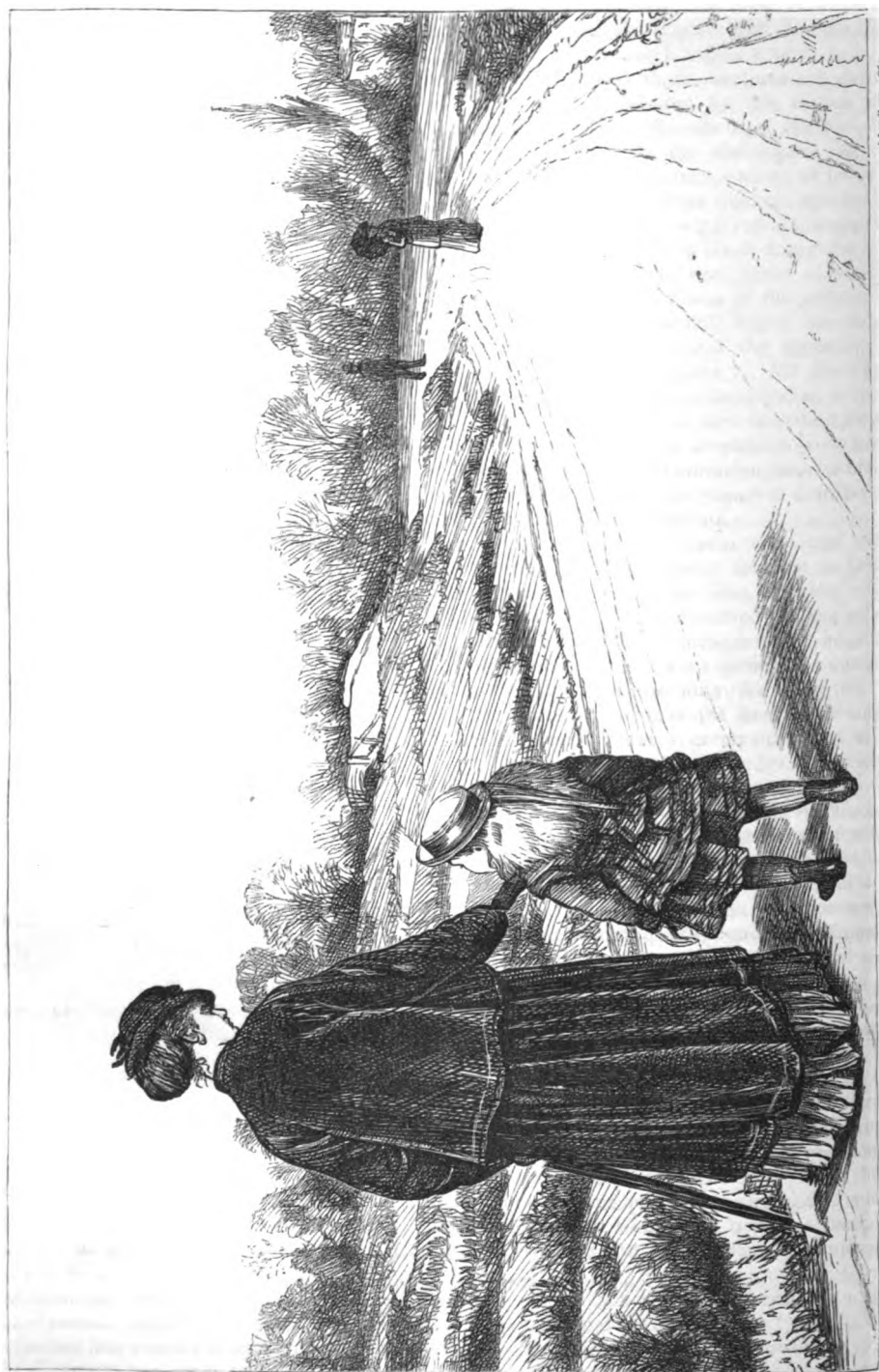
Fig. 6

Fig. 7

cut off at the point of contact, and the eye sees nothing; but above and below this point the spurious discs remain fully visible: it is the breaking away of their false light that occasions the formation of this *black drop*, as the ligament has been termed. The critical moments to be noted in observing the duration

of a planet's transit are those at which the black disc breaks contact with the sun's edge, for the ingress, and makes contact again, at the egress; and these junctures and disjunctures are complicated by this curious phenomenon. Now the whole of the confusion brought about by the discordance between the old and new determinations of the sun's distance has arisen from different uses and interpretations of the word *contact* as applying to the formation of this black drop; that is, to the touching of the real limbs of sun and planet; and to that phase of the phenomenon at which the apparent edges are judged to be in contact, when the appearance is like that shown in figure 7. Mr. Stone's accordant value of the solar parallax is due to his scrupulous care in discriminating the observations and to his treatment of each particular recorded time according to the particular language by which the observer described the phase to which it referred.

Another pair of transits will occur within the next fourteen years; the first on Dec. 8, 1874; the second on Dec. 6, 1882. Is it needful that they be observed? They will involve troublesome operations for longitudes of stations, and costly expeditions; one especially favourable locality for observing the second transit being on the Antarctic continent, at a particular spot whereon northern foot has not yet stepped. Even if it should be decided that existing wants do not demand the data these occasions will afford, it would, or it might, bring discredit on this age of science if they were passed over, seeing that, after them, no repetition of the event will occur till the year 2004. So the astronomers are urging attention to the needful preparations; for instruments are not made, nor observers trained, nor schemes organised, in a few months; and arrangements, and methods, and precautions, are now under discussion. Among these, a plan for photographing the sun, with Venus on its disc, has been devised by Mr. De la Rue: the accurate pictures thus secured will enable the chords we spoke of to be drawn and measured at leisure. But England is not alone concerned in the matter. The dispersion of observers to stations far apart, in order to widen the base lines between them, will be a matter for international arrangement. Russia, France, and America, will have to take their share of the operations. Much must be talked about, for much has to be done. Though I have tired you of the subject for the present, you have not heard the last of it, I promise you.



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STROLLING ALONG.—BY VAL. PARSONS.

Once a Week.]

THE RHODOMONTADE OF LOVE.

COMMONPLACES are merely the cast-off clothes of emotion or thought. Once upon a time they were new and beautiful; poets loved their perfect appropriateness; men and women looked at them, and admired, and copied. They were scarcely seen to be garments at all, so admirably did they exhibit the form and sentiment that lay beneath. But in process of years people began to tire of them. It was found necessary to dress the new generations of feelings and ideas in other shapes and colours; and then the old-fashioned clothes were thrown aside and despised. Do we not laugh now at the antiquated phraseology, the affected conceits, the extravagant absurdities of the old English love-poets? Yet these things were once beautiful and natural to people—they thrilled with the glow of life and colour—the lover of the time could imagine that he himself was speaking in these graceful words. And there are people now living who have the great gift of being able to breathe life into the dry bones of commonplace. They can take up a worn-out symbol of passion—some empty shell of a phrase—and their sensitive ear can hear that it still talks of the sea. Time changes the expressions of poetry into commonplace; but these experts can change the commonplace back again. When a poet of Henry VIII's time wrote,—

Give place, you ladies, and be gone.
Boast not yourselves at all!
For here at hand approacheth one,
Whose face will stain you all—

doubtless his readers fancied that this was quite a beautiful and triumphant method of describing his mistress' loveliness. Now-a-days, we should expect to meet such lines in a penny love-valentine. And it is curious to note that a metaphor in the same poem has been again and again taken up by poets of various ages and tinkered at so as to give it freshness for the time. The original lines are,—

In each of her two crystal eyes
Smileth a naked boy:
It would you all in heart suffice
To see that lamp of joy.

Herrick had a turn at it; Pope cooked it into a couplet; Tom Moore stole it; and it is common to more than one of our younger living poets. It is not often that we find a repetition of an expression, such as this, stretching over several centuries. But the material of

love-poetry is always the same; and it is the worn-out husks and rags that once be-draped it, which are thrown aside and become commonplaces.

Now there are certain stages of uncultured taste, or downright ignorance, in which a man, knowing nothing of the modern expression of love, falls back upon that effete symbolism and uses it to exhibit his passion. The majority of people in these islands imagine that love has a phraseology of its own, (which is true at all times,) and they accept as the proper and correct type of expression that which may have had some real and living meaning centuries ago. They use stereotyped phrases which have long ago ceased to have any emotional life for those who are familiar with the new breathings of the new times. It is not that a servant-girl's affection for her young butcher is in itself torpid, or hypocritical, or even commonplace; but it is that she imagines a certain accepted form of phraseology to be the only one in which she can properly convey her sentiments (in writing) to her lover. So in other and higher walks in life; for it is merely a want of intellectual culture which suffers a woman, whatever her sphere may be, to commit this singular anachronism. But the most humorous cases in which this peculiar mental habit is shown are those divorce-suits in which wealthy and uneducated tradesmen appear. They invariably use the very grandest phraseology in their love-epistles. A servant-girl is likely to quote the stiff and curious, but not ornate, diction of a valentine, or of a story in a penny magazine; a fine lady of dull perception and small reading is most likely to take refuge in quotation from Moore; but your female grocer has recourse to fine language of her own composition. Here and there we find a case in which the man or woman betrays a liking for grandiloquence, commonplace verse, and curious conceits all at once; and such a case has just occurred at Nottingham, where a surgeon's daughter sued "an independent gentleman" for breach of promise of marriage. Plaintiff is forty years of age, defendant fifty-one; and their courtship had been going on for a great many years. Indeed, no fewer than 134 letters had passed between them; and it is from some of those we mean to take examples of the rhodomontade of love. He thus begins one of them:—"I'll never leave, deceive, nor forsake you. Forty summers have I wandered on this terrestrial scene, tossed by various tempests," &c. In no other sort of letter would the man have thought of stating his age in such terms; but, being a love-letter, it was bound to

be fine. Wandering on a terrestrial scene is no doubt a grand way of saying that one has lived; and then it must be remembered that such a phrase was once poetry. It is only commonplace to some of us. To call the world a terrestrial scene must be quite beautiful to many people. The remainder of this letter is very curious; for it jumbles together in an odd fashion these fossils of expression with snatches of exploded poetry, and with some touches of humour which give a realistic variety to the dull idealism of the paragraph. "I still feel at a loss to comprehend why you should hesitate for one moment to let me know your exact age. Can you think, my dearest, that I should allow my feelings towards you to be influenced or affected in the least whether you were fifty or sixty? No! no! Alice is engraven upon my breast, and there it must remain. I cannot erase it. . . . I desire a strongminded, spirited, intelligent, and sensible woman. I think I perceive these qualities in your own dear self. Do not desert me.

Oh, let no rival your affection share,
Long as my bosom beats, ye lovely fair.

. . . I am becoming quite bald with anxiety and trouble. Not so with you. You can spare me one of your bright ringlets. I shall preserve it as a sacred token of your affection and love. . . . I never cease thinking of you, from the rising to the reclining upon my lonely couch: and I watch with an anxiety I never before experienced for the reception of those loving and cheering lines reciprocating the sincere and heartfelt sentiments of the unchangeable love and affection of your devoted and ever attached." "Alice is engraven upon my breast," is another instance of the dry husks of poetry which such people love; and the couplet which follows is a perfect specimen of the commonplace, which is, to some, the reverse of commonplace. When he says that he is becoming bald with anxiety, he forgets himself. He allows himself to become jocular, and even uses ordinary speech. But presently he recovers himself, and adds a fine touch about reclining on his lonely couch.

At the end of the correspondence there comes a letter which is even a greater curiosity. In it he is very angry with Alice, and declares that he won't marry her. But the interest of this singular document lies in the fact that, even in his anger, he begins with the fine, stilted phraseology which he has taught himself to consider eloquent, and thereafter lays down the mask and breaks into sharp and harsh recrimination. The first sentence is

quite imposing:—"I am surprised at your intolerable impudence and audacity, and yet I need not be when I find, unfortunately, women so imprudent as to be constantly following, pestering, and boring men with their insatiable, affected, and selfish devotion and humbug,—gratifying no doubt to those who merely consult their own interests and other people's pockets, but, be assured, command not the least sympathy of men, who regard this sort of conduct with pity mingled with contempt." But we find him suddenly abandon his Latin-English, and say shortly and decisively, "I don't want you. I would not be bothered with you at any price." There the real man speaks, without euphemism or thought of euphemism. It may be wondered why, in love-letters, men do not state their emotions and wishes in language as simple and effective as that they use in letters of anger or defiance. Probably they feel that love, after all, is a mysterious and lofty sentiment, which they had better not attempt to describe in their own homely language. Then they have the authority of tradition from time immemorial to convince them that love in a manner demands the honour of imposing phraseology. It would scarcely be love if one were to talk of it as one might talk of anything else. How could Alice be assured that the independent gentleman really bore her a great affection, if he said so only in the bald and meagre terms he would use in buying a horse or ordering his dinner? It is only the affected realism of modern days that would have us believe that the simple question—uttered with fear and trembling—"Do you love me?" is as effective and touching in a drama or story as the fine, full-blown "Here, upon my knees, I protest, sweet lady, that thou art the fairest creature under heaven. Say, best of thy sex, wilt thou be mine?"

And must we consider that all the beautiful things that our poets are now singing about love will in time come to be mere rhodomontade and commonplace? Will the listening roses and the weeping passion-flower of Maud's garden be looked upon as paltry conceits? and will the lofty speech of Pompelia be regarded as stilted and strange? What we do know is that the great poets who have lived are able to compel us to forget their temporary mannerisms. We do not lose the light of love on Juliet's face, although we mark the quibbles and forced metaphors of her tongue. And even among the lesser translators of emotion, of whom we have chiefly spoken, there are some whose utterances were too simple and direct to be permitted to die out of use. Is it

not over three hundred years since Richard Edwards wrote these words?—

In going to my lonely bed,
As one that would have slept,
I heard a wife sing to her child,
That long had moan'd and wept.
She sighed sore, and sang full sweet,
To lull the babe to rest,
That would not cease, but cried still
Upon its mother's breast.
She was full weary of her watch,
And grieved with her child;
She rocked it, and rated it,
Till that on her it smiled.
Then did she say, Now have I found
This proverb true doth prove:
The falling out of faithful friends
Renewing is of love.

HETTY.

By HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TURNER SNUFFS THE SEA WIND.

THE neighbourhood was aroused, and there were six engines in the lane. The parish engine, anxious to assert itself against the office engines, played upon the house for a little time, and then stopped and drivelled into imbecility. The other engines went home smoking pipes, and wondering why they had been sent for, when there was no fire. The policeman had come to see what was the matter, and had been promptly turned out by Rebecca. The lane had gone to bed, on the theory that Mr. Turner had been took by his conscience in the night, and had rung the bell for prayers. There were more unconscious lies told that night, than there are twice a year, and in the midst of it all Mr. Turner lay, severely wounded through the deltoid, and Rebecca minding him.

She had got singularly emphatic all of a sudden.

"Pa, you don't want a doctor from here?"

"No. All this must be kept quiet."

"You will die if you don't have one. Will you let me move you to Limehouse?"

"That is the best," he said, "good girl. We must take the safe."

"Lor bless you, yes, dear pa. We will take *that* fast enough. Bother the safe, I wish it was chucked in the water. You will have to move in an hour, pa."

"I wish I was well out of it," said he, "with the safe."

"You will be well out of it directly," she said. "Keep quiet."

She ran down to livery stables near by, and ordered a fly, to take her father away in half an hour's time. It was there punctually, and she hurried him in.

She had tied everything she could find tight round his deltoid, and it is not a very difficult wound to staunch. He was very quiet, in that lethargic state which comes from loss of blood, and he cared nothing about anything.

She looked back on the old house until they turned the lane. And she said, "There is an end of *that*, thank heaven." He did not care at all. "Where are you taking me?" he said once.

"Limehouse," she answered. "9, Pilots Wharf. Keep quiet or the hemorrhage will come on again."

"Where is Morley?" he asked; as they were going along Bird Cage Walk.

"At sea," she said. "Keep quiet. Everything depends on your keeping absolutely quiet and trusting implicitly to me. Your wound is a severe one, and will be shortly followed by fever. You must be perfectly quiet."

When they were passing Tower Hill, he said, "You are a brave, good girl, Rebecca, where did you get your courage?"

"From Hetty," said Rebecca.

"Where did you see her then?" said Mr. Turner.

"I have never seen her," said Rebecca, "and I don't suppose I ever shall. But she is Alfred's daughter. And I have made a daughter for Alfred, who I suppose does not exist at all."

"Talk to me, darling," said Turner. "My own Rebecca, talk to me, for my wound is aching, and I am going to die. Let me hear you talk. What do you conceive about this Hetty?"

"Give me your wounded arm, father, and put it over my breast; lay your head on my breast, and if you keep quite quiet, I will tell you what I have imagined Hetty to be. If I am wrong, do not undeceive me."

"Hetty had no mother. Some girls have none. I had none."

"Hetty was a radical and a dissenter in her heart. For no person is a radical or a dissenter, except from sentiment."

The wounded man said, "Radicals and dissenters form their opinion on pure reason."

"Hold your tongue, pa, or I will knock you. Hetty found herself, as a radical and a dissenter, bound hand and foot, by radical and dissenting hay-bands. And she broke them."

"And we all wished she had been at the bottom of Jordan when she did so," said the wounded man.

"But she was right in what she did, pa."

"No she wasn't," said he. "She is one of the most thundering fools on the face of the earth. I never heard of the girl doing any good, that a costermonger's wife could not have done. She has smashed her father's connexion in our sect, and forced him abroad, for which you have to thank her; because I am going to die, and you will be all alone until he comes back."

"But she is good," said Rebecca.

"Many fools are," was the only reply she got.

Hetty had been tried as a subject of conversation and had utterly failed. Their silence towards one another was barely become oppressive, when they were at Morley's house.

Very few words were necessary from Rebecca to tell her story. They were at home at once. Mr. Morley's landlady was easily aroused, and it was bright summer morning, with the river gaily dancing on among the ships towards the sea, when Mr. Turner stepped out of his carriage and looked about him.

"Hush!" he said. "It is good for us to be here. What a lovely place to die in!"

"To get well in, I think you mean, father," said Rebecca.

"No I don't," said he. "There is but little business left me to do. That done I will go to sleep. I am sick of it all."

CHAPTER XXIX.

PILOT TERRACE.

A TIME now came, which Rebecca has separated from all times in her life. Such a time may come again, she says, but it has not yet.

Ceaseless activity and care, ceaseless employment, ceaseless anxiety, ceaseless thought for others. A strange mixture of melancholy waiting for death, and for life.

And all about and around, golden summer weather, bright water, moving ships, distant Kentish hill-sides basking in the sun. The tomb at Walham Green had given up the soul so long imprisoned there, and it had escaped not to useless idleness, but to anxious usefulness.

"As I saw him fading away, day after day, before my eyes, I loved him more and more, but, believing that he was going to his God, I do not think I was unhappy. I do not think I could be unhappy under any circumstances at Pilot Terrace."

The girl was not talking nonsense when she

said this. In-bred in her nature, was a love for brightness and motion, without which she was petulant and miserable. Hereditary proclivities are one of the few things which are absolutely certain; in the greatest number of instances, the sire sets his seal upon the race, but in the case of a very strong will in the mother, she may compete with her mate in the formation of characteristics. Rebecca's mother coming of a stock which had been used to light gaiety and music for centuries, had left this want with Rebecca, as her legacy—the fortune on which she was to exist in the horrible prison at Walham Green. In addition to this precious legacy of her mother's, she had got from her father not only the virtue, determination, but the vice, obstinacy (as Carry well knew). And, furthermore, in addition to it all she had got—*God* knows where—I do not, some bright clear spark of the divine nature, which made her very errors and indiscretions lovely.

Poor child. What if she ran away to Ramsgate, thereby violating a law never mentioned so far south as, and of course never dreamt of in, Philistia: she was very sorry afterwards, and she took her most discreet and excellently beloved old nurse. Poor old Rebecca, when she found her duty ready to her hand she did it. Have we all done so?

She wanted light and beauty. She had seen dimly in old time the Popish worship with her mother; and up to the time when she had run away to Ramsgate and seen the sea, that was the only beautiful thing she had seen. There was movement, light, brightness of colour; the tinsel is as good as the gold to a child. She had dimly recollected it, in the long hours of Puritan seclusion at Walham Green. How long, oh my Puritan brothers, will you make religion hideous to one half at least of your children? Think, in these days, when the nation is becoming educated to a rough love of light and beauty, what mischief you are doing, not to us, but to yourselves.

Rebecca says that the first pretty thing she saw when she was grown up was young Hartop the sailor. She always declares to Hetty that she was desperately in love with Hartop for a week, and that he used her disgracefully. However, Rebecca was worthy of seeing something more than a pretty sailor. She was capable of understanding real beauty, of the very highest form.

Mr. Morley. I would have made Mr. Morley a duke if I could, only for the simple fact, that he was a dissenting minister, and

considered unsound and unsafe even in that capacity. How many times that brown sailor-like face, that grizzled hair, and those steady brown eyes had passed before Rebecca's retina, before they were fixed on it for ever, I do not know. But they were fixed there firmly enough now.

He was the first man, practically, who had ever introduced her to real light and beauty. She might have loved Hartop, but Hartop was for Hetty; and with her keen intellect, she quickly found out this. That Hartop, brave glorious, beautiful; was not so brave or so glorious as brown-faced Mr. Morley, with the slightly grizzled hair. "I would not change with Hetty," she said.

However he was at sea, and she was all alone, and her father was dying, and she declares that she was not unhappy at this gaunt time, which lasted long. And that makes my explanatory sorites quite good enough for a well-told story.

She did well in every detail now. Quick, keen wits, once roused by love seem to do without experience almost magically. The higher nature seems to descend to the level of the lower, intellect is assisted by instinct, Cupido by Eros. (A thinking friend of the writer says that I am utterly wrong, and that the love of the child for the parent is reflected. I give him this opportunity of adding to the amount of human knowledge.) Love and sympathy supplied experience. If all Sisters and trained nurses had had a conference with Gamp and Prig, they could have done no more for Mr. Turner than Rebecca did, with slight hints about details to the landlady.

I resume my story. She put his bed in the bow-window so that he could see the river and the ships. The landlady saw after him while Rebecca went out in the early morning until she could find a doctor. There were a dozen doctors close by, and the landlady recommended her to one, and Rebecca knocked him up.

He put a head out of window, and said,—

"What do you want?"

And Rebecca said,—"*He* won't do. Pa would never stand him."

Then she was going to pull at the bell of the next doctor's, when the door was suddenly opened, and a fat gentleman of fifty said to her, "The advertisement said four o'clock and it is half-past. Come in." Whereupon she marched off; and thought "you won't do, my gentleman."

"Bother the doctors," she said. "I wish—

I beg your pardon, Sir," for she had run up against a queer little man with one leg shorter than the other, coming round a corner.

"Go away from me," he said, waving her off, "you most ridiculous and incautious young woman. I am one saturation of scarlet fever from head to foot. I have been attending a scarlet fever case, and I have pulled my pretty ones through. There are between eighty and ninety thousand sporicles on your fine velvet cloak at this moment, chuck it over your little sister's bed to keep her warm; and then say it was me."

"*You* will do," said Rebecca emphatically.

"Well, I suppose so," said the little gentleman, "what do you want?"

"Pistol wound."

"My Heavens!" he said, turning his queer shrewd little face up to hers.

"Sir," she answered.

"Ho!" he said. "Ha! aristocratic or long shore?"

"Neither. But mysterious."

"Young man dead?"

"No, but faint," said Rebecca.

"Ha. I'll get these fever clothes off and come directly. What is the house?"

"9 Pilot Terrace."

"Morley's? Yes, quite so. You are Miss Turner. I warned Morley that he was flying his kite too high. I told him that there would be bloodshed if he sought a wife among the Aristocrats. And my words have come true, you see. Well you are a wise young lady in choosing him. I am a Romanist myself: Doctor Slop, you know; Hey? Don't know your secret; of course not. I knew they would shoot someone over you."

"This has nothing to do with me," said Rebecca.

"Of course not" said Dr. Barnham. "Lord bless you, *we* know. Of course not. Bless you! call us Jesuits at one moment, and deny us common knowledge of the world at another. I'll change my fever clothes and come in."

The whole story of Mr. Turner's pistol wound was carefully explained to Dr. Barnham by at least three people; but he never believed it. He only said, "Yes! Yes! quite so. We are men of the world, we Catholics."

But Barnham was a great acquisition to them. He treated Mr. Turner with great skill and *bonhomie*; and Mr. Turner loved him and waited for his coming. Both men were intensely in earnest; Barnham a violent ultramontane, Turner a violent protestant. They used to argue furiously, the Bishop of Rome was alternately the old man of Rome on

Mr. Turner's side, and something which one does not care to write about another human being, on Dr. Barnham's. These two gentlemen used mutually to assure one another of the utter impossibility of the other's ultimate salvation, in a way which I dare not produce, not believing that God's mercy depends on a few details, as these men did. But they liked one another the better for all their quarrelling: and this quaint little Romanist was one of the brightest things in their new short life.

Turner would be in the bay window, looking at the ships going to and fro, and would invent arguments against the doctor. And he would say to Rebecca, "Come, old girl, give a hand next time, and we will smash him, and put an end to him."

And Rebecca would laugh, and cower down by her father; and say "I won't say one word against him. And you know that you love him in your heart."

He was indeed the only educated friend they had. Mr. Turner was quietly falling away day after day, and finding his time getting short he wrote notes to several people calling on them to come.

Lord Ducetoy was the first. "How de do, my lord," said Turner. "I have summoned up the phantom."

CHAPTER XXX.

LORD DUCETOY'S PROPOSALS.

HERE first she began to learn the artistic value and beauty of tones, crossed indefinitely by other tones, perfectly harmonious, and sometimes without incident. At times of the night, when the tide was even brimming full, and she was watching, she would open the window, and hear the sounds of the river, all melted into one, and assisted by the dull undertone of the city. At first, in her ignorance and her cockneyishness, she had thought that the city was the sea; and that the eternal crawling hum, waxing and waning in the night, was the crawling of the breakers upon the shore; but Lord Ducetoy, standing in the balcony with her one evening, laughed at her for thinking so, and pointed out her mistake.

"But water runs down hill, my lord; and the water is running that way."

"My fair cockney cousin, do you not notice that it runs the other way sometimes?"

Yes, it was so. Her beloved sea was further off than she thought, and it was silent to her. He was right. She had mistaken the music of the hated city for the dim, far-heard melody of the free sea.

"Do you ever sail upon the sea, my Lord?" she said.

"Not at present, my lady," he answered. "Your good father has given me the means of keeping a yacht, and when the king has his own again perhaps you will sail with me. Have you heard from Mr. Morley?"

"Not one word. Nor from Hartop or Hetty, either. I am all alone, with my father."

"Except for me," he said.

"Except for you," she answered, looking straight at him; "exactly. It is very kind of you to come here and see us."

"Now, Rebecca, I want to have a serious talk with you. I shall offend you deeply, I know; but a man must speak what is in him, or——"

"Hold his tongue."

"Exactly. I am not going to hold mine. Rebecca, do you know that I love you heartily?"

"I thought you did, and I am very glad. I suppose there is not the wildest chance of my ever seeing Lady Ducetoy?"

"Not if you go to the South Sea Islands. But, Rebecca, do you love me?"

"Very much indeed."

Dead stop. Rebecca had some dim idea that he was going to make a fool of himself; and *she* was not going to help him.

"I suppose," he said in a very awkward manner, "that no one was ever placed in a more difficult position than I am at this present moment."

Rebecca merely stood and looked at him.

"You see I don't know how to begin."

"Well, then, don't begin," said Rebecca. "No one wants you to."

"Yes, but you don't know. I have a great personal admiration for you, and I am your cousin, and I think you an uncommonly gentlemanly old fellow, one of the most splendid creatures, and one of the most admirably formed ladies I have ever met. Now, cousin Rebecca, I am under terribly great obligations to you for your gallantry. I don't know what your father has done for me, or how his affairs are. Tell me one thing; what money shall you have when you marry Mr. Morley?"

Rebecca gave a gasp of relief; she was afraid that he was going to talk some sentimental nonsense. "I don't suppose we shall have any," she said. "Hagbut has drained away pa's cash for Carry's settlements. I should have liked to take him money, and yet I shouldn't."

"I don't understand," said Lord Ducetoy.

"Can't you see that, cousin? I should like to take him money, because I should like him

to have money for his works and his charities, for which he lives. Yet, I should also like to go to him, cousin, saying, 'You chose me, and here I am, without one penny. Will you take me still?' And he would. And he would love me better without the money than with it. For if I had all Carry's money it would only be a cloud between us. He, the noblest man in all the world, has honoured poor little me, with all my indiscretions and errors, above all women in the world. And I would sooner go to him, *in formâ pauperis*. You are talking to an attorney's daughter, you know."

"But Rebecca, do you mean to say, that you would sooner marry a mere dissenting clergyman without money than with. It is totally incredible to me why you should marry him at all: but without the power over him, which money could give. Are you mad?"

"Not in the least. When you find in your order as fine a gentleman as George Morley, I shall be glad to hear from you."

"He must be an exception."

"Of course he is," said she. "There is another exception coming to plague pa. Stay and see the other exception, and finish what you were going to say."

"Well Rebecca, I only wanted to know this. If money should run short with you, will you accept some from me?"

"Certainly," said Rebecca. "I am very much obliged to you. Some of your money may come in very useful, if pa has been drawn dry by *him*, and if we have not got any of it. We should be very glad of some of yours under those circumstances."

"A few thousands," began Lord Ducetoy.

"Thousands," said Rebecca, laughing. "If you can find us £150 some day, it is quite as much as we are fit to be trusted with. Don't give George Morley more. He would only give it away. Tell me. Is this offer of money all you were going to say to me when you began."

"It was all, indeed."

"Bless me, I thought you were going to talk nonsense to me. You were not, were you?"

"I assure you, Rebecca, that I had not the least intention of doing so."

"Quite sure?"

"I am not quite sure that you are sane in dreaming of such a thing. Come, you are the very last person on the face of the earth that I would dare to talk nonsense to. How Mr. Morley got into his present position with you I don't know. I would not have dared to say as much as he has dared. Cousin, I only wanted to try and help you, and you are so very quaint and *emportée* that I had to beat

about the bush. I was a little in love with you once, but I have quite got over any little sentimental feeling of that sort."

They had come into the upper room out of the balcony as he said this, and she said, "Bend down your head, my lord." And he bent it down to her and she kissed him, saying, "You are a good man, cousin, and we understand one another."

And if any one thinks she was wrong I happen to disagree with them.

Since Eve kissed her firstborn (unfortunately for the illustration, *Cain*, I believe, unless some new State papers have been grubbed out at Fetter Lane or Simancas, to the contrary) no purer kiss was given or received than Rebecca gave to Lord Ducetoy. And he, being a gentleman, knew it.

"Now let us come down-stairs," she said. "You have spoken of Mr. Morley as a dissenting minister. As if they were all alike. As if you Nobles were all alike." And she gave illustrations. "Come and see what I have escaped, will you?"

CHAPTER XXXI.

BREAKING WINDOWS.

WHY do people break windows? Some do it to get locked up; but I do not mean them. Why do people who do not want to be locked up at all, habitually break windows? Who breaks windows? Every one. You, and I, and Rebecca. You and I are wise people, and hold our hands from a window, unless we can get something by breaking it. Now Rebecca, was a fool, and never could keep her hands off a window. Morley said she was nearly as bad as Hetty.

There is something very exasperating to a certain kind of mind, in a smooth square of plate glass. One does not demand much, one only demands what nature will give, at any point, at any time of the year. Half and quarter tints, melting into one another, yet making a great harmony, and an "arrangement," as great as Turner's Heidelberg. That was all Rebecca wanted, though she had never seen it, and could not tell you exactly what she did want. She knew, however, that plate glass with gas behind it, exasperated her. So she was given to window breaking.

One says she had never learnt the subtle interminable delight, and beauty of half tints. It is not true. She had learnt it from Mr. Morley's grizzled head, and brown face. And now she came down-stairs with Lord Ducetoy, of the prairies, thinking about Morley of the

sea: of men with an inconceivable number of half and quarter loves about them: and she found Hagbut, and Carry; plate-glass, and gas. A window, a bald, shallow window. She instantaneously broke it, with the first stone she could find, and you can generally find a stone if you stoop down.

It was very naughty of her. I offer no defence. I am not bound to carry a heroine through everything. Still Hagbut and Carry, sitting in a row, drinking tea, and smiling, were not calculated to make any one the less petulant.

"Where have you been, Rebecca?" said her father.

"Up-stairs, with Lord Ducetoy."

"Did you hear Mr. Hagbut come in?"

"Yes, I heard him."

"Where were you?"

"In the upper passage, kissing Lord Ducetoy."

"Becky, old girl," said Mr. Turner. "Don't say such things."

"Why not? You ought to tell the truth, ought you not? And I *was* kissing Lord Ducetoy on the stairs."

Hagbut said, very quietly, "For my part, not being a gentleman myself, I am uneasy in the company of even an ordinary gentleman, still more so in the company of a nobleman. However, by your confession of having kissed his Lordship on the stairs, my elephantine awkwardness is somewhat easier to bear. About the outrageous impropriety of the thing happening at all, and of Rebecca telling about it afterwards, I say nothing. But from all I can hear, two very good people have kissed one another, and are not ashamed of it either."

Lord Ducetoy laughed aloud. "It was *her*, you know, Padre, mind that. *She* kissed *me* in the passage. You believe me, I am sure."

"My lord, I am bound to believe the statement of any hereditary legislator, the more particularly in this case because I am perfectly certain that you would never have obtained the favour on your own account."

Carry sat utterly aghast. Lord Ducetoy had kissed Becky in the passage, and they were all making fun of it. Her husband was laughing, and Becky and Lord Ducetoy were smiling. *She* began to cry.

Hagbut did not attend to her at first, for his eyes were fixed on Mr. Turner. He turned suddenly on Carry and ordered her to run for the doctor.

"Rebecca, look at your father," he said. "Good heavens and earth! it can't be so, *white* we have been chattering nonsense here. Go

away, Rebecca, go and fetch the landlady, or the surgeon, or the fire-engine, or some one. My lord, things have gone wrong here. Are you afraid of death?"

"Is he dead?" said Lord Ducetoy.

TABLE TALK.

WHEN Hogarth's bear in canonicals, the Rev. Charles Churchill, wrote his "Scots' pastoral" called the *Prophecy of Famine*, which transcends his *Rosciad* as a specimen of masterly satire, he speaks of himself as having often, without success, prayed "For apt Alliteration's artful aid." Dr. Erasmus Darwin, of *The Botanic Garden*, carried to excess this love for alliteration; and, though he is tolerably happy when he speaks of Echo "with softest sympathy of sound," and again, "Echo sounds her soft symphonious shell," he was too greatly addicted to such lines as these (which occur in his *Loves of the Plants and Economy of Vegetation*). "Suns sink on suns, and systems systems crush;" "Man falls on man, on buckler buckler rings;" "Groan answers groan, to anguish anguish yields;" "And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach." Lines like these are not far removed from those in the alliterative alphabetical poem, "An Austrian army awfully arrayed, Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade," &c., and bear no comparison with such lines as that of Byron's (*Childe Harold*, III. 32)—"They mourn, but smile at length; and smiling, mourn;" or Crashaw's (in *The Nightingale's duel with the Lutist*) "She fails, and failing grieves, and grieving dies;" or that singularly descriptive one of Shelley's (in his *Address to the Skylark*), "And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest." Yet alliteration is not always a sign of weakness, nor even a mere fanciful trick, as with Mr. Swinburne; quite as frequently it confers strength and expression. The letter *s* is a great favourite in alliterative writing. "How silver sweet sound lovers' tongues by night," says Shakspeare, and in his *Sonnets*, we have that exquisite idea,—

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past.

Pope spoke of the "pülfered pastorals" of Ambrose Philips, who, in one of his translations from Sappho, has the line "Softly speak and sweetly smile;" while Dryden, in his *Alexander's Feast*, has this couplet,—

Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.

Thomson, in his *Seasons* (Summer) uses the alliterative *s* to assist his description of the Nightingale's song.

While in our shades,
Through the soft silence of the listening night,
The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.

Thomas Warton, in his *Pleasures of Melancholy*, effectively repeats the alliteration of *sw*, "The due clock swinging slow with sweepy sway;" just as Collins, in his *Ode to Evening*, had used the *sh* in describing the bat, "With short, shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing." Gray's *Bard* has not only "The steep of Snowden's shaggy side;" but is full of alliterations, "To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay."

Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding sheet of Edward's race.
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made, &c.

There is an old Scottish song by Alexander Montgomery, whose versification was copied by Burns, which is, throughout, a singular specimen of alliterative construction; here is a brief specimen:—

The jargon of the jangling jays,
The creaking craws and keckling kays,
They deave't me wi' their din.

This is as expressive as the line in Mallett's ballad of *William and Margaret*, "In glided Marg'ret's grimly ghost;" or as Tennyson's *Maud*, "Cold and clear-cut face, why come you so cruelly meek." Mrs. Norton's line, "The horn of the hunter was heard on the hill," was said to have been a cruel trap ingeniously devised to catch the cockney singers of *Kathleen Mavourneen*.

DR. MARCET, of the Brompton Consumption Hospital, has been looking down the throat of one of the Tyrolese singers who have lately been warbling at St. James's Hall; the object of the inspection being to ascertain the physiological conditions which produce the beautiful falsetto notes for which the Swiss artists are celebrated. The observations were made by means of a laryngoscope, a little instrument whereof the principal member is a mirror placed at the back of the patient's mouth. It is pretty generally known that the human vocal apparatus consists of a pair of membranes situated horizontally in the throat, and just touching at their edges. A drum-head, with a slit across it, may convey a popular idea of them. In the act of singing, the lips of these *cords*, as they are called, are

brought into contact, and they approach each other throughout their whole length and remain parallel. When they are set in vibration, by the passage of air through them, under these the ordinary conditions, a full chest note is emitted; but if they do not meet in their entire length, either a posterior or anterior portion of them remaining apart, the sound is no longer full but feeble and shrill: the note emitted is what the stringed instrument-player calls a *harmonic*, and what the singer calls a *falsetto* or head-note. The violinist who would bring out a harmonic so touches a string that, instead of making it vibrate as a whole, he divides it into segments, each of which vibrates by itself, and emits the note due to its short length instead of that which the full length of the string would yield. The same sort of thing appears to be done by the falsetto singer: the adept can at will shorten his vocal cords so as to pass instantly from any note to its harmonic. The muscular process by which this transition is effected is not clearly made out, so that it cannot be determined whether all singers are alike gifted with powers of head-singing equal to the Tyrolese, or whether Alpine melody grew out of peculiar capabilities of Alpine throats.

THEORIES by scores, and wild enough to make a philosopher's hair stand on end, have been proposed to account for the formation of comets' tails. Herschels and Airys are pestered with them whenever a bearded star makes its appearance; and almost invariably the proposers are in a state of utter ignorance regarding the working of physical laws. It will be a treat to the astronomers to discuss a hypothesis which, if it should not eventually prove true, is at least philosophical, and based upon data acquired by experiment. Professor Tyndall has developed a cometary theory out of his late researches upon the actinic power of light. It will be remembered that he has found that a beam of light is capable of forming a bright glowing cloud in its course through a space containing a modicum of vapour, the said cloud being first reduced by the chemical action of the light, and then rendered visible by illumination of the condensed particles. The application of this principle to the explanation of cometary phenomena is as follows: A comet is held to be a mass of vapour decomposable by the solar light, the visible head and tail being an actinic cloud resulting from such decomposition. The tail is not matter projected from the head, but matter

precipitated on the solar beams which traverse the cometary atmosphere; nothing being carried from the comet to form the tail, but something being deposited from the interplanetary space through which the body is coursing. But this explanation supposes that the sunlight has a different power when it has passed through a vapoury comet to that which it possesses when it has traversed no such medium; otherwise all space would be lit up like a comet's tail. To account for such a peculiar property, Professor Tyndall assumes that the sun's heating and chemical powers are antagonistic, and that the calorific rays are absorbed more copiously by the head and nucleus than the actinic rays. This augments the *relative* superiority of the actinic rays behind the head and nucleus, and enables them to bring down the cloud which constitutes the tail. Thus the caudal appendage is in a perpetual state of renovation as the comet moves through space; the old tails being dissipated by the solar heat as soon as they cease to be screened by the nucleus. Nearly all the phenomena observed in those mysterious bodies are accounted for by Dr. Tyndall. One, however, he has not yet mentioned: I allude to the peculiar luminous envelopes, familiar to comet-gazers, which surround the nucleus like a series of cloudy glass cases. No theory can be called complete which does not account for those remarkable and evidently important features.

FIASCO:—The employment of this word, which is now much used by dramatical and musical critics, is asserted to be derived from one of two sources. A German visitor to an Italian glass factory thought nothing could be more easy than to blow a sphere such as he saw one of the men engaged in blowing. He was invited to make the attempt, made several, and could never get beyond the formation of a pear-shaped flask, like that we are familiar with as the recipient of salad oil; hence the use of the word to indicate a partial failure. The other etymology, which is suggested by M. Paul Gravier, appears more probable. He says: The celebrated harlequin, Biancolelli, used to make his appearance before the audience, and deliver a monologue previous to the commencement of a play in vogue, which was so amusing that it was looked for with greater interest than the play itself. One evening he made his appearance on the stage with a straw-covered flask in his hand, but failed to excite the usual laughter and applause; upon which he held up the wine-flask, and addressing it,

he said, "It is thy fault if I am dull this evening!" and then threw the flask over his shoulder. Since that time the word had been used to signify the failure of an artist.

I WILL tell you the tale of a troublesome Bear,
(N.B. "tale" with an e, not an i, you're aware,) Whom the trying effects of Canadian air,
And monotonous life in his conjugal lair,
(Where 'twas difficult work, now and then, to en-

snare,
For his family needs, an occasional hare,) Induced to look out for a living elsewhere.

After weighty reflection, he thought he might dare
On a visit to London, expecting his share
Of the welcome extended to foreigners there.
He disported himself on the queen's thoroughfare,
From the Park of the Regent to Eccleston Square;
And his mien was so jaunty, and so *debonnaire*,
That the folks were delighted to watch him, and stare;

But his antics, though humorous, happened to scare
The fidgety horse of a gentleman's heir;
Who handed our friend (much too well-bred to swear,)

To a ruthless policeman's too fostering care.

In prison, a victim to grief and despair,
Cantankerous Bruin proceeded to tear
Into smallest of pieces a table and chair,
To chase the police to the top of the stair,
And to put all the furniture out of repair.
So the magistrate worthy was forced to declare
That such creatures as this we could very well spare:
"Though your conduct," he said, "has been average fair,

Yet to frighten a horse is another affair.
But I won't waste the moments in splitting a hair,—
Take him off to the Zoo!—yes, you're welcome to glare;

You may frighten a horse, you can't frighten a mayor."

Take warning, ye bears; for the future beware,
And, when tempted to travel, don't yield to the snare,
Stay at home with your wives, though some troubles were there,
The best way to shirk them is "bear and forbear."

IT is a common belief in the county of Durham that the moon turns over when there is going to be rain, and I have frequently heard the expression, "Look at the moon, she's on her back, and there's sure to be bad weather." This is, of course, only supposed when the moon is less than full.

NOTICE.—The English Translation of Victor Hugo's New Story "*L'Homme qui Rit*," announced to appear in *ONCE A WEEK*, under the title of "*By Order of the King*," will be published in *THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE*, commencing with the May Number.

The Authors of the articles in *ONCE A WEEK* reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK

New Series

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SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

A Novel. By the Author of GARDENHURST.

CHAPTER II.

AZALEA IS TRANSPLANTED.

GO away from father! leave Topaz behind her! leave the garden, and her room, and the apple loft!" For a while Azalea's heart seemed convulsed with sorrow, then succeeded rage. "She wouldn't go away and leave dear father. She hated the strange man who had brought her such woe. She would kick and scratch him next time she saw him." But when she met him again her heroism had evaporated, and she merely stood and glowered sullen defiance.

"You shall ride a pony, and have new books." Azalea's face softened imperceptibly. "You can come home when you like." The sobs checked, and only a convulsive gurgle was left agitating the throat. "And you will have my little girls to play with."

Azalea thought for a little while, with her finger in her mouth; then with a damp, smeared face, she confessed to George Moore that she *should* like to see the little girls; and so Lord Orme was victor. Ere another half-day passed away, it was settled that she and her new protector should leave Essex, on that same evening, on their way to Lord Orme's house at Brighton.

It was with a bitter pang in his heart that George Moore watched the two depart. When he turned to re-enter his now solitary home he felt sickened at the sight of the flowers, the tendance of which had given him so many happy hours. He looked with yet more intense distaste at the silent hearth—the vacant chair where Azalea usually sat. Now that the house was void of her dear presence, a solemn pathos seemed to be attached to every trivial evidence of her childish occupations. If Topaz had only been left to blink on

the worn-out hearthrug, and bark mysteriously at sounds heard only by himself, it would have been some comfort; but Topaz had accompanied his small mistress, and George Moore went to bed feeling very sad and lonely, hating the silence of the night, but still more hating the thought of the next morning, that would dawn very blank to him, since with it he might not greet Azalea's little face.

Azalea was very silent during her journey to London. She wept at first when she thought of daddy, with no one to make his tea; and then she assailed her conscience by vowing she would perform acts of unusual tenderness and devotion to him when she returned home.

"I'll bring him my new books, and I'll tell him all about the little girls," she thought. She thus partially quieted her conscience, but not entirely, for with all her tears, she felt guilty of a little secret joy in this expedition, and she was clever enough to know that the pleasure with which we propose to compensate our loved ones for the pain we cause them is generally more agreeable to ourselves in reflection than it is consoling to them.

Lord Orme was also silent. He was an odd mixture of decision and indecision, and he was just now suffering in consequence of this duplex phase of his character. Jonathan Wild bids a man to be wholly good or wholly bad: he asserts that there is no happiness, no peace to be found in the middle road. If Nature, when moulding Lord Orme, had not formed him with a piebald conscience he would have been a happier man.

As he now sat in the railway carriage, with one long-repressed wish matured, and the little girl by his side, he felt just a little doubtful of the success of his project. Rose and Amelia had never looked so neat in his eyes; their governess, Miss Slater, had never seemed so rigidly particular about hands and feet and general deportment as now, when he inwardly contrasted them with this unkempt, weird-looking child.

He had written to Miss Slater on the previous day to warn her that the orphan

daughter of his old nurse would accompany him on his return home. "The child is living in a lonely house in the country, and I wish to give her a little pleasure for her mother's sake, who was a most attached and faithful servant," he wrote.

Lord Orme had not yet grown strong enough in the exercise of his new-found courage to tell the truth even to his servants. "We'll see how she gets on," he said, apostrophising Azalea; and while he meditated, and Azalea stared, the train rolled into London.

It was quite late at night when the two arrived at Brighton.

The mysterious moan of the sea, hitherto unknown to her, filled Azalea with a vague sense of awe. "What is it?" she asked. "Why does it hiss so?"

She put her head eagerly out of the carriage window, and looked at the waves rippling in the silver moonlight. "Oh, it is beautiful!" she cried, with a deep indrawn breath; "it's like ever so many moving shining meadows!"

Lord Orme had ridden and walked for so many years on the cliff that he had forgotten the sea's existence. It was always there, and so he never thought of it. He had thought of many things during his daily perambulations—of his wife's temper, of his multifarious bills, of his dinner, of his horses, but rarely of the great breadth of waters before him; consequently he was a little disconcerted when Azalea turned on him suddenly with, "Do you ever see Christ walking on the waves?"

"N-n-n-o; what do you mean?" Lord Orme asked, with a slight start.

The child did not answer him; she had turned her face seaward again, her eyes drinking in the wondrous beauty of the scene before her. At Auriel she used to watch the red-gold clouds until her vivid imagination peopled the rosy vapours with bright faces. She had seen Peter the Apostle with his face bowed on his breast, Mary Magdalen lying abashed in masses of her own fair hair, and through the crowd of spirits came One more beautiful than all others, who smiled on Peter until the shame passed away from his countenance, and who held out his hand to Mary till she rose joyfully and trailed her fair tresses after Him, with her hands clasped in adoration. If Azalea had been asked to put these fancies into words, she would have been much puzzled. She could not even express to Topaz, who was her usual confidant, all the lovely things she thought she saw, or why she saw them.

Lord Orme, not yet accustomed to the child's odd questions, looked at her uneasily

during the rest of the drive. "I hope she isn't mad," he murmured.

The carriage stopped before a handsome portico, and a stream of light came through the open door of Lord Orme's house, as he led Azalea up the flight of steps.

She was dazzled by the light when she got inside the door, and a little scared by the sight of so many tall men with white heads and silk stockings walking about. When she had space to look round her, she could see no little faces, could hear no sound of childish voices.

Lord Orme interpreted rightly the look of disappointment on Azalea's face.

"Come with me, my dear," he said, desperately; and taking the child's hand, he led her up the richly carpeted stairs into a handsomely furnished room. A tea-table, glittering with silver and glass, two little creatures seated round the table in high-backed chairs—little creatures who seemed to be all muslin and elbows, a tall, stiff lady advancing to meet them, a boy standing by the fire, swinging a whip in his hand; such was the view disclosed to Azalea's wondering eyes.

The little girls descended from their seats and tripped gracefully across the room to their father. "Good evening, dear papa," said one, and, "Evening, dear papa," echoed the other. The biggest girl looked askance at the battered hat, and the youngest looked nervously back at her plate, as though fearful that the strange arrival boded no good to the one withered-looking piece of cake left in the dish. Miss Slater bent her head in answer to Lord Orme's bow, and then looked patronizingly at the hat. For a moment there was an uncomfortable pause. Azalea, without knowing why, felt inclined to weep. Lord Orme pulled his ear—a sure symptom with him of a perplexed mind. Miss Slater broke the silence.

"The little girl would like to have some tea, I dare say," she suggested. Azalea eyed the tea-table hungrily, but said nothing.

"I suppose that your lordship would prefer her having it in the housekeeper's room."

"I should prefer nothing of the sort," his lordship said, angrily. "She shall have her tea here, or in the drawing-room with me if she will inconvenience you too much here."

Miss Slater looked at Lord Orme's face, noted that the blue eyes met hers with decision, and that the mouth, usually so sweet and irresolute in expression, was firmly compressed. "Certainly, my lord. Perhaps it would be better," she added, glancing at the empty teapot, "to have some fresh tea." This apparently harmless remark was a better-aimed shaft at

the new arrival than the first one. Like all his other qualities, Lord Orme's generosity was of a mixed nature. Liberal to extreme on occasions when his generosity was largely taxed, he "had a frugal mind" in respect of trifling expenses. One of his little peculiarities was an objection to having overmuch tea, sugar, or cream, consumed at his table. He would limit himself to the smallest modicum of these luxuries, and fondly hoped his example was followed by the other inhabitants of Orme House, who, in fact wasted these articles as lavishly as everything else. My lord stepped gaily up to the table, and viewed with satisfaction a cold, sullen drop or two of liquid that oozed from the spout as he tilted the teapot over a cup. "It's very strong what there is of it," he said. "We shall only require some hot water."

Azalea sat down at table, and was watched with great interest by Rose and Amelia, and ultimately by Conrad. The latter had nearly made up his mind that the new-comer was "jolly," and was waiting some fitting opportunity of communicating to her that conviction. When tea was over, Lord Orme invited Miss Slater to accompany him to the drawing-room.

"I dare say the children will get on better alone," he suggested; "besides which, I should be glad to have a little private conversation with you."

Miss Slater fluttered and smiled. Prim as she was, she could not forget the fact that Lord Orme was now a widower. The door closed, and the brother and sisters were left alone.

Conrad was eleven, Rosa one year older. Amelia was the youngest, and her youthful plumpness of outline contrasted quaintly with the prim dignity Miss Slater had taught her to assume.

"Now, girls, put off your stuck-up airs," Conrad said, rudely. "She's gone, and it's no go humbugging me. Let's have a game with the new girl."

Azalea advanced towards Amelia. "Do show me your dolls and books," she said, eagerly. "Lord Orme tells me you've got such lots of pretty things; and I've never seen but two dolls in my life."

Amelia had a short consultation with Rosa, when Rosa spoke:

"We will show them to you, but you musn't touch them."

Azalea gave the required pledge, and all four children advanced towards a cupboard where the toys were kept, ranged in order, by command of Miss Slater, who did not permit un-

seemly confusion to exist even among the dolls' legs and arms.

Azalea sat still for some little while, content to look at the wonders of civilisation with which the cupboard was stored; but after a while she found it irksome to see the outside of books she was not allowed to touch, and trying to her feelings to watch the consumption of bon-bons which were never offered to herself. Her dulness was broken in upon by the sound of a whining outside the door accompanied by a vigorous scratching against the panels.

"Oh! it's my darling! It's Topaz!" cried Azalea, with a gush of tenderness, which was perhaps greater because she was feeling disappointed by her new companions. She ran to the door and admitted the terrier, who leaped round her, barking with delight at the re-union. Azalea took her favourite to the table and poured out some milk for him. Milk was a favourite beverage with Topaz at Auriel: his tail wagged, and his eyes glistened with the delight of anticipation.

"Oh! crikey, won't she catch it, just," cried Conrad, as he watched the unconscious Azalea's proceedings, while Rosa Orme, assuming an air of authority, which was in ludicrous imitation of her governess, walked up to Azalea.

"You must not do that on *any* account."

"Why not?" said Azalea, simply.

"It is not allowed, and, indeed, no dogs are allowed here at all."

Azalea looked at Topaz, and saw that his tail was quivering more than ever.

"I can't disappoint him," she said.

"He *mustn't* have it," Rosa repeated, sharply.

"Mustn't he?" retorted ill-bred Azalea, with a sarcastic grin; and in another instant Topaz was lapping up the contents of the saucer.

"I shall go and complain to Miss Slater," Rosa said, with dignity.

"Pray do," Azalea answered, coolly; "I don't mind what you say to Miss Slater; I don't like her."

"You *are* a jolly girl," Conrad said, admiringly. "I don't like Miss Slater; she's a beast, and the girls don't like her either, only they're sneaks, and daren't say so. Girls always are sneaks," he added, reflectively, as he flung the lash of his whip to and fro in the direction of Topaz's tail.

"Don't do that," Azalea said, hastily; but she was too late, for the terrier, receiving an accidental cut on his hind legs, turned round with his black and tan face, a perfect spark of anger, and flew at Conrad's legs.

There was an exclamation of pain and rage

from the latter, a hurried flight to a high range of sofas on the part of Rosa and Amelia, and an ineffectual attempt of Azalea's arms to secure Topaz; and then Conrad, recovering his senses, regained his hold of the whip he had dropped in the surprise of pain, and in his blind rage lashed Topaz and Azalea's legs and the chairs and tables indiscriminately.

For an instant the girl stood panting with rage, her face livid, and her blue eyes flashing; then she flung herself on to Conrad, and attacked him in a manner unscientific but effective, *i. e.*, with crooked fingers.

"How dare you!" she gasped, between the scratches; "you nasty cowardly little brute. Ugh!"

By a violent effort Conrad disengaged himself; then he stood up with hands clenched.

"Now come on," he cried, gloriously. He had been taught to box by a professor of the noble art of making our fellow-creatures' flesh into jelly, and it had been impressed on his mind that before *science* brute strength "was as nothing." Strongly imbued with this belief, he felt that the very attitude he assumed would be crushing to his small antagonist. When suddenly, with a mighty rush, Azalea flew at him, beating down his guard, and reducing him to lower his head with a loud yell, and to rush round the room in full flight, crying, "Pax, pax!" He stopped when he found that Azalea, in lieu of pursuing him, was caressing the object of the strife, and recovering his spirits a little, began to square his arms once more, and to dance about on his toes in feeble imitation of the professor.

When the door opened, which it did at that juncture, it disclosed an appalling sight to the eyes of Miss Slater, who entered with Lord Orme. Conrad, with little rivulets of blood trickling down his face, stood in attitude of defence, facing Azalea. She, with flushed cheeks and ruffled hair, was eyeing him wrathfully, and the glance she turned on Miss Slater was so menacing that that lady involuntarily recoiled with a vague impression that hell had broken loose, and had sent its imps to desecrate her orderly apartment. She turned her appealing face and clasped hands towards Lord Orme, but that gentleman's eyes were riveted on Conrad.

"Good heavens, sir!" cried the father, harshly, "why DO you stick out your elbows like that?" and walking up swiftly to Conrad, with a vicious grip he flattened the boy's arms into their right position. "If you're mean enough to hit a girl," he continued, "at least do it in proper style."

"Oh! my dear children," Miss Slater said, in an agitated tone to the Misses Orme, who were piping little shrill cries of alarm at a safe distance from the combatants, "*what* has happened to cause this dreadful scene?"

"I think they had better all go to bed," said Lord Orme, despairingly.

Miss Slater folded her arms round her charges impressively.

"My dears," she murmured, as she gave them a parting salute, "let this be a warning to you."

"No need to warn them," cried the incorrigible Conrad; "they've got no lark in them."

"Won't you shake hands with your—with Rose and Amelia?" suggested Lord Orme to Azalea.

The latter hunched her shoulders ungraciously. "I don't like 'em," she said, impressively.

"Azalea," cried Lord Orme, sharply, "show Miss Slater that you know how to behave as a lady."

The child hung her head with shame and rebellion in her face; then, with a great gulp, she steadied her voice and looked up.

"I am sorry to have given so much trouble; good-night, Miss Slater."

In spite of the cotton dress and the rustic voice there was a dignity in the child's manner that took her auditors by surprise. Lord Orme was inwardly pleased. "Race always peeps out somewhere," he muttered to himself. He was thinking of his own aristocratic lineage. By the time Azalea reached the door, the vulgar element (derived perhaps from the mother's side) was in the ascendant again, for when Miss Slater suggested benignly that she was glad the little girl was ashamed of herself, "and poor child, how was she to know better," Azalea was heard to murmur to herself, "I ain't a bit ashamed, and I hate 'em all."

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST MORNING AT BRIGHTON.

THE next morning Azalea awoke as the day was dawning—awoke with a strange wonder at missing the sound of rustling leaves and twittering birds outside her window. She rubbed her eyes and then thrust her little white feet out of bed and stared out of the opposite window. She sat and watched until all the grey shadows in the air melted away before the new-risen sun. There was a fresh breeze at sea; waves were rushing and tumbling over each other in mighty volumes of

hissing foam. Just where the wan light in the east broadened over the foaming anger beneath it, Azalea could discern a troubled sail dipping and rising with the alternate recoil and advance of the waters.

She sat and looked until she was filled with restless longing. She must go down and get near to those frothy ridges of water. She thirsted to breathe that stormy wind, to plant her feet on the shining heaps of shingle. In a little while the curly head and battered hat found their way down-stairs, and Azalea, mounted on a high chair, was making desperate attempts to slide back the heavy bolts of the front door. A good-natured char-woman, hired to obviate the necessity of Lord Orme's servants rising too early, came to her assistance.

"You want to get out, dear," she said, kindly, and then she looked after Azalea, astonished at the novel importation into Orme House. The latter ran swiftly down the road until she came to the esplanade wall. Underneath she saw there were winding paths that led down to the beach, and creeping under the shelter of the wall to the gateway, she soon gained one of these, and ran down the slopes as only a child can run with all her heart in her legs.

How glorious it was ! the sun was brighter now on the water ; all along the coast the sea seemed alive in its light ; the heavy shoes dashed recklessly through the wet shingle, and Azalea pounced on to every clump of shining weed she saw, and trailed them up to her nose with an expression of mingled ecstasy and wonder. The cross, white faces of Rose and Amelia ; the prim outline of Miss Slater,—all faded away before the immensity of her new sensations. She could not define them ; she only knew that she was inhaling with her breath, devouring with her eyes, and feeling with every instinct of her living frame a wondrous exultation. She clapped her hands in the foam that splashed her glowing cheeks ; she laughed out with delight, and did not heed how lonely her voice sounded, opposed to that heaving mass of water, in the silent glory of the early morning, as yet unbroken by any other human disturbance. At last, breathless, and with arms full of glutinous weeds and wave-worn pebbles, she sat down to rest under the shelter of a boat that stood on a high mound of shingle.

Unfortunately, when she had first begun to paddle in the humid shingle, she had kicked her shoes off that she might the more unrestrainedly plunge her feet into the curling eddies of foam that kept circling up near her ;

now when she drew on her flannel socks, she searched in vain for one of the shoes.

Not wishing to wet her socks, she hopped up and down for some few minutes—a somewhat fatiguing method of locomotion in deep shingle—and then she stopped short, for, bobbing on the crest of an advancing wave, she saw a black object suspiciously like that she sought. She made a desperate plunge, and very nearly succeeded in catching hold of the leathern bootlace, which danced in aggravating proximity to her hand, and then off it went again as the waters receded.

Azalea stood breathless and despairing : "How am I ever to catch it?" she cried, piteously.

"Hallo ! have you come to grief?" said some one behind her, in a cheerful voice.

Azalea turned round, and recognised her antagonist of the night before.

"They're in a dreadful state about you—at least pa is ; they think you're lost, you know—run away, or something. Pa is sending out everywhere for you ; and Miss Slater said it was providential, and told Rosa and Amelia to pray for you when they said grace over their breakfast. I guess she'll pray to a different tune when she finds you're all right," the ingenuous youth added, with a grin.

"How can I go home like this?" urged Azalea, pointing downwards to her shoeless foot. "Oh, do help me to catch it !" she cried, as once more the waves brought the black speck nearer to her.

"Catch hold !" he cried, flinging off his velvet jacket on to Azalea's arm ; and in another instant he was wading valorously into the waters.

Unhappily, the length of his legs was not proportionate to the greatness of his courage, and the latter seemed nearly to evaporate when he suddenly found that he had lost his footing.

"I'm carried off my legs !" he began to shout ; but a kindly wave placed him in reach of Azalea's hand, and the latter dragged him on terra firma.

"Pray don't try any more," she said, hastily ; "I had much rather lose the shoe than see you do that again. Thank you, all the same," she added, gratefully.

"Oh ! it was nothing at all : I can do much more plucky things than that," the young hero said, magnificently. Nevertheless, he did not offer to repeat his experiment, and Azalea turned away from the sea, casting one wistful look after her lost property.

"I'm going another way," Conrad said, sud-

denly, when they reached the cliff. He had not minded the risk of being drowned, but it was impossible that he could walk up to the house in company with this shabby little girl.

As she drew near the house she saw Lord Orme, standing on his threshold, looking anxiously in a different direction from that whence she came. "Oh dear! if he'd only go in before he saw me!" Azalea murmured, nervously. She was not struck by the fact that Lord Orme was the only inmate of Orme House who cared to watch for the truant. It is sad how little we prize anxiety which is likely to entail reproaches on us from the loving one.

When Lord Orme did turn his eyes on Azalea, he hardly knew whether to laugh or swear, whether to rejoice or scold. Relieved of his anxiety, his first impulse was to curse the cause of it; but the vituperation died away in a low, smothered laugh, as he noted the supreme absurdity of her appearance.

Hopping along the cold pavement like a dejected bird in winter time, that carries his leg in his feathers for warmth's sake; her face downcast, her ruffled head bare to the wind; the old hat fluttering like a dismal pennon behind her; her hands rosy with cold, stiffly clenched on long trails of shining seaweeds; a few pebbles hugged up in her lap, Topaz glaring under her arm, two little toes peeping out from the exposed grey stocking!—such was the picture presented to Lord Orme and the two spotlessly-attired little girls who, with their governess, looked from the window on what Miss Slater termed "the disgrace to Lord Orme's doorsteps."

CHAPTER IV.

A GLIMPSE OF LADY DIANA.

LORD ORME, ere he followed Azalea through the doorway, looked round involuntarily to see whether any one was observing the child's unseemly appearance.

For an instant he saw nothing but the long row of houses, gleaming white in the morning sun, the empty parade, and the flutter of the sail which Azalea had previously noticed. Relieved in his mind, he was about to re-enter his house, when a slight gust of wind wafted past him an almond scent of flowers.

"Heliotrope," said Lord Orme, inhaling its fragrance with satisfaction; "how sweet it is! that must come from the balcony next door."

He looked at the balcony in question, and

there his glance fell on something even more lovely than the tendrils that had been taught to writhe round and clamber over, in wanton profusion, the harsh lines of iron bars; something sweeter, to a man's eyes, than the summer-like breaths that came from the boxes of mignonette, and the purple bloom of the heliotropes. There, with her face averted, her gaze turned sea-ward, her arms crossed on the balustrade, her whole attitude indicative of voluptuous repose, stood a lady, who appeared quite unconscious of observation.

Apparently, she had stepped out from her dressing-room, to breathe for an instant the fresh morning air, and feast her eyes on the waves, tumbling in sun and shadow against the coast. The wind lifted the warm-coloured auburn hair, which floated over her shoulders, and fluttered the lace sleeves that hung loosely about her round white arms. The face was averted; only the edge of one pink cheek was visible; but the plenteous hair, the bared arms, and the undulating outline of her figure, round which the velvet robe fell with such exquisite harmony,—all indicated that the tenant of the balcony was that fairest of God's works, a beautiful woman. The face that was averted from Lord Orme was as charming as the beauty hinted by her little ear, bright cheek, and brighter hair indicated. Blue-grey eyes, heavy lidded; a delicate nose; a rosebud mouth; lips over-full for classical perfection, but not for man's worship; a dimpled chin, and round throat. For her faults; the eyes were too close together; the face, when closely examined, showed certain weary lines; the eyes wore an anxious expression: had it not been for the infantine dimpled chin, you would have said that the first bloom of youth no longer rested on this charming countenance; but when the face became animated—when the eyes glistened, and the lips smiled,—then men were ready to swear that Lady Diana Merton numbered, not thirty-five, but twenty summers.

She moved presently as if to re-enter her chamber, and as she turned she lifted her arms slightly, and yawned, as though the languor of sleep still hung over her; the movement flung back the lace sleeves yet further, and sent a great float of warm hair down to her waist. The purple robe, the red flowers that bloomed near its hem, the bright face, the grace of her movement, all combined to form a lovely picture, a charming bit of colour for a painter's eye, a lovely sight to any man.

Lord Orme glanced once towards the

balcony, and then his gaze lowered, and he looked stedfastly at another object which was coming rapidly down the cliff.

"By G—, I think she goes a little short on that near leg. Nicholls (this was to his groom) take that mare to the stables, I shall be out to look at her directly;" then dropping his voice mysteriously, for he was as tender of his horse's reputation as he could be of his daughter's, he added, "I'm afraid there's something wrong with that leg."

Lady Diana trailed her rich robes back through her window without perceiving her successful rival, the mare; and went to her breakfast with a pleased smile deepening her dimples.

Lord Orme shook his head sadly as he turned to re-enter his house. "I gave a hundred and fifty for her," he murmured.

It was afternoon; the sun was hot on the sea, and the stormy wind of the morning had entirely subsided; the air was now too languid to ripple the edges of the waves; all the moving shadows in the sea's breast, all the thousand sparkles which had danced innumerable in the wind's strong face, had died away in the hot, indolent calm of noon.

It was three o'clock: the Misses Orme had finished their lessons, and were preparing for their afternoon promenade on the cliff.

Lord Orme had directed the housekeeper to provide some clothes for Azalea more in accordance with town fashion than the print frock and flannel socks.

"What a difference dress *do* make to be sure," Mrs. Benson said, admiringly, when her task was ended, and Azalea ragged and Azalea comfortable, was transformed into neat and uncomfortable Azalea.

She led the child to a mirror, and bid her look at herself. The reflection represented a young lady habited in a neat blue cloth suit; her short, boy-like curls were disposed in smooth glossy order under a Leghorn hat. A delicate pair of ankles were done justice to by fine silk stockings and close-fitting kid boots.

"Now, miss, you are to go out and walk with the governess and the young ladies; and oh! here is a muff. What is that for? Why to put your hands in, to be sure; and here is a parasol. I'm sure you look as nice as a new sixpence (*aside*), much nicer than those pasty-faced weasels down-stairs."

Azalea looked pleased. "Yes, I look quite as nice as they do," she thought. She thanked Mrs. Benson, and walked down-stairs with a

dignified trip, which had something of Rosa Orme's manner in it.

She felt strong in the possession of stiff skirts. Inwardly she said to Rosa and Amelia, "I can stick out as well as you."

Miss Slater and the young ladies received her with grim silence when she reached the sitting-room. Only once did the former lift up her voice as the party quitted the house.

"Not that dog, I beg, Miss Moore."

Topaz was pattering down-stairs after them with a speed which threatened to break his thin, spidery legs.

"I will go out by myself, if you like," Azalea said, politely; "but of course Topaz wants his walk."

She walked on, Topaz trotting contentedly by her side. Her companions had no option but to follow her, for Lord Orme had cautioned the governess not to leave the child alone when outside the house.

The four walked on in silence for a time, making part of the brilliant living panorama that shifted to and fro by the side of the grey sea-line. Miss Slater and her charges were endeavouring to detect familiar faces among the bright masses of the crowd. Azalea had no one at whom to make stiff bows or little false smiles, so she turned her eyes oceanwards.

Nowhere are nature and art brought face to face in such marked contrast as at Brighton. On the cliff above is perishable, in the waves below imperishable mutability. The old sea can hiss scorn up to the stream of puppets that make a narrow line of colour between earth and sky, crying, "Oh, miserable pigmies! cease to scan the traces of passion, desire, or sorrow in your clay faces, and look at the naked splendour of *me*, who was before ever man was born—of me, who have rotted the treasure and the lives of past generations, kinsmen whom ye have only known by tradition, who will wash away the features of your children's children; who will heave and storm, smile and dimple when man has ceased to be; when the silence of the Void once more falls on earth and ocean, and your unmeaning laughter and helpless tears will no longer echo over my vast loneliness."

Some dim sense of the contrast between the gay flutter of the crowd and the sullen grandeur of the steel-gray waters below reached Azalea.

"Do you ever feel afraid of the sea?" she asked Rosa Orme.

"I'm afraid when I'm on it—I'm so afraid of being sea-sick," was that young lady's prosaic answer.

"You have been on it!" Azalea said, in an awestricken tone. "What did it feel like?"

"First your head goes round and round, then it seems to swim up to the top of a wave and down again to your shoes, and then—oh, it's dreadful!"

"I think I should love it," Azalea said, dreamily.

"Wait till you're on it," was the significant rejoinder. The conversation was interrupted by Miss Slater.

"Rosa, dear; heads up—toes down."

Rosa obeyed, and tripped on with increased haughtiness of aspect, while Azalea drooped her head in involuntary rebellion to that harsh, untender voice.

Meanwhile various little annoyances incidental to her assumption of new attire began to trouble Azalea.

Her shoes, new and stiff, already girded her over the instep. Her feet, numbed and compressed, seemed to terminate in one aching toe. She thought remorsefully of that dear old comfortable shoe resting under her dressing-table, and of its companion, now probably full of sea water, softer and more comfortable than ever. She hated her gloves too; they seemed to tie up all the freedom of her fingers; and most of all did she loathe a certain ruche of lace which formed the collar of her dress, and which was drawn together by two strings, one of which dangled down her back, and irritated the wearer to a sort of fidgety frenzy.

"Oh!" groaned Azalea, turning, and desperately facing Miss Slater, "I can't bear it any longer; I shall go mad presently."

Miss Slater, regarding her little enemy with angry and distrustful eyes, sought to frown her into silence; but Medusa would have had no effect under the circumstances, unless she had first flung one of her snakes down Azalea's back, and commanded it to swallow the offending string.

"Oh!" said the latter, tearfully, "do put your hand down my back and pull it away."

The little girls giggled. Miss Slater gave the child a rough push forward. Azalea stumbled in the impetus given to her steps, and at the same moment dropped her muff. Ere she had time to recover it, Topaz's quick eye noted the fallen prize. It was a glorious plaything for a light-hearted, active dog. He scampered up by-streets, then back and down the pavement, then across the cliff; and every time he dropped it he growled a general defiance to all caninity, until he had managed to fix again the fur securely between his sharp white teeth.

"Oh, dear!" cried Azalea, dismally, "how can I get him to stop?"

Then she suddenly, to the horror of her companions, gave utterance to a succession of shrill sounds.

"Your papa never could have foreseen all this," Miss Slater said, with not unnatural indignation. "To be seen in company with a girl who stands still in the middle of Brighton, whistling like a plough-boy, is rather too much to endure. I have no control over that vulgar little creature; but I must beg you, Rosa and Amelia, to walk on."

Azalea did not see that her party had deserted her, her eyes were fixed on the movements of her favourite. Topaz had carried off the muff to the other side of the cliff, and incautiously chose to sit down and regard his prize in the face of an advancing pony-chaise, drawn by two pretty little fretting bay ponies, and his mistress perceived that, unless he moved away very quickly, he would infallibly be run over in another moment.

The lady who was driving the pony-chaise (we have seen her charming face before) was turning her little nose and dreamy grey eyes towards the sea as her ponies' hoofs clattered in dangerous proximity to Topaz's head. Then she looked languidly towards the cliff, and was curving her whip-lash through the air with the intention of stimulating the ponies' speed, when a white desperate little face rose up suddenly in front of them. A small, but firm hand clutched hold of the reins, and then the ponies reared up. There was a sound of a yelp. The child's face disappeared, the ponies bounded forward, and Lady Di Merton understood from the exclamations of the crowd round her, that she had driven over a child.

INDEFINITE DEFINITIONS.

BARDOLPH was in a high degree proud of his mastery in polite conversation of so polysyllabic a word as "accommodated," when, in answer to Justice Shallow's inquiry after the health of Sir John Falstaff, and "the lady his wife," the fat knight's red-nosed retainer begged pardon, sir, but submitted that a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife. The effervescent Justice caught at the phrase, and patronised it in his pompous platitudinary way. He professed—wishing to be civil and conciliating—to be quite tickled with the aptness of the phrase, and rolled it as a sweet morsel over and under his tongue. "It is well said, in faith, sir, and it is well

said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes of *accommodo*: very good; a good phrase." Bardolph was, of course, gratified enough by the learned magistrate's appreciation of his parts of speech; but Bardolph was for precision in such matters, and lest the Justice should too nicely derange his epitaphs, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, he proceeded to distinguish and define. "Pardon, sir," quoth he, "I have heard the word. *Phrase*, call you it? By this day, I know not the *phrase*: but I will maintain the word, with my sword, to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command." And now for the definition. "Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated: or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing." The terminal rider to the proposition—the "which is an excellent thing"—reads like a paraphrase of the more formal *quod erat demonstrandum*. More applicable, perhaps, would be the equally familiar form, *quod est absurdum*.

When Lord Althorp, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, had to propose to the House of Commons a vote of £400 a year for the salary of the Archdeacon of Bengal, he was puzzled, we are told, by a question from that most exacting of economists, Mr. Hume, "What are the duties of an archdeacon?" So he sent one of the subordinates of the Treasury Bench to the other House to obtain an answer from one of the bishops. The messenger met first with Archbishop Vernon Harcourt, who described an archdeacon as "aide-de-camp to the bishop," and then with Bishop Copleston, of Llandaff, who said, "the archdeacon is *oculus episcopi*." Lord Althorp declared, however, that neither of these explanations would satisfy the House. "Go," said he, "and ask the Bishop of London [Blomfield]; he is a straightforward man, and will give you a plain answer." To the Bishop of London accordingly the messenger went, and repeated the question, "What is an archdeacon?" "An archdeacon?" replied the bishop, in his quick way, "an archdeacon is an ecclesiastical officer, who performs archidiaconal functions." And with this reply Lord Althorp and the House are said to have been perfectly satisfied.

It ought to be added, however, and by Bishop Blomfield's worthy biographer is added, that when this story was repeated to that prelate himself, he said that he had no

recollection of having made any such answer; but that if he had, it must have been suggested to him by a saying of old John White, a dentist, who used to recommend lavender-water to his patients, and when pressed for a reason for the recommendation, replied, "on account of its *lavendric* properties."

In John Lyly's *Endymion*, Sir Topas is made to say, "Dost know what a poet is? Why, fool, a poet is much as one should say—a poet!" A citation of which indefinite definition furnishes Mr. Longfellow with the opening sentence of his John-Paulite romance of *Hyperion*,—"And thou, reader, dost thou know what a hero is? Why, a hero is much as one should say—a hero!" For the American prose-poet wrote his romance before Mr. Thackeray had set the bold example of writing, and expressly entitling, his master-piece as a Novel without a Hero.

We are very apt, says Dr. Channing, to think we have ideas, when we have only words. We mistake synonyms for definitions. David Hume's instant objection to the definition of a cause, as that which produces anything, is that producing is synonymous with causing. It is parallel to the famous question and answer, *Quare facit opium dormire? Quia in eo est virtus dormitiva*.—Why does opium produce sleep? Because it has in it a sleep-producing quality.

The definition of extension explains it not, says Locke, in his treatment of Space; for to say, as is usually done, that extension is to have *partes extra partes*, is to say only that extension is extension. "As if one, asking what a fibre was, I should answer him that it was a thing made up of several fibres; would he thereby be enabled to understand what a fibre was better than before? Or rather would he not have reason to think that my design was to make sport with him rather than seriously to instruct him?" Elsewhere Locke girds at the principle and practice of explaining the intellectual faculty, or understanding, to be that which understands, and the elective faculty, or will, that which wills or commands. In effect, that "digestion is performed by something which is able to digest; motion, by something able to move; and understanding, by something able to understand." The atomists, who define motion to be a passage from one place to another, what do they more, he asks, in another chapter, than put one synonymous word for another? For what is passage other than motion? It is to translate, he objects, and not to define, when we change two words of the same signification one for another. And

again, in a previous section, complaining of another set of expositors, that come of the same stock, he observes that whatever a learned man may do here, an intelligent American, who inquired into the nature of things, would scarce take it for a satisfactory account if, desiring to learn our architecture, he should be told that a pillar was a thing supported by a basis, and a basis something that supported a pillar. This comes to pretty much the same thing with the references in the famous Tuscan dictionary of Gigli of Sienna—without their point, however—where the whole phenomena of taxation are brought under two heads, “Dukes, *vide Taxes*,” “Taxes, *vide Dukes*.”

A Quarterly Reviewer was twitted the other day with his mentioning as the principal cause of living long, “a certain mental and bodily predisposition to longevity,”—surely a not quite satisfactory conclusion, as it seemed very much like saying that if you wish for a good appetite your best chance is to have a strong mental and bodily aptitude for taking food.

Mr. Buckle has his fling at a modern Spanish historian, who, reflecting on the destruction of the municipal element by the royal authority, gives a solution, which, like many other so-called solutions, is merely a statement of the same fact in different words. “This, instead of explaining the event, is simply narrating it afresh.” A large class of people, as the author of an essay on *Excuses* has observed, think that they dispose of any question or any accusation by themselves saying it again in different words: you assert something, or you ask something; all you get is your own saying in new clothes, and with that you are expected to be satisfied, and in many cases you are satisfied. “You state a fact, and ask for a reason; instead of a reason, you get the fact itself stated in a different way.” The style of arguing known as a “lady’s reason” is justly said to be by no means confined to ladies; weak men using it because they have none other to use, and cunning men because it is a convenient way of throwing dust in people’s eyes when it does not suit them to give any answer at all. “Great officials use it out of policy, and small officials use it out of stupidity.” It is so essential to be able to say something when you have nothing to say.

Against the French school, as represented by M. Littré and his friends, of that Positive philosophy of which, in this country Mr. Buckle was so distinguished an interpreter, it has been objected with some force that they plume themselves on discarding absolutely

everything which they cannot explain, and ignore altogether laws which are beyond their understanding. But they are obliged, after all, a critic of their physiological system contends, to acknowledge that there are certain elementary laws which they must admit, though they cannot understand them, and which they designate as “irreducible vital proportion.” Drive them, says he, from one inference to another, and they at last come to facts utterly beyond their comprehension, when they will tell you that such or such a phenomenon manifests itself because the substance from which it is elicited has the “property” of giving rise to it. M. Durand ridicules the *naïveté* of such an explanation, which Molière had anticipated with his *opium facit dormire quia est in eo virtus dormitiva*.

Mr. de Quincey, with all his admiration for Kant, whom he expressly eulogises as the most sincere and honourable of human beings, and as hating tricks, disguises, or mystifications, simulation equally with dissimulation; on the other hand taxes him with having, of all men, the least talent for explaining himself, or communicating his views to others. “Whenever Kant undertakes to render into popular language the secrets of metaphysics, one inevitably thinks of Bardolph’s attempt to analyse and justify the word *accommodation*.” In another essay, that devoted to an exposition of the philosophy of Herodotus, Mr. de Quincey had girded at the same German philosopher, and with the same Shaksperian allusion. The reference in this case is to one of Kant’s miscellaneous treatises, in which, finding a necessity for explaining the term *Histoire*, he deduces it of course from the Greek *ἱστορία*. This brings him to an occasion for defining the term. And what is Kant’s definition? “It is laughable to imagine the anxious reader bending his ear to catch the Kantian whisper, and finally, solemnly hearing that *ἱστορία* means—History. Really, Professor Kant, we should almost have guessed as much. But such derivations teach no more than the ample circuit of Bardolph’s definition—‘*accommodated*: that whereby a man is, or may be thought to be,’—what? ‘*accommodated*.’” After a like ample circuit, many are the more or less philosophic definitions that end where they began, and, for a last example, we cannot do better than give the Prior’s definition of a soul, in Mr. Browning’s poem:—

Man’s soul, and it’s a fire, smoke . . . no, it’s not . . .
It’s vapour done up like a new-born babe—
(In that shape when you die it leaves your mouth)
It’s . . . well, what matters talking, it’s the soul!



[April 24, 1859]

Use a Wrench.

ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE.—By G. BOWEN.

HETTY.

By HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE GREAT HETTY MYSTERY CLEARED UP.

POOR old Turner. He was dead enough. The life, fierce at first in its vitality, nay, some said wild, had come to an almost eventless end. He had died in his chair quite quietly. A nobleman and a dissenting minister were carrying his body to a sofa, and a scared, beautiful daughter, looking on death now for the first time, was holding the candle. That was the end and finish of it all.

"Worth?" Yes. "Silence?" Beyond that of most. "Ambition?" Yes. "Money?" Enough. "Love?" Aye, and hate too. We shall never know *that* story. "Respect in the world?" More than most. "Capabilities of enjoyment?" Very great, but never exercised. "Religion?" That is no matter here, just now, when Ducetoy the Puseyite, and Hagbut the Dissenter, are carrying him to the sofa. One of his shoes fell off and Rebecca picked it up and tried to put it on.

"It is of no use to do that," said Lord Ducetoy.

No use to put on his shoe. Not one bit. There had come an end and finish. The man, as known to sight and touch, was utterly gone, with all his works and ways, bearing the consequences with him. The very tree in front of the house would last longer than he. A few days and the very image must be hidden in the earth. Shall we ever dare to appreciate the memory of death? Shall we ever dare to deduce the great future of the soul, from the contempt which our good God shows towards this poor pretty toy of a body which he has lent us?

He was *dead*. Shut your eyes for only one minute, and think of it. At one time all a man's schemes and plots, honourable and other, must come to an end! The man, as you knew him, must be quickly put out of the way and hidden; the man exists no more. Who can wonder at Religion being the one thing which people are most furious about? That terror of utter annihilation which produced the slightly illogical Phædo, is the basis of all religions. There is only one tribe in the world, so far as I know, who disbelieve in a future state, and it would be unpolite to name them.

However, Turner, with all his sins and

virtues, was, to his scared daughter, no more than a heap of bones and flesh. No wrong which one had ever done the other could be righted *now*. It was all over. She had no means of believing that they would ever meet again. Her religion denied her the shocking and yet beautifully tender superstition of masses for his soul; she had been trained in too sharp a school to believe that Divine mercy could be bought with music and candles. She only thought that her father had done his best, and that God would have mercy on him. In her terror, in her dumb, stunned grief, she would have asked even Hagbut about her father's future; but his people had told her so many cruel things, that she feared he might say that her father was in hell, and she also very much feared that she should believe it; and so she merely hung round his body tenderly, without one solitary tear as yet, and moaned to herself, "Alfred! Alfred!"

But Morley was far away on the wild sea. There was no hope from him; and it was no use lying on the floor beside the corpse, which was on the sofa, and saying at intervals, in a whisper, ghostly from want of hope, "Pa!" That was obviously no good whatever. All kinds of methods have been tried for speaking with the dead, but I have never heard of one which has succeeded.

Moaning inarticulately with all the weight of what might have been between her and that poor corpse, weighing on her more and more as the minutes went on, she lay dumb and tearless. Lord Ducetoy and Mr. Hagbut, with that delicacy of manhood, which is nearly as fine as that of womanhood, left her alone, and stayed about the house whispering. Carry had been hurried out of the house, (being in an interesting condition,) not having the least idea that her father was dead. What to do with the moaning tearless Rebecca was becoming a puzzle to Lord Ducetoy. Hagbut was perfectly calm, and only said, "Wait, my lord. She will have faces round her soon which she will know. I was to preach here to-night, and I have ordered some women of my communion, who are come to hear me, to come to her."

Rebecca had nearly moaned herself to sleep, on the hard floor, when she felt a kind, gentle arm round her waist, and heard a very gentle voice say, "My love come with me. Get up."

"I will be very obedient," said Rebecca. "I was wrong to go to Ramsgate. Now that death is here, I know it. Alfred Morley has forgiven me, and pa forgave me too. I will go to Walham Green, and ask forgiveness of all."

I am sure even Miss Soper would forgive me now."

"My sweet child, my own bonny girl," said old Soper; "what have I to forgive? You have got to forgive an ill-tempered old maid, driven wild by girls. Come away, dear, and scold me. See here is Mrs. Russel; you will come with us, won't you?"

"Pretty sweetheart," said Mrs. Russel; "come with us. We never hit it off together yet, but we will do so for the future. Becky, my pretty love, come and lie down."

All the well-written, or well-talked sentimentality in the world could never have had the effect which the kindness of these two old women had on Rebecca. The rock was smitten, and the tears came forth.

Soper and Russel behaved gloriously. Soper never yielded an inch in her principles. Rebecca had once done a thing which if done too often would entirely ruin the ladies' school business, for which Soper had a sentimental regard, seeing that she had made a modest competence out of it. About the Ramsgate business Soper nailed her colours to the mast; but on all other points she gave way, and turned out the thoroughly good fellow which she really was. Russel and she staid in the house until the end, and as they never got on from one week's end to another without a squabble, they naturally had one here.

Russel said one evening at tea that Rebecca would be all alone now. Mr. Hagbut was not likely to let Carry see much of her, and she would be alone.

"A good job too," said Soper. "I hate Carry."

"She is a well-conducted girl," said Russel.

"Her sister is worth ten of her," said Soper, the experienced. "Don't talk nonsense. If Rebecca was a barrack-master's daughter (you don't know what that means, I suppose?) there would never be a scandal about her."

Russel was so used to getting her old ears boxed by Soper, that she submitted as usual, and said, "You know best, my dear, of course. That Morley's daughter, that Hetty, will be home soon, and she will be thrown against Rebecca. I suppose you will be saying next that you approve of *that*."

"Yes, I shall," said Soper. "I have retired from business, and sold my connexion. I'll say *that*. There are girls and girls, and we in our trade don't study that enough. Yes, I'll say *that*," said Soper, rubbing her nose. "I don't want to injure the woman's business who bought my school; but I will say as much as *that*."

"Don't be angry, my dear," said Russel.

"I shall, if I choose. Morley's daughter is the best companion for Morley's wife."

"After what she has done?" cried Russel.

"What *has* she done?" asked Soper.

"Outraged every law of respectability," said Mrs. Russel, stoutly. "Oh, Lord! look there."

It was only Rebecca in her dressing-gown, looking certainly very ghostly.

"My dear friends," she said, "is there anything wrong?"

"Yes," said Russel, "Miss Soper is backing up Hetty."

"And I don't see why I should not," said Soper; "the girl was plagued out of her life, and rebelled. Morley had not any money to give her, and she went honestly and bravely away to get money to keep herself and to help him. And she went as stewardess on board a Scotch steamer; and she went as stewardess on board an American steamer; and she got money; and she got prestige for business habits; and she prospered. She is a noble soul, that is about what she is, and those who decry her are fools."

"Fool is a strong word," said Mrs. Russel. "Come, tell the whole truth."

"About her shipwrecks? About her heroism?"

"You know what I mean," said Russel.

"About the Lord Clyde? Yes, I will tell Becky about that. Now, my dear, you shall have the very whole of it. Hetty, long a disgrace to our respectable connexion, in consequence of her—a minister's daughter—lowering herself so far as to go to sea as a stewardess. In our connexion, my dear, as in some others, we never lower ourselves so far as to marry into the ministry. Mr. Spurgeon pointed out that last week. But we expect our ministers' daughters to keep their rank. Hetty Morley violated our traditions, and did worse."

"I am sure she did no wrong," said Rebecca.

"Oh, didn't she?" said Soper, now venomous. "If there was a Northern sympathiser, in this world, it was Alfred Morley. If any sect in Catholic Europe was more united than ours on the subject of hatred to the slave-owners of the South, it was ours. Hartop, the man to whom she was engaged, was an open favourer of the Northern States. What did Hetty do? Flew in the face of her father, her lover, and her connexion, and run the blockade into Charleston."

"Is *that* all she has done?" asked Rebecca.

"Enough, too," said Russel, now very angry indeed. "Disgraced herself by taking service as a stewardess; and then, on sentimental

grounds, assisting Jezebels of slavery into that stronghold of abomination, Charleston."

I believe that it was the late great and good President Lincoln who first said, that you could do nothing with a woman when her back was up. You could do nothing with Soper now. Her major premiss was "Humbug," and she never got to her minor, and dropped grammar in her fury.

"That Lord Clyde," she said, "was took for blockade running. And Hetty Morley was stewardess aboard of her, in the Clyde. And there comes two ladies, one big with child. And they says mutually about one another: 'My husband's killed,' one on 'em says; 'and hers,' pointing to the one in the family-way, 'he is wounded.' 'Do you know the danger?' says the skipper. 'I am uncommon deep this time, and they have built a gun-boat to catch me; and I doubt I can't take ladies.'"

"Stop your story, Miss Soper," said Mrs. Russel. "It's too much for her."

Rebecca, perfectly white, and a little wild, was staring at Miss Soper. The experienced Soper looked at her one instant and went on.

"It won't hurt you to tell. It will draw your mind from what is up-stairs. The skipper said, 'I can't take ladies.' They says, 'But us. Think on us,' they said. 'For the memory of your mother take us.' And the one whose husband was alive, said, 'She can't see him again, but I may see my man.' And the skipper said, 'You two will never get through without some other women. I expect to be took this time. And our stewardess is ordered not to go. I won't trust myself with you without her.' And he asked Hetty; and Hetty said 'Willing.' And she went; and all I say is, that God went with her. That is what Hetty did."

"Did the two slave-owning ladies get safe in?" asked Rebecca.

"Yes," said the violent emancipationist Soper, triumphantly; "they did, thank God."

"Thank God, also," said Rebecca. "Tell us the rest of what Hetty did."

"Not much," said Soper, "except behaving like an English woman. The Lord Clyde was deep, and touched the ground under a battery, and she was wounded in the face by the splinter of a shell; but she stood to her work plucky until the very last."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WAITING BY THE TIDE.

THE little tale is nearly told. A little more trouble. A little more heart gnawing, weary waiting, and our bold wild hawk will

have been purged from the fault, mainly brought on her by her old unsuitable life, and our once wild peregrine shall be tamed. She shall stoop to the master's wrist directly; no lure needed any longer. No need for jesses, hood, or bell; she shall perch upon his wrist, I promise you, and then she shall spread her pretty wings and fly away across the sea towards the morning.

I tried hard to make you like her from the very first; but she was a naughty girl, I doubt. Yet love had done for her what law never did, and she was good enough now, poor child, left all alone.

All alone! Why, no. She could never be alone any more now. Her soul had been awakened in the light of a new dawn, to which the flaming primrose of Australian morning is but darkness. The sentimental love and admiration for one greyish headed man, now alone upon the broad weltering sea, a love which fed on absence had wrought such a change in her that she found her body transformed into a temple of new hopes and fears, new sympathies and anxieties. She was *living*, so she could never be alone.

She had money now, nearly £4000. Mr. Hagbut, as one of her father's executors, had done better by her than he was absolutely warranted by law: of that she never knew. "How on earth," said Lord Ducetoy to her once, "do you manage to get eight per cent. for your money? I can't." Hagbut knew. That frank, Americanised young nobleman consulted her often on business matters relating to his approaching marriage, declaring that he was certain that her father's genius for business must have descended on her. The most he made by it, however, was being loosed of £20 for the Sailors' Orphans' Home.

For she was waiting by the tide for her man at sea who came not, and sent no message or sign. Her life was the life of the sea-folks now. The good Tibbeys from Chelsea had more than once come to see her, and had begged her to come to them; but her answer was always the same: "That life is dead and past. I am waiting by the tide, my dears, for him who is at sea. I will never go westward again into that wilderness. I wait upon the shore for him, and I think he will come back to me. If he does not, I will wait still."

Carry and Mrs. Russel said that poor Rebecca was moping herself to death all alone down at Limehouse. Now, on the other hand, Miss Soper, whose father was dead, having had a look or two at Limehouse, took apartments there, and carrying her mother down,

established herself; thereby emphatically proving her opinion of the difference between Walham Green and Limehouse. The split between herself and Carry and Russel was complete.

"Rebecca," said the old schoolmistress, "is worth the lot of you put together. The girl is doing hard work and good work, and I have been used to hard work since I was fourteen;" (as, indeed, she had,) "and I am going to do some more of it. Mrs. Russel, it is the want of hard work which has spoilt my temper and yours; and it will spoil yours, too, Mrs. Hagbut." The two saw very little of her after this.

I am not Homer, and so I cannot describe the fearful battles which went on between Miss Soper and Doctor Barnham, the Papist. The number of times a day which they announced one another's ultimate destruction was something fearful. But they were excellent good friends, and worked together admirably, in the little sharp attack of cholera in that year; partly, I think, from jealousy, to see who could do most.

So it came to pass that Rebecca saw more of her old enemy than ever she had done before. And when she came to compare Soper's life with her own, she felt herself a very worthless person.

The very first and purest pleasure which Rebecca got, when she had settled down, was a certain school for sailors' children, got together and kept together by a fat old woman, Mrs. Frump. She founded it, she taught it (mainly), she managed it, and she paid for it. *She was it.* Soper grubbed out the story about it; and it was, that her son had gone away, and had been lost in a "cyphoon," leaving her two infant children to educate. And Mrs. Frump had decided that it was best that the children should have company. And so the school had grown from two sailor's orphans to twenty-eight sailors' children, whose fathers might return, or, on the other hand, might not. And it was by the tide-way, and the little ones could see the ships as they passed close by.

It was one of those temporary schools, kept together by the force of character of a single person; and which, when God thinks fit to say to that person, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," break up and go to pieces, and are heard of no more.

Yet their good works live after them. I am not foolish enough, of course, to say for an instant that unorganised schools, dependent on mere individuals, should in any way take

the place of organised schools; yet I say thus much about such schools as this, which I have known, that they have impressed a certain die of character on the children taught there, and have deserved well of the State. Nay, more: I believe, that on the last great gathering, when one of the founders and keepers of these schools shall come up for judgment, and the Great One shall say, "Who will speak for this man?" hundreds of white hands will be held up out of the crowd, and their owners will say, "Lord, he showed us the way to thy Son."

Well, that is only my opinion about those schools. We are getting too serious, I fear.

Rebecca watched old Frump as a cat watches a mouse. But she was a determined old girl, our Rebecca, and intended to have her wicked will of Frump. She confronted Frump in the street one day, and asked her if she might come and teach in her school.

Frump eyed her over from top to toe, and said, "Why?"

Rebecca was perfectly ready for her. She told Frump the whole of her story from beginning to end; and, in conclusion, said pitifully, "Please, let me help."

"Humph!" said Frump, "as a general rule I don't like Dissenters round my place. But you have got the right kind of eye, and I know Morley. You can come, if you like."

"I thank you very much," said Rebecca.

"Are you fond of your tea, child?" asked Frump.

"Yes, I like it *very* much," said Rebecca.

"Then you had better come along and have some of it with me," said Frump.

And at tea Rebecca explained to Frump that her father had been a Dissenter and her mother a Papist. Frump was inclined on the whole, to look on this in the light of a good cross; not like the orthodox thing certainly, but not so very bad. She cautioned Rebecca carefully about the expression of unorthodox opinions on one side or the other. Rebecca promised strict obedience; and they became good friends.

So she got among the pretty, innocent sailors' children, and loved them, and worked diligently among them, not only for their own sweet sakes, but for the sake of her own dear sailor far away upon the wild sea.

Another thing which raised her soul much in these times was this: the ritualisms of the sect to which she clung were not bald and barren to her here, as they were at Walham Green. She craved for light and music in her ritual; and to some extent she got it here. The light was in the upturned eyes of the

little congregation, the music was got by the rushing of the wind and the lapping of the tide outside the chapel.

But there was a great attraction in her chapel just now. A young missionary had come home, having lost his wife in some wild attempt to spread Christianity in some dim spot on the Cengr, where the Capuchins and Jesuits had failed 200 years before. A wild young man with a tangled head, blazing black eyes, a bad heart-disease, a precarious income of £58 a-year, and what I chose to call a golden faith. This young man had gone through more troubles than St. Paul himself, and had come home to take Morley's duty. Barnham, the Papist, told Miss Soper that that man was a loss to the Catholic Church, for that he preached the Real Presence as in *his* language he most certainly did. She, Soper, was *furious*, but Dr. Barnham was a great deal too strong for her, Soper not being able from her professions to urge *petitio principii* against him, and leaving him free to argue from their common major.

Frump, however, retired on the lines of Torres Vedras, until the country should be wasted before her. Her lines were, that young Jones, the Dissenting missionary, was a Jesuit in disguise. Which was a safe thing to say.

But in spite of the rather singular things which this tangled-headed young man said about the necessity of baptism, the inconceivable sin of falling away from grace, and the (practically) ultra-Romish views of the communion, Rebecca loved to hear this young man preach. For there was an earnest fury about every word of his which took her heart, and his words carried with them the scent of the distant sea, the waves of which wandered over his dead wife's coffin.

So, busy and active, yet perfectly peaceful, still she waited for Alfred Morley beside the tide.

THE NATURALNESS OF ARTIFICE.

OF the many convenient abstractions that stalk the earth as corporate entities, there are few so puzzling in their movements as civilisation. We are accustomed to regard civilisation as some extraneous thing, which is constantly interfering with the natural progress of human life—as a sort of foreign leverage, evolved or introduced during a certain period in human history, and likely to alter the proper conditions and destiny of the race.

We become apprehensive of this extra-natural power; and look upon the spread and increase of civilisation as at best but a doubtful blessing, which may possibly bring with it, in the end, a general deterioration of stamina, and other evils. This kind of talk, which is very common, reveals the existence of a vague belief that the natural conditions of a man's life are those which regulate the lives of all other animals. His sedentary occupations, his devotion to purely intellectual labour, his love of stimulants, his hours of going to sleep and of waking, even his means of guarding himself against the weather, are regarded as unnatural. Unnatural, too, is his extreme cultivation of the cerebral functions; and the direst consequences to the race are predicted from those habits and tendencies which the successive tides of civilisation have left stranded among us. The obvious blunder in it all is to imagine that any animal, man or beast, can voluntarily develop conditions of existence outside itself. These conditions, or possibilities of existence, must exist within the animal; and the development then becomes a matter of time. Civilisation is as natural and inevitable to man as the love of certain succulent kinds of grass is to a cow. Man is an animal; but man is man because he differs from all the other animals in those very things which permit of his becoming civilised. We talk with distrust of artificial means of prolonging and improving the human race; forgetting that the race has always made use of artificial means, which are to it natural. Man has no hypothetical position as an animal, apart from his humanity. As to the question whether civilisation, in its present groove, may not be ultimately injurious to the race, we say nothing here. It is possible that we are too sedulously cultivating the cerebrum at the expense of the cerebellum; and that to secure a proper proportion of physical vigour, we may be thrown back upon a life more nearly resembling that of the other animals. But in any case, our progress to or from civilisation is natural; and civilisation itself nothing but a name to denote the natural tendency of the human race to fulfil the necessary conditions of its humanity.

The same nebulous notion of the antagonism between nature and civilisation is carried into the relations of domestic life. There is no type of woman on whom lady-novelists spend more pains than the artificial woman. This creature gives occasion for pages of painful analysis, coupled with a good deal of moralising, and not a little vituperation. As no woman imagines herself to be artificial, the repre-

sentative artificial woman is a being whom all unite to deplore and despise. But what is this artifice which is regarded as a weak and contemptible form of hypocrisy? The favourite exposition of the artificial woman in novels is to represent her as the lady of a house, receiving a visit from some one whom she dislikes. She is very polite to this person; is quite sympathetic in her inquiries after children whose names she forgets; is tenderly solicitous of her guest's personal comfort; and, in short, charms her visitor by her gracious manner. When the guest goes away, the lady of the house heaves a sigh of relief; and perhaps acknowledges to a female friend that she has just come through a trial. This third person is indignant over such hypocrisy; and (inwardly) thanks God that *she* is no artificial woman. But what the artificial woman has done is this. For some reason, or for no reason, she dislikes the person who has just called. But why should she commit the rudeness of expressing that dislike? On the contrary, she fancies it to be her duty to make up for this feeling by an excess of courtesy. She wishes to love her enemy; and, as she cannot, she does what she can in the way of making her enemy comfortable. The good intention of this resolve is apparent; and even were the intention no more than to conform to her notions of the courtesy which every lady ought to extend to her guest, it would still be praiseworthy. How can she be called artificial in obeying this honest impulse? She dislikes this visitor; and, at the same time, her own sense of what is right prompts her to receive the visitor kindly. The one impulse is as honest as the other. The conduct following her praiseworthy determination to be courteous to her enemy is not artificial, but as natural as the wish that suggested it. Briefly, the common notion is, that whatever is done with a purpose, or in contradiction to one's more immediate and selfish impulse is artificial. We ought to be honest by being spontaneous. We should have no *arrière pensée*—no nice balancing of several possible lines of conduct. We should blurt out our opinion of men, women, and things, irrespective of consequences. We must never assume to be better than we are, although we may be ashamed of what we are, and desirous of erecting a certain standard after which we may at least strive. Put into so many sentences, the notion is excessively absurd, but it is never so reduced to propositions. It hangs about most people's minds in an indeterminate foggy shape; and is only brought prominently forward when it can be used as a means of censuring someone

else. As there is no man or woman whose conduct is not more or less artificial—that is, more or less in planned and determinate antagonism to certain spontaneous, or natural, impulses—it is clear that every man, and every woman, lies open to an easy form of criticism. And to say that one is artificial conveys a number of impressions. It means, or has come to mean, that you are insincere, not to be trusted, a hypocrite, with a double purpose in your actions—therefore a person to be regarded with suspicion. It never occurs to the people who most commonly prefer this charge of artificiality to ask whether it would be of much more advantage to us to follow our natural impulses, instead of trying to overlay them with a higher set of aspirations, and conduct in correspondence. A. is accused of using artifice—of being a hypocrite—because he conceals his opinion of B. when B. is present. But if A. is not sure that his judgment is infallible—if he has objections to becoming a cantankerous booby—if he prefers not to precipitate a scene in a friend's house—why should he not listen to these reasonable suggestions of common-sense, and chat as affably with B. as with anyone else? Indeed the actual conquering or concealment of our instinctive likes and dislikes, and the substitution for them of some finer incentive to action, is accounted a prodigious virtue—as it is—by the very people who are most positive about the hideousness of artificiality. Do we not constantly meet in novels with the following incident? The hero, godlike, with polished boots, enters the quadrille room. He is known to all the reigning beauties; and they expect to have him buzzing around them, asking for distant waltzes, and twiddling with their fans. But he espies, seated in a corner, with no one to speak to her, a plain and rather elderly young person, who is looking dull and out of temper. He does not know her; so he gets an introduction to her, and sits down by her side, and charms away the gloom from her plain face, and pays her the most flattering attentions, and dances with her persistently. Of course his natural impulse was certainly not to court the society of a woman old, ugly, and out of temper. But the hero is the most charming of hypocrites; and so he pretends to be fascinated by her, listens with beautifully feigned delight to her stupid talk, and will scarcely look at any one else in the room. So at last we reach the conclusion that hypocrisy is sometimes pardonable; and as a corollary, that artificiality of manners or conduct is not, *per se*, desperately wicked.

However, that is not the position for which we contend. It is that the artificiality is as natural as—if not more natural than—the spontaneous impulses which it conceals. It is in honest and complete correspondence with the predominant part of a man's disposition; and it frequently testifies to the excellence of that disposition. The girl who is struck with admiration by the character of some novel-heroine, and tries for a brief period to copy that exalted ideal in her speech and manners, is moved by an honest if somewhat foolish wish; and the little assumptions she may introduce into her ordinary walk and conversation are, for the time being, natural and in accordance with the better part of her nature. Indeed the people who are wilfully good, and benevolent, and charitable, are more to

be praised than those who are so by nature; for the former have certain contradictory impulses to be fought with. The man who has a bad disposition, and resolves to be virtuous, and is virtuous, is a more edifying spectacle than the man who is virtuous because he cannot help it. What we say is, that the impulse of the wicked man to become virtuous, is merely a qualifying element in his wicked disposition; and that he acts as naturally in obeying that natural element as if he had been wholly wicked in disposition and remained wholly wicked. The arbitrary ticketing-off of one set of impulses as natural, and of another as artificial, is only a modification of the notion that civilisation is something independent of humanity which we ought to control and direct.

THE BLUE ALCOVE.

YES, you are right. We both were young. 'Twas 'neath the Christmas holly,
When youthful hearts are all aglow, we made those vows of folly :—
We sat within the Blue Alcove, you on my bosom leaning,
And breathed with passion every word—they could have had no meaning !

'Twas but the feeling of the hour—youth's fond and warm expression :—
Our hearts like stone-sand, where the softest mark leaves its impression—
The waves of life soon blotted out the shallow light love token :
Words are vibrations on the air—forgot as soon as spoken.

'Tis well they are so ; otherwise I might have gone on dreaming,
And foolishly have thought 'twas truth that prompted all your seeming :—
I might have thought the vows you made would aye remain unshaken —
And if I did—what matters it ? I merely was mistaken.

If you had thought my hottest words meant aught but warm ideal—
If you had thought the future that I limned for both was real—
If you had thought our parting then was one which sorely grieved you—
If you had thought my love would last—what then ? I had deceived you.

What boots deceit ? And wherefore not the words of mocking passion ?
For modern love is changeful—ay, sweet lady, 'tis the fashion.
Love where you will, it matters not ; above, beneath, your station—
Love may be very wild, but short, in this age of sensation.

The old traditions pass away. We weary of the story
Of the young wife's enduring love, the matron's spotless glory.
The first pure kiss ; the hallowed vow ; the firstborn's infant prattle,
The interchange of cheering words through life's long ceaseless battle.

All this is well, but very tame ; there's no excitement in it ;
And what enjoyment in the race if easily we win it ?
Our restless lives ask more than this : we seek the thrilling pleasure,
To war with angel forms that guard with flaming sword the treasure.

In modern creeds, it seems to me, we fight not hell, but heaven :
We thirst for vices hidden away—neglect the virtues given.
The crown upon the married brow to our dull gaze seems tarnished ;
A brighter gilding suits us best—a paint more highly varnished.

If you're content, why, so am I. And wherefore should I grumble?
To sigh at your inconstancy would prove me mean and humble:
Humility is abject, base—we get on best without it,
When every man is for himself, and God cares nought about it.

Love! What is love? The seasoned dish of writers of romances—
The tinsel crown of every play—the sickly queen of fancies;
The vision fair that will arise in idle dreamings ever—
That fondly shapes out shadows—but it finds a substance never!

Surely we've heard enough of it. We sicken with satiety;
And you, at least, have learned full well the lessons of society—
Love is a thing for boys and girls; for men—a passing spasm—
There's nought so vain—so very mad—as love's enthusiasm.

Eat, drink, be merry! there's the creed the world has duly taught us;
Who can deny that such a creed has ease and comfort brought us?
Choose but the easiest path to tread—avoid what leads to sorrow—
Live in the glories of to-day. Why heed we the to-morrow?

How sweetly sounds the voice of praise—the flatterer's tongue of honey!
How easy the religion of the golden god of money!
And this great city's luxury is soft and soul-exciting—
And London life is fraught with change and pleasure most exciting.

And yet, when silver lines find place among your golden tresses,
What, if your heart should find that life indeed has wildernesses?
Tush! down the thought! go on your way. They could have had no meaning,
The words I breathed in the Blue Alcove, you on my bosom leaning.

TABLE TALK.

FEW books are more valuable in literature than thoroughly trustworthy and well-compiled county-histories that shall be sufficiently full and copious without being overburthened with needless trivialities; and they are the rarest books to be found in a library. It can scarcely be gainsaid that the main cause of this is, not so much the mind and labour that would have to be brought to the preparation of the work, as the great expense that would necessarily be incurred in its publication. Unless, as in France, government aid can be extended to the author, or authors, of such a work, a county-history can only see the light at the rarest and longest intervals, even when the chief and primary difficulty has been surmounted of acquiring the material necessary for the work. Such material for a county-history of Staffordshire has been supplied in the library bequeathed for that very purpose to the county of Stafford by the late Mrs. Salt. But at the quarter sessions held at the County Hall, Stafford, on April 6, the chairman, Lord Lichfield, said that there was no vacant building in Stafford wherein these books could be kept, and if they were to be kept together as one collection, a special

building must be provided. He also said that the cost of publishing the county-history would perhaps be ten, if not fifteen thousand pounds; and that if sufficient interest were shown in the matter, it would be necessary for gentlemen to put down their names as subscribers to the work, the price of which would probably be not less than twenty guineas a volume. With such formidable statistics as these, it is to be feared that the projected county-history will be long delayed in its publication; and that, until its appearance, we must console ourselves with Murray's new *Handbook*, which, however, like other books that are intended as *enchiridia*, is necessarily but a skeleton of a history; with the more extended works of Nightingale, White, and the other compilers of gazetteers and topographies; or with the valuable but antiquated histories of Shaw and Erdeswicke, with Pitt for the agriculture, and Plot for the Natural History of the county. But the days are gone when Dr. Plot could say, "At Ingestre I ate *potted Otter*, so well ordered by the cook, that it required a very nice palate to distinguish it from venison." Potted otter! shade of Lucullus, what a dish!

As this is an age for Homes and Retreats, it would be well if there were a Home esta-

blished for lost jokes and puns bereft of their parents. Here is *Fraser* for April, and, in its article on *Whist*, the writer alleges that it was Charles Lamb who said to Hazlitt, "If dirt was trumps, what hands you would hold." But, did Charles Lamb say this? or, if he said so, did not he say it to Martin Burney? or, rather, was it not said by Sydney Smith? At any rate, the saying is given in these three forms by the collectors of *ana*, who also ascribe both to Sydney Smith, and Quin that similar saying (to a dirty-fisted parson), "I perceive that you keep your glebe on your own hands." One would like to have all good sayings fathered on their proper parents.

A WORD of caution to the damsels who let down their back hair and put on artificial waterfalls; and a word of advice to those whom Nature has compelled to resort to false teeth. To the first: if you prize your tresses, take them up, for a new system of robbery has been introduced to meet the demand for false hair in New York. Smart thieves, expert at scissoring, are rapping locks wholesale. They hunt their prey in streets and conveyances, and lop off any luxurious curls or flowing "mare's-tails" that come in their way before the fair owners can turn round to see who are their followers. From New York to London is a short journey, and ill-deeds travel speedily; so we may expect an early introduction to this new branch of the kleptic art. To the false in teeth: says Dr. Pollock of St. George's Hospital, Do not go to bed in your masticators. Some ugly cases have come before the surgeons of ivories and metal plates that have dislodged themselves during sleep, and, of course, slipped into the throat and stuck there. The only remedy has been, in some cases, to cut out the obstruction; not a very agreeable operation, to say nothing of its danger.

THIS is the season to look for the Zodiacal light—that luminous streak that the setting sun leaves behind it in the twilit sky. Our climate is not very favourable for seeing it, but it may occasionally be detected on very fine evenings. The nature of this solar appendage has sorely puzzled the speculators on things celestial. Whether, as one has suggested, it be a denser part of that medium which there is reason to believe fills space, or whether, as others have held, it be a zone of meteoric particles, lit up, like dust in a sunbeam, by the solar rays, remains to be proved. Meanwhile, two noteworthy circumstances connected with it

have been observed of late. First, it has been seen on the side of the earth opposite to the sun, which would imply that it is so extensive as to reach beyond the earth's orbit. Second, a Frenchman at Guadeloupe has remarked an apparent coincidence between the heat of last year and the almost total absence of the light. More data are required to decide if this be law or accident.

IT is worth while to go half an hour out of your way to see the great Ruhmkorff electric-induction-coil that the Polytechnic caterers have caused to be made. An induction coil, be it remembered, is a reel of wire, around which a second wire is wrapped; and its property is this:—that if a weak electric current is sent through the outer wire, a very strong current is induced in the inner coil, the degree of intensification of the induced current depending upon the length of wire which this inner coil contains. A hundred and fifty miles is the tail of that which is twined around the Polytechnic reel. This apparatus gives a spark twenty-seven inches long, a veritable lightning flash, for it would do the damage of a thunderbolt if it had the chance; but its energy is perfectly under control. This is a point to be noted; that mortal has been enabled to generate lightning at will, and make it play pranks and do his bidding for the diversion of the groundlings at a shilling a head. The wonderful experiments which are shown by Dr. Pepper, would please an audience of philosophers far more than they do the crowds that gape at them. No discourtesy to the patrons of the institution; but truly they are few who can comprehend the rationale of electrical phenomena, and to see without understanding is about as gratifying as to eat without tasting. I took my seat among the audience the other night, and it was clear that not one in ten could appreciate the manifestations of the monster apparatus; a pennyworth of blue fire would have told upon most of them quite as well. But it is not as a toy, but as a tool, that this coil should be regarded. It may do great service to scientific inquiry; and in this view the Polytechnic's proprietors deserve all encouragement for their liberality in promoting its manufacture. So go and pay your shillings; though you eat without tasting, you will be pleased.

ABOUT the relics of Otterbourne, preserved at Cavers, in Roxburghshire, there has always been some confusion of ideas. The old chro-

niclers, and the modern historians, speak of Percy's pennon as if it had been a flag attached to the handle of his spear; and even Sir Walter Scott, though he knew the relics well, has not dispelled the mystery. The first really distinct account of these memorials was given some years ago by the Hawick Archæological Society, the members of which were permitted by Mr. Douglas of Cavers to see the carefully preserved treasures. The relics consist of the Douglas standard, a large square flag, thirteen feet long, and a pair of gauntlets that seem to have belonged to a lady. The banner has the Douglas cognizance, as described in the lines,—

'Vails not to tell each hardy clan
From the fair middle marches came,
The bloody heart blazed in the van,
Announcing Douglas' dreaded name.

The gauntlets bear the white lion of Percy, embroidered in pearls, and fringed in filagree work of silver. They were carried by Sir Henry Percy, and may have been suspended either from the handle of his spear or from his crest, in the manner of Sir Lancelot :—

"Fair lord, whose name I know not, noble it is,—
I well believe, the noblest,—will you wear
My favour at this tourney?"

"Well, I will wear it; fetch it out to me:
What is it?" And she told him, "A red sleeve,
Broidered with pearls," and brought it: then he bound
Her token on his helmet, with a smile.

The standard was borne by Archibald, natural son of Earl Douglas, who succeeded his father in the barony of Cavers, and retained both standard and gauntlets in possession. The wardenship of the Marches, and the hereditary sheriffalty of Teviotdale were retained by the Cavers branch of the Douglas family till the office was abolished in 1745. The mansion of Cavers is situated about three miles from the town of Hawick, and is a veritable history in stone and mortar. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries it belonged to the Baliols, one of whom sat for a time on the throne of Scotland, but, by marriage, it passed to Sir William, created first Earl of Douglas. In the substantial old mansion are some remains of the ancient baronial residence of the Baliols, six or seven centuries old. More conspicuous is the strong Warden's tower, built by Sir Archibald Douglas in 1400, which is a rectangle 35 feet by 18 inside, with walls varying in thickness from 9 to 18 feet. On these ancient vestiges has been engrafted the more modern residence of the hereditary sheriff; and, more recently, other additions have been

superadded. Around the mansion are large, ancestral trees, and there has been at one time an extensive deer-park.

WHAT Monsieur saw in England, and sketched for the amusement, if not for the information, of his countrymen, in the pages of *La Vie Parisienne*, has already been set forth in this periodical during the past year (see p. 33, &c., of the vol. for 1868). I mention it now, because a perusal of Mr. F. W. Hawkins' new *Life of Edmund Kean* puts one in mind of that remarkable five-act play by the elder Dumas, called *Edmund Kean*, which, when produced in Paris, had a run of upwards of one hundred nights, and which presented to the Parisians some circumstances in Kean's life that would appear to be unknown to Mr. Hawkins. But, Dumas shows us how the actor Kean was beloved by the wealthy heiress, Miss Anna, and also by the Countess Koefeld, the wife of the Danish ambassador, both of whom have interviews with him in his dressing-room and drawing-room, and have to take refuge in convenient cabinets when a third person arrives. In fact, the Countess has to do more than this, for, by the aid of Kean's friend, the Prince of Wales (who is addressed as "my lord"), she lowers herself from the actor's drawing-room window into a boat on the river Thames. There is also another lady in love with Kean, Miss "Ketty the Fair," who belongs to the strolling company of "the old Bob," who was an old friend of Kean's. And as the old Bob, and "the respectable Mrs. Bob," wish to have their thirteenth child christened, what so natural as for the affair to come off at "the Coal-Hole Tavern on the Banks of the Thames," where Kean is the godfather, and where are Miss Anna and Ketty the Fair, together with Bardolph and Pistol, and John Cooks, the boxer, backed by the Duke of Sutherland to have a combat of box with Kean; where also is Lord Mewill, the villain and cabinet minister, together with the High Constable of Westminster. For much more of this sort, the reader will have to consult the drama of Dumas, as Mr. Hawkins has altogether neglected to favour his readers with those unknown passages in the life of his actor hero.

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SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

A Novel. By the Author of GARDENHURST.

CHAPTER V.

"WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY."

WHEN Azalea next awoke to consciousness she was lying in her bed at Orme House, and saw that the dingy picture which hung on the opposite wall was suffused by the light of the setting sun.

As she raised herself on her arm she was surprised by feeling a sharp flash of pain in the limb. Then she remembered with sudden clearness all that had passed—remembered first Topaz's danger, and instinctively thrust out her hand to see if he were safe in his usual place at the foot of the bed. Relieved on this score by hearing an ominous little growl indicative of his discontent at being disturbed, she withdrew her hand and began to investigate her own injuries. She found one arm very stiff and painful, but with that exception she was unhurt; she thought she would get up. It was very dull there. The room seemed more lonely as the light faded, and the roar of distant waves could be heard, but no longer seen, through the gloom of night.

"I wonder if they have had their tea," she said, her thoughts reverting rather wistfully to the idea of a bright fire and hissing urn.

She had some difficulty in dressing herself, owing to the impracticability of moving her arm quickly, and in the confusion of the darkness she reassumed her old ragged dress instead of the new blue one which was placed in order in a drawer.

When dressed, she propped Topaz under her unhurt arm, and crept slowly down the stairs.

She found her way to the schoolroom, and, pushing open the door, found, to her relief, that Conrad was the only person present.

That young gentleman was seated in an easy-chair by the fire, his chair tilted, his feet resting at a convenient angle on the chimney-piece; he held a sporting paper in his hand, and was looking intensely sagacious over the intelligence it contained. He turned his head as Azalea entered, and cried, with genuine pleasure in his tone, "Halloa! So you ain't killed after all, nor hurt, nor anything. You want some tea," he added, on seeing her eyes stray towards the empty table. "I'll order you some." He rang the bell in his grandest manner, and with dignity, which would have been impressive had it emanated from a less diminutive figure, ordered "Some tea for Miss Moore."

Azalea looked astonished. King Log was evidently displaced by King Mob for the nonce. Where was Miss Slater, with all her dignity of office; and where were the Misses Orme?

"Isn't it a lark?" chuckled Conrad. "We've got the schoolroom all to ourselves. This is a company day."

"A what?"

"A company day, you know. People to dinner, and the girls in stiff curls and stuck-out sashes going down to dessert. I shall go in too; but, as I don't have my hair pinched or my bows pulled out, I shan't take two hours to dress. And now you've come we'll be jolly, and I'll put you up to a thing or two."

Azalea sat down by the fire and watched her companion with interest as he pulled a small cane from a cupboard and began to cut it with a penknife.

Topaz also watched the proceeding furtively out of the corner of his eye. Experience had taught him that a boy with a stick was the natural enemy of a dog. But Conrad's intentions on this occasion were of the friendliest description, for after cutting off two pieces from the cane he offered one to Azalea, saying, with solemn kindness,—

"Have a weed?"

"I don't know what you mean," Azalea said, looking at it doubtfully.

"Oh, what a muff! Well, have a smoke, then? Look. Do as I do. Light it at the end, and then draw in the smoke with your breath and puff it out again."

"And what's the good of that?"

"Good? No good; but it's such fun. Wouldn't the old girl be in a rage if she could see us. The gov won't allow real smoking, you know; but one day I did smoke a real cigar."

"Did you like it?"

"Well, no; it made me a little sick; and that was how the gov found it out. And he said if ever he caught me with such nastiness in my mouth again he'd give me a licking."

"But you shouldn't do it, if he don't like it," said Azalea, with a qualm of conscience.

"It won't hurt him if he don't know, will it?" answered the young philosopher. "Now here's the tea-things; I know where they keep the jam-pots: and we'll have a regular tuck-out."

The children sat down, and, despite her bruised arm, Azalea really enjoyed herself.

Conrad made a capital host. He dispensed Miss Slater's good things with generous hospitality. He did not mind how many of other people's jam-pots he opened, nor how much he consumed.

Presently he put down his spoon and sighed heavily.

"What is the matter?" asked Azalea.

"Oh, dear!" groaned her companion. "Here I've been stuffing myself out with a lot of raspberry-jam, and I quite forgot to look for the apricot. I know there is some, for I saw Rosa cribbing the almonds out of it the other day. I saw her mouth looking sticky, and taxed her with it. She confessed because she couldn't help it, and on condition of my not peaching, she promised to show me where it was."

"And did she?"

"No, the mean little beast," said Conrad, gloomily; "she didn't. And now I've eaten the other and don't care to look for it."

Azalea sighed faintly. She had not eaten much herself, and would not have objected to apricot conserve.

"What selfish things girls are," Conrad observed, pushing away his plate. "But I must leave you now, Azalea."

"Pray don't," Azalea urged dismally. "It will be so dull to be here alone."

"I must go and dress, you know. It don't take me so long as it does the girls; but a gentleman must wash his hands and put on a clean shirt. Ta-ta, Azalea. (What a rum name it is!) I wish you'd come with me to-

morrow to the downs and have some pea-shooting. My sisters are no good at all, but I think I might make a handy little thing of you."

Left to her own resources, Azalea sat on the rug and pondered over her situation. She was very dull, and her arm pained her; people were unkind to her, and instead of being happier than she was at Auriel, she was not nearly so happy.

Down-stairs she could hear the clatter of the dinner-things and the hurried movements of the servants pacing to and fro the passages; then she thought she detected the patter of the children's feet outside; she felt her way to the door, and, peeping out, saw Rosa and Amelia radiant in shiny curls, in pure-hued muslins, and glistening sashes, walking slowly up the stairs, laden with fancy baskets which had evidently been filled with bonbons from the dessert-table.

The children passed on; Miss Slater's tall, thin figure preceding them, and Azalea returned to her seat by the fire. She grew tired at last, tired of the pain in her arm, tired of her upright posture, and above all, tired of her own weariness, and so, leaning her head against the chair, she crouched down on the floor and went to sleep. She awoke to find the fire dead in the grate, Topaz shivering on her lap, and herself stiff and cold. She arose from the floor with some difficulty. It was an unusually loud burst of music up-stairs, announcing the re-commencement of a dance, which had awakened her; and as she felt her way across the room she could hear the ceiling vibrate to the footsteps of the dancers.

"I'll go up and look at them," she said, desperately. "I can't stay here any longer."

She accordingly went on to the landing, where she was nearly blinded by the glare of lamps, and crept up the grand staircase which led to the drawing-room. She passed by the great door, and went to a small one which she remembered communicated with a sort of recess formed near a large bay-window; then she opened it gently, and ragged, dishevelled, shoeless Azalea passed into a chamber, resonant with music, radiant with light, rich with perfume of exotics, and filled with the *élite* of Brighton.

CHAPTER VI.

AZALEA'S DÉBUT.

"HERE'S a go!" were the first distinct words that followed the hum of surprise which greeted Azalea's entry into the drawing-room.

Need I say that the exclamation proceeded from Conrad, and that, pithy as it was, it expressed very tolerably the general sensation of surprise and discomfort?

Miss Slater made a dive at Azalea, catching hold of her by the arm, and with outward amiability but suppressed fury, urged her instant departure. It was a mistaken move. Azalea was scared, sleepy and non-combative when she entered the room; the rough touch and sight of Miss Slater's face roused all her dormant energy.

"Let me go," she screamed, "or I'll make you!"

"Go away, Azalea!" Lord Orme said, angrily; "go away, directly, or——"

"You hear what Lord Orme says?" interposed Miss Slater. "Come with me, directly, Azalea."

She did not, however, venture to touch the child this time.

"I shall not go for you!" she said, looking defiantly into the governess's face. Then her whole manner changed, and she went up timidly to Lord Orme. "I am going," she said, in a choked voice.

She lifted up her face, and Lord Orme, glancing round at his guests, saw the keen observation which was following her movement, and heard, in imagination, the surprised murmur which would follow his caress of this beggarly-dressed child. He hesitated. Lord Orme always hesitated whenever he had a chance.

His eye and his lip formed "no," when a passer-by accidentally pushed against Azalea's injured arm, causing her to utter a sharp cry of pain. In an instant a shielding arm was round her, and the asked-for kiss descended as a quick consolation to her lips. Then a richly-dressed lady who was standing by Lord Orme's side (will Lord Orme ever cease to bless Lady Di Merton for her kindly tact?) took hold of Azalea's little hands, saying—

"Let the poor child come with me and get something to eat before she goes away, Lord Orme; and do come, too, and tell me how this little Cinderella got here, and all about her. I see the prince has already stolen both her shoes."

Lady Diana was unconscious that this was the child who had fallen under her wheels in the morning: had she remembered her, it would have been with the half-sick aversion she might feel to some hapless beetle which had been so ill-judged as to crawl to its death under her boot. She hated all ugly images of death or suffering, and she had never looked

twice at the prostrate child, contenting herself with directing her servants to make all necessary inquiries.

Talking and laughing, Lady Diana moved on with a grace all her own, enveloping nearly the whole of Azalea's little person in voluminous folds of tulle.

Lady Diana paused before a buffet on which stood fruit and wine, and seating herself before it, took the child on her lap.

"How beautiful you are!" Azalea said, looking up reverently at the lovely face bent over hers.

Lady Diana laughed, not ill-pleased. The humblest offering to her vanity is ever welcome to the true coquette.

There was a pause. Azalea seemed lost in meditation, and Lady Diana did not know what to say next; she began to feel uncomfortable—she generally did feel uncomfortable with children and dogs; it puzzled her to accommodate herself gracefully to their unartificial manners. Put her face to face with a court lady or a foreign diplomatist, and who so perfectly at ease as she? but a child's innocence or a dog's spontaneous greeting perplexed her immeasurably. Fortunately she carried a small looking-glass in her fan, and was enabled to solace herself with the assurance of her own perfection while she awaited Azalea's next observation.

"Why do you wear these things?" the latter asked, softly touching with her finger one of the jewelled chains which encircled the lady's soft throat. "Don't they make you cross? things round the neck worry me so." This was said with a lively recollection of the discarded lace frill.

"I wear them because they make me pretty, and other women jealous," Lady Diana answered with infectious candour.

"You have not told me who Cinderella is, yet," she added, gaily, motioning to Lord Orme to occupy a neighbouring chair. "What is her name?"

"Azalea Moore," he answered, shortly.

"Azalea! what an odd name; it's a flower, isn't it? one of those yellow things that grow in pots."

Lady Diana's knowledge of flowers was chiefly confined to those specimens furnished by Harding for her bouquets.

At that instant, Lord Orme leant over Azalea and made a gentle effort to lift her away; but Lady Diana tightened her fair arm round the child's waist, and looked at both the opposite faces. A sudden suspicion lit up her grey eyes and dispelled the affectation of languor.

Almost as quick as her glance was the certainty of her conviction.

"Blue eyes, fair curling hair, delicate nose, short upper-lip, rather full delicate chin. Umph ! well, of course, there's the difference between wrinkles and dimples, between morning and twilight, thirteen and forty odd ; but they are as like as two peas, only one's green and the other's shrivelled."

It was not a poetical comparison to come from such a lovely mouth, but then we do not always talk blank verse to ourselves.

Azalea slipped down on to a stool at her feet, and looked up at the lady's face with shy and reverent eyes.

"I wonder if people who live in the stars are like you," the child said.

"I'm sure I don't know," Lady Diana answered, somewhat startled by the novelty of the proposition. "What do you suppose those sort of people are like ?"

"I never fancied I saw anything more than their eyes—they have lovely eyes."

Lady Diana smiled a conscious little look into Lord Orme's face.

"This little girl has been to star-land," she said, gaily.

"Indeed !" Lord Orme answered, absently.

"Yes," continued the lady, with a slight touch of sarcasm in her voice ; "but her education has evidently been much neglected. Now if your little Rosa had taken such a flight heavenwards, she would have noted a variety of interesting things—whether crinoline or gored skirts are worn, for instance ; whether the little girls she met moved in the first circles of the star-world, whether their sashes stood out and their hair curled properly, whether they were High Church or Low Church, et cetera ; but this narrow-minded little creature only dreams of eyes shining down on her, which, for beauty, she says, resemble my own." There was a touch of pathos in the tender tone of self-love in which the lady spoke, and the appeal was too direct not to penetrate even Lord Orme's somewhat obtuse faculties, and he smiled in spite of himself.

"It is evident that a perfect taste is not necessarily the result of culture," he said, gallantly. "I shall think very highly of the judgment of visitors to the stars in future."

"You are looking tired," Lady Diana said, suddenly addressing Azalea. "Poor little thing, I must not keep you up too late."

Azalea looked up to object that she was not at all tired, but something in the lady's face told her that her absence was desired.

"Thank you for being so beautiful and

kind," she said, earnestly ; then she slipped away, not venturing to ask another caress of Lord Orme. She had seen the hesitation in his manner on the previous occasion.

She felt very small and shabby indeed when she was removed from her temporary throne of glory on Lady Diana's knees, and cast a wistful look behind her, as though entreating some friendly hand to pilot her through the long line of those glittering rooms.

CHAPTER VII.

LADY DIANA.

SHE was a coquette from the glossy crown of her warm-coloured hair to the tips of her pretty round feet. Flirtation came as naturally to her as walking sideways does to a crab, singing to a lark, or the love of tormenting to a schoolboy. She could no more resist the impulse to coquette than she could refrain from satisfying hunger or relieving thirst. She was a widow, and she believed that her husband had died without finding her out, and the memory of his obtuseness was an unmitigated satisfaction to Lady Diana, for she had a kind heart, which was frequently a prey to remorse and tormented by keen regrets.

It was the power of feeling so much of what she feigned that made her doubly dangerous.

She loved with enough passion to wake fire in men's hearts, and when she found the flames she had kindled becoming dangerous in their unruly fierceness, she retired from the conflagration with infinite tact and grace.

It is a wonder that she had not grown tired of her play, and wearied of the endless repetition of the same thing ; but does the keen sportsman ever fail to feel his heart throb, his blood tingle, when he gallops up wind in the track of the hounds ? Does not a cat, even when she is sleek and well-fed, pounce on the mouse she is too pampered to devour, patting it in deadly play, watching its frantic gyrations with blazing eye and curved claw, enjoying its terror, and finally finishing the matter with a decisive crunch ?

Lady Diana, too, was a victim to her passion for sport—a victim, for have I not said that she suffered, at least, half of what she inflicted ? Notwithstanding that she knew her pleasure was one that besmirched her soul, spattered her reputation, and degraded her womanhood—notwithstanding that she repented much, was often inconveniently in love, more often inconveniently beloved—notwithstanding that she was now thirty-five, and so had

pursued her sport for twenty years—she still watched with interest for the first careless look of admiration from a stranger's eyes. With enjoyment for the prolonged glance which spoke of a deeper sentiment, she knew how to interpret every symptom of her increasing influence. She liked to see a bright face grow pensive, an easy manner constrained, a prompt tongue incoherent and clumsy of speech. She liked to watch the insidious poison of the wound she had dealt creep through a man's system until it culminated in delirium, until love blazed in his eyes and choked his heart, sweeping like a torrent over every obstacle that strove to stem its fatal sway. Her eyes looked innocent enough to carry her to heaven, but she herself did not think that their sweet, grey lights would ever shine in the world of pure spirits. She knew that she was wicked. She thought she would be very likely punished in a future state for her moral obliquity in this, but still she did not change her ways. I am not even certain that by this time it would have been possible for her to discard her second nature. Second ! it was the first ! She rather liked eating what she considered to be palatable, she revelled in sleep, but her first instinct was to excite affection and to feign its return. With enough of real feeling to intensify enjoyment, with a fancy sufficiently poetic and refined to feel the finest phase, the most subtle touches of the beautiful love-dreams she rehearsed, with fairness to charm and mind to hold, what wonder if she was "fatal to men ?" What wonder either that, being morally as slippery as an eel, and dexterous from long practice, she was enabled to flee swiftly from under the strong pillars she, Samson-like, delighted to hurl from their high estate ?

It was long past midnight when Lady Diana returned home from Lord Orme's ball.

She unloosed her hair until it tumbled in rich warm masses over her shoulders, unfastened the glittering ornaments which were adorned by her beauty (I cannot admit that the round living loveliness of a beautiful woman is adorned by the hard glitter of unpliant gems), and putting them and her shining ball-dress away from her, enveloped herself in the soft folds of a cashmere dressing-gown, kicked off her little boots, dived her round feet under the table until they found and took refuge in padded depths of her slippers, settled herself in her chair, and betook herself to perusing her letters and sipping her chocolate.

Once she found her eyes resting on a miniature portrait of her late husband. Stuart Meriton's effigy was staring at his widow in as

bland unconsciousness of her proceedings as the original had apparently been during life.

"Poor Stuart !" sighed Lady Diana ; "he had his use ; he put a certain limit to unreasonable demands." She sighed again as she looked down at a letter she twirled between her fingers, a thick double sheet, covered with great black scrawls—a letter in which the pen was speeded by the passionate haste of the writer's heart—the characters blurred by loving incoherence.

"Marry ! of course I can't marry. Smothered with debts as I am, how can I marry a poor man ? But I must put an end to this at once—it is only honourable not to keep him in suspense." (Lady Diana actually had a code of honour in these matters.) She sat up in her chair and wrote off three or four pages with rapid fluency, although, as she said in the commencement of her letter, she "hardly knew how to fashion words that nearly broke her heart to write !"

Her face expressed real emotion at that portion of her letter where she prayed forgiveness for all the bitter pain she had caused him whom she addressed. She was sincere in this prayer. She would have liked human hearts to accept and acknowledge compensation for injuries done them with the sweet benignity with which the Chancellor of the Exchequer receives the penitence of recusant tax-payers.

"That's done," she said with a sigh of relief as she sealed her missive ; then she finished her chocolate and sauntered to the window which faced the sea. Was it by accident or design that she clasped her hands above her head in a languorous movement which sent floats of her sunny brown hair in tumbled masses to her waist ?

"My face is rather faded," was Lady Diana's candid reflection as she stole a glance from between her heavy lids at an opposite mirror, "but no one can deny that my figure is lovely."

It is to be supposed that so accomplished an actress was not playing only to a blaze of morning sun, or a heaving mass of waters. Standing near the wall that skirted the opposite cliff was the form of a man, a man whose eyes had been turned towards Lady Diana's windows ever since the day had dawned. Had she been near enough she would have seen all the passionate yearning of a face whose very look at her was in itself an embrace.

Presently she went to bed and curled herself round in a nest of down pillows.

"Lord Orme can't have less than thirty-thousand a-year ; but those children would be a great nuisance. How spiteful it is of a

woman to die and leave her husband's value so spoilt in the matrimonial market! Still, thirty-thousand is better than nothing. Thirty-thousand a-year is decidedly better than——" her words dropped more slowly from between her lips, her thoughts wandered in a pleasant but confused maze under the creeping influence of sleep.

In a few seconds the heavy lids closed in the shadow of drooping lashes, and Lady Diana slept soundly and sweetly.

Not so the watcher outside: he lingered until every possible chance of her reappearance seemed over, and then he went away, slowly and unwillingly; to him the sun wasn't sun that did not shine on that window; the fresh rolling waves were dull and soundless that foamed elsewhere than on that slip of coast. He went away with vexation in his heart, and as he went he repulsed, rather roughly for him (for ordinarily Thurstan Mowbray was very gentle to aught that bore the name of woman), the importunities of a poor wretch whose pinched, starved face looked the more ghastly from the false bloom that smeared her cheeks.

"God bless you, my darling!" Thurstan said, reverently, as he took a last look through the balcony of flowers; then he stumbled against the street-walker and angrily bade her "be off:" he flung her some money, however, and the woman clutched it, bursting into an agony of hysterical sobs as she felt herself grasping life again at the touch of that food-giving, thirst-satisfying gold. "Such as she ought to be shut up," a meditative policeman (a family man) said, who noted this little incident as he tramped up and down his beat on the opposite side of the road.

The policeman referred to the street-walker; but I am of opinion that, of the two, the sleeping beauty at No. — was more deserving of incarceration.

CHAPTER VIII

AZALEA'S EDUCATION.

"YOU'RE to be educated!" announced Conrad to Azalea.

"Don't," pleaded Azalea; "you make me feel sick" (alluding to an oscillating movement Conrad delighted to keep up with his legs): "what do you mean by my being educated?"

"You're to get up at five and play the scales, one, two, three, and turn under—C D E F G A B C," chanted Conrad, with a dismal howl as he attained the upper note. "Then Slaty will get angry with your thumbs, and turn

them under for you; and, oh my! won't they tingle when she thumps them down on to the notes!"

"I should like to play tunes," Azalea said, thoughtfully.

"But these won't be tunes," Conrad rejoined; "at least, if they are they are awfully dismal ones, and when you come to practise them when the chilblains are on, in the winter's morning, they'll be agonies."

"Well; and what else?"

"When practising is over you'll have breakfast—there's hot buttered toast; but you'll have to be precious sharp to get hold of that—Slaty bags it generally. You'll have thin bread-and-butter and milk, and then you'll say grace. By rights Miss Slater ought to say grace twice, she gets so much the best of it. If you stoop in your seat you'll be fastened to a board."

"What's that for?"

"There's nothing so important in life as a straight back," droned Conrad, imitating the governess's precise voice. "Then there's lots of other things to be done. You must draw eyes and noses until you're sick of the sight of them. There's one eye Rosa copied thirty times, and the last time it squinted worse than the first."

"I can draw," Azalea said, proudly.

"Ah! but you couldn't draw that eye; it was a regular stumper!" Conrad answered, solemnly. "Then you must do sums and g'ography, 'stronomy, phrenology, and all sorts of ologies. You'll never be able to manage it, so you had better cave in at once, and ask the gov to let you off."

"What Rosa and Amelia can do I can," Azalea said, resentfully.

"Oh no, you won't,"—(with a supercilious raising of his lids)—"the Misses Orme are very different from you."

"Thank goodness!" Azalea broke in, rudely.

"Very different," pursued Conrad; "for you are nobody; and you know, Azalea, you're a brick in some things, but there's no doubt but that you're a dunce."

Conrad's depreciation of Azalea, and exaltation of his sisters, may be ascribed to the fact that he had just reconciled that quarrel with Rosa concerning the stolen jam. He had received a pacificatory bribe in the shape of a double-bladed penknife, and in the flush of recovered friendship he listened to and adopted some portion of his sister's unfavourable estimate of his new friend.

For a moment Azalea's heart sank within her at this new-found unkindness. Then her

stormy spirit blazed up in her eyes as she rose and confronted Conrad with an air of disdain.

"And pray how much do *you* know?" she demanded.

"We're in the Fourth of Virgil in our form," Conrad said, evasively.

"What is the third person plural, perfect tense, subjunctive mood, of *Audior*?" Azalea asked, sternly.

Conrad whistled, and looked. "Of course I know," he said, superbly, "but I shan't say!"

"Because you *can't*," hissed Azalea; "ugh! who's the dunce now? I always knew you couldn't do your verbs."

"Who told you?"

"I shan't say," mocked Azalea, leaving the room with a little malicious laugh.

Then she ran upstairs to her bedroom, flung her arms round Topaz's neck, and burst into an agony of tears.

She had let fall many hot drops on Topaz's nose (afflicting that sensitive animal with the idea that there were a good many flies about), when she heard some one kicking at the door. She drew near it cautiously, judging from the nature of the sound that the intruder was aggressive. Words of peace, however, came blown through the keyhole.

"Don't cut up rough, there's a good fellow. I won't call you names any more. Do come out: I'm going to sail my ship in the round pond on the downs, and I want you to help me."

Azalea did not detect the selfish motive that lurked in the request, she only thought that Conrad was generous and forgiving, and her heart smote her as she remembered her taunt concerning *Audior*. She opened the door, and received his half-shy, half-sulky expression of his wish for reconciliation with such cordial grace of manner that he on his part was quite mollified. They descended the stairs together, accompanied by Topaz, and Conrad softly led the way to a back door.

"Hush-h-h!" he whispered; "if the old cat catches us it's all up."

Thus admonished, Azalea followed on tiptoe, Topaz in her arms, and presently the three were walking up the hill that led to the downs, Conrad looking important, Azalea excited, and Topaz discursive.

When they reached the top of the grassy hill near which sparkled the pond Conrad had christened the Great Pacific, he graciously gave his companion leave to rest, while he arranged his ship's tackle.

"How beautiful!" murmured Azalea, with a

sort of suppressed rapture, as she sank down on the grass and looked around her.

"Yes," Conrad said, complacently, "I gave two-pun-ten for it to old Benbow; he makes them to order."

Azalea did not correct the mistake. She was contented to remain still, her eyes filled by beauty born not of man, her heart lifted by the freshness of the strong wind that rushed over the free bosom of the hills. Shadows soft as clouds swept down the sloping sides of one hill; another was warm in the blaze of the sun; while in the far distance, sunshine and hills, wind and shadow, seemed swept away in boundless continuity. A faint tinkle of bells from the sheep that flecked the shadow of the valley beneath; a murmur from the ocean that lay behind the heights; a low line of autumn-burnt foliage fringing the western slopes, making a streak of gold through the purple film of distance—such was the view presented to the two little human mites. One gazed at it with a glorious sense of immortality filling her heart; the other looked at it not at all, but followed with intense anxiety the course of his frail craft through the wind-fluttered pool.

Azalea was recalled to practical life by an exclamation from her companion.

"Come quick," he cried; "she's sinking! The crew are already washed away." (The crew consisted of six sailors from Tinland.)

Then what confusion and anxiety prevailed on the pond's brink; what desperate efforts on Azalea's part for the salvation of the submerged tars; what helpless dives from Conrad's stick to make the top-heavy vessel recover her balance; what a splashing of arms and legs, and finally, what triumph in the laughter that rippled over the pond's breast, and in the two rosy faces reflected in its depths!

A few hours later, and the children were at home: the pool was disturbed no longer, save by the velvet-lipped cattle that came with stealthy foot and meditative air to quench their thirst at its brink. The night deepened with roar of wind and hiss of sea, while fathomless shadow seemed to lie over all. The day was done, and a bright hour had passed from their lives.

What a pity that pastimes so simple, and withal so amusing (for in our elder years our less innocent pleasures don't amuse us nearly so much as we try to persuade ourselves they do), should ever lose their charm: that faces so bright and sinless as those that pond on the hill-side reflected, should ever be seamed with pain, and darkened by foul thoughts!

CHAPTER IX.

THE LONELY OLD MAN AT HOME.

THE autumn sun had never burnt so dully, the drooping hours had never seemed to linger so wearily during any past season as they did now, George Moore thought.

"Was the child never coming back?"

She had scarcely been gone more than a fortnight; but his wearying heart lengthened that period to twice the number of days.

Azalea had taken the place of strong hands and keen gaze. What pleasure he felt in living was derived almost entirely from her; he felt his old pride in his acquirements revive when he sought to impart them to her. "I can't teach you French, but I'll teach you something much grander," he said, and although the child occasionally proved rebellious, although she sometimes allowed a passing butterfly to exercise such a fascination over her that the noun substantives would float out into the flower beds, and there vanish, gender, number, case and all, in a confusion of red blossoms and fluttering wings; although the note of her pet wood-doves would coo *Esse* into confusion, and make an utter rout of the irregular verbs—still she was, on the whole, a fairly diligent pupil. At all times she was a very apt one, and Moore took great pleasure in her proficiency.

He had taught her, too, to speak her own language correctly: true, there was just the slightest tinge of rusticity in his intonation; but nothing more than many a provincial gentleman inherits from his centuries of provincial ancestors. It was enough to sadden the sound of his words (nearly all provincials have a melancholy intonation), but in Azalea's soft voice the defect was scarcely perceptible; while she learned from him all the grammatical precision of language natural to one who had found it somewhat of an effort to acquire such accuracy.

It was noon; that very noon when Topaz nearly immolated himself and his mistress under Lady Diana's carriage-wheels.

Moore had smoked out his pipe, and sat on the bench outside his door, looking fretfully at the shadows lengthening on the lawn. I do not know if his thoughts were actively or passively regretful: perhaps he was grudging the daily return of shadows that brought not her in their sad duskfulness; perhaps he was grumbling at the roses for dropping their leaves faster than he could pick them up;

perhaps he was thinking not at all, but was inert in mind as in frame.

Of what do they think—they who are stricken by age or sickness? What becomes of the once vigorous design, the clearly expressed desire, the quickness to feel, the wish to receive and communicate that sympathy by which men keep each other's heart warm? Where is the loving intelligence of eye and lip? Where is the generous sorrow and the divine aspiration? Have they decayed with the frail form, or do they linger bright and incorruptible behind that dull film of eye, that feeble expression, and that helpless silence? The mind of our friend, once an open map, becomes a sealed book to us. We cannot tell how much or how little he reflects. We do not know whether his heart is ever fired by the recollection of past injury, or soft with the memory of dead love. The mystery of silence, which puts a veil between us and the intelligence of animal life, has fallen on the dear human lips that once spoke every thought of the heart to us. The mystery of incomprehension causes them to answer our searching eyes with vague and wondering glance.

Of what do the dying think? There are moments when the anguished faces that are bent over them would give much to solve that problem. They know that death is creeping nearer and nearer. They hear him in the restless tick of the clock, in the sobs of the children, in the desperate anguish of the watching mother. They know that yet a little while and the moving shadow on the pane, the twitter of the birds, the dying sunlight, and the weird sigh of the wind, will cease to be for the sick man—that a few more hard-drawn breaths will bring him face to face with unfathomable knowledge. They know that they may never, after to-day, get one more living kiss from his lips, or gain the balm of recognition from his eyes, and as they yearn for a look or sign, his eyes look beyond them to some invisible presence. His faint gestures are not addressed to them; his hands wander in search of something they cannot give him. Is the face to which he beckons that of friend or foe? Are those flowers he would fain pluck from some aerial cluster of blossoms? Does he hear the weeping? Does he guess how near is the solution of earth's mystery?

Moore wondered whether Azalea was happy. He hoped she was happy, but jealousy pained his hope. Then a longing desire seized him to have some communication with the child if he could not hear her voice. Why should not he have a letter from her, and try to imagine

her speaking those written words. Half-a-dozen lines from her would be sufficient to refresh his sick wearying of soul. He drew his desk before him, and with some difficulty (owing to a confused combination of slipping spectacles, blurring tears, and one solitary candle flame) wrote as follows :—

“MY DEAR LITTLE DAUGHTER,

“(‘My Lord won’t like that if he reads it,’ Moore thought, with a pardonable touch of malice,) I do not know when I remember such a long summer as this has been. The leaves seem as if they never meant to fall off. I hope you have not forgotten your Virgil. It isn’t every little girl who knows Virgil, and one day you may find it useful to you. There are three new little rabbits in the hutch, so small and white that to my old eyes it looks as if three puffs of swansdown had been blown into the box.

“I don’t think anything ails me but old age, but somehow I have been feeling very sadly lately. My breath fails me at one stair instead of two, and I get a queer numbness about my right arm, so that it’s quite a weight to carry about. Mind what I say about not forgetting your learning. If the world is ever unkind to you as a woman, you may find it a comfort to have the mind of a man. When does Lord Orme mean to bring you home again? I am in no haste to have you back if you are happy, but the house is very dull without you. I have lost my best spectacles, so excuse blots.

“Believe me, your affectionate father,
“GEORGE MOORE.”

Moore felt comforted when he had sealed and directed his letter; it seemed already to bring him a little nearer to Azalea. He looked at the address affectionately as he stuck the envelope in a prominent position over the mantelpiece. Then he went to bed, feeling lighter at heart than he had done for many days past. When he awoke the next morning, the sun was high and the air alive with the trill of birds. For an instant his eyes met the joy of the day with reciprocal brightness; then they suddenly became troubled by a dreadful anxiety.

What was it that weighed down his arms to the bed? Why did he feel so strangely cold and oppressed? He essayed to move his hand, but found that a terrible helplessness had fallen on him. God in heaven! was he never to move hand or foot any more? What was this death in life?—and how near was death? He would fain have called for help, but his tongue trembled powerlessly between his lips; life’s

activity, life’s freedom of movement, life’s self-reliant vigour, had all vanished in the hours which ordinarily sustained and refreshed them. What ghastly change was this that had come to him during the unsuspectingness of sleep? The birds, that last night folded their heads in their wings under the eaves, were making quick trembles of delight through the clear ether; the moving shadows of the cattle passed along the sun-steeped meadow; the sheep baa’d in the fold, the dogs barked in the farm-yard; all the life that had animated yesterday was vibrating now—all but his; and on him had fallen a strange and awful restraint.

OUR IRON-CLAD FLEET.

BARELY eight years have elapsed, if we put floating batteries out of the question, since our first armour-plated ship was launched, and yet in that brief period the changes in their construction have been so varied as to leave but little in common between our earlier and our later ironclads. When the Warrior was built, 4½ inches of armour over a portion only of her length was considered the utmost that a vessel of her tonnage could safely carry; and when it was afterwards decided that completely protected ships were absolutely necessary, they were constructed of such excessive dimensions as to be almost unmanageable. The protracted contest between guns and armour, however, has compelled ship-builders to gradually increase the thickness of the latter, until in one of the most recent additions to our navy, the Hercules, it is, in some parts, double what it was in the Warrior; while, at the same time, the accession to office of a Chief Constructor of the Navy, pledged to build small armour-plated ships, has resulted in the adoption of such comparatively moderate dimensions for our ironclads, that they have become almost as handy as the best vessels of our old sailing squadrons.

The distinguishing feature of all our more modern ironclads is that they have a protected battery and an armour belt extending round the ship at the water-line, while their fore and aft portions are, as a rule, entirely unprotected. Naval architects have been driven to adopt this system in consequence of the great tonnage required for completely protected vessels, and of the evils resulting from covering with thick plating the necessarily fine ends of a ship. Moreover, as the belt prevents penetration near the water-line, the mere fact of the portions before and abaft the battery

being riddled by shot would neither detract from a ship's fighting qualities, nor be detrimental to her safety. The later armour-plated vessels, whose hulls are built entirely of iron, are probably masterpieces of design so far as structural strength is concerned, and the system of construction adopted, that of an inner and outer bottom, with the space between them divided into numerous watertight cells, renders them safer against the risks of foundering than almost any iron merchant steamer afloat. The battle of Lissa has taught us that, when the ram comes into play, instant destruction is the fate of vessels which do not possess some arrangement of the kind mentioned, and, in spite of ingenious arguments to the contrary, it seems likely that the ram will perform a very important part in future naval combats. The Admiralty, indeed, appear to be of this opinion, for nearly all our armour-plated ships are armed with this weapon of offence, and various precautions are taken to render them secure against ramming on the part of an adversary. Useful, however, as it may be in battle, the ram has a very serious effect upon the speed of a ship, in consequence of the enormous wave which it raises.

Of all the vessels in our navy, the *Hercules* is without doubt the finest, and she is probably, both in armour and armament, the most powerful of any afloat, the *König Wilhelm*, recently built for Prussia, being her only rival. Judging, too, from her measured mile trial and from her recent trip to Lisbon, she appears to have a good speed both under steam and canvas, in addition to being a handy and well-behaved vessel. Still she possesses a great defect in being able to stow coal for only 3½ days steaming at full speed, a fault which she shares with most of our ironclad ships.

The various Boards of Admiralty have been much blamed for not more readily adopting the turret system of construction, a system whose merits have been considerably exaggerated. Without entering into that vexed question of turret *versus* broadside, it is impossible in any article on the subject of our modern navy to pass over that extraordinary production, the *Monarch*. This ship is an abortion, combining nearly all the defects of both turret and broadside vessels, with few of their corresponding advantages. She is as high out of the water as a broadside ship, and is armour-plated to a similar extent, and with almost the same displacement she carries but half the number of guns of the *Hercules*. It is difficult to say to whom we are indebted for this addition to our navy. The Controller, in an official report,

has criticised her adversely, the Chief Constructor has never said a good word for her, and Captain Coles utterly repudiates her. Indeed, she appears to have been built merely out of deference to the opinion of certain brilliant, but often erroneous, writers in the daily press. Like all our recently launched vessels she is, thanks to Mr. Reed, a fine specimen of structural strength, but, when we have said this, we have said all we can in her favour. The fire from her turret guns is blocked in almost every direction, and if she should ever take part in an action she is likely to do more damage to herself than to an enemy. As an instance of this, we may mention that screens have had to be erected around the masts and funnels in order to protect them from the effects of the discharge of her guns. She is built with an armour-plated bow battery, which, though a valuable addition to a broadside vessel, deprives the turret of that all-round which used to be one of the greatest advantages claimed for it. A novel experiment, however, is about to be tried in her; she is to be lighted with gas manufactured on board.

Another class of vessels which is being introduced into the royal navy is the *Audacious*, or *Invincible* class, as it is usually termed. These are vessels of some 3,700 tons burthen, carrying batteries of two tiers of guns, which are likely to be very effective in action where a concentrated fire is useful. But what is considered their most remarkable feature seems to us deserving of less praise than it has received. It is claimed for these ships that a fire, parallel to the keel, can be obtained from certain of their 'midship guns. This result is arrived at by causing the upper deck to project over the sides amidships, and by working the guns at a port in an athwartship bulkhead. Such a plan must detract from the strength of the ship, and, moreover, what is required is not merely a fire parallel to the keel, but a crossed fire forward and aft, which cannot be obtained in the *Audacious*.

We have chosen for the subject of our remarks the three vessels we have because they are types of what our ironclad navy is likely to become. For instance, we shall have an improved *Hercules* in the *Sultan* building at Chatham, while the *Iron Duke*, *Vanguard*, and *Invincible*, sister ships to the *Audacious*, are all in course of construction in various parts of the country. It has not been announced that it is intended to perpetuate the *Monarch*, but there are several turret-ships being built, such as the *Cerberus*, which may be looked upon as the *Monarch* improved.



Once a Week.]

[May 1, 1869.

THE MONTH OF APRIL

THE TOPOGRAPHICAL SURVEY OF INDIA.

AT the close of the war with Tippoo Sahib, Major Lambton planned the triangulation of the country lying between Madras and the Malabar Coast, a district which had been roughly surveyed, during the progress of the war, by Colonel Mackenzie. The Duke of Wellington gave his approval to the project, and his brother, the Governor-General of India, and Lord Clive (son of the great Clive), Governor of Madras, used their influence to aid Major Lambton in carrying out his design. The only astronomical instrument made use of by the first survey party was one of Ramsden's zenith-sectors, which Lord Macartney had placed in the hands of Dinwiddie, the astronomer, for sale. A steel chain, which had been sent with Lord Macartney's embassy to the Emperor of China and refused, was the only apparatus available for measuring.

Thus began the Great Trigonometrical Survey of India, a work whose importance it is hardly possible to over-estimate. Conducted successively by Colonel Lambton, Sir George Everest, Sir Andrew Waugh, and Lieut.-Col. Walker (the present superintendent), the trigonometrical survey has been prosecuted with a skill and accuracy which renders it fairly comparable with the best works of European surveyors. But to complete, in this style, the survey of the whole of India would be the work of several centuries. The trigonometrical survey of Great Britain and Ireland has been already more than a century in progress, and is still unfinished. It can, therefore, be imagined that the survey of India—nearly ten times the size of the British Isles, and presenting difficulties a hundred-fold greater than those which the surveyor in England has to encounter—is not a work which can be quickly completed.

But the growing demands of the public service have rendered it imperatively necessary that India should be rapidly and completely surveyed. This necessity led to the commencement of the Topographical Survey of India, a work which has been pushed forward at a surprising rate during the past few years. Our readers may form some idea of the energy with which the survey is in progress, from the fact that Colonel Thuillier's report for the season 1866-67 announces the charting of an area half as large as Scotland, and the preparatory triangulation of an additional area nearly half as large as England.

In a period of thirty years, with but few surveying parties at first, and a slow increase in their number, an area of 160,000 square miles has been completed and mapped by the topographical department. The revenue surveyors have also supplied good maps (on a similar scale) of 364,000 square miles of country during the twenty years ending in 1866. Combining these results, we have an area of 524,000 miles, or upwards of four times that of Great Britain and Ireland. For all this enormous area the surveyors have the records in a methodical and systematic form, fit for incorporation in the atlas of India. Nor does this estimate include the older revenue surveys of the north-west provinces, which, for want of proper supervision in former years, were never regularly reduced. The records of these surveys were destroyed in the mutiny—chiefly in Hazaumbagh and the south-west frontier agency. The whole of these districts remain to be gone over in a style very superior to that of the last survey.

The extent of the country which has been charted led to the impression that the survey is little more than a hasty reconnaissance. This, however, is very far indeed from being the case. The preliminary triangulation which is the basis of the topographical survey, is conducted with extreme care. In the present report, for instance, we find that the discrepancies between the common sides of the triangles—in other words, the discrepancies between the results obtained by different observers—are in some cases less than one-tenth of an inch per mile; in others they are from one inch to a foot per mile; and in the survey of the Cossyah and Garrow Hills, where observations had to be taken to large objects such as trees, rocks, &c., with no defined points for guidance, the results differ by as much as twenty-six inches per mile. These discrepancies must not only be looked on as insignificant in themselves; but must appear yet more trifling when it is remembered that they are not cumulative, inasmuch as the preliminary triangulation is itself dependent on the great trigonometrical survey.

Let us understand clearly what are the various forms of survey which are or have been in progress in India. There are three forms to be considered:—(1) The Great Trigonometrical Surveys; (2) The Revenue Surveys; and (3) the Topographical Surveys.

Great trigonometrical operations are extended in a straight course from one measured base to another. Every precaution which modern skill and science can suggest is taken

in the measurement of each base-line, and in the various processes by which the survey is extended from one base-line to the other. The accuracy with which work of this sort is conducted may be estimated from the following instance. During the progress of the Ordnance Survey of Great Britain and Ireland, a base-line nearly eight miles long was measured near Loch Foyle in Ireland, and another nearly seven miles long on Salisbury Plain. Trigonometrical operations were then extended from Loch Foyle to Salisbury Plain, a distance of about 340 miles; and the Salisbury base-line was calculated from the observations made over this long arc. *The difference between the measured and calculated values of the base-line was less than five inches!* As we have stated, the trigonometrical survey of India will bear comparison with the best work of our surveyors in England.

A revenue survey is prosecuted for the definition of the boundaries of estates and properties. The operations of such a survey are therefore carried on conformably to those boundaries.

The topographical survey of a country is defined by Sir A. Scott Waugh to imply "the measurement and delineation of the natural features of a country, and the works of man thereon, with the object of producing a complete and sufficiently accurate map. Being free from the trammels of boundaries of properties, the principal lines of operations must conform to the features of the country, and objects to be surveyed."

The only safe basis for the topographical survey of a country is a system of accurate triangulation. And where the extent of country to be surveyed is large, there will always be a great risk of the accumulation of error in the triangulation itself; which must therefore be made to depend on the accurate results obtained by the great trigonometrical operations. In order to secure this result, fixed stations are established in the vicinity of the great trigonometrical series. Where this plan cannot be adopted, a network of large symmetrical triangles is thrown over the district to be surveyed, or boundary series of triangles are carried along the outline of the district or along convenient internal lines. The former of these methods is applicable to a hilly district, the latter to a flat country.

When the district to be surveyed has been triangulated, the work of filling in the topographical details is commenced. Each triangle being of moderate extent, with sides from three to five miles in length, and the angular

points being determined, as we have seen, with great exactness, it is evident that no considerable error can occur in filling in the details. Hence, methods can be adopted in the final topographical work which would not be suitable for triangulation. The triangles can either be "measured up;" or the observer may traverse from trigonometrical point to point, taking offsets and intersections; or lastly he may make use of the plane table. The two first methods require little comment: but the principle of plane-tableing enters so largely into Indian surveying that our notice would be incomplete without a brief account of this simple and beautiful method.

The plane table is a flat board turning on a vertical pivot. It bears the chart on which the observer is planning the country. Suppose, now, that two points, A and B are determined, and that we require to mark in the position of a third point, C, it is clear that if we observed with a theodolite the angles ABC and BAC , we might lay these down on the chart with a protractor, and so the position of C would be determined with an accuracy proportioned to the care with which the observations were made, and the corresponding constructions applied to the chart. But in "plane tableing" a more direct plan is adopted. A ruler bearing sights, resembling those of a rifle, is so applied that the edge passing through the point A on the chart, (the observer being situated at the real point A) passes through the point B on the chart, the line of sight passing through the real point B. The table being fixed, in the position thus obtained the ruler is directed so that its edge passes through A, while the line of sight points to C. A line is now ruled with a pencil through A towards C. In a similar manner, the table having been removed to the station B, a pencil line is drawn through the point B on the chart towards C. The two lines thus drawn determine by their intersection the place of C on the chart.

The above is only one instance of the various modes in which a plane-table can be applied;—there are several others. Usually the magnetic compass is made use of to fix the position of the table in accordance with the true bearing of the cardinal points. Also the bearings of several points are taken around each station; and thus a variety of tests of the correctness of the work become applicable. Into such points as these we need not here enter. It is sufficient that our readers should have been enabled to gather the simple principles on which plane-tableing depends, and the accuracy with which (when suitable precautions are taken) it can be

applied as a method of observation subsidiary to the ordinary trigonometrical processes.

"A hilly country," says Sir A. Waugh, "offers the fairest field for the practice of plane-table surveys, and the more rugged the surface the greater will be the relative advantages and facilities this system possesses over the methods of actual measurement. On the other hand, in flat lands the plane-table works at a disadvantage, while the traverse system is facilitated. Consequently, in such tracts, the relative economy of the two systems does not offer so great a contrast as in the former. In closely wooded or jungly tracts, all kinds of survey operations are prosecuted at a disadvantage; but in such localities, the commanding points must be previously cleared for trigonometrical operations, which facilitates the use of the table."

In whatever way the topographical details have been filled in, a rigorous system of check must be applied to the work. The system adopted is that of running lines across ground that has been surveyed. This is done by the head of the party or by the chief assistant surveyor. A sufficient number of points are obtained in this way for comparison with the work of the detail surveyors; and when the discrepancies exceed certain limits, the work in which they appear is rejected. Owing to the extremely unhealthy, jungly, and rugged nature of the ground in which nearly all the Indian surveys have been progressing, it has not always been found practicable to check by regularly chained lines. There are, however, other modes of testing plane-table surveys, and as these entail less labour and expense in hilly and jungly tracts, and are quite as effective if thoroughly carried out, they have been adopted generally, while the measured routes or check lines have only been pursued under more favourable conditions. Colonel Thuillier states that, "the inspection of the work of every detail surveyor in the field has been rigorously enforced, and the work of the field season is not considered satisfactory or complete, unless this duty has been attended to."

The rules laid down to insure accuracy in the survey are—first, that the greatest possible number of fixed points should be determined by regular triangulation; secondly, that the greatest possible number of plane-table fixings should be made use of within each triangle; and lastly, that eye-sketching should be reduced to a minimum. If these rules are well attended to the surveyor can always rely on the value of the work performed by his subordinates. But all these conditions cannot be secured in many

parts of the ground allotted to the several topographical parties, owing to the quantity of forest land, and the extremely rugged nature of the country. Hence arises the necessity for test-lines to verify the details, or for some rigorous system of check; and this is more especially the case where native agency is employed.

So soon as the country has been accurately planned, the configuration of the ground has to be sketched up. This process is the end and aim of all the preceding work.

The first point attended to is the arterial system, or water drainage, constituting the outfall of the country; whence are deduced the lines of greatest depression of the ground. Next the watersheds or ridges of hills are traced in, giving the highest level. Lastly, the minor or subordinate features are drawn in with the utmost precision attainable. "The outlines of table-land should be well defined," says Sir A. Waugh, "and ranges of hills portrayed with fidelity, carefully representing the watersheds or *divortia aquarum*, the spurs, peaks, depressions, or saddles, isthmuses or connecting-links of separate ranges, and other ramifications. The depressed points and isthmuses are particularly valuable as being the sites of ordinary passes or points which new roads should conform to."

And here we must draw a distinction between survey and reconnaissance. It is absolutely necessary in making a survey that the outlines of ground as defined by ridges, water-courses, and feet of hills should be rigorously fixed by actual observation and careful measurement. In reconnoitring more is trusted to the eye.

The scale of the Indian topographical survey is that of one inch per mile; the scale of half an inch per mile being only resorted to in very densely wooded or jungly country, containing few inhabitants and little cultivation, or where the climate is so dangerous that it is desirable to accelerate the progress of the survey.

On the scale of one inch per mile the practised draftsman can survey about five square miles of average country per day. In intricate ground intersected by ravines, or covered by hills of irregular formation, the work proceeds much more slowly; on the other hand, in open and nearly level country, or where the hills have simple outlines, the work will cost less and proceed more rapidly. On the scale of one inch per mile all natural features, such as ravines or water-courses, more than a quarter of a mile in length, can be

clearly represented. Villages, towns, and cities can be shown, with their principal streets and roads, and the outlines of fortifications. The general figure and extent of cultivated, waste, and forest lands can be delineated with more or less precision, according to their extent. Irrigated rice-lands should be distinctly indicated, since they generally exhibit the contour of the ground.

The relative heights of hills and depths of valleys should be determined during the course of a topographical survey. These vertical elements of a survey can be ascertained by trigonometrical or by barometrical observations, or by a combination of both methods. "The barometer," says Sir A. Waugh, "is more especially useful for determining the level of low spots from which the principal trigonometrical stations are invisible. In using this instrument, however, in combination with the other operations, the relative differences of heights are to be considered the quantities sought, so that all the results may be referable to the original trigonometrical station. The height above the sea-level of all points coming under any of the following heads are especially to be determined for the purpose of illustrating the physical relief of the country:—

"1st. The peaks and highest points of ranges."

"2nd. All obligatory points required for engineering works, such as roads, drainage, and irrigation, viz., the highest points or necks of valleys; the lowest depressions or passes in ranges; the junctions of rivers, and *debouchements* of rivers from ranges; the height of inundation-level, at moderate intervals of about three miles apart.

"3rd. Principal towns or places of note."

Of the various methods employed to indicate the steepness of slope, that of eye-contouring seems alone to merit special comment. In true contouring, regular horizontal lines, at fixed vertical intervals, are traced over a country, and plotted on to the maps. This is an expensive and tedious process, whereas eye-contouring is easy, light, and effective. On this system all that is necessary is that the surveyor should consider what routes persons moving horizontally would pursue. He draws lines on his chart approximating as closely as possible to these imaginary lines. It is evident that when lines are thus drawn for different vertical elevations, the resulting shading will be dark or light, according as the slope is steep or gentle. This method of shading affords scope as well for surveying skill as for draftsmanship.

RABBI RASCHI.

A Jewish Legend.

AMONG the most learned and pious Jews of the twelfth century, next to the great Maimoun, or Maimonides, of European fame, stands Raschi, or, as he was more properly called, Schlomo ben Isaac. He wrote a commentary on Thora and on several of the books of the Prophets, and also one on the Talmud. He was a great mathematician, and among his own people was revered for his sanctity and asceticism.

His parents lived in Toulon, but Raschi was born in Troyes, and this is the reason why his father Isaac and his mother left Toulon. Shortly before the birth of the child the good woman walked down a narrow street. A cumbersome waggon was being drawn along it by four stout horses, and the waggon filled the street so as to make it impossible to pass. Seeing this, the woman turned to seek a side street, but at that moment the car of a young nobleman drove up the lane towards her. The timid woman ran from side to side in quest of a corner into which she might retreat from the two vehicles.

"Look at the Jewess!" exclaimed the driver of the nobleman's car; "how frightened she is."

"Whip the horses and run her down," said his master.

The two vehicles approached, and the poor creature, finding no place of retreat, with a piteous cry shrank against the wall. At that moment the huge wheel of the waggon rolled towards her almost grazing the house-wall. Then, suddenly, the wall bowed inwards and formed a little recess in which the Jewess stood secure.

"Softer and more yielding are these stones than your hearts, ye Christians!" she exclaimed.

Now when this miracle was known, it was at once concluded that it was wrought by magic, and Isaac, fearing lest it should be the cause of their being both brought to the stake, fled precipitately to Troyes, and there Raschi was born.

When Raschi was an old man, and was renowned everywhere for his vast learning and profound wisdom, and above all for his great holiness, the school wherein he taught was crowded with pupils, and his sayings were treasured as though they were precious like gold. He fasted continuously, only eating what was just sufficient to keep life in, and what he ate was of poor quality, and was

mingled with ashes. He drank nothing save water, and of that only a little, once a day. He remained whole nights in prayer, and when not engaged in teaching during the day, he stood wrapt in meditation.

As he stood at his window one evening, two Jews passed, and they were speaking of him.

One said to the other, "Was there ever in the days of the prophets a greater saint than is this Rabbi Raschi?"

To which the other replied, "Surely for him there must be prepared one of the most exalted stations in Paradise."

Then the Rabbi fell to musing on the place that was to be his in the Kingdom of God, and he wondered who would be his companion in the Land of Light, and sit at his side in Paradise. With his thoughts fixed on this theme, he stood long at his window gazing out over the vineclad hills, towards the horizon where the sun had set, and where its rays shot upwards, kindling the finely attenuated vapour which hung in the air, and making the blue of heaven green as grass. Level bars of cloud burned like gold in a furnace, and small misty fragments glowed scarlet, like fiery lilies growing in a field of sunlit grass between strips of yellow crocuses.

As the old man stood with his eyes fixed on the west, and his mind revolving the thoughts suggested by the speakers, he saw the western sky undergo a sudden transformation; the golden clouds became steps of light in a pavement of amethyst, and on these platforms were placed pairs of golden thrones with gorgeous robes of ruby tissue cast over them, and in these robes diamonds were set, and as the light changed they twinkled like sparks that wander about the ashes of consumed paper. Upon each throne a name was written with lightning brilliancy. And the Rabbi saw on two of the highest—two that stood side by side on the same stage—Raschi ben Isaac, of Regensburg, and Abraham ben Gerson, of Barcelona. As soon as the old man had made out these names, the light faded, and he found that the sky was dark, that only a faint amber glow remained above the horizon, and that the stars were shining in the dark-blue vault. So he shut his window, and he busied himself through the night in gathering together a few necessities for a journey, for he was resolved ere break of day, to start for Barcelona, and to make the acquaintance of Abraham ben Gerson, who was to be his companion in Paradise.

After a tedious journey, Raschi arrived in Barcelona, his feet sore with walking, and his

palm fretted with the staff he held, and his shoulders galled with the straps of the little knapsack which held his clothes and provisions. As he entered the town he thought to himself, "I will not mention the holy man by name, but will see whether the Hebrews here know of his high merit and future exaltation." Then, meeting a Jewish wood-cutter, he stopped him, and said,

"Friend, who is the most pious of the faithful in this city?"

The wood-cutter replied, "Rabbi Jonathan."

"Who is the next greatest saint in the city?"

"Levi ben Nathan."

"Have you other wise, just, and holy men here?"

"Certainly; there is Ismael Zadik, there is Jehoshua ben Amnon, Samuel the Learned, Mordecai Cohen—"

"But stay," interrupted Raschi; "the one I mean, I suppose must be a very old man, with pale face, bowed knees, a long white beard, eyes red with tears from much weeping for the transgressions of Israel; a man ever engaged in prayer, who macerates his body and trains his soul."

"There is no such a man in Barcelona," answered the wood-cutter. "Farewell."

"Stay," exclaimed the Rabbi, detaining him; "can you tell me aught of Abraham ben Gerson?"

"Abraham ben Gerson?" echoed the labourer; "he is no saint. He is a rich man, a delicate liver, keeps much company, and is high in favour with the Gentiles."

"Where does he live, friend?"

"Follow me, and I will show you."

The Rabbi Raschi was brought by the wood-cutter before a marble palace. Gaily caparisoned horses stood at the door, held by pages in gallant liveries. He hastened up the flight of steps leading to the entrance, and entered the hall. It was paved with coloured marbles; the walls were encased with alabaster richly sculptured, and silk curtains hung before the doors. Noblemen waited there, lounging on velvet sofas, till the master of the house could attend to them. Servants glittering with gold lace hurried about, bearing salvers of the most precious metal, on which were goblets full of iced wines, and plates with delicious confections, which they handed to the illustrious visitors.

Travel-stained dust-begrimed, leaning on his rude staff, his gaberline in tatters, his long white beard untrimmed, and the white hair of his head in tangled locks, unattended to, the wondering Raschi stood entranced. A

servant approached him with a golden salver, on which were wines. The old man raised his staff, and with flashing eyes indignantly signed him to retire.

Suddenly a silver bell tinkled. Instantly, all the nobles rose, the servants started to the stairs leading to the upper portion of the house, drew back the brocade curtains that screened the ascent, and ranged themselves in a line between the stairs and the entrance door.

In another moment a noble-looking Jew, in a crimson velvet dress, with gold chains about his neck, appeared, accompanying a Spanish prince of royal blood, conversing with him familiarly as they descended the steps, and as he led him to his door.

"Make way," said Rabbi Raschi, thrusting his staff betwixt two of the liveried servants, "make way for me."

The master of the house stood still and looked at him; then made a sign to the domestics, who fell back and allowed the old man to pass.

Raschi's cheeks grew crimson. His hand trembled as he thrust it forth and laid it on the arm of the wealthy Jew.

"Are you Abraham, son of Gerson?" he asked, in faltering tones.

"I am. What do you want with me, father?"

"I must speak with you. Lead on to a private chamber."

The merchant obeyed, and brought the Rabbi into a little room hung with blue silk, fretted with silver.

"I am Raschi ben Isaac," said the old man, "and I came here to seek you. I hoped to have found a pious Jew; I find one living in pomp and worldliness. I hoped to have found one fasting and praying; I find one eating and trafficking. I thought to have found one the favourite of God, and I find one the courted of princes and nobles. Is this a house for a Jew—a child of a despised and outcast race? The temple lieth waste, and shall we live in luxury and splendour?"

"I feel honoured in being visited by the illustrious Raschi," said Abraham.

"Shamed, shamed," exclaimed the Rabbi. "Are you not ashamed before me to exhibit all this profusion?"

"God's blessing has been on my business," said the merchant.

"And how do you recompense Him?" cried the indignant Raschi. "By neglecting the Giver, by squandering the gift. Do you fast long? Do you wear the stones with your knees?"

"My business occupies my time and demands my energies. I pray, but cannot pray for long. I cannot fast, or my business would not be attended to."

"Do you eat of meat, the flesh of beasts not slain by a Jewish butcher?"

"I have even done so."

"Have you partaken of the accursed flesh of the swine?"

"I fear that I have."

"Have you neglected regular daily attendance at the synagogue?"

"My attendance has been irregular."

"Alas, alas!" cried Raschi, throwing down his staff and raising his hands to heaven. "Surely there is injustice in paradise as well as on earth. Here lives a wicked Jew, a breaker of the law, in splendour, as a king; in another place is a pious man, fearing God, macerating his body, in want and nakedness, crushed by poverty, and the kingdom of Heaven receives both, and sets both on a level. Woe is me!" and he would have rushed from the chamber, had not the merchant stayed him.

"Raschi," he said; "I know my duty to God and man, and I practise it as best I can."

"Profane one!" exclaimed the old man. "Trust not your own strength. When the ungodly are green as the grass, and when all the workers of wickedness do flourish, then shall they be destroyed—" But just then there flashed before the Rabbi's eyes that golden throne beside his own, on which was written the name of the merchant.

"Come with me," said Abraham, taking the old man's hand; "to-morrow my daughter is to be married, and to-day I am going to make presents to the poor of our tribe. They are now assembled to receive my alms."

"And to whom is your daughter to be married?" asked Raschi. "To a rich Gentile, maybe?"

"No," answered the merchant, mildly. "To my clerk. He is not wealthy, but he is upright and useful, and on his marriage I shall make him my partner."

They descended the stairs to the hall, in which the poor were assembled. The rich Jew gave them abundant alms, and as each received his gift he left. One old woman remained. She pressed forward, and Abraham extended to her a little purse.

"No!" she exclaimed, thrusting the money aside; "I have not come here to beg, but for advice."

"Speak, wherein can I advise you? Draw nearer to me."

The woman approached him, and began: "I am a poor widow, hardly supporting four children. All my hope was fixed on the marriage of my eldest daughter, to him, to whom my dear husband, now no more, had betrothed her. He was an orphan, brought up in our house, and when he left us, he gained an honest and respectable livelihood; and I hoped, when he married my Miriam, that we should have been raised from our penury. But, alas! his eyes have been blinded by prosperity, and he is about to marry a rich wife and desert my daughter."

"Woman! why do you come about this matter to me?" asked the merchant; "how can I give your Miriam back her betrothed?"

"You can do so," replied the widow, "for that young man will be to-morrow your son-in-law."

Don Abraham started back dismayed. For some moments he did not speak. After awhile, however, he broke silence, and said to the old woman,—

"Did the young man love your Miriam?"

"I am sure, very sure, he did."

"I will inquire into the matter," said the merchant, turning away.

"Well now," spoke Raschi, as they ascended the stairs together. "This is a bad business. However, I see what must be done. Be generous, give the young woman, Miriam, a decent sum of money——"

"Come here to-morrow," interrupted Abraham; "be present at the wedding. By that time I shall have decided, for myself, what is best to be done."

On the morrow at the appointed hour, having finished his morning prayers, the Rabbi Raschi betook himself to the palace of him who was to be his comrade in Paradise. There he found a throng of guests, of all ranks, filling the rooms. Music played, and tables groaned under viands of the richest and most rare descriptions. Raschi with difficulty pushed his way through the crowd to the chamber of the master. Don Abraham was dressed in a magnificent blue velvet robe, brodered with gold pomegranates, of which the seeds were rubies. Around him were clustered the grandees of the town. On seeing Raschi he, however, advanced towards him, and extended to him his hand.

The wedding ceremony soon began; in the court all was prepared; an awning was spread; the bride, veiled and in white, was led forward by two ladies. Then came the bridegroom accompanied by two gentlemen, and the guests followed, each with a lighted taper in the hand.

From a balcony a band played, and choirs sang. A Rabbi read aloud and distinctly the contract, and the acceptance of the bridegroom into partnership with himself, as Abraham's dotation of the bride. Then the bridegroom took a gold ring and placed it on the bride's finger, with the words: "Be to me wed by means of this ring, according to the law of Moses and of Israel."

The Rabbi then gave the pair his blessing. A crystal goblet was raised in the air and then shivered to atoms on the pavement, and all the people shouted "Masel tob!" (good luck!)

Don Abraham, when this ceremony was concluded, stepped up to the bride, and gently raised the veil from her face.

"God of our fathers!" cried the bridegroom staggering backwards, "it is Miriam!"

The crowd remained silent, as though turned to stone, for the bride was not Abraham's daughter, but the child of the poor widow.

"I must explain this puzzle," said the merchant, smiling on the company; "this girl was betrothed to this youth by her father on his death-bed. They were brought up together and loved one another. I knew nothing of this; and when I found that the young man was worthy and useful in the business, I proposed to him that he should become my son-in-law. Out of gratitude for past favours, and in the hope of being able, as my partner, to assist his poor relatives, he yielded to my persuasion, and promised to marry my daughter. Only yesterday did I ascertain the circumstances of his previous engagement; I knew then the reason of his frequent fits of depression. His heart was elsewhere. Through me, however, shall two hearts never be saddened. I have made him my partner and given him the widow's daughter to wife."

The newly married couple fell at his feet, thanking him with tears, and the people gave a great shout of applause.

Then Raschi, laying about him with his staff, beat himself a way through the multitude, and pressing up to the merchant, he burst into tears, and throwing himself on his neck embraced him, and raising his hands, cried:—"Yes! you are worthy to reach Gan Eden! (Paradise.) Glory be to God, who has given me such a man as thou, to be my companion for eternity! Glory be to God, who has not made one rough road alone to Paradise, but has made many roads besides; who has prepared a throne, not for the fasting ascetic and contemplative alone, but also for him who can do what is right and just freely!"

TABLE TALK.

PRODIGY lovers will be gratified by the intelligence that a fall of what would in other days have been called bloody rain has lately been witnessed. A few weeks back the Neapolitans found their streets stained with red, and their garments spotted, with sanguinary-looking drops. Examined closely, the colouring matter of this shower was found to consist of small red grains, sensibly round, and varying from the two-hundredth to the four-hundredth part of an inch in diameter. When the mysterious element of this fall was dispelled, it was clear that the rusty particles were really dust specks drawn up by the wind from African deserts and borne with it across the Mediterranean. This is not an unprecedented phenomenon. Twenty years ago a French philosopher collected a large quantity of dust of the same quality, and probably from the same source, from a house-top at Valence; and, again, a German found the peculiar African grit in Berlin. These facts show how pests, and plagues, and the germs of disease may be carried from country to country by the transporting power of the wind; it is not always inanimate dust that is thus wafted to immense distances. A shower of insects fell at Arâches, in Savoy, last January, which, upon examination, proved to be of a species peculiar to the forests of Central France; and a few years back, Turin was visited by millions of larvæ of a fly found nowhere but in the island of Sardinia. These are recent and well proven cases; many more striking instances might be collected from chronicles of things curious.

I LIKE to see the itinerant inspectors of weights and measures at work in my district, they so often show us a side of human nature that would otherwise be invisible. And don't they often unearth a Pharisee? There is a small tradesman in my neighbourhood who is known by a habit he has of sending home his goods wrapped in leaves of the Bible. He enfolds pats of butter with the Psalms, and gives a chapter of Revelations to be digested with his customer's cheese. At first his patrons thought him a heathen thus to desecrate the sacred pages; but it turned out that he did it with good intent, professedly in order to disseminate the Scriptures. So he came to be esteemed for his seeming uprightness. But, alas for mortal frailty! familiarity, even with good, seems to breed contempt for it. When

the weight inspectors came to examine this pious man's balance, they found that it was so falsely adjusted as to rob half an ounce from every article weighed by it. There must have been some way of paying for the Bibles.

IN an article on Latimer in *Our Own Fireside* for April, the present Dean of Worcester (Dr. Peel) is represented as showing to the writer Latimer's mulberry-tree, in the deanery garden, which, although it was nearly the end of May, was only just putting out its leaves; and his gardener had told him that there would be no more frost that spring, because the mulberry-tree was beginning to sprout, and it was "the most timorous of trees." This peculiarity of the mulberry-tree has often been commented on; so that, in the eastern counties, its popular name is the wise tree; the meaning of the term, of course, being that it is too wise to put out its leaves until all danger of their being caught by frosts is quite gone. Country people, therefore, look to the mulberry-tree as a very sure indicator of the change of season from spring to summer; and, as I write this on April 20, the wise tree shows its wisdom by refusing to put forth its buds, although the chestnut and hawthorn are so forward, that they will probably be in blossom by May-day; and, for may to be in bloom on May-day, is, now-a-days, a far rarer event than many people would fancy. The hyacinths already purple the woods, and the cowslips have begun to show those freckles that were noticed by Shakspeare; but the wise tree still keeps its wintry aspect. And, to bear out its wisdom, I may add, that there was a sharp frost last night, and early on the previous morning a scud of snow that whitened the ground.

A FRIEND, whose memory is sadly treacherous, especially in quotations, was speaking of the wild weather that we had last Easter. "It's very true what Jemmy Thomson said about Spring's ethereal wildness; and Charles Kingsley, too, you remember his lines? It is the hard, grey weather, that makes us hard, grey men. You see," he complacently added, "those poetry fellows don't always talk nonsense."

TWO new variations of old songs. Lord Houghton's song of *Strangers Yet* is well known, but it may be doubted whether the sequence of thought in it is clear throughout. In the following stanzas a parallel line of

thought is pursued with perfect clearness, and with singular grace :—

STRANGERS NOW !

YEARS of chequered life together,
Days of fair and stormy weather,
Hours of toil, and weary pain,
Moments of eternal gain,—
All are gone,—we know not how,
And have left us strangers now !

Words that flowed to lighten care,
Thoughts which others could not share,
Hopes too bright for mortal eyes,
Prayers for wisdom from the skies,—
All have ceased,—we know not how,
And have left us strangers now !

Will it evermore be thus ?
Shall the past be lost to us ?
Can the souls, united here,
Never once again be near ?
Must we to the sentence bow—
“ Strangers ever, strangers now ! ”

Thorns amid the roses press ;
Earth is but a wilderness ;
Flitting o'er a fallen race,
Love can find no resting-place :
Where his flowers immortal grow,
Shall we strangers be as now ?

In contrast to the tenderness of these verses may be placed the variation of another song, remarkable for its pleasantry—a parody on Burns's famous song, *A man's a man for a' that* :—

A GIRL'S A GIRL FOR A' THAT.

Is there a lady in the land
That boasts her rank and a' that ?
With scornful eye we pass her by,
And little care for a' that ;
For Nature's charm shall bear the palm,—
A girl's a girl for a' that.

What though her neck with jems she deck,
With folly's gear and a' that,
And gaily ride in pomp and pride :
We can dispense with a' that.
An honest heart acts no such part,—
A girl's a girl for a' that.

The nobly born may proudly scorn
A lowly lass and a' that ;
A pretty face has far more grace
Than haughty looks and a' that :
A bonnie maid needs no such aid,—
A girl's a girl for a' that.

Then let us trust that come it must,
And sure it will for a' that,
When faith and love, all arts above,
Shall reign supreme and a' that,
And every youth confess the truth,—
A girl's a girl for a' that.

IN the Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia, Dr. Hewson has been using dry, sifted earth, with great success, as an application to severe wounds. It not only removes all offensive smells attendant upon suppuration, but it also greatly assists the speedy healing of the wound. He has applied it, also, to ulcers and burns, and a trial was about to be made of it in small-pox cases. The wonder is, that this should be the first public trial of a “dry, sifted earth” system, when the valuable properties of Fuller's earth have been so long recognised. A large lump of this earth can be bought for one penny ; and, if any one wishes to save the slight trouble incurred in baking and drying it ready for use, he can purchase it at all chemists, and for a low price, in the form of “Patent Prepared Fuller's Earth.” There are numerous makers of it ; that by Matthews is guaranteed by Dr. Arthur Hill Hassall, who says, that Fuller's earth “exerts a chemical effect, and is cooling, absorbent, astringent, and healing.” Many mothers and nurses have found the value of this dry, sifted earth, in its application to children's sores, and have recognised its superiority over violet-powder, which is apt to be too heating in its properties. But Fuller's earth has, or ought to have, a sphere beyond that of the nursery ; and, from many years' practical experience on this point, I can say, that it can be applied to the wounds, sores, and burns of adults, with quite as much success as to the tenderest infants. Fuller's earth is a deodoriser as well as a healer ; and this American “discovery” of the use of the dry, sifted earth would seem, in fact, to be the equivalent to the like use of Fuller's earth for a similar purpose. I recently met with an analogous treatment, and that was wood-dust,—not saw-dust, but the fine dust rubbed from the wood of a decaying tree. A farmer's family told me that, for many years past, they had used to all wounds, sores and burns, nothing but this wood-dust, and that its application soon worked a cure. Among agricultural labourers I have found that, to a very bad cut, fracture of the skull, &c., they usually apply damp tobacco, which staunches the bleeding, and which, as they tell me, also assists to heal the wound. Most people know the value of a piece of nap from a hat in stopping the hæmorrhage from a razor-cut. The value of dry, sifted earth as a sanitary and sanatory agent is now being more and more widely recognised ; and, if any one is inclined to moralise thereon, he might take, as a starting-point for his theme, that old tombstone inscription, often met with in various guises,

but to be found in its original state in the graveyard of Melrose Abbey, and thus spelt and lettered, on a very old, but dateless, slab :—

THE EARTH GOETH
ON THE EARTH :
GLISTRING LIKE
GOLD :
THE EARTH GOES TO
THE EARTH SOONER
THEN IT WOLD :
THE EARTH BVILDS
ON THE EARTH CAST-
LES AND TOWERS :
THE EARTH SAYS TO
THE EARTH ALL SHALL
BE OYRS.

WHY don't people bolt their bed-room doors? But, urges Mr. Pinrid, suppose I am ill, perhaps in a fit, and am only able to ring the bell, but unable to reach the door? Well, that is an extreme case, and, probably, Mr. Pinrid's bed-room would have to be entered by means of a ladder placed against the window, or by the smashing of the bolted door. But, even this would be preferable to the chance of being "aroused from sleep by severe blows from a kitchen poker," as the newspapers tell us that a tailor and his wife, in the Old Kent Road, were lately disturbed from their slumbers by an offended apprentice, whose murderous attack would have been thwarted by a bolted door. I have a friend who thinks so strongly on this subject, that when he bids good-night to the guests who are sleeping in his house, he always begs them, as a particular favour, that they will bolt their bed-room doors. Mr. Pecksniff desired that he should be reminded of a certain circumstance when he took his chamber-candlestick; and, at such a moment, worse words of reminder might be uttered than these—bolt your bed-room door. If you did so, you might probably prevent assault and robbery, to say nothing of Lady Macbeth entering your room during one of her attacks of sleep-walking.

A CORRESPONDENT writes :—It cannot altogether be said of folk-lore as can be asserted of proverbs, that there is scarcely one saying which may not be flatly contradicted by another; for, usually, a folk-lore saying holds good, and keeps its wisdom complete in itself, like the wise man in Horace's *Satire*,—*et in seipso totus teres atque rotundus*,—which, by the way, would not be a bad motto for "the round little figure of Mr. Pickwick," as Lord

Dufferin called him at the Liverpool banquet. But, the instance cited in *Table Talk*, April 17th, as to the belief in the county of Durham, that, when the moon is "on her back," it is a sure sign of bad weather, is one of those few examples in which the folk-lorists differ. It so happens that this particular appearance of the moon is taken by some to be a sign of bad weather, and by others to be a sign of fair weather; and it is more generally known as the moon being "like a boat." Both in the first and last quarters of the moon, it lies, as it were, on its back, in a nearly horizontal position, its horns giving it somewhat the appearance of a boat or cup or basin. Thus in Lancashire, as in Durham, it is commonly accepted as a sign of wet weather; because, they say, it is a basin full of rain which will soon be poured over. Though even in this way of looking at it, there is a difference of opinion; for Southey, in writing to Mr. G. C. Bedford, Dec. 29, 1828, says, "Poor Little-dale has this day explained the cause of our late rains, which have prevailed for the last five weeks, by a theory which will probably be as new to you as it is to me. 'I have observed,' he says, 'that when the moon is turned upwards, we have fine weather after it, but, when it is turned down, then we have a wet season; and the reason I think is, that when it is turned down, it holds no water, like a bason, you know, and then down it comes.'" (*Life and Correspondence*, vol. v. p. 341.) The authoress of *Adam Bede* gives a similar fine-weather version to the folk-lore: "It 'ud ha' been better luck if they'd ha' buried him i' the forenoon, when the rain was fallin'; there's no likelihood of a drop now; an' the moon lies like a boat there. That's a sure sign of fair weather." (Vol. ii. p. 23.) I believe that it is invariably regarded in this light by sailors, who say, that when the moon lies like a boat, you may bare your head for the fine weather and hang your hat upon her horns. In that position, she is like the

little boat,
In shape a very crescent moon,

in which the poet of *Peter Bell* took his wondrous flight.

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

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A Novel. By the Author of GARDENHURST.

CHAPTER X.

AZALEA'S LETTER.

"I SAY, there's a letter for you," said Conrad, nudging Azalea, to call her attention to the fact.

"Oh," she cried eagerly, "it *must* be from daddy! Where is it?—oh, where is it?"

It was just before the breakfast-hour: the children were gathered in the schoolroom, and the morning letters were lying in a salver near Miss Slater's hand.

Azalea opened hers with trembling fingers, and face in a glow of delight; but at the sight of a few straggling, crooked letters inscribed on the summit of the first page, her face changed woefully—

"Master Moore was tuck very bad this mornin'." Such was the postscript old Betty had got her son, a "fine scholard," aged twelve, to add to Moore's letter to Azalea.

Poor Azalea read the rest of the letter through a blinding mist of tears. She quite missed the point of the delicately hinted temptation of puffy white rabbits. She remembered, with a pang of remorse, that it was a long time since the irregular verbs had assumed any shape or order in her mind.

"If you intend to have any breakfast you had better commence at once, as the things will be cleared away presently," Miss Slater said, harshly; and Azalea gulped down her tea, and dropped tears on to hastily-consumed lumps of bread-and-butter; for the severest grief cannot wholly do away with the instincts of hunger in a growing child.

When breakfast was finished, she arose and confronted Miss Slater.

"If you please, Ma'am, I want to go home."

"Do you!" was the dry response; "and why?"

"Because my father is very ill," Azalea answered, with unusual humility in her shaking voice, "and I want to go to him directly."

"That is quite impossible," Miss Slater replied, calmly. "Lord Orme has gone to town for two or three days, and until I receive his instructions, it is impossible that I should permit you to leave the house."

Azalea stood thoughtful and silent for a few minutes; then she walked to the door.

"Where are you going?" the governess cried, sharply.

"I am going to get ready to start," the child said, gravely. "I am going home to my father, who is very ill. I *must* go, and I *will*!"

She left the room as she spoke. Miss Slater was silenced, and somewhat taken aback by the child's grave decision of manner. Conrad whistled. "Go it, ye cripples! Tally-ho the grinder! how ye pippins swim!" was his triumphant but mysterious mode of expressing his delight.

But Miss Slater was a woman prompt to determine, and quick to execute; and when Azalea, having put on Topaz's collar and chain, and her own hat and cloak, essayed to leave her bedroom, she found that the door was locked from the outside. She felt sick with anger and distress, as the conviction that she had been trapped flashed on her. She beat the door with her hands and feet, and cried aloud in the hope of attracting some friendly assistance. Conrad, who was her sole auditor, explained to her in a gruff whisper, that "Slater had got the key in her pocket."

He evidently did not feel equal to extracting it from that sacred refuge; but he was not unmoved by the vehement distress of his playmate. After a little deliberation the oracle spoke:

"It's no use trying the poker, it's grown thin from taking out grease-spots on the carpet. You must wait until the afternoon, and when Slater is out walking I'll bring the kitchen poker, which is a whopper."

Conrad apparently thought he had sacrificed enough to friendship.

"It's no use my loafing about here," he continued. "If Slater nabs me there'll be a row; and I don't want to quarrel with her to-day, for there's plum-pudding for lunch, and she'll spite me in my help. You keep quiet until I come back." Saying which, the heir of Orme whistled himself off, and Azalea was left to her own resources.

"I should like to kill her!" she said, with morose emphasis, her thoughts reverting to Miss Slater. "I should like to blacken her fishy blue eyes, and pull her long, thin nose;" which aspirations, if not heroic, were perhaps natural.

Seized by a sudden inspiration, she walked to the window, and looked out. To her surprise she found that she overlooked the balcony of flowers that belonged to the next-door house, the fact being that both houses had formerly belonged to one owner, who had made communicating doors on the upper floor for the accommodation of a large nursery of children; and when Lord Orme rented his house, he succeeded in persuading his fair neighbour, Lady Diana Merton, to allow him to retain, at a costly rent, the upper suite of rooms which belonged properly to herself.

The balcony was at a distance of about ten feet from Azalea's window, and she imagined that she would have but little difficulty in climbing over the iron partition that marked the line of separation between the balconies, if she could only succeed in getting down to their level.

She decided to risk it, and by way of preliminary, commenced tying Topaz to her breast, swathing him in her old thin shawl, which, fortunately, had been left in her bed-room. Topaz struggled desperately in angry rebellion at this invasion of his rights of locomotion; but his mistress was firm, and as soon as she secured him she crawled on to the ledge, and let herself drop her full length on the other side. For one brief, agonized instant, she thought she would give worlds to be back on the window-sill, and then she fell into the middle of some heliotropes and scarlet geraniums, and in a moment was on her feet again, a little shaken and bruised, but happy in Topaz's safety (he had given one angry astonished yelp, but was not hurt) and her own success.

She was over the iron railings and through the open window of Lord Orme's drawing-room before the owner of the balcony of flowers had recovered her surprise at the unexpected apparition which had so suddenly darkened

the window and overturned the flowerpots. Azalea in her flying descent had unconsciously disturbed a very cosy *little-d-let*.

Lady Diana was sitting by her window, looking lovely in a flow of pure-hued drapery and a flutter of fresh ribbons. She was revelling in the faint sweet odours the wind blew against her face, and enjoying the balm of the sunshine with somewhat the expression of a cat purring with sleepy content. On a low chair near to her sat a man whose face was bright with the beauty of youth, and tender with its passion—a man who seemed to have little to say to the woman by his side, but who expressed volumes in the look with which he bent over and caressed the little hand which drooped near his own. He was lowering his lips in close proximity to the fingers he had imprisoned, when he and his companion were awoke from the soft torpor of that pleasant moment by Azalea's unexpected appearance.

The gentleman started, swore under his breath, and blushed. The lady started a little, but did not blush. Nevertheless she quietly slipped her hand into the intricacies of a piece of crochet-work, and for a few minutes knitted diligently. Finding that no further invasion of her privacy was attempted, she resumed her old attitude, and did not rouse her companion from the trance of happiness in which her touch and look enthralled him until she heard the clock strike one. Then, despite his pleading eyes and restraining hand, she rang a small hand-bell and summoned her maid.

"Annette," she said, "please to send round to Lord Orme's, and ask the governess, with my compliments, not to let any more of the children tumble down in front of my window. Then bring my lunch. And, oh, Annette, you can show Mr. Mowbray out."

Lady Diana enjoyed her luncheon to-day. The chops were tender, the pastry light. "It melts in your mouth," she said, referring to the crust of the tart. Then she thought of her visitor, with a pleasant expression of content in her face. "Boys are very nice and ingenuous," she mused; "but, oh, what a time they stay! If he could have had his way everything would have been cold. I daresay the stupid fellow never thought of my lunch. Men are so selfish when they're in love."

She sipped some iced Moselle, and enjoyed the fresh tingling sensation it gave to her lips. Then she dived her round fingers into dewy clusters of grapes, and ate them with sleepy appreciation of their merits. Presently her thoughts again reverted to her lover.

"There's a bloom about them at that age,"

(a stranger would have imagined that she referred to the dim-coated grape she poised on her finger) "which you never see afterwards. Their tears are so hot; their smiles are so gay; they flush and tremble; they hope and fear; in fact, they love at one-and-twenty as they never love again. After that age the poetry is gone from their hearts; all the sweet confusion is swept away like a silver web before a housemaid's rough broom. I much prefer them young—but then Lord Orme has thirty thousand a-year."

She sighed a little, and then went upstairs again to the drawing-room. She sat down on an easy-chair, and, taking up a large book, began to search through its index.

"Here it is. 'Mowbray of Auriel, born 17—.' Let me see. That makes him about sixty-five. He may last twenty years longer. 'Only son and heir Thurstan Mowbray, born 18—; residence, Auriel Court, Essex,' &c. So Thurstan is just twenty-four. What a pity he isn't worth taking. Now for the Peerage. 'Baron Orme is of Orme House, Sussex; of 160, Grosvenor Square; of Kewford, in —shire; and Shellston, in D—shire,' &c. That's more satisfactory, excepting that the son and heir is already provided."

She put down the book, and as she did so a page fluttered back, and she caught sight of her own name. A cloud passed over her face as she recognised the familiar entry, "Merton, the Hon. Steuart, born 18—, second son of the late Lord Carlton; married the Lady Diana Tartan, only daughter of the late Earl of Plaidshire. Mr. Merton was lost in the wreck of the Sea Snake, in his passage from Calcutta to England." "We had only been married a year," Lady Diana was wont to say, with a heavy sigh, whenever she wanted to make capital of this affliction of the past. "He was going to England to see his father, who was very ill. I heard at the same time of the death of my poor father-in-law and my dear husband." A few lines were written in ink under the formal record of Steuart Merton's birth and death, saying that the deceased was only thirty years of age at the time of the disastrous wreck of the Sea Snake; that he had been seen exerting himself to the utmost to secure the lives of others, but when urged to save himself he had sternly declined to take any steps to do so, "which was the more extraordinary as he left a young and beautiful bride inconsolable for his loss."

These were the lines at which Lady Diana's brow clouded as her eye fell on them accidentally.

"It was very strange," she murmured; "I never understood it." A little guilty pang sometimes thrilled her heart when she remembered a certain flirtation she was indulging in at the time of her husband's death, but she consoled herself with the reflection that, "as he never knew it, it couldn't hurt his feelings." That was fifteen years ago.

"If he had lived he would have been forty-five now. Ah, well, perhaps it is better as it is. He was a stern man even under the softening of the first twelve months of matrimony. I dare say he would have led me a life. There can be no doubt about it, I suppose," she continued, as she flung down the book and lounged back in the sofa. "He would have been sure, quite sure, to have put in an appearance or have been heard of before now—fifteen years—of course it's certain. It's only the pleasant people who stay away so long. Milliners' bills, country cousins, insolvent brothers, and disagreeable husbands are not to be so easily got rid of."

"Nor boy lovers either," she added, with a smile, as the sight of the broken flowers brought back her visitor to her mind.

"I wonder what he is doing now; thinking of me, no doubt." So saying Lady Diana curled herself round comfortably on the sofa and fixed her gaze on a buzzing blue-bottle until the fly seemed the whirring ghost of a fly, as her eyes closed in sleep.

As for Thurstan Mowbray, he was sitting on a mound of shingle, the sun beating fiercely on his head, the foam splashing to his feet, and he was whispering his heart's secret to the in-coming tide, and wondering how it was the waves appeared to be so exultantly, so madly glad, and the wind so ineffably sweet; how it was that the elements seemed filled with dim, mysterious hints of happiness. In one instant he drew in all earth's gladness with his breath, and swore that life and love were immortality; in another he pined to die, to sob out his last sigh on that hand whose remembered caress still thrilled his breast.

In a word, he was four-and-twenty, and in love for the first time, and so thought of anything but his luncheon.

CHAPTER XI.

THY PEOPLE SHALL BE MY PEOPLE.

A ZALEA was fortunate enough to find Conrad the only tenant of the drawing-room when she entered it through the window. His nerves received a shock at the unexpectedness of her appearance. He was stroking his

nose with a ruler, and hit himself rather severely in his agitation. Then, with tears of pain and enthusiasm, he solemnly pronounced her to be "a brick, a first-rater, and no mistake."

"I've often thought of doing it," he said, looking enviously at the scene of the exploit, "but was afraid of the rubbing coming down."

When his excitement had subsided, Azalea found him a most useful ally.

"Have you got any tin?" he asked.

"Any *what*?" said Azalea, mystified.

"Any tin; that's the English for money. Dear me, you *are* a muff in some things, Azalea."

He lent her a sovereign of his own money on the condition that she would return it to him in a post-office order as soon as she got home.

"Perhaps you had better give me some acknowledgment, though," he added, looking at her suspiciously as she put the money in her pocket, "in case anything happened to you, you know."

So Azalea Moore avowed, on the leaf of a copy-book, that she owed the Hon. Conrad Orme the sum of one pound, to be payable two days after date.

"If you were to play any tricks, now, I should quod you," he said, darkly. He examined *Bradshaw*, and told her what trains she was to catch. "I'll see you off from the station myself," he said, "and take your ticket for you."

Azalea thanked him gratefully.

"I shall never forget it," she murmured, with emotion.

"All serene," was his indifferent response, and then they started for the station. On arriving, Conrad ordered the railway officials about in the most lordly manner, and as he was very well known from his frequent expeditions on the line, in company with his father, he was treated with respect and attention.

He gave Azalea directions what to do when she got to London, and one of the guards promised to see the little girl ("who was going home to see her sick governor," Conrad explained) safe into a cab, and to despatch her to the other terminus.

"How can I thank you enough, Conrad!" the girl said, gratefully.

Conrad winked.

"Send me a dozen woodpeckers' eggs," he whispered. "They're thought no end of at school; they're awfully difficult to find down here, and boys funk putting their hands in the cherry-trees, 'cause of snakes."

When Lord Orme heard of Azalea's flight he was immeasurably hurt and mortified. True, he had several times condemned his own folly for bringing her to an atmosphere so uncongenial to her nature and education; he had wavered between the secret love he felt towards her and his sensibility of the awkwardness of the position in which her presence involved him; he had devised a hundred schemes for placing her in such circumstances that her happiness might excuse his cowardice; he would dower her handsomely, although money was not more plentiful with him than it is with many other reputed possessors of thirty thousand a-year; he would see that she married well; he would, in short, do anything but what was right: it is not so easy to do right when the proceeding necessitates the confession of a long course of wrong.

As Lord Orme speeded down to Auriel to ascertain her safety and see how matters stood, he felt himself strangely drawn towards Azalea. He felt more like going home as he got nearer this neglected child than he ever did when about to re-enter his own luxurious house.

The memory of a tender voice and ever-loving face made a welcome for him in Azalea's greeting of which she was totally unconscious: indeed her heart sank with something like a qualm of fear when she heard the wheels of Lord Orme's carriage drive up to the house; but she put aside her own emotions to soothe those of her foster-father. The exquisite pain with which she had first witnessed and understood the extent of his illness had not been unmixed with remorse. She felt, if she had not deserted him, perhaps this dreadful calamity would not have fallen on him.

"I am not going to leave you, dad," she said, in quick response to the expression which troubled his eyes, when they heard the approaching carriage wheels. "Nothing in the world could make me leave you."

The paralytic looked more satisfied, but the anxious expression recurred as Lord Orme entered the room and embraced Azalea, with evident emotion. Azalea, who had expected a scolding, hung her head, abashed.

"I was very sorry," she stammered, "to come away like that—but he was so ill, you see."

"Yes, I see," Lord Orme said, gravely.

He sat down by the sick man's side, and watched him with pity and concern; then he turned to the child and drew her towards him, Moore following the movement with jealous eye.

"I'm going to talk to you very seriously,

Azalea," Lord Orme said. "I can only spend a short time here, as I must catch the next train to London. I want to take you with me."

Azalea shook her head, but Lord Orme checked the impending refusal.

"Stop! first listen to and then consider what I say. The doctors tell me that my little Rosa is very delicate, and that for her health's sake I must spend the winter abroad. I shall leave England next week——"

Then he explained to Azalea, in simple and explicit terms, what his wishes were concerning herself. He wanted her to go abroad with him, to be educated like one of his own children; he would give her every advantage they possessed. She should be independent of Miss Slater; every pleasure that wealth could obtain should be lavished on her. He painted in glowing terms all the beauties of the strange countries she should visit; he made her see hundreds of snow-hills flushed by sunset, and hear the babble of waterfalls that rambled down their clefted sides: he pictured grand old cities, rich with the beauty of their decay, and sumptuous with relics of perfect art. He represented to her how different would be her life should she elect to spend it with this poor invalid in this dense solitude. "You will be sufficiently refined to feel pain in associating with peasants," he urged; "but if you grow up to womanhood in no other society, it will then be too late to take your place among your equals." He promised that if she consented to leave him, the invalid should be surrounded with every comfort that money could procure. "He will be better off than he is now; he shall have the best medical attendance and nurses to wait on him day and night."

He paused, for Azalea had gone to George Moore's side and was looking at him with her violet eyes brimming over with tenderness.

"Don't look so miserable, dear daddy," she said. "I am holding your hand tight. I shall not leave go of it." Then she looked up shyly at Lord Orme. "You are very kind," she said, "and I should like to see Conrad again and the beautiful hills of grass; but, you see, when I was young and troublesome, daddy took great care of me; and it wouldn't be fair to leave him now he is helpless, and I can be of use to him. I love him better than anything in the world—indeed he is the only thing I have to love, except Topaz. I shall never leave daddy again as long as I live."

She spoke in a tone so unaffectedly sincere and firm, that Lord Orme felt it would be use-

less to attempt further persuasion. He turned his head away from her.

"She forgave me before she died," he thought, "but her child cancels the forgiveness." He then walked up to Moore.

"You see she is faithful to you," he said, bitterly. "She will not let me atone for the past. You, who can neither move nor speak, have more influence with her than I, with all the temptations I offer her. I now bid her good-bye, for ever. I could not endure to meet her in the future with her heart more alienated from me, and her manners and tastes dissimilar to mine. I shall continue to pay the allowance to her name through the County Bank; so that, should she survive you, she will have no difficulty in drawing the money. I hope you will get better and live to enjoy many happy years. You are a richer man than I, Moore; for if I were in your state, I don't believe a single creature would stay by my side, who was not paid for it."

So saying, Lord Orme left the room, and was descending the broad oak stairs, when he felt a little hand pulling his coat-sleeve.

"You didn't say good-bye to me?" pleaded Azalea.

"But you have said good-bye to me for good and all," Lord Orme said, with suppressed passion. Then he took her in his arms and kissed her. "Oh! child, child," he cried, "I once knew a face like yours—but it never turned away from me as yours has done to-day!"

"Miss 'Zalea!" called old Sally, from the top of the stairs, "master seems mighty uneasy without you! Won't ye come back?"

Azalea disengaged herself rapidly from Lord Orme's grasp.

"Good-bye! I must go to daddy," she said, hastily. "Please give this packet to Conrad."

She turned away as she spoke, and Lord Orme gave a last look at her fair head as it flashed past the oak balustrades, and then re-entered his carriage.

George Moore heard the wheels rolling away, and his eyes twinkled brightly as they fell on the little figure by his side.

"I should have been miserable without you, dad," Azalea said, interrupting herself in the middle of a little song she was singing, to amuse the invalid. "Why, I'm wretched if I'm not looking at you."

The old man looked a blessing at her with his eyes, and the child laid her sunny curls near his silver ones, and finished the song in low soft tones which lulled the invalid to sleep.

The sweet gloom of the summer evening closed in on them thus, and when, after a short slumber, George Moore awoke, it was to the happiness of knowing that, waking or sleeping, that little face would henceforth keep constant watch over him.

CHAPTER XII.

ROBERT DOUGLAS.

AUTUMN grew older and deepened in warmth and colour: the ripe berries dropped thickly round the barberry-trees, and faint-scented ridges of clematis blossom lay on the Auriel window-sills. As the red glow faded from the earth, cold hints of winter began to blow through the warm scented blaze of colour; touches of storm moaned in the restless swaying of the ash boughs, and the winds were full of the freshness of angry curling seas, and raining clouds.

At Auriel, broken boughs, drifted leaves, and bruised fruit were the only victims to the wind's equinoctial madness, but round the rough edged coast the voice of wailing followed the track of distressed vessels and submerged boats. On that roughest of oft-trodden highways, the British Channel, the suffering, if of a less tragic character, was scarcely less intense in degree.

On one of these restless September nights the packet from Boulogne to Folkestone only carried two passengers who were not in a state either of incipient misery or utter collapse. One of these exceptions was the captain of a merchant vessel, and he viewed the sufferings of his fellow-passengers with a benign contempt which would have been hard to bear had not misery made them reckless.

He was a bluff hearty man, and trod the heaving deck as gaily as if it had been a level meadow. He enjoyed his cigar, and he whistled tunes to the wind, and altogether treated the elements as old friends should be treated, with cordial ease and *bonhomie*. He cast many a look at his rival in self-possession, expecting every moment to see him prostrated as ignominiously as the other victims to the rough passage. He was even malicious enough to send a puff of smoke in the direction of his companion's moody face, but so far from being discomposed, the latter lifted up his head and said—

"Can you give me a cigar?"

The sea-captain stared through the gloom at the tall figure before him, answering with mechanical politeness,

"With pleasure, sir."

The stare was given to the poverty-stricken aspect of the speaker—the courtesy to his gentle high-bred voice.

"Thank you," the owner of the shabby clothes said, bowing. "One doesn't feel so hungry after smoking."

"We shall get a jolly supper at the Pavilion," the captain said, comfortably. "When I'm abroad and feel upset by the empty feeling I carry away from the d——d thin dinners, I sit and plan what I'll have when I get to cozy England again. To-night I've planned to have roast mutton and batter-pudding. I dare say it's roasting now," he added, meditatively.

"That must be very nice," the smoker said, moving away, for he was now puffing his cigar vigorously and felt disinclined for conversation; but the captain had come to the end of his, and followed him up the deck.

"Isn't it jolly getting near the home lights again?" he remarked, pointing to some faint yellow specks that could sometimes be seen between the cleft of the waves.

"Well, no; not particularly, I think," the smoker said, indifferently.

"Think of one's dinner, to say nothing of one's wife," the captain suggested, with his rubicund face soft with sentiment. "Perhaps you haven't got a missus?" he suggested, presently.

"I don't know!"

"Well, you are a rum 'un," laughed the seaman. "Perhaps you don't look forward to your dinner?"

"I can't say I do."

"What do you look forward to, then?"

"Nothing."

"Then why the dickens do you come—I mean, sir—I beg pardon for being so cheeky," (checking himself); "but you quite take the wind out of my sails. I can't understand a man not knowing whether he has a wife, and not caring about English fare."

"I have been away from England a long time," the other observed.

"Ah! that makes a difference; daresay you don't know what tricks your wife's been up to. There was Bill Somers, of my crew; he was very unfortunate in his partner: went abroad six times, found her married to a Queen's man each time he came back, and the double family came *very* hard on him. She was a handy woman, though, hardworking and industrious; and a handy woman, whether she's married to one man or six, aint to be sneezed at."

For a moment a gust of wind carried some other of the sea-captain's philosophical doctrines to leeward; then he returned again to

the attack. "Do you expect to meet any friends there?" he asked, observing that his companion was looking towards the fast-nearing shore.

"To the best of my belief I have no friend," the latter said, slowly. "There is one man in England who should be glad to remember my face: but I daresay he will fail to recognise it."

"Going on to town to-night?"

"Yes, I think so."

The boat stopped at Folkestone Pier; the seaman looked again at the disreputable hat and shabby coat.

"I've a great mind to ask him to dinner," he thought; "but he looks such a queer cadger; quite the gentleman in his ways, though, and seems so lonely, too."

Feeling bashful with his good intentions, the merchantman cleared his throat and stammered—

"I say, Mr.—"

"Douglas," supplemented the stranger, quietly.

"Mr. Douglas, will you come and have a snack with me? I'm at the Pavilion, and you know what I've got for dinner as well as I do; there'll be plenty for two."

"You are very kind," Mr. Douglas said pleasantly; "but, my dear sir, there is one thing an Englishman can never forget, however prolonged his absence may have been from the land of his birth."

"And that is——?"

"The rapacity of the British hotel-keeper. I wouldn't for worlds be the cause of doubling your remorse when you come to pay the long bill that will be presented to you to-morrow morning, when you're in too great a hurry to catch the train, to do more (or less) than curse and pay. Joking apart, I must go on to London to-night: but I was very grateful to you for that excellent cigar; it will be quite as good as a dinner to me. Good-night."

"Good-night," the seaman said, regretfully. "I'm sorry you can't come."

"Good-night, and thank you."

The man who called himself Douglas, disappeared in the darkness in the direction of the railway-station. He finished a comfortless meal; he got into one of the second-class carriages of the London train; and while he sits there, the lamplight above shining down on his bowed head and crossed hands—delicate blue-veined hands, the refined appearance of which contrasted oddly with the coarse material of the sleeves that circled them—let us give a few words of description to this man

whom no one welcomed back to his native land after an absence of nearly fifteen years.

He was a man of some forty odd years of age, and he looked even older, for his hair was grey and his figure bent. His features were somewhat harsh and strongly marked; his eyebrows shaggy and iron-coloured, like his thick waving hair; the lips full but firmly set, the jaw massive, the eyes deep set and thoughtful. Power dwelt in his broad, wrinkled forehead and pensive eyes—such subtle, mysterious power as Nature sometimes endows men with, making them royal in a kingdom where to be supreme is to be immortal.

But if the grand brow and searching gaze betokened the mind's subtle triumph over matter, physical nature reasserted herself in the mouth. Some would have called it a sensual mouth, and imagined that the brain had found it difficult to keep its ethereal supremacy over the grosser elements hinted at by full sensual lips.

I do not wish to indicate that Robert Douglas was the slave of his senses; all his life he had been their master; but his intellect, too proud and mighty to be abased, was yet in sympathy with them. He had drunk, feasted, and laughed in his youth, and had reached enjoyment's sweetest and most subtle heights. His eye for colour and form, his refined palate, his passionate richness of emotion, had wondrously intensified the glory of youth's carnival days. Unhappily the capability to enjoy keenly implies the power to suffer greatly.

Robert Douglas had lived to loathe his life as much as he had once revelled in it. He had rejoiced as few men can rejoice, but he had suffered as few men have suffered. Ere he had reached life's prime the days were no longer bright with Hope's allurements for him: his heart might not throb with pleasure or glow with anticipation. The past was his future—not the past of his blithe youth, but the past of his wrecked manhood. The present was a dull, stagnant waste. He rarely smiled now, and never wept: he neither hoped nor feared; he only prayed to forget. The storm of suffering that had once convulsed his soul had passed away, leaving nothing but the dull ache of its memory.

I have said that he had ceased to fear, and I was wrong in so saying. He had one terror, and that was the apprehension of aught occurring that might again make the flame of pain

leap in his breast. He would have dreaded equally any return of his old heart-brightness. Years ago the greatness of his joy had aided to break his heart, and henceforth he shrunk from the scent of the roses as from the memory of their thorns. The sweet treachery and the sharp wound were inseparably connected.

It was well for him his mind was as great as his heart. An ordinary man might have succumbed to fatuous self-indulgence, might have sought compensation for the disappointment of one sense in reckless prostitution of another; but the sorrow that had dulled the one great joy of his life caused lesser pleasures to appear tasteless and insufficient.

Such was he whom the train was hurrying through the tempestuous autumn night on his road to London. He knew that no face would brighten at his approach, no outstretched hand meet his at his journey's end. The quick rain and the bleak wind, the outside of unfriendly doors, that was all that would greet him when he left the shelter of the railway terminus. On the whole, Robert Douglas felt more utterly desolate on this the first night of his return to his mother country than he had ever done in solitudes where the savage jaguar lurked in dense shadows; where the cries of wild animals shrilled over a lonely but luxuriant world of tropical vegetation; where strange-faced beasts looked at him through the leaves, and the red man's shadow flitted dark against the sun.

As whatever art of story-telling I care to pursue is not of the sensational order, which delights in dead secrets and sudden surprises, I must say one word more of this Robert Douglas before I proceed. Perhaps the reader has already guessed who he is; if not, he will guess it soon; and in any case, I do not affect to conceal that he is Lady Diana's husband, supposed to be drowned,—Steuart Merton.

CHAPTER XIII.

SHE IS FOOLING THEE.

LADY DIANA MERTON never looked more attractive than when attired for riding. Her warm-hued hair was massed in compact and glistening folds high up at the back of her shapely head. The throat underneath was fair and round; delicately-tinted cheeks glowed through the dark shadow of the riding veil, and the smooth, close-fitting cloth habit showed the full, lithe outline of her figure to perfection. On the morning succeeding the

stormy night we have described, she was standing in her little drawing-room in London awaiting the arrival of her horses. She had been waiting some little time, for her grooms were insolent and ill-paid; but it never irked Lady Diana to remain in a place where there were mirrors; and for the last few minutes she had revelled in the self-content with which the reflection of her figure inspired her. Captain Mowbray was presently announced, and the lady greeted him with a tender clasp of her neatly gloved little hand.

"How nice you look," he said, simply.

"How very inadequately he expresses it!" Lady Diana said to herself, with a covert glance at the mirror.

Thurstan bent his handsome head low near the lady's cheek.

"Did you hear the storm last night?" he murmured.

"No," she answered, unsuspiciously, "I slept very well."

"I did not," he said, reproachfully. "I never do sleep now."

She looked up at him with her gay eyes sparkling. "Young gentlemen in the army are not celebrated for keeping good hours," she observed, sententiously.

"It is not that," he said, with agitation; "it is—"

But what it was must remain a secret in Captain Mowbray's troubled mind for the present, for a servant opened the door and announced the horses. Lady Diana followed quickly down the stairs.

"I'm glad he didn't say too much," she thought, as she looked down with a sweet smile on Captain Mowbray's somewhat lingering endeavours to arrange her little foot in the stirrup. "When they ask me to marry, it's all up with me. It brings things to an unsatisfactory conclusion; for I am obliged to say no, and then they find me out."

Thurstan Mowbray did not gain another opportunity to-day of saying more than a few words to Lady Diana. She was joined by a lady friend outside the door, and as the three cantered abreast under the pleasant shade of the Row, Thurstan could only look his admiration of his mistress. Town was nearly empty—that is to say, in a fashionable point of view—and Captain Mowbray thought a little regretfully of the gold-leaved country woods, where grey partridges were falling like hail under the aim of one or two of his brother officers who were fortunate enough to own good shooting quarters. "Denzil asked me down to his father's to shoot," he observed,

presently ; and Lady Diana, who was always quick to detect and condemn any one's selfishness but her own, said, scornfully,—

"And pray why did you not go?"

"You know why," he stammered ; "you know that I can only get a few days' leave now. Of course I preferred to spend these days where you are, and——"

"It was too short a time to make it worth while to go to your friends?" Lady Diana suggested, dryly.

"Not at all. I might have got two clear days' shooting at Denzil's place, and I am a good shot, though you mayn't think it ; and I do wish you had gone down there. I know Lady Denzil asked you," Captain Mowbray said, in an injured tone.

"I hate staying at other people's houses," yawned Lady Diana. "One never gets one's comforts attended to. It has taken years to educate my own household to my wishes. I am old enough not to like being crossed in my little requirements. I like to be sure that my cook is good, my tea strong, my bed a mattress, and my letters certain to go to the post. On these points one is always helpless, and generally thwarted in a strange house."

"I wonder if I could make you happy in a house of mine?" Captain Mowbray murmured, edging nearer to her side.

Lady Diana's mare lashed out at this moment, and Captain Mowbray's horse prudently sidled away.

"I think it was a fly," the lady said, innocently ; and the three cantered on the faster from the temporary excitement of the horses.

"Confound the fly," Thurstan muttered morosely ; and he rode on with a cloud on his brow. He had been baffled several times lately in his efforts to make Lady Diana clearly understand his sentiments : in his ignorance he was not aware how little so practised a coquette required any such enlightenment ; and the struggle between the eloquence of his feelings and his difficulty in expressing them frequently made sore confusion in his mind.

"He looks handsomest when he's sulky," Lady Diana thought as she noted Captain Mowbray's air of depression. "It is a pity one is too tender-hearted to keep him so. Men who are in love look such fools when they're pleased."

They had come back to Lady Diana's door by this time ; she looked with satisfaction at her lover as he swung himself lightly off his horse.

"Such a perfect figure," she murmured.

"No ! Captain Mowbray, you cannot drink tea with me to-day. I expect my aunt." (Oh, Lady Diana !) "She's a Quaker, and has an abhorrence of dragoons. Good-bye, and——" the rest of the sentence reached only his ear as her figure swayed forward into his arms and he lifted her to the ground. He looked at her, his face flushed with pleasure.

"You make me so happy," he stammered under his breath. Lady Diana smiled a divine smile of pity and tenderness, and felt herself to be overflowing with the milk of human kindness.

There was a witness to this little scene of whom no one took any notice, but nevertheless he appeared to be much interested in the group assembled at Lady Diana's door. This was a man who leaned against the area railings, and looked at the lady as she dismounted with a gaze so steadfast and searching, that she noticed it even in all the flutter of gratified vanity. It was her own husband, and she knew him not.

"What do you want?" she said, pausing on the steps and gathering up her skirts that they might not come in contact with the man's coarse-looking garments.

"Nothing," he answered, shortly, and turned away.

"Mad ! poor creature," Lady Diana said, compassionately, watching the tall ill-clad figure as it disappeared down a bye-street. Then she went up-stairs to prepare herself for a new visitor—not a Quaker aunt, but a dignitary of the church.

"I have never yet seen a spoony bishop," she said, meditatively, as she put on a fresh muslin robe, and fastened starry blossoms of Cape jasmine in her bosom and in the bright folds of her hair. "I wonder what his lordship will think of me, and if he'll find his knowledge of the Thirty-nine Articles of any use to him !"

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

THE cuckoo and the nightingale are once more with us ; and, this year, they have come in tolerably good time. The cuckoo was first heard this season by me and many others, on Sunday, April 4th, and the nightingale on April 19th. The former came with the first burst of hot weather that so closely followed the inclement Easter : and, therefore, according to Shakspeare's *Armado*, who makes the owl represent Winter and the cuckoo, Spring,

that sweet season of bud and leaf, did not really begin this year until the fourth of April. The old proverb says,—

In April,
The cuckoo shows his bill;
In May,
He sings all day;
In June,
He changes tune;
In July,
He prepares to fly;
In August,
Fly he must.

Though, when the little cottager children bring their May garland to my door on May-day, they sing in their May-day song, a variation of this proverb,—

The cuckoo he sings in April,
The cuckoo he sings in May,
The cuckoo he sings in June,
In July he flies away.

This is rather a prosaic statement, perhaps; though strictly accurate, especially as regards the sex of the singer; for poets, usually, but erroneously, give all the vocal honours to the female bird. Tennyson says, "The cuckoo told his name to all the hills;" and I would ask, is he not the only English bird who does so? I do not except the peewit—so called from its cry of "pee-weet," (which, however, is interpreted by some rustics as "be-witched," and to proceed from a ghostly-flitting bird;) because that bird is properly called the lapwing.

Shakspeare calls him "the plain-song cuckoo," but, however plain his song may be, musicians have widely differed in noting it. In a great measure this may be attributable to the note of the bird undergoing a change during the months that he stays with us, between his visits to Africa and the Grecian Archipelago; it becomes more flat, says Mr. Daines Barrington, after incubation. White, in his *History of Selborne*, mentions the "disagreeable concert" made by cuckoos singing on D, D sharp and C. Gungl, in *The Cuckoo Galop*, has given the note as B natural and G sharp. Others have given it as F natural and C sharp. Dr. Arne, in his music to the cuckoo's song in *Love's Labour Lost* (Act V. Sc. 2), gives it as C natural and G. And various other notes have been given to express the "plain-song" of the cuckoo, who, according to Chaucer, taunted the nightingale with saying, "O see! O see!" But who could express in corresponding notes the song of the nightingale? This, however, has been attempted by Athanasius Kircher (see Hawkins's *History of Music*, IV. 208). More

difficult still has been the vain endeavour to represent the song of the nightingale, not by that "O see," of Chaucer, or the more familiar "jug, jug, jug!" or, as Lilly put it, "Jug, jug, jug-tereü, she cries." Yet this was attempted to be done by Bechstein, who gives twenty-four lines of syllables to "represent the twenty-four strains or couplets that may be reckoned in the song of a fine nightingale, without including its delicate variations." Here are three of these lines by way of specimen:—

Zozozozozozozozozozozozozozozoz—zirr hading!

He-zezezezezezezezezezezezezezezez—couar—ho—dze—hol

Higaigaigaigaigaigaigai—guiaiguiaiguia—couior—dzio—dzio—pi!

Perhaps it is as well that the Swedish naturalist did not attempt to phrase the "delicate variations." To attempt to express by human sounds the songs of the birds is as old as Lucretius, who says, (Lib. V. 1378.)

At liquidas avium voces imitauer ore
Ante fuit multò, quam lævia carmina cantu
Concelebrare homines possent, aureisque juvare.

This, certainly, is a difficult achievement. Tennyson says, "O Blackbird! sing me something well;" but does not express what its "flute-notes" may be. Mr. Henry Kingsley, in *Good Words for the Young*, for April, says "The thrush said, 'Lirrippo, Lirrippo!'" and the bold glorious blackbird said, 'Love! Love! Love! Love lies a bleeding. Pick him up! Pick him up! Pretty sweet! Pretty sweet! Pick him up! Pick him up!'" And, in fact, one may fashion, in fancy, the birds' songs to many human sayings. A thrush to which I listened only yesterday, seemed to say, most distinctly and clearly, "Mary! Mary! Mary! Beauty, beauty, beauty! Sweet bird, sweet bird! Come, cheer up; come, cheer up; come, cheer up!" Another woodland voice, though I know not to what bird it belonged, plainly uttered these words, "It's a bad job! it's a bad job! it's a bad job, Sy-eusan!" pronouncing this last word as though a transpontine actor had migrated into its body. And there is a small bird, I think he is of the Tit tribe, who perches in a tree near to my study window and annoys me immensely by Baal-like repetitions from morning to night of the word "Billee! Billee!" a word which is apt to pall, on wearisome iteration, and does not in the least remind one of Mr. Thackeray's jovial "Little Billee." On the whole, I think that we must leave the voices of the birds to themselves, and that even the song of "the Swedish Nightingale" is but a counterfeit utterance to the trill of the veritable Nightingale.



Once a Week.]

[May 8, 1869.

SKETCHES FROM AN EXHIBITION.—See p. 374

VELOCIPEDES.

ONE of our periodical fits of madness seems just now to be come or coming. At one time we all rushed after atmospheric railways; at another, up in balloons; at another, off the top of the Monument. The sea-serpent absorbed all our attention in one year; the rotation of the moon in a second; the North Pole in a third; the etymological soundness of the word *telegram* in a fourth. Now it is the *Velocipede*, the *bicycle* and the *tricycle* of the French. At present our English touch of the malady is only slight; but Paris and New York are at high fever heat. We are called upon to admire races between velocipedes at a speed which no carriage ever attempts to equal—races along river parapets, and down flights of steps—government clerks taking their velocipede ride to office every morning—makers sending out their velocipedes to advertise themselves, lighted up by lanterns at night—newspaper compositors going to and from their work on velocipedes—collecting clerks going about from one banking house to another by a similiar agency—the Prince Imperial exercising in this fashion in the Tuileries Gardens every morning, and racing with a young companion—velocipedestrians on the sandy beach and coast of the French watering places—sportsmen chasing game by this kind of locomotion—artists and photographers careering along on their sketching and artistic tours—voters sent to the poll on velocipedes at elections, by rival candidates.

The oddity of all this is, that the invention, if not exactly as old as the hills, is certainly an old one. Scarcely a single feature is exhibited but such as could be found in the velocipedes of our fathers' and grandfathers' days; while we should have to go back to great-grandfathers' for an exhaustive search into the matter. M. Blanchard, the French balloonist, displayed a new vehicle, or a wooden horse (call it which we may) to the Parisians about ninety years ago. The rider pressed his feet alternately on the ground, within a kind of wooden box, and certain springs in the box gave motion to the figure of an eagle with outstretched wings. Thirty years afterwards Paris was amused by the appearance of a *Céléritère*, bearing much more resemblance to the velocipede; but this likewise had its little day and then died. We must come down somewhat later for anything like a systematic display of ingenuity in this way.

It was, we believe, one Baron Duis who made a resolute attempt half a century ago to

establish this peculiar system of locomotion. Whether he "evolved it out of the depths of his own consciousness," or whether he elaborated an idea suggested to him by the inventions of others, certain it is that his plan was the subject of many articles and engravings in the German periodicals about the year 1819. It was the hobby-horse of uncouth memory; the legs of the rider dangling on either side of the seat, and rivalling the strides of the Seven-Leagued-Boot hero. The Baron claimed for his steed these three good qualities—that it would travel up hill, on a good road, as quick as ordinary walking; that it would travel on a level road at the rate of a trotting horse—a very fast trot if the road were dry; and that it would travel down-hill as fast as a horse can gallop.

The Baron seems to have failed in raising Germany to enthusiasm; the land of Hegel and Fichte was not to be the land of the hobby-horse. The novelty had, however, a long spell in England; and our present velocipedestrians have but little notion of the wonderful amount of ingenuity bestowed upon it by inventors—some of them carriage-builders, but mostly handy working-men who had a taste for wheels and cranks and levers. In the simplest original form the horizontal bar was nearly straight; a pad was placed on it near the middle, as an apology for a saddle; one wheel was under the front end, one under the rear end; the front wheel was pivoted, and guided by a lever, the handle of which was managed by the rider. Bestriding the bar, with his two feet just touching the ground, he made very comical steps or starts forward, and compelled his horse to go with him because he was sitting on it. The curve which the foot of the rider described in each complete stride was a peculiar one—the mathematics of which would perchance have puzzled him to solve. Many varieties of form were tried, to determine whether the bar should be nearly straight, or follow a serpentine up-and-down curvature; whether the two wheels should be equal or unequal in diameter; whether the saddle pad should be midway between them, or nearer to one than the other; whether the pad should be on the bar, or on the spring above the bar; and whether the lever for steering the front wheel should be nearly vertical or much inclined. Sometimes a triumph of genius was produced, with two pads on a long pole, one behind the other, offering facilities for two men to straddle along, bestriding one steed. One very odd invention was a sort of skating hobby-horse, there being a long skate instead of wheels, for travelling (and perhaps pirouetting) on the

ice. In another (invented nearly forty years ago) there were three skates, one under the front end, and two under the rear. For this mode of locomotion the boots of the rider had a roughened iron plate fastened on the bottom, to increase the grip on the ice. Five-and-thirty years ago, a sailor one day astonished the good people of York by making his entry into that city on a velocipede of singular construction. It had two wheels side by side, about two feet apart, instead of one behind the other; they were six feet in diameter, instead of two and a half or three feet; and the rider, instead of bestriding a bar, was encircled with a ring or hoop that clasped him pretty closely, and held up by two supports under the arms in the form of crutches. In effect, he certainly walked or ran on the ground, but his wheels of large radius gave a high velocity to his progress.

The velocipedes, however, in which the rider's feet do *not* touch the ground, are those to which the largest amount of inventive ingenuity has been applied. Three wheels, one in front and two behind; four-wheelers for one person, and four-wheelers for two; seats for two companions side by side; seats for two companions one behind the other—all were tried years ago in very varied forms. In some cases the two hands of the rider worked the machine; he held two levers connected by cranks with the axis of the front wheel; and by pumping away with one lever after the other, he managed to get along somehow—provided he didn't tumble off. More frequently, however, the legs and feet did the work. Each foot pressed on a pedal or treadle connected by a crank with the axis of the front wheel; and as the crank-work was so adjusted that one pedal went forward when the other went backward, a continuous action was maintained upon the wheel. We may be quite sure that the inventors did not fail to devise Latin and Greek names for the products of their ingenuity. *Pedometer*, *pedomotive carriage*, *manumotive carriage*, *allopode*, are four only among the many terms which were in use before most of our present velocipedestrians were born; *velocipede* and *célérifère* being merely two others of the number. One bright genius invented a *millepede*, having feet instead of wheels; he adapted the kind of foot to the kind of ground it travelled upon, such as a cloven foot and a horse's hoof; and he also employed stilts and crutches instead of wheels—but we rather suspect that his inventions never went beyond paper. Another invention was something like a Bath chair with a long guiding-pole attached. Some of the vehicles had a large screw work-

ing into cog-wheels, and set in motion by the rider turning a handle. In one form, the hands worked two cranks to move the machine, while the feet pressing on a lever guided or steered it. One daring inventor planned a velocipede large enough to hold twelve persons—but it may be doubted that he ever constructed it.

Thus we see that velocipedes are anything but novelties. Whether the Americans or the French gave the start to the late re-introduction is not quite certain, but New York and Paris are evidently the head-quarters. All sorts of unbelievable things are said concerning the numbers sold and the prices paid; and many believable—for when ladies and millionnaires patronise a novelty, up goes the price at once.

The bi-cycle, or two-wheeled velocipede, now the rage in France, is constructed mostly of iron, well-forged. Besides the two pedals or treadles, there is a break which stops the machine very quickly. When the rider has acquired skill in his art, and the velocipede is going on at a smart pace, he can rest his legs by stretching them on forked branches in front, his body being still balanced to maintain the perpendicular. So far as the principle of action is concerned, the front wheel may be either larger or smaller than the hinder, or the two may be of equal size; but in the majority of cases the larger wheel is in front. Sometimes the feet rest on reels instead of pedals. Learning to ride these vehicles is certainly a difficult affair, seeing that the only parts that rest on the ground are the edges of two narrow wheels. The slightest deviation from perpendicularity will give the velocipede a tendency to turn over sideways; and then it depends upon the rider to give a turn to his steering wheel, or to sway his body a little, just in time. Slow motion is more difficult than quick, insomuch that some of the races are planned on the rule that the laggard shall win. Many a tumble must be endured before this art of hobby-horsing can be acquired.

The tri-cycle, the ladies' velocipede, has various arrangements tending to give gracefulness to the movements of the rider. Having three wheels, it is easier and safer than the bi-cycle, but not so rapid and therefore not so much in favour with men. The saddle or seat is comfortable in size and position. The fore-wheel is much smaller in diameter than the two hind wheels; it acts as the guide or steering wheel, as well as one of the three points of contact with the ground. The pedals are shaped somewhat like Turkish slippers, into

which the feet of the rider can easily be thrust ; and the leverage is so constructed that a slight pushing or pressure with the foot will at once move the pedal, and with it the wheels. Whether *any* mode of managing this part of the apparatus can render the affair compatible with womanly grace is a question on which opinions will differ ; the alternate movement of the feet is certainly a kind of walking, though much more "slantendicular" (as the Americans would term it) than we are accustomed to see in the streets. Some of the ladies' tri-cycles are twenty guineas or more each, and are provided with a subordinate supply of lantern, valise or small portmanteau, lubricating oil, cover, odometer for distance-reckoning, &c.

The irresistible tendency to challenges in speed has led to velocipede races, just as certainly as to horse races and boat races. Paris, we are told, is all alive in this way. In the Bois de Boulogne, and on the suburban roads near the capital, such races are conducted under all sorts of conditions. As a skilful velocipedestrian can do his twelve or fourteen miles an hour, and can continue this for four or five hours at a stretch, there is certainly a potentiality of contesting a rather formidable race. In one instance, two Frenchmen challenged each other to do the greatest amount of distance in twenty-four hours ; one accomplished eighty-seven miles and then yielded, the other spun along until he had accomplished a hundred and twenty-three miles. On another occasion a party of nine persons went from Rouen to Paris between an eight-o'clock breakfast and a seven-o'clock dinner, the distance being eighty-five miles. Very recently, in England (for the fit, be it observed, is coming upon *us* also) three velocipedestrians went from London to Brighton at the rate of eight miles an hour—a part of the way at nearly double that rate. At Liverpool there is a velocipede race club, the members for which competed on a recent occasion for a silver cup ; the winner accomplished eight miles in forty-four minutes—he only "knocked down one boy."

Many useful appliances of the velocipede have been suggested—such as to save the overworked legs of the rural postmen ; to carry reconnoitring outposts in the van of an army ; to assemble life-boatmen quickly at their place of rendezvous ; to accommodate country doctors and country parsons in their round of visits among widely scattered villages. Indeed, utility was more held in view than mere amusement by the early inventors ; for one of

them, M. Drouze, succeeded in inducing the French Government to mount a certain number of rural postmen upon velocipedes ; but an accumulation of ice and snow put a stop to the enterprise, which had not vitality enough to revive. Our city men have recently been reminded, that as the suburban fares on the three naughty southern railways have been raised, it might be worth considering whether the velocipede could be appealed to. We only beg respectively to point out that the rider would have to carry his horse some miles out, before the road would be clear enough for the horse to carry his rider. There must be tolerably *clear* roads, *smooth* roads, and *level* roads to give fair play to the system—a combination by no means often to be met with.

Among many newspaper jottings from America, we find a sort of challenge to make a good rhyme for the word velocipede. Perhaps it was regarded as a poser, like the word Timbuctoo, submitted to Mr. De Morgan with similar intent. But as the mathematician was not to be baffled by such a problem, so neither were the quaint rhymesters over the water. One response to the challenge ran thus :—

There was a man on a velocipede,
Who said, I need not give my hoss a feed :
Without oats or hay
He will go all day ;
It's a cheap thing to keep a velocipede.

A more ambitious attempt was the following :—

If 'tis a loss, indeed,
To give one's hoss a feed,
And I can boss a steed
Of such a saucy breed,
Then sure the hoss I need
Is the velocipede.

The Americans have a right to be lively on this subject ; for they have recently taken out more than a hundred patents for velocipedes, and have established *Velocimasiums* or schools for this kind of equitation.

Yes, and we have *our* velocipede-schools, also. There are many in the metropolis, in which the art is taught in a systematic way. One of the daily newspapers has thus described the initiatory lessons : "A stalwart attendant walks with the pupil round the riding-house or room, holding him on his velocipede by keeping an arm firmly round his waist. The sitter keeps his head down and his knees in, as if he were attempting to master a particularly vicious and unmanageable young horse. His eyes are firmly fixed upon the wheels beneath him, his shoulders are up, his

teeth are clenched, his hat is pressed resolutely over his eyes, and his entire demeanour is that of a man who sees his work cut out for him, and who means to master it. At first his feet are allowed to hang uselessly down, while the attendant propels the velocipede by pushing it with his disengaged hand. The rider is directed to keep his attention to the handle, to balance himself by it, and to be careful at the turns. After a little time the novice is told to use his feet, and he then turns the wheels slowly for himself, being still held on by the attendant instructor. There are no fastenings for the foot, simply a rest, which projects out from the axles; and whenever the handle is mismanaged, and the centre of gravity lost, the rider comes to the ground on his feet, and so stands up in a very comical way."

There is one bit of compliment which the champions of the new order of locomotion may fairly boast of. They have had a great man among them—no other than the illustrious Faraday. In the brief memoir of the eminent chemist, prepared at the request of the Royal Society, this passage occurs in a diary kept by his brother-in-law: "After dinner we nearly always had our games just like boys—sometimes at ball, or with horse chestnuts instead of marbles. Faraday appeared to enjoy them as much as I did, and generally excelling us all. Sometimes we rode round the theatre (of the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street) on a velocipede; and tradition remains that in the earliest part of a summer morning, *Faraday has been seen going up Hampstead Hill on his velocipede.*"—Capital! A great philosopher in the full vigour of his manhood, (he was 38 in this year, 1833), and a member of a dozen scientific societies, riding his hobby-horse up Hampstead Hill! One feels a yearning "to be there to see," only that it is now too late!

THE DESTRUCTION OF EAGLES.

AT this time, when public attention is drawn to the rare sea and land birds of Great Britain, and their possible extinction through the zeal of sportsmen and collectors, it may not be uninteresting to record some authentic accounts of eagles.

In a picturesque glen, situated about thirty-five miles west from the sea-coast, in Aberdeenshire, these magnificent birds, both the Golden eagle, *Aquila chrysaetos*, and the White-tailed or Sea eagle, *Aquila albicilla*, have been observed for years. The keepers,

who, as well as their fathers before them, have spent their lives on the spot, tell curious stories of the haunts and depredations of these winged monarchs of the forest. Among other lore, they often mention, with doubtful approval, the case of an old farmer, Peter Davidson by name, who, for many weeks, kept to himself the secret discovery of an eagle's nest, to which he daily made a toilsome pilgrimage, returning with his plaid full of grouse, and sometimes a hare, which the eagles had carried to the eyrie for the young eaglets. All went on smoothly till, on one occasion, Peter discovered, among other booty, a kid belonging to one of his own goats, animals which, at that time, were very generally domesticated in the glen. A struggle commenced in his mind between his appetite for the game, so well and constantly supplied, and his fears for the kids and lambs of his fold, ending, alas! in the betrayal, to their arch-enemy the keeper, of his winged caterers and their airy larder. The same old man, who was more than suspected of poaching propensities, told of having been out one day with his gun, "just taaking a waak," when a large cock-eagle came past him in full chase of a grouse. The weapon at hand was speedily applied to beat down the pursuing bird, which fell heavily to the ground and was secured. Had a "muckle hart" crossed his path within gun-shot, Peter might not have been so candid in his revelations!

The sea-eagles have bred in these districts for ages. Some twenty years since it was the custom for the proprietor to pay the keepers for the destruction of "vermin" at so much a head. The tariff was fixed in proportion to the voracious habits of the animal which it was desired to extirpate, and the price of an eagle was a guinea. One of the keepers, who had not forgotten Peter Davidson's larder, bided his time till the spring came round, and, year after year, stole up the crag and shot the hen bird on her nest. On the last occasion not only the bird, but two eggs were secured, for which three guineas were claimed. These eggs, of a dull white colour, slightly spotted, were much prized as an addition to the treasures of my cabinet, but not the less was the wholesale destruction of the king of birds mourned over, and intercession so effectually made for its discontinuance that the head-money was henceforth abolished. Now, happily, times are changed, and it is no longer considered expedient, at least in deer forests, to encourage keepers to kill and destroy everything which they choose to consider *vermin*. The cock-bird, strange to say, had come back

year after year with a fresh mate, and, not doomed again to become a widower, might once more have returned to his old haunts. But, unfortunately, we had no means of proving whether he still looked upon his former abode as a place of security, for during the ensuing winter, in a severe storm, the nest was blown down, and scattered to the winds, and has never since been rebuilt. For half a century it had been known to exist, and many a storm it must have weathered before the last tempest arose which levelled it with the ground. I was fortunate enough to have visited the spot the year before this occurred. The nest was built in a stunted specimen of the Scotch Fir, *Pinus sylvestris*, growing on the hill of Allochy in an inaccessible place called Bordland's Sheil. At about six feet from the base of the tree, crooked branches spread out in different directions, forming a kind of cradle to support a huge mass of sticks some eight or ten feet long, laid across one another. In the interior were dried tufts of the *Luzula sylvestris*, a plant having much the appearance of the leafy crowns of the common pine-apple. Over the nest the compact foliage of the fir-tree formed a natural umbrella, providing the shelter so much needed in this wild and exposed situation. Indeed it was a place only fit for eagles, and old Peter must have been very fond of grouse to have made such frequent raids upon the eyrie.

Looking down from the top of a high cliff, eagles have been observed teaching their young ones to fly. They are described as soaring higher and higher in gradually widening circles, as though they would tempt the eaglets to test their newly-fledged strength by bolder flights. One is reminded of the beautiful description in Deuteronomy in the composition called *The Song of Moses*: "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings; so the Lord alone did lead him," Deut. xxxii. 11, 12. The attitude of the parent bird is such as to give to the young a sense of security and succour if needed, and although their being "borne upon her wings" may not have been literally exemplified, the idea would be amply suggested to the poetical mind.

High on that dark o'erhanging crag,
Untrodden by the bounding stag,
The eagle builds her massive nest,
And bids her half-fledged nurslings rest
In peace.

Guarded from harm, with dainties fed,
The young ones press their tufted bed,

Unconscious how, by weary flights,
The stores secured for days and nights
Increase.

Fast fades the snow from distant hills,
Swelling a thousand trickling rills;
Fair Alpine flowerets stud the grass,
And tender fern-leaves fringe the pass,

'Tis May:
Content, the eaglets seek no change,
All luxury within their range.
But soon the eagle stirs her nest,
And tempts them from their sluggard rest
Away!

She flutters over them to show
How trusting her their trust will grow;
Then, as she spreads her wings above,
Each, on her all-protecting love,
Relies.

Higher and higher still they soar,
Seeking the lights of earth no more;
Not peering in the starry sky,
But guided by her steadfast eye
They rise.

So doth God lead us—first by sight,
Till Faith reveals His clearer light.
Lost in immensity of space,
Crushed in the world's o'erwhelming race,

We die:
Thrice blest the hopeful human smile,
Bidding us courage take awhile.
Pledge of a higher love, which brings
Freedom to captive souls, and wings
To fly.

WHO KILLED CRINOLINE?

MOST people would say *Punch*. But the wit and sarcasm of *Punch's* pen and pencil were levelled against crinoline for eight or nine years without abating one jot of its inflated self-importance; and when, all at once, with scarcely a note of warning, the bell-shaped form of crinoline disappeared, *Punch*, we may be sure, was as much surprised as anybody else. Crinoline is not wholly banished even yet. Women who wear long trains use it as they would use any other means of stiffening or throwing out their dress; but the old balloon-crinoline, which was the absurd form of the invention, has wholly collapsed. The mystery of the origin of fashion in dress has never been explained, although several startling statements have been postulated about it. We hear of a secret committee of Parisian ladies, who periodically sit in solemn conclave, and issue their authoritative ukase. We hear of another board of initiation, which is composed of the principal Parisian dress-makers; who also meet periodically to ordain what their customers shall wear. Sometimes we hear that the Empress is the occult thau-

maturgist who plays such tricks with the human form ; but this suggestion collides with the fact that the Empress is often behind, and sometimes altogether out of, the fashion. It will be observed that all these guesses assume that initiation in matters of fashion begins in Paris. Clearly, then, any such key will not solve the enigma of the disappearance of bell-crinoline, which was first abolished in England. It is admittedly the fact that we in England had the astounding audacity to crush crinoline, before being ordered to do so by any body of Parisian dressmakers or dress-wearers ; and it is further the fact that our heroic resolve was approved of on the other side of the Channel ; and that now French ladies wear nearly as little crinoline as our ladies at home do. Who, then, killed crinoline ?

The Princess of Wales ? There is no doubt that we owe much in matters of dress to the Princess of Wales. Not within the memory of living man has there been a costume prevalent among English girls so admirably adapted for the display of youthful figure as that we have now. It is altogether an excellent style of dress, artistically fine, and capable of admitting that play of fancy in detail which prevents any costume from becoming monotonous. We do not include, of course, the camel-humped gown, which some women are now bent on exaggerating into the most ludicrous proportions ; but the ordinary dress with its tight-fitting body, its plain front, its train-skirt, and its tight sleeves. This is really a very graceful dress ; although it is likely to lose its charming simplicity and neatness by the introduction of sleeves slit up to the elbow and falling down from that point. Now this dress, and its modifications, we owe chiefly to the Princess of Wales, whose remarkably good taste is shown in almost every article of attire she wears. To put the point briefly, since the Princess of Wales came to England, the fashion of ladies' dresses, so far as that has been allowed to move within certain limits, has devoted itself to the development of costume appropriate to young, instead of to married women. And it is much better that English fashion, following the example of the Princess of Wales, should incommode a certain proportion of middle-aged women by the introduction of a costume specially fitted for girls, than that English fashion, following the example of the Queen, should prescribe a form of dress in no way suited to those for whom pretty costume should specially be designed. But we have got no further with the question—Who killed crinoline ?

Not the Princess of Wales. Let any one try to recollect the period at which the first symptoms of abolition suddenly appeared. At that time, for a woman to be seen on the streets without the usual inflation of petticoat was to mark her out as one of three things—a maniac, suspected of Bloomerism ; a pauper ; or, a drunkard. Indeed, one never saw any respectable woman without the more or less circular fullness of skirt which told of the hoops within. The dirtiest "slavey," who went out to scour the bell-handle in the morning, had her octagonal wires pushing out her torn dress ; the little girls who superintended an apple-barrow had their bits of cane twisted round their petticoats ; Sarah the cook had a circumference of skirt which might have, and sometimes did, put her mistress to shame ; and Jane the housemaid would not have taken the children out for a walk without her orthodox distenders—no, not for the king's ransom, which was her boldest imaginative conception. Children were made to burlesque their mothers, who had already burlesqued Nature, and wore a ludicrous imitation of crinolined skirts round their poor little legs. It was at this time that, quite suddenly, there appeared in several public thoroughfares—in Kensington Gardens, and similar places,—girls dressed in limp skirts. At a distance you took them to be beggars ; on nearer approach you found them to be young ladies of rather pronounced dress. Cabmen turned, and stared, and tittered. Indeed, the anti-climax was at first extremely ludicrous. And the curious thing was that the fashion seemed to have broken out among shop-girls who aimed at originality in dressing, before it was caught up by ladies in good society. Sometimes the girl, bent upon distinguishing herself, had simply discarded the crinoline without altering her dress a bit ; so that her skirts either trailed on the ground, or were awkwardly and limply huddled around her figure by her hands. One's first impression was that the girls had been placed waist-deep in some powerful acid, and had shrunk into nothing through the effects of the bath. In a short space of time you found the fashion creeping into drawing-rooms, generally being welcomed first by the youngest and the most self-assured of the girls ; and presently it had become so general that none but maid-servants and barmaids were left with the puffed-out skirts.

Up till that time, as we say, the wit of all our satirists, professional and domestic, had been levelled against the fashion in vain. All the jokes, quips, conundrums, and even appeals

on artistic grounds, from qualified persons, had been disregarded. Paterfamilias was alternately funny, indignant, and argumentative over this monstrous thing, which was burlesquing the natural shape of his prettiest daughters, besides subjecting them constantly to the risk of being burned alive; but wife and daughters alike received the sarcasm carelessly, and the wrath meekly, and continued wearing crinoline as before. The most ignominious tricks were attempted by the newspapers. One week it was authoritatively announced that the Empress of the French had decided upon relinquishing crinoline, and that, consequently, crinoline was doomed. The next week it was also authoritatively announced that crinoline was going out; and that, at a certain grand gathering, in the house of a certain grand lady, all the guests were in plain skirts. The wish may have been father to the thought; but the æsthetic paternity was of no further good. Crinoline held its own until—until some milliner-girls tried the experiment of dropping it.

Some say that crinoline was swept away by a grand tidal wave of common sense. If so, the wave took about ten years to gather its volume; and we should be glad to know what arguments or recommendations common-sense possessed in the tenth year which it had not in the first. Theoretically, the wearers of crinoline were as conscious of its absurdity when it came in as when it went out. Others say that it owed its abolition to one of the ordinary freaks of fashion. But fashion, apart from human agency, is nothing. Fashion, *per se*, is no presiding deity; but an anthropomorphic abstraction. Who introduced the fashion? In short, who killed crinoline?

We don't know. There are the facts, however, that limp skirts were first tried by the girls in milliners' shops; and were afterwards adopted generally. Now girls in milliners' shops are, as a class, among the prettiest women in London; and it is just possible that the success of the experiment was due to the engaging face, as well as the improved figure, which advertised the change. The sudden change from the full-blown skirt to the limp train would have been especially absurd upon a plain-looking woman; but, on a pretty girl, one was a little surprised by it, perhaps a trifle amused, then led to see that it was not quite absurd, and finally compelled to acknowledge that the change was charmingly graceful.

It is curious to notice that the chignon now holds the same position as that held by crinoline. The use of false back-hair has been

satirised as crinoline was satirised; it has changed its forms, but never reduced its bulk, as crinoline did; and its persistence, in spite of the absurdity connected with its exaggerated types, is as great a mystery as was that of crinoline. And precisely the same prophecies are made about its disappearance. Within the past month or two several announcements have been made that the use of padded hair had been discontinued in authoritative quarters, and that, the decree having gone forth, there were to be no more hills on the back of the head. But the hills are still there; forming, in many cases, an effective background to the pleasant landscape of a pretty face. That is the advantage which the chignon (or its more fashionable modifications) has over crinoline. There is almost no face which is not improved by this mass of artistically-arranged hair on the back of the head which is now universally worn; and there are some faces to which it lends a quite surprising effect. While crinoline was in vogue, many people fancied that it was very graceful; it is only now, since it has been discarded, that they see how much finer opportunities for skilful dressing are offered by the sinuosities of the natural figure. Crinoline was absurd in itself, and the cause of absurdity; a padding of false hair may be absurd in itself, but it is frequently a remarkable addition to the artistic look of a woman's face. Of course the chignon will be killed, some day; but the time is not yet.

Crinoline, as crinoline, may be killed; but, Proteus-like, it is now appearing in another form—that of stays. We should like to know whether the one or two magazines that are leading the mothers and girls of England to re-adopt this hateful and disastrous fashion are hired by crinoline-makers, who find that they must do something to support themselves. Better crinoline trebled in circumference, than the appearance of a fashion which is the parent of consumption, and the friend of nearly every other disease.

TABLE TALK.

WE usually associate the word harvest with ideas of autumnal days, of blazing suns, and golden sheaves. But, the other day, I chanced to see a harvest that falls in the spring-time. This was the reed-harvest, and it is a sight that can only be seen in a few districts in England, and is daily getting rarer and more unfrequent, and soon, perhaps, as the Fens are brought under drainage and tillage, the

Fen reed-harvest will be as much a thing of the past as is the Fen Bittern, or the Fen butterflies (the Red Coppers, Purple Emperors, and Swallow-tails) or even those old Fen-men, the *Girvii*, who were described by Camden as possessing "uncivilised tempers," and being addicted to "walking aloft on a sort of stilts," and who were even spoken of by the old monkish chroniclers as having "yellow bellies and webbed feet," to mercifully adapt them to their amphibious position. But, certainly, if the reed totally disappears from the landscape it will lose what is both singularly useful and ornamental. The railway-traveller can still see what a reed-bed is like, as he speeds along by the Great Northern Railway from Huntingdon to Peterborough, and, about mid-way between those two places, sees many of the wide ditches, or water-cuttings, on either side the line, filled with the tall graceful stems of reeds, their feathery tops waving in the breeze. Close by the Holme station, there was much reed thus left growing till within these few years, and, indeed, that portion of the Great Northern line was taken over the quaking bog of the reed-shore that surrounded Whittlesea-mere with a belt of reed about half-a-mile broad. But the Mere is gone, a branch line to Ramsey traverses a portion of the surface that it once occupied on the map; farm-houses and homesteads dot the ground in the very spot where King Canute and his sons were nearly shipwrecked by a sudden storm on that great inland lake; thriving plantations shelter rich corn-crops; and the tall chimney from Ap-pold's Centrifugal Pump is the wand of that practical enchanter who has thus so greatly changed the leading feature of the Fens. But still the reed-harvest goes on here and there, though on a small scale; and, the other day, I saw once more the men in their fen-boats punting themselves up beside the tall reeds, and, with a large sickle placed on a long pole, mowing down the reed to the water's surface, thus leaving the lower portion to shoot up again for another year. The bundles of reeds, at least six feet long (and I have gathered them of from ten to twelve feet long from the root), were laid in the boat until it was almost water-logged by their weight, other bundles were laid on the bank, and the scene was a very effective one for a painter. But the painters must not long postpone the delineation of such a scene. The use of the reed is dying out as a thatch, although it is said to be the coolest covering in summer and the warmest in winter that a house can have; but, the Fire Insurance people tax it, and the rats,

sparrows, and birds, also tax it after their own fashion, and, although a good reed thatch will last from 50 to 70, or even to 100 years, yet it needs dressing down every few years to keep it in order. Reed also is useful in brick-making and in the plastering of ceilings and floors, and its feathery top, called by the poor people "cat-tail," is used by them to stuff bed-mattresses. I once saw two reed-stacks that were valued at £1300, but that was in the palmy days of the Fen reed merchants, who must soon be an extinct race, and will only be remembered with Sir Walter Scott's "Roger Wildrake of Squattleaseamere in the moist county of Lincoln."

IN *Table Talk*, March 20, p. 219, mention was made of the famous battle of Chevy-Chase or Otterbourne, and of "the banner of Douglas (still preserved by Mr. Douglas, of Cavers, Roxburghshire) and of Hotspur's pennon captured by Douglas, to regain which Hotspur fought the battle of Otterbourne." A more extended mention of the Douglas banner was afterwards given in *Table Talk*, April 24, p. 329; but to make this matter quite clear to the reader, engravings are here given both of



The Banner of Douglas.



Hotspur's Pennon.

the Douglas banner and of Hotspur's pennon. Since the days of Helen of Troy, the causes of famous battles have been very disproportionate to the greatness of the results: and this celebrated encounter at Otterbourne, which is more familiarly known to us as the Battle of Chevy-Chase, arose out of that quaintly embroidered silk pennon of "the

gallant Hotspur, young Harry Percy," which is here delineated. According to Froissart, the Earl of Douglas and Sir Henry Percy had met before the walls of Newcastle and had engaged in single combat. Douglas bore off Percy's pennon and told him that he would carry it away with him to his castle at Dalkeith, and place it on his tower so that it might be seen from far. Hotspur replied with an oath that Douglas should never have the pennon to brag of, and should not even bear it out of Northumberland. "Then," said Douglas, "you must come this night and seek for it. I will fix your pennon before my tent, and shall see if you will venture to take it away." Hotspur failed to do so. In the morning the Scots broke up their camp and moved on to Otterbourne, where Douglas proposed to wait three days to give Hotspur an opportunity to come for his pennon. Hotspur did so, and the result was that battle of Otterbourne or Chevy-Chase, in which Douglas was slain and Hotspur was taken prisoner. In obedience to the command of Douglas, his banner had been borne on until the Scottish victory was complete, and the English strode over his body, not aware of his fall.

IN the epistles of Mr. Artemus Ward, we meet with an intermixture of numerals and capitals with the text, such as "going 2 see him," "going 4 2 see him," "be4," "2 B or not 2 B," "she wandered by a C-beat shore," &c., which is presumed to be due to the inventive genius of "the divine Artemus," as Mr. Carlyle has termed him. In his introduction to *Artemus Ward, his Book*, Mr. J. C. Hotten makes special reference to this peculiarity, and says that it may be looked upon as "a sort of rebus fun, or mayhap a notion on Mr. Ward's part that it is the correct thing, and shows education to abbreviate one's speech." Shows nonsense rather, and a revived specimen of very clever fooling. For example, there is the ingenious *Elegy to the Memory of Miss Emily Kay, Cousin to Miss Ellen Gee, of Kew, who died lately at Ewell, and was buried in Essex*, written by Horace Smith entirely in this style:

When her piano-40 she did press,
Such heavenly sounds did MN8, that she,
Knowing her Q, soon 1 U 2 confess
Her XLNC in an XTC.

"Should cease 2 B," "did you foreC," "much 2 low B4," "L8 she was," "it vexes 1 2 C," are Artemus Wardisms that also are to be found in the same poem. How few things are there under the sun that are really new.

TWO officers of the 9th Regiment have told us, in *Our Life in Japan*, the proficiency acquired by the Japanese in the game of battledore and shuttlecock. They do not use their feet for the battledore, after the Chinese fashion, but employ a diminutive one-feathered shuttlecock, and a battledore "of flat wood, about a foot and a half long, splaying outwards from the handle." I have often wondered why this game has been so entirely relegated to children and schoolgirls. I have played it with a merry party of young men and maidens, and it has always been voted as great fun; especially when partners are selected, and the players stand four square, or eight or more in a circle, and keep rapidly in the air two or more shuttlecocks, each miss being one to the bad in the score of the faller's side. As a game thus played in the open air, a fine, breezeless summer's day is requisite. But battledore and shuttlecock is an admirable indoor game for a wet, or cold day; and might relieve the billiard-room of couples who are not wanted there, and who could adjourn to the hall, or other appropriate spot, and fall-to with battledore and shuttlecock. It is an advantage of the game that when a gentleman and lady are thus playing it, it need not check their conversation. They can talk through the sharp ringing thud of the consecutive strokes, quite calmly; and as the game, besides requiring much activity of eye and hand, leads to the assumption of many graceful attitudes on the part of the lady, it can be made at the same time both useful and ornamental. On a winter's day, too, it is a capital in-door exercise; and it is surprising for what a length of time the shuttlecock may be sustained in its backward and forward flight by two expert players. The highest number to which I ever attained, with a girl partner, was a thousand; and, when we had reached that number, we stopped from sheer fatigue of eyes and hands, and not from missing the shuttlecock.

NOW is that most elegant of ornamental trees, the horse-chestnut, in the flower of its beauty, and the sight of its pink and silvery cones of blossom prompts me to ask whence the tree derived its name? I know what you will answer—that it is because horses eat the fruit. This is what encyclopedias tell us, and what gardeners have told me, with one single exception, and it has always struck me that this odd man's reason for the name was a better than the popular one. He told it me long years ago, and I have since propounded

it to many an amateur horticulturist, and more than one professional, and, singularly enough, no one has known of the peculiar feature of the tree that stamps it with a horsey character. You may see it for yourself by examining the bifurcations of the slender branches and twigs. You will observe that the point of juncture of the smaller with the larger shoots takes the form of a horse's fetlock, with the hoof, perfectly modelled, even to the marks of the protruding shoe-nails. Those sprigs that are about as thick as a quill show the formation best; of course its degree of perfection differs in different specimens; to see it is to believe that it ought to be the origin of the tree's name. Anyhow it is so curious a feature that one wonders why arborists in general make no allusion to it. Are they all silent upon the point? While speaking of the horse-chestnut, it may not be amiss to state that a very ancient member of the family, one honoured by mention in treatises as, perhaps, the oldest in England, blew down the winter before last. It used to shade the Roebuck Inn at Lewisham, in Kent.

BEFORE long we shall have veloci-this, that, and everything. Last week a French doctor showed the Paris Academy of Sciences what he was pleased to call a *velocigraph*. It was what we used to call a reservoir pen—a tubular penholder, filled with ink, with a habit of shedding its contents without discrimination. We must suppose that the new invention possesses virtues to deserve its name: the fact of so august a body having listened to a description of it induces the idea that it is something very clever. But then that Academy occasionally occupies its time with droll matters: it has not yet done with the Pascal-Newton forgeries, the debates upon these precious trumperies raging as fiercely as ever.

IN the centre page I have massed together a few thumbnail sketches from the Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours; but I present them to the subscribers of *Once a Week* more as an experiment than as finished work. It has struck me that the written criticisms of our exhibition are often of little use to the public, and give one a very imperfect notion of the elements of the different pictures. Why should not an illustrated magazine be permitted to give rough sketches of the various canvasses—sketches which cannot interfere with the law of copyright, though they may suggest a good deal

that will interest the lover of art. Artists and engravers, however, are just now riding the law of copyright in pictures to death; so that whereas a literary writer may quote pages upon pages from a recent poem, an art critic is debarred from reproducing, in the roughest way, the turn of an expression, or the arrangement of the light or shade in a picture. Here now is the exhibition on the walls of the Water-Colour Institute. What possible harm can I do by quoting one little bit from the charming picture No. 206, which is by Mr. Fahey? and by showing its title of *Industry and Idleness* refers to the sketching and not-sketching of two ladies who are enjoying a right pleasant view? Or why may I not say of Mr. Linton's admirable drawing (No. 163) of *Faust and Marguerite*, that thus the pair of lovers dallied among the flowers, and thus the tempter looked on? Or is there any wrong done to No. 112, Mr. Charles Cattermole's picture of *Romeo and the Apothecary*, by pointing out that so and so the pair stood in parley? Then there is No. 207, *Enoch Arden*, by Mr. Kilburne; why may I not show the positions of the rival lovers, without pretending to convey the rival expressions? No. 51 is a simple sketch of a girl plucking flowers, by Mr. Bouvier. Nothing more simple in design; but I have to say that the beauty is in the art of the colourist, which it is impossible to reproduce in a rude sketch here. Is it a sin against property to point out that in No. 57 Mr. Absolom has drawn the figures of a lover and his love, and that the title of it is *A Question of Time*—sooner or later the girl will say Yes? and that in No. 175, entitled, *Father, Advise Me*, Mr. G. Bach has sent the doubting girl to an ecclesiastic for advice? Nos. 26, 43, 50, 183, and 229, are various views of scenery by Messrs. Mogford, Hayes, McKewan, Hine, and Shulders, which are well worth looking at. No. 22 is a wonderfully well-managed picture by Mr. C. Green, which he has entitled *Persuasion*—the picture of a wife trying to make her husband buy a clock. In No. 168, *The Little Housekeeper*, by Mr. Roberts, we have a simple sketch, telling the simplest of stories with quiet grace. And lastly, in No. 249, *Chamber Practice*, by Mr. Andrew Gore, we have a very clever portrait of a Frenchman who is studying the art of fencing all alone. Go and look at these pictures and thank me for my thumbnail sketches.

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

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SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

A Novel. By the Author of GARDENHURST.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOMELESS AMID A THOUSAND HOMES.

WHEN Robert Douglas walked away from the vicinity of Curzon Street, he turned his steps in the direction of the Park; he walked quickly, as one who is spurred on by a pursuing pain—a pain which threatens to shrivel the soul with its sharpness, should its victim pause to *think*. When he relaxed his rapid pace, it was to cast himself down on one of the park-seats; and then he shielded his sun-burnt face with his hand that none might note its utter forlornness.

"She looked me in the face and she did not know me. She heard me speak and my voice was unfamiliar as a stranger's," he whispered. "Fool that I was to subject myself to this last humiliation!"

Two young lovers nestled down on a seat near him, and were telling each other of their passion's infiniteness, when they were disturbed by a harsh laugh resounding near them. They drew themselves away with scared, angry eyes, and Robert Douglas was left alone to stare at the red leaves fluttering slowly through the warm September haze, and to wonder whether this great city held a more desolate wretch than himself.

He was beginning to feel faint from hunger; his journey to town and the subsequent night's lodging had exhausted his last few shillings, and he had been unable to afford himself a meal for the last two days; he turned out his pockets and smiled drearily as he found that nothing fell from them but a few dried crumbs, which hungry, impudent sparrows took immediate possession of. As it grew dusk the paths became deserted; the babble of children ceased in the walks; and nearly all were

leaving the Park. One kindly loiterer touched Douglas on the arm.

"It is getting late for sleeping in the air," he suggested.

"I am not sleeping, thank you," Douglas said, courteously; and the other passed on thinking—"What a nice voice that tramp had!" In reality, Douglas felt the drowsiness of exhaustion creeping over him; and he did not care to exert himself to leave his present position. He was at least secure of a seat here, and the city's multifarious sparkling houses conveyed to him no sense of protection or comfort. "Who should know me there?" he thought. "What greater claim have I on any one's remembrance than on hers who broke up my life, and yet am I so dead in her memory that the sound of my voice does not even hint the past to her?" It was strange that in all the various shapes her face had taken before him in his wanderings, he had never pictured this phase of perfect unconsciousness. He had seen it gentle and scornful, quivering with passion, and soft with love. He had seen it oftenest with all its bright beauty thwarted by treachery. He had remembered its dishonouring smile turned on another, and had cursed its guile, while his heart was sore with ruined love. He had forgiven it, and prayed that it might clear itself for heaven ere the bright flesh dropped to dust, and the poor sinning soul was called to hear its unchanging doom. He had once recalled it, fair and innocent, as it was when they first met as boy and girl. It was the recollection of her pure seeming eyes—it was the sound of her childish voice, heard in a dream, that persuaded him to forgive her; but he never contemplated that the countenance he knew so well would cease to know him. He had not sought to meet her face again; it was by the merest accident that he had rested by those area railings, when she who had given him the sweetest delight of his life, and who had caused him intolerable suffering, passed by him with the careless regard of a stranger. He cursed the necessity that had brought him to England, and the chance

that had brought her before him. His love was dead ; but he was still vulnerable to mortification and outraged pride.

The ghost who escaped from the land of spirits to look once more on a dearly-loved face on earth, saw what caused it to veil its shadowy eyes, and to welcome that eternal punishment of torture which might insure eternal forgetfulness. Surely the spirit's suffering was incomplete, for it only witnessed inconstancy. A few years later and it might have presented itself in the flesh without being recognised by the fickle lover !

"What am I to do—where am I to go?" Douglas asked himself, as he looked blankly into the gathering darkness. "There isn't a tramp in London who isn't better off than I am to-night. I don't even know the sheltered corners in the arches."

For two days he had tasted nothing but an unsavoury roll at Folkestone, and his brain reeled when he endeavoured to walk away from his resting-place. He sank back wearily on the seat.

"It's no good, I must stay here till morning." He felt very faint and ill as he laid his head on the wooden bench.

"I wonder why *He* did not let me die, when all happiness died in me. Why was I saved in the wreck? and for what have I been reserved?" He lifted his large eyes wistfully to a misty galaxy of stars overhead, as if seeking there the answer to his question. Then he dropped to sleep in a shroud of mist, and with a rising wind shivering down the moist leaves on his face, and penetrating the thin worn cloak he had pulled tightly round him.

Lady Diana was smiling softly on her pillow at the reflection that bishops did not wear bonds any more gracefully than laymen, but were to the full as awkward and uncomfortable when confused by the tender trouble of love.

When Douglas next awoke, the dawn was creeping up the east. The cold stillness of the night still held the town in check ; it would be four or five hours before its gaudy babbling life poured down the long vistas of streets ; before the shining quays would be thronged, the river shudder under the quick sails, or the pavement echo to the restless beat of innumerable footsteps.

Cramped and shivering, Douglas longed for the sun to grow warmer and the day to come in its full completeness. There was a terrible pain gnawing his stomach, and he knew that unless he could quickly obtain the aid he had come to England to seek, it would be too late for him to benefit by it. He had called the

day before on the one man on whom he felt he had a claim, and had been told that "Captain Mowbray was out; was not expected home until late; would he call again to-morrow?" He consented to this, and had just left Thurstan Mowbray's lodgings (which were in convenient proximity to Curzon Street), when chance brought him before the object of his search. He knew Mowbray immediately, although it was five years since they had met; but Thurstan, with his heart drunk with the joy of his renewed hopes, had followed Lady Diana with his glance until she had disappeared within her doorway, and then he rode away with his eyes still full of her, never seeing the man who had once saved his life at the risk of his own.

"I must find him to-day, and get him to redeem an old promise," Douglas thought ; then he remembered the look that had passed between Lady Diana and the young man, and smiled bitterly.

"The leopard cannot change his spots, or the light woman her nature. I do not blame the boy, poor fool !"

As it grew later the Park became more frequented, and presently Douglas's attention was attracted by a bevy of rosy-faced children running down to the shores of the water.

"They have got food for the birds," he thought, with a gleam in his hungry eyes. "I wonder if those greedy ducks will swallow up every bit."

The ducks ceased swimming on their heads when they became aware of the patter of crumbs on the water, and recovering themselves with a jerk, gobbled down every morsel that swam on the surface.

Douglas looked so wistfully at the roll the little girl nearest to him held, that she divined somewhat of the nature of his extremity.

"Would you like it, poor man?" she said, holding out a dimpled hand with the proffered treasure. With difficulty controlling the eager haste of his own hands, Douglas took it, crying—"God bless you, child !" and turned aside to conceal the rapacity of his manner of eating it. The child sidled away, scared by her own temerity. The man felt the tears come into his eyes from weakness and gratitude.

"Now I shall get on," he said hopefully. The miserable craving of famine was relieved for the present, and all he had to do was to wait patiently until it was time for him to keep his appointment. But when that hour came, and he had walked slowly and with difficulty to Captain Mowbray's door, he met the dis-

couraging answer: "Captain Mowbray has not yet returned: will be sure to be here to-night, as he has a dinner-party. Call again in the evening, or leave your business." Then he dragged his weary way back to the Park: he was somewhat feeble and wandering in his gait, and he dreaded lest his incertitude of movement should be mistaken for intoxication. "I once drank the best Sillery in London in that house," he thought, glancing at one of the West-end palaces. "I wonder what fifteen years have done with my host—taken him off to unpleasant places, I should fear; for his sins were many, and his gout perpetual."

He remained all day on the same bench he had occupied during the night. He looked on it as a kind of familiar home; he knew every uncomfortable notch in the tree it circled—every vagary of the twisted branches overhead.

When noon came it found him suffering all the old sick feeling of emptiness—all the terrible craving for food which haunted him even in his sleep. During all the years of adversity and hardship to which his own choice had exposed him, he had never been reduced to such a strait as this.

"If I were in the Brazils I could shoot down a parrot, and bake it over a wood fire. In no remote part of this great world should I be so helpless, so utterly reduced as in civilised Europe."

He ground his teeth with impotent distress.

"I try not to forget what I am," he moaned, as he picked up a chestnut that had rolled out of the pocket of some passer-by. "I try to remember that I am a man and a gentleman, but it is very hard to do so when hunger lowers one into a beast."

It was growing dark when he again took his way to Captain Mowbray's lodgings. He passed slowly through the streets, holding on by friendly palings where he could, for every now and then his step failed him. He kept near the side of the brilliantly lighted shops, that he might feign that it was absorption in their contents which caused him to linger near them. What mockery to him, and wretches like him, was this continual blaze of unattainable luxury! The warm scent of bread steaming from the bakers' shops, the tempting joints, the shining fish, the rich clothes, the sparkle of jewels—all the means of satisfying life's wants, of surrounding it with princely luxury, separated from the hungry and naked by a transparent veil of glass which, while it displayed all that could allure the wealthy, kept the needy in a continued hell of baffled temptation. Warm clothing that may never comfort

the street-walker's shivering limbs; savoury fumes of food that torture the pinched nostrils and hungering lips; the array of rare wines, of which one mouthful would suffice to give strength to the failing frame; the peeps of luxurious homes; the dinners smoking on the board, and surrounded by round, healthful faces; the rolling of carriages bearing those whose dainty feet need never grow sore with pacing pavements; the laughter, the jest, the sound of glad music floating through open windows;—what a hideous panorama it must seem to those who are as desolate and famished in the crowded streets as ever Hagar was in the lonely glare of interminable sands.

Douglas passed without a glance shops where he had once expended costly sums in the purchase of artistic gems; but he lingered long near the baker's window, until the torture within him nearly made a felon of him. "I *can't* keep my hands off it if I look at it a moment longer," he said, as he detached himself with a desperate effort from the vicinity of a new loaf. Fortunately the street he sought was near at hand, but when he reached Captain Mowbray's door he could do no more than pull the bell, and the servant who answered the appeal, found the visitor lying on his face at the threshold.

CHAPTER XV.

GOOD FORM.

WHATEVER faults Thurstan Mowbray possessed (and he had many) he was perfectly free from little meannesses. He did not know what false shame was. He never affected to be other than he was, and he had none of that disagreeable consciousness of manner which frequently afflicts a certain class of young Englishmen.

They imagine that constraint of manner indicates gentle breeding; that an affectation of haughtiness infers pride of race. They would deem their reputations ruined if they were seen carrying paper parcels in a fashionable locality, and would shudder at the notion of helping an old woman over a crossing. Lassitude is their strength, and eye-glasses are their most formidable weapons. Such as these miss the true secret of exclusiveness—the exclusiveness of a vigorous intellect, of the shy, beautiful thoughts which evolve round a cultured mind close as unblown petals round the rose-bud's calyx.

Captain Mowbray, when he heard of his friend fainting at his door, rose from his seat at table, where he was entertaining some

guests, and rushed to help him. The pleasure and the pain of the greeting that followed, the restoring of the famished man, the process of his toilet, and all else that made a hitch in the dinner, need not detain us. Here at last is Captain Mowbray leading Robert Douglas into the dining-room and introducing him to his friends.

"James," he said, "bring some wine for Mr. Douglas. Clairveaux—De Smith—Mountjoy—Carden, this is Robert Douglas, a great friend of mine. Douglas, that is Lord Clairveaux; that handsome fellow there is Mountjoy; the fellow to the right is De Smith; and the other is Carden."

Thurstan's guests were too well bred to exhibit any signs of wonder at the strange addition to their party; nor did they suffer the temporary interruption to check their conversation, but insensibly it took for a while a different tone; from familiar badinage they passed to subjects of more general interest. One was with them who was not of them, and poor De Smith, who, feeling that he might legitimately enjoy himself in such society as Clairveaux's and Carden's, had hitherto indulged himself with a relaxation of his habitual dignity of manner, was frozen again into stiffness by the apparition of the stranger, who, too evidently, was not "good form."

The effort, however, to discourse of politics and literature soon flagged. Mountjoy had heard the Premier's last *bon mot*, and repeated it backwards in such fashion that it lost its point. Carden sometimes read the political leaders in *Bell's Life*, and had studied women through the medium of the casinos and the pages of the *Saturday Review*. De Smith, who with all his folly of affectation was clever, knew something of Whyte-Melville's last novel. (The only novels for gentlemen, by Jove.) Clairveaux had seen the Grand Prix run this year, and had decided but irrelevant opinions to offer concerning the foreign policy of Napoleon III. But this mental store was soon exhausted, and involuntarily conversation glided back into its old familiar channel.

"Have you seen Beauville lately?" De Smith asked of Lord Clairveaux.

"No; what's wrong with him? Is he up a tree?"

"Yes."

"Is it Jews?" Lord Clairveaux cracked a walnut somewhat viciously, as if he imaged a crushed Hebrew between the silver pincers.

"Worse than that."

"The last settling day at Tattersall's perhaps?"

"Worse still. Fancy something more troublesome than a Jew, more expensive than a horse."

"You must mean a wife," Clairveaux broke in. "I hope she's pretty; if a man is going to immolate himself on the altar of conjugality he might just as well be unselfish and consult his friends' taste as well as his own."

"I think all women are bores," Mountjoy observed, getting pathetic over his potations. "They never know how to follow that excellent advice which some fellow or other gave to another fellow—'to leave one alone.'"

In all her Majesty's brigade of butterflies there was no prettier man than Gerald Mountjoy. I use the word pretty advisedly; he had pretty curling hair, silky as an infant's, pretty little hands, lovely little feet, and a gentle little voice. A trainer once described him as having been foaled in Bond Street, trained in Rotten Row, and run at St. James's.

He was a suffering Adonis, afflicted by over much attention from the various queens of beauty, who still haunt the world clad in little more than the old original cestus.

"Mowbray doesn't agree with you," De Smith observed, glancing at the handsome face of his host. "Ask him if he feels bored by The Merton."

Douglas shot a quick glance from under his shaggy brows at the speaker. "I have been away so long from England," he said, in his low rich voice. "Will you enlighten me as to who The Merton is?"

De Smith slightly raised his eyebrows, and without looking at Douglas made answer—

"You should ask Mowbray."

"Is she beautiful still?" Douglas persisted.

"She isn't my style," Mountjoy said, lazily.

"No; because you're both too beautiful," mocked Clairveaux. "You never find two peacocks admiring each other's plumage."

"I think Lady Di is wonderfully well preserved," De Smith remarked kindly. He himself was not a favourite of the lady's, and he took malicious satisfaction in irritating Mowbray, who had the reputation of being more successful.

"Lady Diana Merton," the latter said, hotly, "is the loveliest woman I have ever seen—pass the wine, Carden."

"Is she *sans reproche*?" Douglas asked of Clairveaux, who was sitting next him.

"You evidently *have* been a very long time away from London," the latter murmured, looking askance at Mowbray; "but tell me something of your own country. I am thinking of visiting America shortly."

"I see that my peculiar costume (for the incongruity of which I ought to have apologised before) has misled you," Douglas said smiling. "I am an Englishman. I did not even get these clothes in America: I purchased them of a pedlar at the Cape."

"The Cape?" Captain Mowbray cried, with a flash in his brown eyes. "I should like to tell you something that once happened to me there."

"You had better not," Douglas said quietly.

"Then let us hear it by all means," said Clairveaux.

"I was in the 300th Foot before I became a Light, you know," Mowbray explained; "and I was at the Cape for a year waging war against irrepressible Kaffirs. One day I went out from Fort Beaufort to look for quail in company with Derwent of ours, one of the nicest boys in the service. In our eagerness to fill our bags we got further away from the fort than was altogether safe; but there were none of our black friends in sight, and we strayed farther and farther beyond the frontier in foolhardy confidence; towards noon we got so tired, and our eyes ached so much with staring after our game through the glare of an African noon, that we agreed we would sit down and rest on one of the least arid patches of grass we could find. We sat there a long time, till we fell asleep. Suddenly I felt a sharp pain in my foot, and woke up to see that it was pierced by one of the native weapons. 'Wake up,' I cried to Derwent, who was lying like a log a few paces off; 'I'm hurt by one of their d—d assaghies.' Derwent made no answer. I shook him, and then—well, my friend could not speak to me any more, for one of those devilish spears was piercing him through his heart. I had hardly time to realise what had happened when a faint whirr broke the full stillness of the air, and about half a dozen more assaghies fell round me. I turned round at this, and pulled out my pistols, but I didn't think they would be of much use, for from the clear depths of distance came a swift moving line, black against the sky. As the brutes advanced nearer I could see their spears quivering in their hands, and I gave just one look in the direction of the fort to see if there was any chance of a reinforcement from that quarter."

"What a pity you couldn't hedge!" interposed Carden.

"I saw only one man, a sportsman apparently, like myself, for he was carrying game bags; but he had the advantage over me of being mounted on one of those clever little

bush horses. I shouted to him to make for the fort. I believed that two of us could make no stand against the Kaffirs, who were apparently fifteen in number, and I thought the other fellow might obtain reinforcements in time to rescue Derwent's and my body. He disregarded my signals and galloped up to me immediately, pulling out a couple of revolvers as he drew near. 'Go back!' I said. 'What's the good of letting them have us both? ride to the fort for your life, and send some men to bring back what's left of us.' 'They'd have your lives before I got there,' he said, coolly. 'Is *he* of any good?' (pointing to Derwent). I shook my head. 'Then,' he suggested, 'let's divide his arms.' Quick as the word he plucked Derwent's pistols out of his belt. 'Go back,' I said sullenly. 'You can do no good here.' All his answer was to ask for a pencil. 'Do you want to make a book on the event?' I asked, with a dismal attempt at a jest. 'If so, you had better back the dark horse.' He tore a slip of paper from his pocket-book, and fastened it to his pony's bridle; then he turned its head towards home and gave it a cut over the quarter. 'Go home!' he cried, and off the pony galloped. A flight of assaghies trembled through the air and fell in showers round the retreating pony; fortunately he escaped untouched. Well, well, well—I'll make a long story short. My unknown friend stood by me. We kept the beggars at bay for some time, and managed to thin them not a little. But it wouldn't do. We were outnumbered. I was badly wounded. I saw a confusion of black arms striking down upon me and my companion. I fell dead, and when I recovered my senses it was to find myself (very much to my own surprise) alive at Fort Beaufort, and to learn that a troop of our own people had reached us just in time to prevent the final blow being given to my friend's head."

"It was *grand*!" Lord Clairveaux broke in. "Who was the fellow? A gentleman, I'll be bound."

"Yes, he must have been a thoroughbred—it was good form—very!" chimed in Carden, draining off his wine.

"Who was he?" "Is he alive still?" "Where is he?" the others cried, infected by Lord Clairveaux's enthusiasm.

"I thank God," Captain Mowbray said, his handsome face bright with the memory of what he had just related, "that he does live, and that I see him here now—a bit older, perhaps, but still the same man who set himself between me and what seemed certain death. Look here!"

Thurstan caught hold of Douglas' wrist, and, before the latter had time to resist his intention, pushed up the cotton sleeve and, pulling forward the arm, cried—

"There's the scar of the first wound you got, Douglas. I never saw the last inflicted, for I was insensible when those black devils closed on you. This is the man who saved my life, Clairveaux. I've told you the way he did it."

"Will you honour me by shaking hands with me?" Lord Clairveaux said, turning his glistening eyes on Douglas. "It is one of the pluckiest things I ever heard of."

"It is nothing to be proud of," Douglas answered, quietly, as he accepted the proffered courtesy. "I had no particular pleasure in my life, and was glad to risk it for the sake of a younger man who might have more than mere existence at stake."

"Say what you like, you won't get *me* to underrate what you did," said Mowbray. "Let us fill our glasses and drink Robert Douglas' health."

For a moment Captain Mowbray's guests forgot their reserve (even in little Mountjoy's breast the man got the better of the Guardsman), and cheered like noisy, fresh-hearted schoolboys. No one wished to hold aloof now from the haggard man who sat there in his rough suit, so incongruous with them in appearance, so grandly superior in experience.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

DOUGLAS was too fatigued to appreciate the rest he so much needed that night. All night long his slumbers were troubled; and he arose early, giving a sigh of relief as he opened his window and drew in breaths of fresh morning air. It was pleasant to see the grey still morning broadening into day, and to hear the active signs of life begin to echo down the streets. He was too restless to attempt to resume his slumbers, so he dressed, and went down into Captain Mowbray's sitting-room, in search of a book to while away the hours until breakfast. It was the same room Thurstan and his friends had occupied after the dinner of the previous night. It hardly seemed a chamber likely to furnish interest or occupation for a studious man. The scent of cigars still lingered in the muslin curtains; the centre table was stained with fruit and covered with empty tumblers; errant grapes had fallen on to the rugs and there been immolated under men's heels; uncorked soda-water bottles

rolled listlessly on the marble cheffoniers, and cigarette ashes had burnt white patches in the rose-coloured carpet. On the sofa, lying on a crumpled heap of sporting papers, was a bull terrier, who kept one eye fixed on Douglas's movements with a wary scrutiny suggestive of sheriffs' officers. Dumb-bells and moogdars, single-sticks and bulbous-looking boxing-gloves occupied the corners of the room: photographs of favourite burlesque dancers were heaped in the card-dish, the confusion of legs somewhat resembling Doré's curious illustrations to Dante, where the soles of sinners protrude from the infernal lake. Queens of song smiled on the walls in juxtaposition with monarchs of the turf. Patti looked blandly at Melbourne, and Melbourne sniffed meditatively at his cat; a mahogany-coloured portrait of Stockwell hung over the mantelpiece, and the crook of a hunting-whip clung for support to the delicately rounded arm of the Parian Venus which stood on the shelf underneath the bookshelves. Douglas could find nothing but little green pyramids of *Ruff's Guide to the Turf*, heaped over the more solid shapes of *Sponge's Sporting Tour*, *Handley Cross*, *Manual of Cavalry Drill*, *The Mysteries of Paris*, and an odd volume of *The Crescent and the Cross*.

Douglas turned from these to look at a highly-finished coloured photograph which stood in an open case on an adjacent table. It was a portrait of Captain Mowbray, and had been done for Lady Diana Merton by that lady's especial desire. The pride which some savage tribes feel in collecting their enemies' scalps, Lady Diana experienced in the accumulation of the similitudes of those who had fallen victims to her charms. Douglas, all unconscious of the portrait's destination, looked at it with interest. In his fatigue of body and mind on the previous evening he had scarcely observed how much his host had altered since that hot day of peril at the Cape. He saw in this well-executed likeness how handsome Captain Mowbray had become in the years which had deepened the furrows on his own brow. Large deep-coloured brown eyes, crisp, short swarthy curls, rippling closely over a square, somewhat low forehead, a nose aquiline but delicate in outline, lips somewhat full, overshadowed by a gold-brown moustache, a chin and throat round and firm as that of the Antinous, a figure in which power showed itself in graceful rather than in unwieldy outline; such was Thurstan Mowbray at the age of twenty-four.

"It is a fine thing to be young," Douglas

thought, as he looked at the face which had youth's roundness in the chin and brow, youth's bloom in the shining eyes and dewy red lips. "The boy has grown older in beauty since I saw him fronting those black fellows with such determination on his boyish face, while years with me have deepened every uncouth trace of time and care.—Good morning, Mowbray. I was admiring your portrait: how excellent it is!"—for Captain Mowbray had just entered the room, and looked rather consciously at the photograph as he returned his friend's greeting.

"Yes; it is done by the particular wish of—a friend of mine," Thurstan said. "Will you come to breakfast, Douglas? after which we will come back here and have a smoke; there are no end of things I want to talk to you about."

"In the first place," Thurstan began, when the two returned to the sitting-room, "let us make ourselves comfortable." In pursuance of which object he placed himself in an easy chair, and his legs on the mantel-piece, put a cigar between his lips, and called to the terrier "to come and be cosseted."

Douglas sat by the open window, looking at his companion with that thoughtful, intent gaze which had for years past been his habitual expression.

"You said last night," Thurstan pursued, when the terrier had curled itself round in a ball on his knees, and the cigar was lighted to his satisfaction, "that you were going to give me a chance of being of use to you; and I wish you to understand that there is nothing in the world I won't do for you if I have the power. So now go ahead."

"What I require is simple enough," the other answered. "I shall not tax your kindness very heavily, although I know I might do so with impunity. Is not your father a country gentleman?"

"He was," Thurstan admitted, "until the force of impetuosity compelled him to go and live abroad."

"Do you often see him?"

"In summer they don't give you much leave, because of the Commander-in-Chief's annual breaking out in field days; and in the winter I can't make up my mind to desert my native foxes; but when the season is late and the fences blind, I generally contrive to get to Italy for a few days."

"It is through your father that I must chiefly hope to attain my object," Douglas said. "I wish to live in some place in the country where my manner of life will be as simple and re-

tired as possible. I expect in a few days to receive a little money from an agent abroad: it will not be more than enough to clothe me decently and to start me in a home of the humblest description, consequently I must adopt some means of supplying my wants in future. I want to take in a few pupils."

"Won't you let me—" Thurstan began, eagerly, his face flushing a little.

"No," broke in the other, divining the meaning of the blush and hesitation. "My dear boy, you must remember that I am a Scotchman; and, as my old countrywoman said, 'If we are puir we're verra grand.' It would be impossible for a Mer—for a Douglas, I mean, to live on his friends: you must help me my own way, or not at all."

"As you will," Thurstan said, rather vexed; "but C—— will always let me have an advance."

"At sixty per cent. you mean? I didn't save you from Kaffirs to get you clawed by harpies. What I wish is, that you should get your father to exert what influence he may yet retain near Auriel to procure me a few pupils—public-school boys, whom I might prepare for the university."

Thurstan stared wonderingly at the speaker. "You a coach!" he muttered; "you don't look like it. And you won't let me help you in any other way?"

"I'm sorry if my appearance is against me," Douglas said, smiling with that sweet, rare smile of his which lit up his face with an evanescent charm which was almost beauty: "you can help me in no other way."

"Would you not like to live in some more civilised place than Auriel?" suggested Captain Mowbray. "Would you not prefer some appointment in town?"

"No," Douglas answered, emphatically; "I should not. I have tried both modes of life. I have lived surrounded by the culture of civilization, and I have bivouacked where the gibberish of wild animals was the only sound that broke the silence of the primæval solitudes; but I have never found a tiger-cat so cruel as a woman, nor any colony of malicious apes so spiteful as men. Since I have been in England I have felt more desolate than I have done for years. When I was abroad I used to dream of faces that looked brightly at me; of voices that welcomed me back home. I never realised how completely I was severed from all the old social ties until I returned to a world where I am as one dead. If I lived in London I should die of its solitude. Never ask me to come back to London."

Peace is what I seek ; and I shall find it best in some quiet country house, where I can devote the rest of my life to literary pursuits. I shall hope to increase my income by my writings. I should have lived abroad a few years longer to finish my work on Brazilian forests, but I found my money and health failing me, so I brought my notes home with me ; and these, and similar memoranda on other subjects, will assist me in completing my manuscripts. Depend upon it, Mowbray, this is the only sort of life I shall find tolerable to me."

"If you must you must," Captain Mowbray said ; "but I should think you would find it awfully slow. I will write to my father to-day, and at the same time to the clergyman of the parish ; he was an old schoolfellow of my father's, and has boys of his own."

"Understand that I do not require society," interrupted Douglas. "Indeed, I shall only see my pupils in study hours. But you must stand sponsor for my character, and for my proficiency in classics, et cetera."

"I will do that with pleasure," Thurstan answered, readily ; "but I wouldn't advise you to produce me as a show pupil. Do you remember how, at the Cape, I used to write spooney notes to the brigadier's daughter, and came to you to know if I was to spell eternal with one 'l' ? I have forgotten little Rosie, but I haven't forgotten how to spell eternal. That reminds me, Douglas, I want to ask your advice."

"About spelling ?"

"Oh, no ; I always carry a pocket dictionary about with me now ; but it is about a letter. Just look here."

Captain Mowbray drew a small, delicately-tinted photograph from his breast pocket as he spoke and handed it to his friend.

"Well !" he said, impatiently, after a few moments' silence, "what do you think of it ?" He looked at Douglas's face, anxious to read there the sympathetic admiration he sought ; but the latter was covering his eyes with one hand to shield himself from the glare of the sun.

"She is very pretty."

"She is more than pretty," Thurstan answered, with enthusiasm. "She is the loveliest creature I ever saw."

"Who is she ?"

"She is the lady those fellows were speaking of last night, Lady Diana Merton. She is a widow, you know."

"No, I did not know," Douglas said, quietly. "Who was her husband ?"

"Oh ! he was drowned years ago, and a good thing too. I do not think she was very happy with him."

"Was it his fault ?" Douglas asked, with a touch of bitterness in his voice.

"She says so. He was a hard-headed Scotchman, grave and saturnine, older than herself, and unwilling to make allowances for the freaks of a pretty, spoilt child. Besides, he was very learned, and she says she hates bookworms."

"So she has come to you for contrast," Douglas suggested, a little maliciously.

"I think, you know," Thurstan hesitated, now puffing vigorously at his cigar, "that—aw—she really likes me, you know, better than she ever did any other fellow."

"Then I am to congratulate you ?"

An indescribable expression passed over Douglas's face as he spoke, which Thurstan, occupied by his cigar and his embarrassment, did not notice.

"Well—no, not exactly," the latter said, ruefully. "The fact is, whenever I press for some decided answer—when I tell her that I wish to make my life hers, and that—"

"Excuse the interruption ; but what are your prospects ?"

"They lie in a nutshell," Thurstan admitted. "The Queen's pay and an allowance of three hundred pounds per annum. I can't offer her my commission—that's mortgaged."

"And how much do you suppose you owe ?"

"Somewhere about fifteen thousand pounds."

"Is Lady Diana aware of your circumstances ?" Douglas asked, fixing his keen eyes on the younger man's face.

"Yes ; but that makes no difference. She is not mercenary."

"Have you ever given her any presents ?" Douglas said, carelessly.

"Only a bracelet or two set with brilliants, and a locket containing my hair. The locket was the most valuable, and it only cost a hundred and fifty pounds. She said she would never part with it."

"I dare be sworn she won't," Robert Douglas remarked, with a grim smile. "And are you quite sure that the lady is sincere with you ?"

"No man but yourself should put such a question," Thurstan said, with a hot gleam of anger in his brown eyes.

"I beg your pardon," Douglas answered, meekly. "I am certain that there is no woman like her."

"She has one fault," Thurstan admitted, mollified by his friend's apology. "She won't

let me speak out. When I'm with her she nearly drives me mad. I want to tell her what I feel. The words keep bubbling up from my heart to my lips, and then, just as I summon up courage to hear the sound of my own voice, she gives me her pretty hand to hold, or sends me wild by bringing her pink lips and sweet eyes close to my face, saying, with an innocent air of meditation, 'Of what are you thinking?' And then—Halloa! Douglas, what are you about?"

For Mr. Douglas had accidentally upset the small table on which he leant, and with it a large bottle of ink, which sent quicksilver-like pools of swart fluid floating under the bull-terrier's feet, causing him to lift up his milk-white toes with a look of intense disgust.

"I beg your pardon. I suppose I moved too suddenly. What sort of advice is it you require of me?"

"The best you can give."

"My advice is, then, that you should insist on having some definite answer."

"I am sure not to be able to get it out when it comes to the point. I had better write it," Captain Mowbray said, thoughtfully. "She is going down to her Brighton house to-morrow. I will write first, and then follow my letter down; but I shall say nothing of this to-day. I am now going to call on her. My horse is at the door. Will you excuse me a little while, Douglas?"

"Certainly."

"Then good-bye until dinner-time."

"Good-bye."

Captain Mowbray turned round when he got to the door.

"You don't know how beautiful she is, Douglas," he said, enthusiastically, "nor how good."

"No, I do not," Douglas replied, drily, and the door closed on the departing lover.

RICH AND POOR.

"WE stand on the brink of the spirit world,
Thou and I!
In the dim sick chamber, the breathing space
E'er we meet the Destroyer, face to face!
Hast thou set thy house in order aright
For the visible advent of the night?
And made thy peace with the world thou leavest?
So well. Now tell me for what thou grievest
Most deeply? What treasure has life bestowed
And retaken? What losses lie back on its road?"

"Losses! nay more than my fast-failing breath
Can reckon, ere hushed in the silence of death.
Youth, with its pulses so strong and so fleet,
Its bloom and its health, its freshness and heat!

This, this, was the first!
Then Love, the illusion,—the gilded deceit!
Whose barb fretted sorest, the snare was so sweet,
And so tenderly nurst!

Then Rank and Rule,—for the nations bowed
At my fiat alone,—the admiring crowd
That hailed my triumph, followed after
My fall, with mocking, stinging laughter
That rings in my memory yet!
And wealth followed next. Ah, my gold, precious
gold,

The last of my treasures escaped from my hold!
The deep insatiate greedy sea,
Swallowed my priceless argosy!
Such are my losses! what of thine?"

"Life gave me but little, I toiled from my birth,
For clothing and food—a mere corner of earth.
Life gave me no childhood glad, happy, and free,
Care came to my cradle, and rocked with me.
But my dearest gift was bestowed at first,
The mother who bore me, who watched and nurst.
My earliest grief, my earliest loss
Lie underneath the rough-hewn cross.
Next (crowning bliss of human life),
Came down, direct from heaven, a love
Soft, tender, as the brooding dove,—
Embodied in the sweetest wife,
That ever made a lowly nook
Shine like a page from heaven's own book!
Dear! in thine early death, the second
Of my life's losses may be reckoned.
My earthly riches did comprise
But the bright gems of loving eyes:
My only wealth, the golden hair
That fell in tendril curls, so fair
The kindred sunbeams loved to linger,
And point them out with glowing finger!
My little child,—last gift,—last loss,—
Still do they gleam my sleep across!
These are the gifts, Life gave,—and took,
Three low graves in a churchyard nook!"

"And what of these treasures will Death restore
At the open valves of the heavenly door?"

"Will he give back my power, my rank, and name,
My false, lost love, or my earthly fame?
My gold won back from the deep dark sea,
Will Death give these treasures back to me—

To my eager grasp restore?
No! I crave this dross of the earth in vain,—
Immortality gives not back again

These weeds on our long life shore!
On the giddy verge of thine awful sea,
Oh, merciful Death, is there nought for me?"

"And what dost thou render back,
Of the three dear treasures I yielded thee,
Oh Death? hast thou stored them up for me
In all the bloom of the better land
Three glorious angels waiting stand

To greet me at the door!
Poor have I been, in life's golden dross,
But love, my only human loss,

In heaven is a priceless store :
 No thief could ravish, no moth could fret
 The gems and gold in that treasury set,
 Or cankering rust decay !
 Friend, tell me which is the rich—the poor—
 Thou or I ?”

THE PRISONERS' BANK.

ON the south side of the river Medway, about a mile east of the new Chatham Dockyard Extension Works, lies a low tract of marshy land intersected by creeks. The ground, here and there sparsely covered with rank grass, is, at high tide, almost covered by the water ; at low water the creeks are mere muddy ditches, and the whole place has the most desolate and uninviting appearance. With the exception of a solitary barge occasionally moored at high water in one of the creeks there is no sign of life, and to the passing stranger there is no token that this spot is the resting-place of hundreds who had pined in the prison ships moored, some sixty years since, in the river flowing by.

From the fact of the French prisoners, captured during the old war with France, being interred in this place, it has obtained the name of the Prisoners' Bank. To the casual observer there is nothing here to indicate the presence of the dead, but upon a close inspection it will be seen that in some of the creeks the action of the tides has gradually carried away portions of the banks and laid bare the ends of coffins, leaving them protruding from the vertical surface, the water having actually scooped out the interiors and washed away the contents.

It happened that during the process of excavation for the extension of the dockyard at Chatham, numerous remains of the dead were discovered, and the authorities resolved to enclose a piece of ground on St. Mary's Island and raise a memorial, to compensate in some degree for the neglect with which the remains of our unfortunate prisoners had hitherto been treated. Attention was then directed to the condition of the Prisoners' Bank, and it was decided to dig up the coffins and transfer them to the ground on St. Mary's Island, which is, in future, to be kept in decent condition. Men are now engaged on this task, and about one thousand coffins have already been dug up. A very old—probably the oldest—inhabitant of this neighbourhood told me that in one part of the Prisoners' Bank about a thousand bodies were interred, and, pointing to a spot a short distance in the rear,

“about seven hundred more there,” adding, “and I helped to put some of them in.” The coffins were mere shells of—in some instances less than—half-inch boards, and the task was found too great to excavate them in their entirety from the clayey soil. The lids were so slightly fastened that they were easily lifted by inserting the edge of the spade, or a pointed piece of iron, and in most cases the coffins were full of dark-coloured water emitting a most sickening effluvia. So bad was this that the men were unable to work without first casting in some disinfecting fluid and letting it remain for a short time. They then removed the bones by scooping them out with a spade, putting them indiscriminately into boxes, which were then conveyed to a barge, for removal to the ground on St. Mary's Island selected for the general interment.

In many places the coffins were buried in tiers, the top one being barely two feet from the surface of the ground. After the bones were removed, the shells were taken up bit by bit, and it was observed that there was but little difference in their size ; indeed, when, through the partial absence of water, the whole skeleton was visible, the head in some instances was found placed by the side of the body, the contractor for the job having apparently made but a trifling allowance in the coffins for the difference in size of individuals—to simplify work he had evidently adopted a mean standard. In the process of disinterment not a trace of clothing, not even a button, was discovered ; neither was there, in any instance, a mark upon the coffins. The bodies had been thrust into the shells with merely—as my informant told me—sawdust filled in, and then were let into the clayey bank, which was probably the nearest available point to the prison ships. On some of the skulls traces of cuts were observed, and on others marks which might have been caused by bullets, while a few were sawn off at the top ; but these last might have resulted from a *post mortem* examination.

The fact of so many being buried in such a place, and in such a manner, is an evidence of the rigours of imprisonment during the war which we waged with our neighbours at the beginning of this century, and it might be worth ascertaining whether there is any spot in France where the remains of our own countrymen lie under like circumstances.

It will be satisfactory to our neighbours to learn that some respect—however tardy—has been at last paid to the remains of their countrymen.



[May 15, 1894]

SWEET SUMMER-TIME.—By HENRY WOODS.

Once a Week.]

HETTY.

By HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HETTY AT LAST.

SO Rebecca hung on, doing the work which God in his kindness had given her. Waiting by the tide, month after month, for a message from the sea.

When the wind was very wild, and the rain beat upon the glass, she would get up, and do as she had now so often seen the sailors' wives do, walk up and down the room with her arms tightly folded; thinking of the man she loved at sea.

It was a very wild fierce night six months after she came there, and was very late. She had not long come in, after making one of some eighty women who had been out in the rain and the wild weather to see an accident. Captain Moriarty had driven from his moorings in the gale, and caused an alarm as great as if the Houses of Parliament were a-fire. Rebecca had ended with a hearty laugh when all things were put straight, and had come home to her solitary supper of bread and cheese; and the wind was very wild, and her heart was very heavy, and she ate her supper walking up and down, and I am very much afraid, crying.

The door was opened, and a voice coming from a figure which she could not see, said, "If you please, Miss, old Job Partridge, of the Mary Ann, is much worse, and wants to see you immediate."

"I will be with you directly," said Rebecca; "how far is it?"

"About a mile straight in the teeth of the wind, and it is raining cats, dogs, marlin-spikes, and copper sheathing," said the voice.

"I will be with you in two minutes," said Rebecca. "I have been out and got my hair wet, and have been drying it. Mr. Moriarty has lost his moorings, but he has been brought up by a hawser from the Elizabeth now. I will not detain you an instant."

The voice said, in the most emphatic manner, "You will do," and out of the darkness came a young woman shorter than herself, who put her two hands on Rebecca's shoulders, and looked up, and Rebecca knew in an instant that she was looking on a beauty more splendid than her own.

She was perfectly amazed, and stammered out, "Is it, is it—"

"Of course it is, my dear soul."

"Is it *Hetty*?" said Rebecca.

"Of course it is, my dear. Who else did you think it was? Now have a good look at me. Look at me," said Hetty; and Rebecca did so, with fixed eyes and open mouth, for this mysterious long-concealed Hetty was the strangest creature she had ever seen in her life.

She was dressed in close-fitting sailor's blue, and had just taken a sailor's tarpaulin hat off her head, and shaken out her hair; it was a crown of dark chesnut. In features, more particularly in the quaint, beautiful mouth, turned habitually up at the corners, she resembled very closely Sir Joshua's Muscipula; as she shaded her great hazel eyes with her hand, to get a good look at Rebecca, Rebecca saw that she was like her father, but also like someone she had never seen.

Rebecca was dazed and stunned at the apparition. She had loved beauty deeply, and been told that Hetty was beautiful; but she was not prepared for *this*. And where did the girl get that wondrous, tender, pathetic *expression* from, almost as strange as her beauty? Rebecca soon knew whence came that look.

"Rebecca, dear," said Hetty, "God is sending Jack and I a little one. Will you nurse me until it is born, and I am fit to go afloat again?"

That was all she said, and Rebecca said exactly nothing at all; but she laughed such a happy laugh that Hetty laughed again; and kissing her, and shaking the raindrops from her hair, sat down upon the easy chair, and demanded tea.

The seed-time of Rebecca's life had been hard and bitter, but the harvest was beginning now. Beginning in doubt, trouble, anxiety, but in deep glorious happiness. She was getting a share in the great life which was moving about her. The arrival of this strange, beautiful storm-bird from the wild sea, was now, to her, a deeper, more intense pleasure than all the castles, broughams, opera boxes, and diamonds, that any lady ever had in this world.

"I think we shall be very fond of one another," said Hetty.

"That is quite my opinion," said Rebecca. "Where have you been, Hetty?"

"Slopping round," said Hetty. "I am perfectly sick and tired of these clipper ships; and I declare most positively, that when what is going to happen has happened, I will never put my kit on board of another. Jack, thank Heaven, has got one of the old sort."

"Has he got a ship?" said Rebecca, eagerly.

"Certainly he has," said Hetty.

"And where is Jack gone?" asked Rebecca.

"Callao, for orders," said Hetty; "that, he says, expresses, in sailors' language, Greek Kalends. Ships cleared for Callao never know where they are going; it may be Melbourne, and it may be Hong Kong—one as likely as the other. I shall not see him for a year."

"Are you not impatient?" asked Rebecca.

"My good soul, if sailors' wives were to get impatient they would go mad. I have laid my heart and soul at the feet of one sailor, and you have laid yours at the feet of another. Sailors' wives must know how to wait and suffer. And if you have a common religion, if you believe that there is no cloud at death between you and your husband, you can get through anything. That is the case between Jack and myself."

"Yes," said Rebecca. And there was a great deal in her Yes.

"Now," said Hetty, "I am going to tell you a thing which will make you very angry and make you hate me. Jack has openly joined the Church of England, and I have gone with him."

"Why not, Hetty?" said Rebecca, turning her face to Hetty.

"Why not?" said Hetty. "Why, of all the indiscretions I ever committed, this is the worst. I hope you will not be so foolish as I have been."

"Why not?" said Rebecca.

"Because you would cut the last ground from under my father's feet. Rebecca, you have a noble soul committed to your care, for which you will have to answer at the Day of Judgment. Follow him—do not lead him. A led man is an ill thing. I have been to sea, and I know."

Here there was an interruption: Mrs. Tryon stood at the door.

"Now then, Miss Turner; you are talking her to death. Het, old girl, how are you? You did right to come home to Miss Turner and I, though Miss Turner *is* a fool."

"I have known that for a long time," said Rebecca, quietly; for Mrs. Tryon had called her a fool in a way which did not give offence. There are different ways of calling people fools.

"Where is your man gone?" said Mrs. Tryon, to Hetty.

"To Callao for orders," said Hetty.

"He is a fool, and you were a fool for letting him go," said Tryon.

"Don't talk nonsense, my dear soul," said Hetty. "You may think it fine, but we do not."

"Is he going through the Straits or round the Horn?" asked Tryon.

"Round the Horn," said Hetty. "His ship would never beat through the Straits, she is bad to get about. I did not like his crew myself. Too many Malays. I don't like it altogether, and the ship is, I doubt, wet; and in my opinion, Mrs. Tryon, she is extremely over-spurred. Why, Jack told me himself that she had broke her main-yard lift by sheer rolling, and dropped it on to the slings."

"Those iron lifts are all rubbish," said Mrs. Tryon.

"I know that," said Hetty; "but that does not make amends for Jack's carrying on round the Horn with iron lifts. And his ship's bows are too far aft, so that she don't seem as though she would lift well with a reefed foresail, when she is going before it. As for laying her to, in a gale of wind, my dear, if I was on board of her when Jack proposed to do it, I should get out and walk."

"Look at her," said Tryon, quietly.

It was Rebecca to whom she called attention. She had gone to sleep on the floor with her head on a hassock. "Pretty sweet," said Tryon. "Have you heard anything of Morley, dear?"

"Speak very low," said Hetty. "Pa has gone on to Patagonia in the Eliza. And the *Sydney Herald* says that they are all dead."

"You don't believe it, dear?" said Mrs. Tryon.

"Of course I don't," said Hetty. "Jack says that he don't believe a *thingam* of it."

That is the way religious sailors' wives talk confidentially, ladies and gentlemen. Of course they ought not to do so, but they do it.

"I don't believe a solitary word of it," said Tryon. "But that Patagonian coast is a awful bad 'un. Look how sweet she sleeps, pretty love, pretty dear."

CHAPTER XXXV.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

THERE came a long time now, while Rebecca and Hetty abode together like Ruth and Naomi. But all danger to Rebecca was over, in the presence of a necessity greater than her own. Her own self was dead and ended, and she had three others, Morley, Hetty, and Hartop; not to mention three dozen others in the swarming, seafaring population all around her.

To lose sight of self utterly for one moment is to have lived for one moment.

Rebecca lived much now, for she never had time to think of herself at all. And the very person who took her away from herself most was that bonny, shrewd, beautiful Hetty.

Mrs. Tryon had a fight with Hetty about her treatment of Rebecca; but after a long engagement of an hour Tryon retired, with all her masts shot away (but with her colours flying), leaving Hetty the victory: as I cannot, from want of space, give an account of the whole of this great battle, I will give the last part of it; so that, *ex pede Herculem*, the reader may judge what the beginning of the fight was like.

"You worry the girl so," said Tryon.

"I want to," said Hetty. "I want to take her out of herself, and make her think of *me*, not of my father."

"Why?"

"Because I am beginning to believe that my father is in heaven," said Hetty. "The Society are getting very anxious."

"But sending her these errands, in such weather," said Mrs. Tryon; "you will kill her."

"She is not made of sugar," said Hetty.

Rebecca came in at this moment, and as an illustration of how much Hetty meant to attend to Mrs. Tryon, she said to Rebecca, coolly,—

"I want sardines for my supper. I am to have everything I fancy, and I fancy them. And the sardines at the corner shop are nothing but pilchards, and taste of hair-oil. Go up the street, and get a box of the small ones at Elmses."

And Rebecca went out into the rain again, without one word.

"I call it shameful usage," said Mrs. Tryon.

"It is the system I mean to pursue with her," said Hetty, coolly.

When Rebecca came back with the sardines, Hetty called her to her.

"Rebecca, Mrs. Tryon has been saying that if I try you as I do you will lose your love for me. Is that so?"

"She must be perfectly foolish," said Rebecca, sharply. "I wish you would try me more. *You* don't think it, Hetty?"

"Not I. I will tell you the whole truth. If sailors' wives brood and think of nothing but themselves and their husbands, they will go mad. Unless you are busy you will never be happy. I have no letter from Jack, from Valparaiso."

"And I have none from Alfred."

"Self again. You should think of me, not of my father. I told you that pa was gone to Patagonia, and you don't suppose that there

are letter-boxes there. You should think about *me*."

But Rebecca cried very much indeed, and Hetty let her alone for a little.

"Becky, dear," she said at last, "get me to bed, and send for Doctor Warnford. I am going to be ill." And Rebecca got her to bed and sent for the doctor.

Meanwhile, Hetty had leant her face to the wall, weeping silently. "Father and Jack both together. O God, in thine infinite mercy, judge me not too heavily."

On the morrow, Hetty, lying in the same bed where Mr. Turner had died, and watching the ships pass up and down the river, lay with a brave boy on her bosom, and was quite quiet and well, saying very little indeed.

Presently came Mrs. Tryon with a piece of news which she imparted to Rebecca. "Jack Hartop has lost his ship."

Rebecca was so puzzled by the news that she found herself wondering whether Jack Hartop had dropped his ship down an area railings, or lost it at cards, or left it accidentally in a railway carriage, or gone on shore forgetfully and let it sail away by itself into unknown seas; when Mrs. Tryon said, sharply,—

"You are wool-gathering. Don't do it. He has lost his ship on Cape Northumberland, and his certificate with it."

"It will kill her," said Rebecca.

"Yes, if she is told. But she must not be. *Now* you understand."

"Yes, *I* understand," said Rebecca, and Mrs. Tryon walked out.

It was a long time before Hetty was well enough to be told anything about Hartop's mishap. It was a much longer time before Rebecca said one word to her about it.

She did not know what to do. God solved the problem for her ultimately, in this way:

Hetty had got about, on the wharf, and by the river, with her baby, impressing on the newly-formed retina of that young gentleman, the images of ships. Otherwise the life went on among the sailors' wives left waiting for some who came back hearty and well; for some who came back broken, though as dear as ever; and for some who never came back at all. It had come on to rain one evening, and Rebecca caught Hetty on the wharf, and pulled her into the house.

"I have news," said Rebecca.

"You need not trouble to say that, Becky," said Hetty. "Is it pa or Jack?"

"Jack," said Rebecca. "He has lost his ship and been court-martialed."

"Then he is not dead?" said Hetty.

"Not he," said Rebecca.

"Has Jack lost his certificate?" asked Hetty.

"No, Hetty. Hetty, be quiet and I will tell you everything. Hetty, listen, and be quiet."

"I am quite quiet," said Hetty. "If Jack is alive and well, what care I? You say that he has not lost his certificate. If they had dared to take it away I would have tweaked Dr. Deane's nose till they renewed it."

"But I have to read you something," said Rebecca.

"You had better read it then," said Hetty.

Rebecca read in a very fluttering voice, from a newspaper, *The Melbourne Argus*.

"The Board which sat on Captain Hartop, of the ship *Flying Cloud*, have reported.

"It appears that Captain Hartop was keeping his due course, when, being warned by the sudden fall of the mercury, he made for sea, but in consequence of the calm which preceded the hurricane which has devastated our southern shores, he was unable to get way on his ship. After the cyclone struck her of course there was no possibility of saving her. Up to this point the Board consider that Captain Hartop's conduct was most seaman-like,—"

"Thank you for nothing, quoth the gallipot," said Hetty, quietly. "If Jack could not fiddle his ship out of anything in reason, I should like to see the man who could."

"After the ship struck on the reef under Cape Northumberland, the conduct of Captain Hartop was beyond all praise for which they can find words. His personal prestige among his sailors seems to have been so great that on this terrible night they passed quietly into the boats, in the calmer water, in the lee of the reef, without noticing that he himself had remained with his first mate, Green,—"

"I shall *not* discharge that young man," said Hetty, with a slight flutter in her voice; "go on, Rebecca. Jack, Jack, you are a sailor."

"In order to see whether there was any chance of saving anything for the underwriters in case of the gale moderating, taking his chance of swimming on shore. The Board wish it to be distinctly understood that their opinion is that during this unhappy wreck, and in the long march between the place of the wreck and the nearest settlement, Captain Hartop conducted himself from first to last like a splendid British sailor."

"Of course Jack did," said Hetty, quietly.

"Do not I know him? Jack is a man of pluck and energy. Jack is a sailor, every inch of him. I suppose his owners will give him another ship at once, after that report. If they don't, I will spend a little time at their office not very pleasantly for them."

And she looked Rebecca straight in the face as cool as a cucumber. And Rebecca was deeply puzzled.

"Well, and so that is the whole of it, is it?" said Hetty. "I am glad that beast of a ship is at the bottom of the sea without drowning Jack or any of the men. Is there anything more to tell?"

Rebecca was getting more and more puzzled. "Has she a heart at all?" she said to herself.

"Yes, Hetty," she said; "but I do not know how to tell it. The Panama route—"

There was no need to say more, or to question whether or no Hetty had a heart. The doorway opened quickly, and in the open doorway stood Jack Hartop.

Hetty stood up and spread out her ten fingers towards him. In less than a second her pretty arms were round his neck, and he was hugging her like a bear. She said, "Love, love, love," and he said, "Darling, darling, darling," which is folly the most incurable. But if you will bring me any gentleman who will affirm on his oath that he has never made a fool of himself to the same extent, I will politely decline that gentleman's acquaintance.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ANOTHER MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

THE life thus enriched by two whom she loved went smoothly on for Rebecca. Not cheerfully, for there came no word of Mr. Morley at all. Hetty and Hartop spoke continually about him, always pleasantly. When it was hot, Hetty would say, "I doubt he is cold, poor dear, there where he is," and Hartop would say, "Ay, it is winter there now." At dinner, Hetty might say, "I doubt he has no lamb and green peas to-day, poor man;" and Hartop would say, "No, he will be having mainly fish and seal beef for his dinner. It is not bad, but not so good as this."

So they would talk to her, keeping his image perpetually before her mind, they both having given up all hope.

They kept from her the news that the missionary ship had been lost, but that a few of the missionaries were heard to be alive three months after. They kept from her their knowledge of the bitter, hopeless coast of Patagonia, and Hetty had so persistently forced on

her the maxim that sailors' wives must not fret, that she believed her, and abode in quiet, busy, and not unhappy, ignorant of the chances of the sea.

But day by day it became evident to her that Jack Hartop was growing to be a person of great consequence amongst a certain great and powerful society. Her father had belonged to this society, and she had been to a May meeting of it, presided over by a certain great earl; and one day in these times she found this same earl, whom she knew by sight, talking eagerly and familiarly with Jack Hartop.

She heard him say, "It is certainly a splendid offer—a splendid offer. And as a sailor, Mr. Hartop, you think that the yacht is big enough."

"Bless you, my lord, I would sail her anywhere! Two hundred and eighty tons!—why she is a frigate."

"It is somewhat singular that Lord Ducetoy, who is not even a subscriber, and a——"

At this moment Rebecca passed with a slight bow and went on.

"Who is that young lady?" said Lord S.

"Miss Turner."

"Oh; I was saying that it seems singular that a mere sportsman like Lord Ducetoy should interest himself so deeply in a cause like this, as to lend her his yacht and stores, and offer to pay a picked crew out of his own pocket, on condition of your commanding the expedition."

"My lord," said Hartop, "it is easily accounted for. Lord Ducetoy is cousin to Miss Turner, who has just passed, and Lord Ducetoy was under the deepest obligations to her father for saving his property from the Philpott smash."

"But what has Miss Turner to do with it?"

"She is engaged to be married to Morley, and she does not know what you and I do."

"God help her in her grief!" said Lord S., raising his hat solemnly.

"Amen," said Jack Hartop.

"When can you sail?"

"Well, in consequence of this offer of Lord Ducetoy's, I can get to sea in a week. If they are alive, they owe their lives to Lord Ducetoy."

"Under God," said Lord S.

"Under God, I mean," said Jack. "But he has saved us in one way or another two months of valuable time."

"It is really so."

"By-the-bye, my lord, Miss Turner is to know nothing of Lord Ducetoy's gift."

"Indeed! Was there ever any tenderness in that quarter?"

"Oh, never, I think. He lost his heart effectually in America, before he ever saw her. But he has a profound admiration for her."

"Is Mrs. Hartop going?" said Lord S.

"Oh yes, my lord, *she* is going. You may be quite certain that she could not keep her hand out of a thing of this kind."

"God go with her!" said Lord S., and so they parted.

"Rebecca," said Hetty to her, next morning, "Jack has got another ship."

"A good one?"

"A *splendid* one. A missionary ship. United Missionary Society. The U. M. S. have picked him out. And I am going too."

"I wish I was," said Rebecca; "but I am so glad for Jack. I cannot go, for Alfred might come while I was away, and would be very sorry to miss me."

Hetty went quietly out of the room, humming a tune, as if to fetch something, went up-stairs, and threw herself on her bed in a fury and tempest of tears. She believed—as we all did—that she was bound on a quest for some relict or remnant of the dead, left carelessly by wolf or the hardly less cruel savage.

Jack, however, had given his orders that Hetty was to be ready in six days, and so there was fine stitching, and sewing, and shopping, with not much time to talk about matters. The yacht had come round from Cowes. It was to sail on Saturday, and on Friday, all day long, Rebecca was working in Hetty's cabin. She thought to herself, "What a beautiful place." Indeed it was, for it was the cabin which Lord Ducetoy had decorated for his young wife.

She heard Lord Ducetoy's voice in the main cabin, and a lady's voice who talked to him. She could not help hearing.

"My love," said the lady. "I quite agree with you; by giving up our cruise the society gains two months. I do not regret."

"But I had her decorated for you, love—only for Channel work: and she is going to the ocean."

"Well," said Lady Ducetoy. "I frankly and freely give my decorations to the ocean. My husband has done a generous and a beautiful deed, for the sake of a noble woman; that is worth all decorations to me."

They did not know she was on board, and they did not see her; but she heard them, and after a time understood what Lady Ducetoy meant. She hid from them, and it was only

after the schooner had sailed that she knew that the noble woman, spoken of by Lady Ducetoy, was no other than her own self.

Hetty dismissed her very early on the Saturday morning. On the wharf was a crowd of the strangest people—a bishop, Lord S., and Lord Ducetoy foremost—to see the schooner depart. The tug caught the schooner's hawser, and she went out through the mist into the Kent and Essex sunlight. And *that* was over.

Ducetoy and the bishop were with Rebecca as the vessel rounded the turn in the river. "Rebecca," said Lord Ducetoy, "could we have sent two better ones to seek him?"

"To seek whom?"

"Morley."

"Is he dead?"

"They are gone to see," said Lord Ducetoy; "it has been kept from you."

Rebecca stood amazed, but quite quiet.

"My dear lady," said the bishop; "this matter has been kept from you by a consultation of many men. We are very anxious about Morley, and some of us believe that there is no hope. I am not of those who think there is no hope. For I most entirely think that God has a great work in hand for Morley, and that Morley has not been taken to his rest yet. I may be wrong—who can judge God's ways? but, my dear young lady, I believe that you will live to see Morley by your side again, doing God's work with your assistance."

"Meanwhile?" said Rebecca, calmly.

"Meanwhile," said the bishop, calmly, "do as you are doing. If you are not to meet him again on earth, you are rendering yourself more fit to meet him in heaven."

For the next nine months the inhabitants of Limehouse got familiarised to a tall and splendidly beautiful young lady, always dressed in black, who walked perpetually about among the poor, followed by a little withered lady in grey, who carried her basket, and did what the tall young lady told her with never one murmur. These two were Rebecca and Miss Soper, for Rebecca had conquered and vanquished her Soper.

Said Soper to Rebecca once, in these times, "Becky, I tried to find out the secret of living to God; and I failed, until you showed it to me. Who showed it to you?"

"Morley," said Rebecca.

Nine months; and hope growing dead as time went on. Hope of Morley utterly gone now to her, but not to others.

She was sitting in her class of girls one day, when the bishop came in, and touched her on

the shoulder. Rebecca, although a dissenter, had that love and reverence for this bishop which, I believe, is common to all sects in the Church of Christ. She rose from her seat, with her black lace shawl drooping from one shoulder, and bowed deeply. And the young dissenters stared open-eyed at the spectacle of a real bishop talking to Teacher.

"I have news from the sea," said the bishop; holding out his left hand.

"Good or bad, my lord?" said Rebecca.

"That is what I cannot make out," said the bishop. "We have heard from Hartop. He has recovered two, but believes Morley to be alive ten miles to the northward. Until we get his letter we know nothing."

"And when shall we get his letter?" asked Rebecca.

"Well," said the bishop, "he only allows himself ten days for exploration; and so it comes to this that he will bring his own letter."

"Then the news about Mr. Morley will be brought by Hartop and Hetty?" she said.

"That is exactly the case," said the bishop.

One summer's night,—it was half-past eleven,—Rebecca was sitting up at some of her charity accounts, when she heard a step on the stair and sat rigid.

She knew it was Hetty's. Hetty came very quickly up the stair, threw open the door in all her full beauty, fresh from the sea, bare-headed, with the very salt on her hair. And Rebecca gave a loud wild cry, inarticulate, yet meaning much, *for she saw that Hetty was not in mourning*. Not one solitary scrap of black about her. A great deal of pink ribbon, certainly; sailors love it, and so their wives wear it.

"Becky, my sweetheart," she said, "you must keep yourself cool."

"Is there news?" said Rebecca.

"I do not know what you mean by news, Becky," said Hetty. "But if you mean that we have found pa, and got pa, and brought pa home, and that pa is standing outside the door waiting to come in, why I say you are right." And she sat down on a chair by the door, and beat her knees, and cried.

It was actually true. From the lonely cavern on the ocean shore, death, in whose jaws he had lived so long, had given him up to love. It seemed incredible, even to Hetty now, but there was her frizzled hair smothered in Rebecca's, and she laughed and believed.

The news of the safety of Morley had been known in London before Rebecca knew it. The Society had met, and it was unanimously agreed that Mr. Morley should be requested

to accept the mission to Honawoorra as soon as his health would permit. The offer came to him the day after his arrival, and he answered that his health was in perfect order, and that the sooner he went the better. He wanted three weeks to be married in, and then he was ready.

One day, three weeks after this, Soper, Lord Ducetoy, Mr. Spicer, Lord S., the little Popish doctor, Mrs. Russel, the two Tibbeys, Mr. Akin, Mr. Hagbut and Carry, and one hundred and fifty new friends, unnamed in this story, went to see the great missionary ship, Eirene, pass by out on her glorious expedition. As she passed they cheered, as surely no people ever cheered before, for on her quarter-deck stood Morley and Rebecca, Jack Hartop and Hetty.

They went away to the work which God had found them to do. Whether they lived long and died happy, whether they were rich or poor, or whether they had many children or few, is nothing to us. God fitted these four people for certain work in this world, and three of them had to wait till the fourth was fit to join them. I have tried to show how Rebecca was made ready for the others. Rebecca's difficulties have been so continually before one, that some might think I ought to call my story Rebecca. But I think, if you please, that in honour of the young lady, the reputation of whose deeds kept Rebecca firm, I will call my story after its real heroine, Hetty.

THE END.

THE WOODS IN APRIL.

SPRING comes round; people seek the Alps and Pyrenees: do they not sometimes overlook the beauties of the woodland scenery of England? Great must have been the former glories of her forests—the New Forest, Sherwood, Dean, and Rockingham—in the days when the outlaw found a refuge in their interminable glades, and the red deer roamed at will over a hundred miles. Many a noble oak has been felled since then, and the plough has passed and the wheat and the barley now wave upon the acres which of old were only clothed with the bracken. But though her beauties are diminished, they have not altogether disappeared. Rockingham Forest, for instance, once covering a large portion of Northamptonshire, still exists, split up into a number of woods, where are to be seen a few of the old oaks, as in Milton Park

and the Purlieus, under which the huntsmen of the time of Elizabeth may have rested and regaled themselves after chasing the stag.

A large arable field on the Huntingdonshire side of the river Neve, which still goes by the name of The Castles, is said to be the Roman Durobriva mentioned in the *Antonine Itinerary*. This was the principal Roman encampment of the midland counties, and the mass of coins, and the number of tessellated pavements discovered in it, prove how long it must have been occupied. Every now and then, the plough turns up the long-buried refuse heaps of the former kitchens. Broken pottery, shells of the whelk, bones and horns of the red deer, and of a small extinct species of ox, *Bos longifrons*, all mixed up together. How these homely things shorten time, and make nearly 2000 years ago seem but as yesterday. Later, a more commercial spirit set in, and we find the Conqueror, after the lapse of a thousand years, building the Castle of Rockingham for the protection of the ironworks for which these vast woods provided fuel. Then began the first spoliation of the forest, carried on more or less through succeeding generations. Let us take a glance at what remains to us of the past.

To reach the woods, the road winds through the rich and extensive meadows of the Neve, now adorned with a golden border of marsh marigolds, surmounted by banks of willows, whose silvery leaves shine forth in striking contrast to the dark background of timber trees. Herons, no longer in dread of the falcon, allow us to pass tolerably near to them while they quietly pursue their dredging in the open dykes, the grass around them strewn with open mussel shells from which, with one stroke of their bills, they have extracted the molluscs. Now we approach their stronghold, the heronry, built in a clump of high oak trees. Nests, made of sticks, like those of rooks, but larger and rounder in form, and clustered together three or four in a tree, the tall birds, standing in them, or flapping their wings over them, and uttering a wild discordant, parrot-like noise. I like these birds. How they conjure up the past! Pictures of the gay cavalcade, the hooded falcon, the hawk let loose upon its struggling prey, all flit before us. I wonder what the countrymen thought of herons in those despotic times. Did they regard them as their descendants do now the fox, and watch the falcon's flight with interest? Hardly so, when the destruction of a heron was visited so severely upon them; whereas the rustic, now-a-days, bound by no penal laws, watches

the chase with open mouth, and looks upon the fox as half his own. In some ways, times have changed for the worse with the poor heron. With swamps drained, and Whittlesea Mere a ploughed field, they must in dry seasons find their fishing supply very precarious, and have to forage far away to obtain food for their young ones.

Passing on, the hawthorns, with their stems twisted into every conceivable form, and clothed in their early green, are scarcely less beautiful than a little later when the May-flowers appear. And, indeed, we do not need these, for there is no scarcity of blossom: the thin, paper-like flowers of the cherry tremble in the glade, and the wild apple discloses her pink buds in the hedgerows, while the blackthorn, leafless, but covered with snow-white flowers, recalls a vision of the winter that is gone.

Entering the woods, pillars of oak rise around us, their rough arms but thinly veiled in green, while the underwood, more richly clothed, still reveals the delicate outline of every twig and bough. We look down, as Tennyson so beautifully describes it, upon "sheets of hyacinth, which seemed the heavens uplifted thro' the earth." On another side the "pale primroses," wood anemones, the cuckoo flower (*Orchis mascula*), and stars of the Celandine, enamel the ground. Among them the male fern almost perceptibly unfurls its fronds. Birds twitter and sing from every bush, but when the nightingale pours forth her transcendent thrill I sometimes think that other sounds are hushed for very shame. Who can describe the power of those heart-probing notes? Always "tender and true," but at no time so touching as when heard at night, perhaps in the stillness of a sick-room, in times of watching, or of sorrow. Some say that nightingales and cowslips are always found together, and have some undefined affinity. Doubtless they do frequent the same districts, the tangled copse, and the grassy glade beneath, the high hawthorn hedge looking down upon the velvet meadow. By the way, it is curious how nightingales manage to hide themselves and their nests. They reverse the admonition to children to be "seen and not heard." Once only I found a nightingale's nest in a forest of nettles, and truly she knew how to protect herself from vulgar gaze and to make the curious hands suffer for their audacity. Now, however, we attempt no raids upon their inhospitable homes, only listen to their sweet songs, and sit down upon a bank where "ox-slips and the nodding violet grow" literally together—the violet is the hairy violet, *Viola*

hirsuta, and it is probably the violet Shakespeare had in view—not the sweet or the dog-violet which are now nearly over.

TABLE TALK.

THE hawthorn was early in blossom this year. I gathered it in full bloom on April 24th; and, when the village children, according to their pretty custom, brought their May-garlands to my door, I saw the hawthorn-blossoms among the brighter flowers. Yet, on the whole, it is rare for the May blossom to be fully out on May-day; and, although that close observer, Gilbert White, once noted it in blossom at Selborne on April 20th, in another year it did not bloom till June 10th. The poets tell us of the fragrance of the hawthorn, and of the air being heavy with its scent; but how peculiar is its perfume! If you gather a vase-full and leave it in a room during the night, the odour in that room the next morning will be scarcely bearable. Our rustic population say that both the hawthorn and the gilliflower smell like death; though why the fragrant wall-flower, beloved of the troubadours, should be a reminder of death, I cannot imagine, except on the principle that "the sweet remembrance of the just, shall flourish when they sleep in dust." The wall-flower, however, was deemed a cure for the palsy. With the hawthorn there is, undoubtedly, a sickly, disagreeable smell, though less strong, perhaps, than the peculiar scent of the gorse, and the early purple orchis, (the "long purple" in Ophelia's death-garland,) which is now in full bloom, and which, if brought indoors at night, is quite offensive. But to the scent of the hawthorn, country people assign not only the idea of death, but of a particular form of death; for they say that it is like the smell of the Great Plague of London. This curious simile is probably two centuries old, and has been traditionally handed down from that terrible time, when, the plague having shown itself early in April, 1665, and spreading greatly during May and June, those who fled from the stricken city to the northern heights of London, and there sheltered under the hawthorns, may well have had the sickly scent of the May-blossoms associated in their minds with ideas of the Great Plague.

TENNYSON'S knight rode "over sheets of hyacinths;" not blue-bells, you will observe, as people commonly and erroneously call them, and an error which many poets and

writers have helped to disseminate. But the Laureate, Scott, Milton, and Shakspeare have correctly discriminated between the hyacinth and the blue-bell; and Tennyson's "sheets of hyacinths" have been again spread over the moist floors of woods and copses, making them to appear, at a short distance, like lakes and pools of water, as "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," as that of the Adriatic; and reminding one of the truthful representation given of their lake-like appearance in Mr. Brett's picture of the woodcutter. But the blue-bells or hare-bells will bloom somewhat later, on heath, and crag, and sandy banks; "the frail harebell" of Tennyson; the "azure hare-bell" to which Shakspeare likened the veins of Imogen; "the little hare-bells o'er the lea," of which Burns sang; "the slight hare-bell" that "raised its head elastic from her airy tread," when the Lady of the Lake set her foot upon it. It is called hare-bell, so say the botanists, because it grows on places frequented by hares; though, perhaps, hair-bell, in reference to its thin wiry stalk would be the more correct etymology. But it is not the hyacinth, with its thick, soft stem, and darker coloured blossoms, so dark, that some have explained the "hyacinthine locks," spoken of by Homer and Milton, to be a synonym for dark hair; though, in reality, curly hair is signified; the reflex leaves of the hyacinth's blossom being like to the curl in a lock of hair.

THE leading journal, in a leading article for April 29th, states the origin of the common inn-sign of The Chequers to have been a representation of "the arms of the ancient family of Fitzwarren, the head of which house, in the days of the Henries, was invested with the power of 'licensing' the establishments of vintners and publicans. On all such as passed muster, and were authorised to trade, the Fitzwarren arms were emblazoned in token of lawful warranty obtained, and the practice survived its origin almost to the present day." Such, in fact, is the version given by Brand, in his *Popular Antiquities*, who ascribes the custom to the time of the reign of Edward IV. (not Henry). But it dates from earlier days, for the lozenge-wise, parti-coloured chequers have been found on Pompeian houses, and even on the temple of Isis. If, in the former case, they signified that a game of chance with dice was to be played therein, that game was probably the variation of the abacus, called the abacus of Palamedes, and bearing a resemblance to the modern game of backgammon.

The brand of the chequers on the door-post of an inn in later times has been taken as a sign that draughts and backgammon might be played within. Dr. Lardner, in his *Arithmetical*, thinks that the sign was originally that of the money-changers, and represented their table (from whence we get the word exchequer, as also bank from the *banc*, or covered seat on which they sat), and that "this sign afterwards came to indicate an inn, or house of entertainment, probably from the circumstance of the innkeeper also following the trade of money-changer, a coincidence still very common in seaport towns." The game played on the backgammon-board by sailors is called chequers, and is thus referred to in one of Dibdin's sea songs:—

Dear Mary, adieu! Can that love go to wreck
When every plank bears your sweet name on the deck?
Yea, many true knots on the yards have I made,
While guileless at *chequers* my messmates have played.

It was at the sign of "Atte ckeker of the Hope," (or the Chequers on the Hoop,) at the corner of High Street and Mercery Lane, Canterbury, and near to the cathedral, that Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims put up.

TWO derivations of the word Fiasco were given at p. 308. Another derivation has also been assigned to the word, though it is of a nature similar to the first of the two already mentioned. It is to this effect: that in the manufacture of the beautiful old venetian glass, if the glass-blowers found any flaw in their work, they would turn it into a common flask—*fiasco*. Hence the making of the *fiasco* was the making of a failure.

It appears that this season's an equine affair,
For Newmarket has horses, and Cork has a *mayor*;
You may read both accounts, and be puzzled to choose
As to which of the two is the *raciest* news,—
If the three-year-old "crack" or O'Farrell's defender
Has more of a right to the name of "Pretender."

But our simile's flagging,—we'll change it again,
And compare Mr. Mayor to bad British champagne,
Which, secure 'neath its "Cork," can, it must be confessed,
Froth, bubble, and sparkle as well as the best;
But if you would know what to value it at,
Un-Cork it,—you'll find it confoundedly flat.

BRONZE works—statues, bas-reliefs, and the like—in coal-burning cities, have generally a dirty cast-iron-like appearance, instead of assuming that beautiful and protective patina—the *verd antique*—that is the delight of connoisseurs. A Berlin society, a *verein* with a

crack-jaw name, has been investigating this subject to the extent of seeking a means of producing the envied green deposit. At first the experimenters thought that the composition of the metal had something to do with it, but when they came to analyse specimens of well patinated bronzes, they found them of very different alloys. Noting the statues in various parts of the town, it was remarked that those, and those parts which were likely to be handled by the people, were greener than such as were out of reach. This gave the hint that grease was at the bottom of the mystery. Whereupon several busts were set up and treated variously to test the point. One was oiled monthly, another twice a year, while others were left alone or merely washed with water. After many months the oft-greased specimen was found to be beautifully patinated; that which was oiled twice a year was verdurized less effectually, and the unlubricated figures not at all. It was evident, therefore, that fat was the antiquating agent, though how it acted was not clearly traceable, for the nature of the oil, animal or vegetable, was immaterial, probably it is in the protection from moisture and gases which the greasy film affords that the secret lies. Any excess of oil is fatal: it attracts dust and corrosive matters; a mere rubbing, with some lightly greased material, is sufficient. The process is worth a trial: would Sir Edwin Landseer object to the application of a little macassar to the manes and coats of his lions?

ABOUT the twinkling of stars much has been written, not merely by nursery rhymesters, but by true philosophers; for the subject, simple enough at first thought, becomes puzzling when it is closely studied. The momentary changes of colour, and the flashing intervals of obscurity, are not susceptible of rough and ready explanation. Arago invoked the principle known as interference to account for the phenomenon. Light being a wave-motion, if the elevation of one wave meet the depression of another, destruction of both ensues, and darkness comes of the interference. He held that the different strata of air encountered by a star's light coming to the earth refracted the component rays variously and threw them into confusion, making them clash and become extinct. But a Roman astronomer, Professor Respighi, has lately overthrown this theory, and shown that the scintillations are to be referred to momentary deviations from their straight path of certain of the coloured rays

which unite to form a beam of star-light. Our atmosphere first disperses or separates the colours, and then, for an instant, turns the course of some of them, leaving the others to come to the eye. The curious part of Professor Respighi's announcement is, that the rotation of the earth has an influence on the twinkling, for, by spreading out stars' images into long spectra, he has noticed that these luminous streaks are rapidly traversed by dark furrows which sometimes pass in one direction and sometimes in another. These shadowy streamings are doubtless the spread-out scintillations, and their varying directions across the spectrum, upwards for stars in the west, downwards for stars in the east, and obliquely for those in other parts of the sky, show them to be, to some extent, caused by atmospheric fluctuations depending upon, or connected with, the earth's rotation. The Professor finds that not direction only, but speed of passage also, is coincident with the terrestrial motion.

THAT is a grand idea of Mr. Crampton's for making invulnerable forts. He proposes to form them of cast iron, but instead of building them up of blocks and pieces, to cast them whole, and what is more, to found them *in situ*. Say a tower of defence is wanted anywhere upon the many exposed parts of our coast, Mr. Crampton will go to the spot with all the raw material of an iron foundry. He will erect on the intended site a gigantic mould for his casting, and around it he will build a series of cupola furnaces for the melting of the iron—eight, ten or a dozen, as the size and thickness of the metal walls may require. The hollow form of the fort being completed, hundreds of tons of iron will be liquified; and then all the stupendous crucibles will, at a signal, simultaneously discharge their contents into the mould. The great mass of metal will be left for a week or two to cool, and then the brick and mortar matrix and all the cupolas will be cleared away, leaving the fort without joint or seam. To the modern engineer nothing is impossible, at least on paper: to the great untaught in these matters this simple method of castle-casting may recall the Irishman's plan for making cannons, Get some holes and put a lot of iron round 'em.

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

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A Novel. By the Author of GARDENHURST.

CHAPTER XVII.

"IT IS NOT WORTH THE KEEPING."

"IT is all over, then?"

What was all over? Not the murmurous kiss of the waves slipping up the ridges of warm golden shingle; not the bright sun-flecks that played with the shadows on the sea's mutable breast; nor the beauty of the woman who sat leaning against the sides of a jutting rock, her sweet languid eyes cast downwards to avoid the glare of the sun, her listless hands crumpling notches of dried seaweed, and her heart beating not one whit faster than the cool pulses of the drowsy sea. That which was over was Captain Mowbray's hope of winning the woman he loved. He had taken his friend's advice, and now he had his answer—not a straightforward one, for Lady Diana rarely had courage to be prompt and decided in these surgical operations of cutting away hearts she had taught to cling to her. She sought to temporize and to soothe. She was particularly tender and gentle in her manner when her victim was young and handsome.

When Captain Mowbray found that "No" was to be the end of all his longing hopes and angry fears, he felt faint and sick at heart. He could not look her in the face; for a while he could not speak to answer her soft words. They seemed to sway with the moving flow of the sea; and "No, no, no," was lisped to him in countless ripples as the waves surged up near his feet. He had written, as he had purposed, to ask her to decide his fate. "If your answer be unfavourable, I do not know how I shall bear it," he wrote. "Remember how great is the stake I have thrown at your feet. Do not trample down my life. If I lose you I believe it would drive me mad——"

"They all say that," Lady Diana thought, as she looked at the letter tenderly; "but dear me! most of them get over it much sooner than they think they will."

"I must take your answer from your own lips," he concluded. "Will you meet me on the beach of the East Cliff this afternoon?"

"If I name five I shall get it over before dinner."

At four o'clock she strolled down to the sea-side, and seated herself in the broken shadow of the rock, having just time to assume a graceful posture when she heard the quick, impatient steps of her lover crashing through the shingle above. Now, as he lay by her feet, his head resting on his hand, and his eyes turned away from her, with his whole soul sickened by disappointment, she felt very sorrowful for him, and again wished that he had not forced her to this painful necessity. He had put his question so briefly and determinately that she had not much scope for evasion. Still she did her best. She surrounded her refusal with such a sweet confusion of regret, remorse, and reciprocal passion, that any other less acute than a lover might have been beguiled by the garlands with which she bedecked the hearse of hope. But through all the music of her broken words, all the tears that dimmed the sleepy depths of her grey eyes, Captain Mowbray read the word death; and as the sense of his failure grew upon him his face became white, and his eyes dark with pain and anger. Death to love's thrall, love's fire, and love's hope—that was the portion the pink lips had dealt out on this slumbrous afternoon. When a ribbon fluttered from the woman's hair over Thurstan's hand, he caught it round his wrist, and kissing it passionately, wept a few hot, still tears, the sight of which filled Lady Diana with remorse and compunction. She had often seen men weep, and she always suffered pain at the sight. On this occasion, as on many others, she vowed that she would never again repeat an experiment fraught with so much grief of heart to others.

"You will soon get over this," she said, gently; "you will soon forget me."

"I do not believe now that I ever can forget either you or this hour. Oh, Diana! my darling! my darling! why will you not marry me? I would love you so, you could not help being happy with me."

She looked at him with a sort of tender envy. "I wish I could be as enthusiastic," she thought. Aloud she answered, softly, "You forget, Thurstan, that I am ten years older than yourself."

"What does that matter?" he said, simply. "You don't look it; and, besides, if a fellow loves a woman, what matters her age, if she's the only one woman that can make him happy?"

Lady Diana glanced stealthily around. There was no one in sight but the distant figure of a man who stood on a far-off headland, peering through a telescope.

"I wonder if it is a good glass," Lady Diana said to herself. Then she looked at the handsome face near her, pale with pain of her causing, and she decided to risk the telescope's having a long sight.

She drooped her head on to his shoulder, and the silky burthen of hair which crowned it swept his lips.

"It can never be," she murmured; "but I do love you, Thurstan: never believe that I don't love you."

His face flushed as he felt her touch; his heart's blood was a flame that blazed and ebbed as her breath.

"Then why not——?" he began.

"Do not go into that again: it cannot be. It hurts me as much as it can you to refuse you," she cried. "I cannot tell you now all the reasons that make our union impossible. You must know that I would marry you if I could, and that I do like you above all other men."

He looked at her face now, and saw that it was working with emotion. He seized her by her hands, and looked stedfastly into her eyes.

"Oh!" he cried, with something like a groan, "can such a face lie?"

"I do not lie," she went on, passionately. "I swear that I love you."

"Then marry me!"

For a few seconds the lap of the waves was all that broke the brooding silence of the noon.

Should she end it now?—all the degrading trickery by which she was ever shaming her nature? Should she let all the small meanesses of coquetry be merged in one great honest love? Should she give up luxury and

self-indulgence, and put away all those lusts of the flesh and the devil against which her godfather's and godmothers' liberal gifts of silver mugs and infantile spoons had made so poor a defence?

She heard the slow rush of the waves as it were in a dream; saw in a dream the glow of the day, and her lover's face looking yearningly in hers, as the sun shone down on their clasped hands; heard as in a dream the whisper of a passing angel, who swept the pure light of his wings over her soul, as he counselled her to accept the good impulse as a gift from heaven.

Then she looked up at Lord Orme's house, which was visible from where the two stood. "If I part with my liberty at all, it must be for that, and such as that." The generous, half-formed, half-murmured yea, which had leapt to her lips, died away unspoken. The tremulous regret passed away from her eyes, and the beautiful face was once more inflexible with denial.

"I see it all," Captain Mowbray said, gloomily. "You are weary of me. I have loved you too well, and shown it too plainly. You have played with me as a human toy to whom the Creator has given capability to suffer, which renders the amusement more poignant and exciting. You are tired of the game, and now I may go to the devil my own way."

"I do not suppose you will go to the devil," Lady Diana replied, quietly; "men inclined to traverse that road rarely retard or accelerate their footsteps on account of a woman's love. You will be no worse for this brief sharp pain in future."

"I shall be no better."

"And if you ever feel inclined to judge me harshly," she pursued, "remember that you are not the only one who has suffered in this day's parting. It costs me much to give you up, and I shall sicken at the thought of the future spent without you. Oh, my darling!" she added, with a sudden outburst of candid feeling, "I shall miss you terribly for a long time—for a long time!"

He looked at her longingly; but he did not speak. It is not easy even for the most consummate and experienced of coquettes to make a man believe that, while throwing him over, she is heart and soul his own.

"It is to be good-bye, then?" he said, gloomily.

"It must be so, I fear; don't make it harder to me."

In truth she felt rather injured by the un-

due amount of pain this scene was causing her ; it was very selfish of her lover to feel so much, and to make her feel that he did so.

"Good-bye," he said, and he flung away her hands and turned to go.

She caught hold of his arm, pleadingly, and cast one more quick look round her.

"Kiss me once before you go."

It was weak of him to give way to the temptation, to grant her the benign triumph of feeling that he would be haunted by the memory of that kiss so long as he remembered her, and how she had wronged him. She had never given him her lips before ; and she did so now that his heart was sore with provocation, because the kindhearted wanton would fain administer a little honey with the sting ; because she liked both him and herself so well that she wished to yield him balm for the wound, and to give herself such comfort as Anna Boleyn's executioner felt when he recalled that he had handled the queen's neck "full tenderly."

"Won't you kiss me?" she said, piteously.

He was only four-and-twenty, and as much of a philosopher as a dragoon at that age ordinarily is. He was insulted and angered by her conduct ; he suspected her of treachery, and had felt inclined once or twice to-day to curse the lovely face which held him in such thrall.

But none the less did he feel the thrall ; none the less was his heart drawn towards her every movement, her every trick of voice and gesture ; and when he heard those faint beseeching tones, and saw the face he loved so near his own, he caught her in his arms, and kissed her in such fashion that she somewhat repented herself of her gentle advance.

"Go !" he said, at last, pushing her from him. "Go ! I have got to feel very old in this hour ; I feel pain and anger have taken all the youth out of me : perhaps one day you will be sorry that you threw away my love. Meanwhile you had better keep yourself out of my sight ; for after having once touched your dear mouth, I should find it hard not to repeat the offence, even though you should have married a worthier, and, what is better, a wealthier man."

But although he hurled this last reproach at her, he did not altogether believe what he hinted. Lady Diana's blandishments were rarely thrown away on the weak, vain natures of men. Captain Mowbray half acquitted her as he recalled the rapture of that last caress.

They parted with one lingering clasp of hands at the foot of the slopes ; and then

Lady Diana trailed her cool-hued draperies away in the direction of her house.

"Poor darling ! how he felt it !" she thought, sadly.

But she smiled through her tears at a good-looking officer from the cavalry barracks, who was calling at her door as she arrived there, and begged that he would come and "cheer her solitude" to-morrow.

Then she entered her drawing-room, where a certain sheep-dog—a Miss Jones, a lady companion of Lady Diana's, generally only produced on state occasions, like the family plate—was knitting away time with various devices in crochet.

"Miss Jones," Lady Diana said, impressively, "do be so kind as to give orders that they do not boil the sweetbread to rags to-night."

"Yes, Lady Diana."

"And, oh, I am going to start for Italy in a few days, and hope for the pleasure of your company."

Lady Diana walked pensively out of the room.

"I shall find the Ormes at Spezzia," she said to herself, "and I shall sometimes row on that lovely lake with Lord Orme, and the eternal boatman who is always the only one who rowed Milor Byron up and down the gulf ; and I will see Miss Slater and the girls at the bottom of that gulf before I permit them to join the expedition. Heigho ! there goes the dinner-bell."

CHAPTER XVIII.

JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE.

MEANWHILE, Captain Mowbray was still left standing by the rocks ; and when the gloom of night crept over sea and land, and no faint tinge of sunset was left to flush the rugged-faced cliffs with evanescent glory, the young fool cast himself down near the place where she had sat, and kissed the sharp-edged cliff as though it had possessed the softness of woman's lips.

Among the great and little mysteries of this world of ours, which may one day be made clear to man's perplexed eyes, I wonder if he will learn the secret of the fascination which a flame of death is permitted to have for the harmless moths of night.

When Captain Mowbray returned to his lodgings in town, Douglas quickly perceived that his friend's manner was that of a man who has been foiled in his desire. Thurstan swore at the bull-terrier because he stumbled over it,

and then gave the injured-looking, wrinkled face such caresses as people sometimes lavish on dumb creatures when their hearts are aching from the unkindness of their own species—a kind of cynical, Byronical “I never had but one” (friend) and “here he lies,” sort of feeling.

Then Thurstan could not eat his dinner, but sat and stared moodily at the various delicacies on the table, and begged that Douglas would take care of himself and “not mind him.” When the meal was over, and the two sat in the moonlit balcony, smoking their cigars, Captain Mowbray could no longer keep the pain of his secret to himself, but burst out suddenly with—

“By G—, she’s jilted me !”

Douglas looked sadly at the boy’s downcast face.

“It seems hard to bear now,” he said, gently ; “young hearts bleed so freshly, but then they heal quickly. A few months hence, and the memory of this will be nothing more than a dull feeling of discomfort to you.”

“It is all very well to say that,” Thurstan cried petulantly ; “you don’t know what it is to love a woman as I did this one, or you would understand that such pain as mine cannot be forgotten quickly.”

“And yet I once loved a devil in the guise of a woman so well that her loss made me a murderer and an outcast.”

“Good God, Douglas ! what do you mean ?”

“Hear my story before you condemn me by my own words,” Douglas said, quickly ; “and when you have heard it, tell me if you don’t think the love of a woman has laid a heavier burthen on me than you are ever likely to be cursed with.

“When I was about five years older than you are now, I was married to one of the prettiest creatures you ever saw.”

“You married !” echoed Mowbray, with astonishment.

“She was as lovely as that portrait you showed me yesterday,” pursued Douglas ; “more lovely, because she was younger.

“She was my cousin, and I had loved her ever since she was a child and I a great gawky schoolboy. I used to spend my mid-summer holidays at her father’s place ; and in the evenings when he and his guests were at dinner we wandered out by ourselves through the cool shadows of the park, and conjectured of the glorious far-off future. Ana would wear royal robes, and a gold crown round her brighter hair. She would own hundreds of

slaves, and I should be her chief and most favoured servitor. She would live surrounded by homage and adulation. She would have no nurses, but always jam tarts for dinner. She would wear red shoes, and build a room lined with mirrors. I used to think that she seemed very lovely as she sat with her little red mouth pursed up, and her eyes looking gravely bland at the contemplation of her future dignities. I for my part intended to travel. I wished to penetrate in the more desolate portion of the far east ; where I could see the wild cherry-trees force their way through the old Asiatic temples, and hear the parrots chatter round the sacred fanes. Above all, I wished to kill a tiger, and to be gifted with strength that would enable me to thrash Tom Spenser, the big bully of our school. If at fifteen I had possessed half the intuition a girl has at ten, I should have already detected the coquettish propensities of my little Ana. She rarely moved without a sidelong glance to see who was observing and admiring her pretty face ; and at eleven years old she could fix a bunch of ribbons or a flower in her hair much more becomingly than could the old nurses who had attended her from her birth. Time passed away quickly and pleasantly in those days. I was very successful at school, and used to bring piles of prize-books to Ana and write her name inside them ; announcing in crooked characters that they were given ‘to her as keepsakes by her affectionate friend.’ Ana smiled pleasantly at the gifts ; but she generally gave me to understand that a new sash or a trinket would be more acceptable ; and once she cried with rage and vexation when I presented her with my last school acquisition, a copy of the *Odyssey*, bound in morocco ; for, as she said, ‘Of what use was the nasty thing to her when she couldn’t read it, and what business had I to be able to read it when she could not ?’

“This is the pleasantest part of my story ; the rest I will tell as briefly as possible. When Ana was seventeen and I eight-and-twenty we were married. I was always a grave, quiet man, and perhaps she never knew how gaily my heart used to beat at the sound of her laugh—how depressed I felt if the slightest cloud of discontent passed over her dear face. We were not very rich, and when my father’s interest obtained me a lucrative appointment in India, I was glad to accept it. We lived in India two years, blessed to me by the peaceful fulness of gratified love, and by the society of the creature I prized most in the world. One day I was summoned home to England. My

father was in a failing state of health, and he was loth to die without once more seeing the faces of all his children. I could not resist such a summons, but I felt very sad at heart when my beautiful wife hung round my neck, giving me her farewell kiss.

"She had resigned herself to not accompanying me, she said, knowing that it was best so; but I must write often to her, or her heart would break under the weight of her loneliness.

"As I was leaving the door she ran up and asked me for one more caress. I gave her not one but many, and then I went on my way, observing with satisfaction that she watched me from the threshold as long as I was in sight.

"When I had gone about an hour on my journey, I was seized with a terrible longing to see her again. I resisted the impulse for a few seconds, called myself a fool, and went on a few steps further; then I thought of Ana's face, from which I was going further and further away in the blackness, and turning my horse's head round, I galloped back towards home, and in less than three-quarters of an hour I was again at my own door. I dismounted and walked softly towards the window of our sitting-room. 'How pleased she will be,' I thought; 'how the dear face will beam at the sight of mine!'

"My heart beat fast with pleasurable agitation as I pressed my face close to the window. I was on the point of calling her by her name when I saw her—oh hell! I saw her sitting with her face turned away from me, her hands clasped in those of another man, her lovely head drooping languidly on his shoulder.

"I recognised the man at once; he was an officer of artillery who had been a frequent visitor to my house, and whom I had always believed to be the soul of honour.

"There are certain flowers the remembered odours of which sicken me; for that still summer night was steeped with their fragrance. There are voices to recall which sting me with intolerable agony—the voices of my wife and her lover, murmuring low, through the twilight, their joy in each other's society, their delight in my presumed absence.

"I cannot dwell on the wreck of that moment. I dare not remember all the storm of horrible feelings that surged up in my breast.

"I did not pause to ask myself whether she were or were not guilty to the last extreme. From what I have since heard of her, I believe

she was practically innocent; but were it so, I hold her to be more meanly criminal than if she had erred through an excess of illicit passion. Her heart was full of dishonour; her mind must have been most foul, if for mere vanity's sake she could so wrong me and herself.

"At that moment, when I saw her thus, I felt that I could sooner hold the vilest wretch that walked the streets to my bosom than the woman with whom I had lived for the last two years in happiness as beautiful as paradise.

"It was well for the grace of their parting that they did not perceive the pale face glaring against the window-pane. I can see now the smile with which he said, '*Au revoir!*' and her answering gesture, kissing her hand as he drew near the door and me, and her light laugh as he stooped to press his lips on her hand.

"I concealed myself in the shrubs until he had passed out of sight of the house, and then I followed him until he reached a secluded portion of the road.

'And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down and die.'

he sang as he went in a rich, clear voice.

"'Gad, how pretty she is! I'll light a cigar.'

"He stopped by the side of a broken bit of rock to strike a light, and when he turned round, whistling gaily, he met me face to face.

"I had my travelling pistols with me, for some of the wilder districts, through which on my journey I was bound to pass, were infested with robbers. Without speaking, I showed these to him, indicating that he was to select one. He took the pistol mechanically, and then fell back with a face white as death.

"I gave him a few seconds to recover himself, and then I broke the silence.

"'One of us *must* die,' I said in a tone husky with the effort to repress my passion of rage and agony, 'so it shall only be six paces. You will fire first.'

"He had recovered the shock my unexpected appearance had caused him, and, to do him justice, he did not shrink now as he had done at the sight of my face.

"He kept his cigar in his mouth, only moving it to say,—

"'It could not be in a fairer cause; God bless her!'

Probably he did not mean to hit me, but we were mad—I with wrath, he with terror. I did not pause to consider *convenances*. I

called to him to aim straight at me, and as he raised his hand a sort of prayer rose to my lips that I might fall; that my pain might pass away under the dim light of the stars; that I might close my eyes and never again open them to look man or woman in the eyes.

"I stood, however, untouched as his bullet whirled past me; and in another second he fell to the ground, like a dog. He turned on his side, saying, 'O God, this is death!'"

"Then he whispered something I could not hear. Whether he was muttering a farewell to some distant friend, or entreating vainly for assistance, I cannot say. I knelt by his side and lifted his head.

"Speak!" I cried, "speak!" for the silence was driving me mad.

"He looked at me blankly for a few moments, not appearing to recognise me; then a flash of intelligence lighted up his face, and he said, in a tone of piteous reproach, 'You should have given me more time.' Then his eyes turned upwards, his jaw dropped, and I knew that he would never speak any word again.

"I left him there, and mounting my horse, which was tethered close by, I rode away from the devilish spot, haunted by the horror of my own thoughts. The look I gave towards home was in itself a curse, could she have seen it. It was all the farewell I ever took of her.

"Yes, I left him there. I heard afterwards that his body was found that very night; that it was carried away and wept over by his friends; that it lies in a marble tomb which is gay with flowers and sung over by birds; but to me, he always seems to be lying in the shadow of that road; his face drawn by the pang of coming death; his voice faint and piteous, sending up a protest between me and my God against the rash haste of my anger.

"Mowbray, I can't get away from those words; they are ever returning to me with the terrible force of avenging truth. Walking in the sunshine of day, or brooding in the dim eve—awake or asleep—in feasting or weeping—in laughter or in tears, I am stung by the memory of the dying man's reproach—'You should have given me more time.'"

"What became of your—of her?" Captain Mowbray asked.

"She is well, and happy, I believe," Douglas said, grimly. "Had she known that her infernal coquetry was to cause that man's death while his hand was still warm with her parting clasp, I do not believe that she could have refrained from practising the arts that led to that result. Not a single flower, not a gaud

nor a ribbon of hers would have been worn that night without scrupulous regard to effect, even had she foreseen that her pretty trickeries would result in a life being lost and a soul damned. Had Diana been doomed as an aristocrat in the Reign of Terror, she would have stuck a rose over her ear as she went to the scaffold, and have looked unutterable things at the priest who confessed her."

"Was her name Diana?" said Captain Mowbray, with surprise.

"No, Ana; did I say Diana?" Douglas answered confusedly; "I suppose I was haunted by the name of your innamorata."

"Ah!" Captain Mowbray observed with a sigh, "Lady Diana has her faults—what woman has not?—but to do her justice, she is incapable of anything of that kind. Her kindness has been very sweet to me; her unkindness very bitter; but I cannot reproach her with levity. Her conduct towards other men in my presence has been simply perfect."

"The devil is never so dangerous as when he borrows an angel's face," Douglas observed, drily.

"Devil or angel, I should love her equally," Thurstan said; "the worst of it is, that her having thrown me over don't make me love her a bit the less."

"What are your plans?" Douglas asked.

"I must join my regiment, I suppose. I have only a few days' leave."

"Much better go to Paris for a week."

"If I take more leave now I shall not get so much during the hunting-season," Thurstan said, disconsolately. "And why should I go to Paris?"

"I thought it would do you good," Douglas replied; "but," he added, with a slight smile, "I do not know that you require the panacea since you can already look forward to the joy of next season's fox-hunting."

CHAPTER XIX.

AZALEA'S PERPLEXITY.

"WHAT'S to be done about your learning, Azalea?"

George Moore had recovered the power of speech, and the partial use of his limbs; but his language was often confused, and his face looked more troubled than it had done in the days before his seizure.

"What about it, dear?" Azalea said, anxiously; "I am sure I learn all you tell me to."

"But, do you know, Azalea?" the old man answered, somewhat piteously, "I'm not sure I always tell you right; my memory is gone,

and sometimes I wake up in the night, and am teased by the thought I may have put you wrong ; and then I want you to know how to do needlework, music, arithmetic, and painting, and all those sort of things."

Azalea looked perturbed.

"I know a little arithmetic," she said, "from counting the apples. I do it all on my fingers."

The old man shook his head. "That isn't the right way."

"Any way's right which you can do quickly and best," Azalea observed, with unconscious philosophy. "And I can draw much better than Rosa or Amelia Orme ; but then they're duffers."

"What?" Moore said, with a puzzled expression.

"Oh ! that's one of Conrad's words," Azalea answered, laughing.

"I don't believe it's in the dictionary," the old man said, gravely : "I hope those little Ormes haven't taught you bad words."

"I won't say it again," Azalea answered, meekly.

And Moore felt gratified both at her obedience and the reflection that he had snubbed the unconscious Conrad, of whom he was secretly jealous ; Conrad being the only person Azalea ever mentioned with affection when she referred to her visit to Brighton.

Moore looked with despair at the tattered Virgil, feeling how uncertain a tenure his wavering mind held of its contents. "I want her to hold up her head with the best of them when she grows up, so that he can't taunt her with not having tastes and manners like his." That speech of Lord Orme's implying that Azalea would be degraded by the life she had elected to lead was ever rankling in the old man's mind.

How to secure the requisite accomplishments without parting from his treasure was the problem that occupied his thoughts day and night.

Azalea confided the difficulty to old Sally : "I'm so sorry I can't learn more ; it seems to vex daddy so much," she said.

"I'm sure you know as much as is good for you. I don't hold with too much larning ; reading and writing only lead honest folks astray," Sally remarked, sententiously. "There's my eldest boy allays went to Sunday schule, and was took so much count of he was made clerk in a bank, where he made use of his larning to forge his master's name, and write courtin' letters to his missus ; and of course his master was much put out about it, and poor Sam was sent over the water. So

take warning by Sam, my dear, in case you should be tempted and fall like him."

"Who teaches at the school now?" Azalea asked, disregarding the friendly warning ; "who is the schoolmistress?"

"A stuck-up thing who don't know B from a bull's foot," Sally said, contemptuously ; "only the little chaps go there whose mothers want to keep 'em out of mischief. Schule is handy in gleaning time, if they ain't good for nothing else."

"Is there no one else who teaches?" Azalea said, disconsolately ; "isn't there a school where I could learn singing and dancing, and those sort of things?"

"They haven't got further than the *Old Hundredth* in the Sunday schule ; they try *Hallelujah* sometimes, but it sounds very comical."

Azalea pressed her face against the pane, and looked drearily at the red leaves whirling past.

"What's to be done?" she said ; "daddy frets so over my false quantities ; and then when he tries to explain, he stammers, loses his words, and cries. I quite dread the lesson hours."

"Mr. Douglas teaches the Squire's son," suggested Sally. A gleam of hope lit up Azalea's face.

"Who is he?" she asked. "Where does he live?"

"Oh ! he's a mighty unsociable sort of man, who has come to live in the little house in the lane at the back of the church. He never will take a comfortable cup of tea with a neighbour, and shuts his door to the gentlefolks as well as the farmers ; but he must be a wonderful clever man, for the Squire and the parson are going to send their lads there for a little while every holiday time, just to prevent their larning from slipping out of their heads like."

"If he teaches them, why shouldn't he teach me?" Azalea suggested.

Sally shook her head doubtfully : "I don't think he's much wropped up in gals ; he won't have no one but an old woman to do for him, and they do say he's wonderful ugly tempered."

Azalea then fell upon Topaz, and bestowed many caresses on his wrinkled chin, and smooth head, all of which the terrier received with an air of blinking condescension. Having soothed her mind by this proceeding, she put on her hat, and took the path that led to Church Lane, as that grassy shadowed road was called on the borders of which Robert Douglas's cottage stood.

DUCKS AND GEESE.

THERE is, perhaps, no pleasanter spring sight than the first launch of a fleet of young ducks. Goslings, it is true, are lovelier even than they, and in the same style. No blossoms of the opening year—daffodils though they might be, or celandines,—ever showed brighter on the green sward than do goslings, the first time they are brought out to make acquaintance with the wonderful world they have come into. Happiest of little birds they seem, nibbling at tender blades of grass with soft ineffectual bills; and basking in the heat of the sun which, according to folk science, is to harden and ripen into flesh the yolk of egg of which their plump, round bodies are popularly supposed to consist. But goslings seldom swim while the flower-like beauty lasts which they have at first; whereas ducklings might be cousins to the primroses by the water's brim when they first take to the water. Very fit inhabitants they are for the fair wonder-world that a pond is turned into, when green trees, blue sky, and white clouds use it for a looking-glass. So light they look that it seems impossible they should sink; but it is still a fresh wonder, let it have been seen and admired never so often, to see these bright little toys—these baby birds, swim so cleverly. They sail round and round in circles; they race from one side of the water to the other; dive out of sight and come up where least expected; turn themselves over so that nothing of them is visible but the little bobbing tails, floating in this capsized fashion like so many buoys put to mark a channel. They duck (whence their name) their heads under the water; throwing it over their bodies, and washing these with their bills, their heads with their webbed feet; and they do all these as well the first time as the hundred and first; only that the very first time there is a tremulous excitement about them—a pretty, childish uncertainty in their movements, that is very engaging.

Pleasantest of all it is to see them dress and plume themselves when they come out, extracting oil with their bills from the cruises of it which they carry in their tails, and smearing it over their little yellow coats to make them water-proof. Early in the year they sometimes neglect doing this, and then their feathers soak the water when they go in next; so it is safer not to let unfledged ducks swim at all until after Saint Mark has taken the cold stone out of the water (April 25th) which Saint Matthew put into it (September 21st).

Ducks do not sit early; when their eggs are taken from them every day few of them attempt it at all—not two, perhaps, of a season, out of a flock of twenty or thirty; and so it is that a hen is mostly employed to hatch their eggs and rear their young. A weary task the poor foster-mother finds it. I do not know that her organ of time is sufficiently developed to make her aware that her hope is deferred a week longer than if she sat on her own eggs; but when the desire comes, short is her enjoyment of it,—only for as long as it takes her wilful nurslings to find out the nearest water. It is piteous to see the agonies of maternal anxiety which she endures at first; more piteous still to see her helpless resignation when at last she has to acknowledge in her children a nature diverse from her own, and with dissimilar requirements. When first they go on the water she scolds them, coaxes them, reasons with them from the bank, from the stepping-stones, from the water itself, into which as far she dares she wades out to them; but all the poor mother's eloquence cannot make them into chickens, and after a while she remains aloof while they indulge their strange propensity; suffering them to do that which yet she cannot bear to see them do; receiving them joyfully when they return to her, and bearing patiently the wetting and the soiling of her dainty plumage. A white or light-coloured hen looks *too* draggled and doleful in such a case. Dark brown or gray, that is the only wear for a mother that has to bring up a big family of children that are always eating, always hungry, never out of mud, and never out of mischief. Care should be taken that she gets a little corn every day, or some comfortable morsel; her sharp-pointed beak, like a pair of chop-sticks, not being well adapted for eating the thin spoon-diet that her charges gobble up so eagerly: and when they grow big she should have a perch to roost on, for brooding over the hot, wet ducks would make her feathers come off. Ducklings should be looked after if heavy rain comes before they are fledged; and the rather, because, not being afraid of it, they cannot be depended on, like chickens, to remain under the hen. A severe drenching, even if it do not kill them, often makes them faint away; and then there is the trouble of holding them to the fire till they come to, and of nursing them up afterwards in a warm basket.

School-boys in corduroys differ not more from babies in christening-robes than ducks of six weeks old do from nestlings. Hardy, dirty, noisy, headstrong young vagabonds they

are, with not a trace of their first delicate prettiness. But there is this to be said in their favour,—they are not at all troublesome. All they want is to be let ramble off upon their own devices;—confinement they cannot bear at all; and to get as much food as they can eat five or six times a day when they run home clamouring for it. School-boys themselves have not more charmed lives and limbs—always in danger, and scarce ever coming to harm. I have heard, that in the good old days of the road, no mail-coach driver could ever run over a duck. They run under horses, and carts; they pick up worms among the irons of the plough, and the falling clods of the furrow; snatch them from the very edges of spades, shovels, and pitch-forks, and always at the last moment they elude the danger with a backward, forward, or side-way movement, quick as the glancing of their black, beady eyes. To dig worms for ducks is a common piece of management; but it is not a plan to be recommended, though they eat them eagerly, dragging them from each other in the greediest way. They pick up animal food enough themselves; more only makes them grow up dwarfish, precocious things, besides over exciting them, so that they swim and race the flesh off their bones faster than even their enormous appetites can put it on again. They are best fed at first with Indian corn or oat-meal, boiled into porridge, or made into a thin paste with water or milk. For adults, a good and cheap food may be made by pouring boiling porridge upon raw, shred cabbage; but they will eat, and grow fat upon, almost anything that can be swallowed.

Ducks, probably in memory of the time when they were called mallards, and were migratory in their habits, always travel in Indian file. Just like a railway-train, when it moves slowly near a station, a long string of them looks, swaying backward and forward by reason of the birds' waddling gait. Another ancestral habit which they have not dropped is that of feeding by night. As soon as evening comes, they troop off into the meadows, delighting to feel the moist grass under their soft flat feet; and feasting on worms that come up into the dew; on snails with houses, and snails without; on frogs, and all sorts of good things. On rainy nights it is difficult to get them in at all. They like the same sort of muggy weather that turnips do; and it is almost as hard to bring them up of a dry, hot summer, as it is turkeys and chickens of a wet one. Those that come out late in the year never grow big; and neither

do those that have not free access to water. At the same time, where there is a river they are apt to be rather in racing than in table condition, and must be confined to the house to be fattened. Ponds are what suit them best, or wet, shady trenches, where they may lounge in the heat of the day, eating duckweed and the larvæ of aquatic insects, and dabbling in mud to their heart's content.

Occasionally a duck will lay and attempt to hatch outside; usually near water, and at some distance from home. She pulls feathers off her breast, and with these and a little withered herbage makes a rude inartificial nest, in a tuft of rushes, in a tangle of meadow-sweet and purple loose-strife, or under a bush of fragrant bog myrtle; but before she has finished laying her hatch of eggs, they are generally sucked by crows or water rats. Or the duck, too, perhaps is missing; and then one can only guess that some tramp has spied out the nest, and has roasted the bird in the embers of the fire with which he cooked the eggs for supper; turning them continually that they may not burst, or else making a small hole in the end of each, for there is reason in the roasting of eggs. Those of ducks contain a good deal more oil than hen's eggs, and they are larger. In putting them to be hatched, it should be remembered that three dozen of them seldom produce more birds than would two of hens' eggs, a large proportion of them generally proving addled, and their shells being very brittle.

Aylesbury ducks should be large, should have snow-white plumage and bright yellow feet. Their bills are flesh-coloured, and it is reckoned a blemish when they have the black spade-shaped mark which the ordinary sort bear on theirs. They are handsome birds, yet hardly so handsome as the common sort in their brown and white suits; with the sheeny colours, blue, black, and green, all changing into each other, which they wear on their heads and necks; in the diamond spots of their wings; and in the saucy, curly feathers which they carry in their tails. Rouen ducks resemble mallards, but are much larger. In those of Toulouse, as in the Strasbourg geese, enlargement of the liver is induced, for the purpose of making the swollen diseased organs into pies. An easy thing, I should say, it would be to make a duck bilious—much easier than to make a goose so; for geese are strict vegetarians, and though they have hearty appetites, are by no means greedy.

I cannot indeed imagine why duck should be a term of endearment, goose one of reproach. Which bird is better dead must of

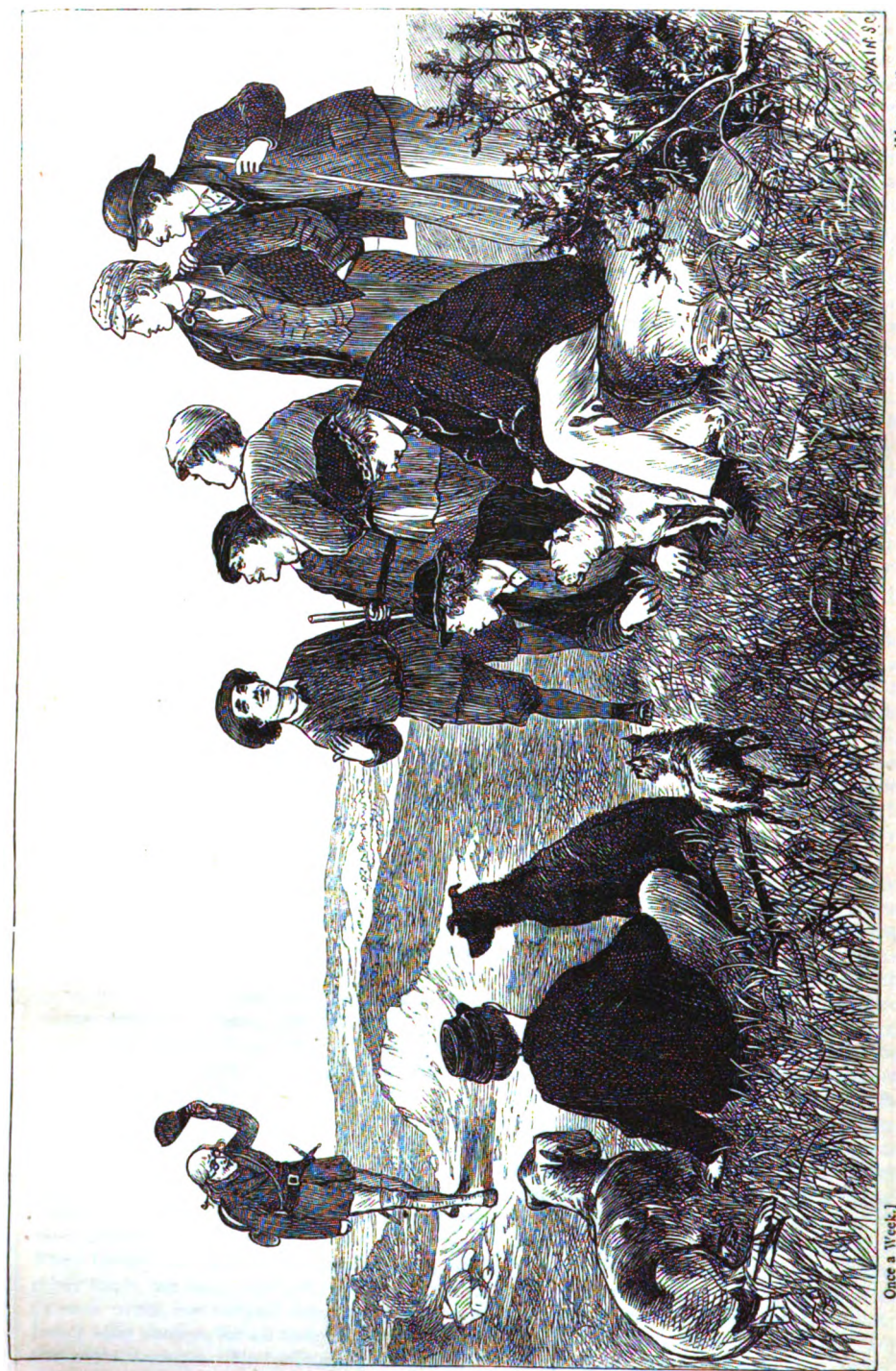
course be a matter of taste ; but living the goose has very much the advantage, both morally and intellectually. Stupid or silly, geese certainly are not, however they got the reputation of being so. No fowls are so affectionate among themselves as they, and they are the only fowls that, apart from fear or interest, manifest any attachment to us. I could tell of a goose that led a blind woman about, of a gander that would single out any fowl pointed to by his master, and lead it to him by the wing ; of many a friendship between them and human beings ; but space does not serve. Faults of temper they certainly have ; no one can deny this who has ever looked into the gander's steel-blue eye, the very colour of the sky of a clear sharp winter's day ; or who has, for interfering with the goslings of his milder eyed partner, got a peck from her sharp bill, delivered with the whole force of her lithe neck and hammer-shaped head. But it would be impossible not to forgive her, she is so good a mother ; sitting closely on her eggs, pulling down off her breast to keep them warm during the few minutes that she leaves them to snatch a little food and drink ; sedulously caring for her goslings, and even denying herself the comfort of a bath during the time that damp might injure them. Other birds, though as fond perhaps of their young as she at first, after awhile cease to care for them, but the goose never does. And the gander is a model father of a family. It is both pathetic and ludicrous to see him moping about, melancholy and gentleman like, while the geese are sitting ; to see him watching outside their house when the month of incubation draws near its close, and exchanging confidences with them through the chinks of the door, and to see his exultation when at last they bring out the goslings to him. But wholly pathetic are his grief and anger when in autumn, one after another, his children are taken from him. Strange goslings he would also welcome, did the geese allow it ; but they, upon whom it devolves to keep up the distinctions of society, not only keep such at a distance themselves, but oblige him to do so too. There is probably no community into which it is so hard for a stranger to find entrance as one of geese ; but then they are most affectionate and united among themselves. They hardly ever wander about separately like other fowls, but herd together ; and they cackle to each other, not only all day, but, the day not being long enough for all they have to say, half the night through. No birds are so wakeful.

Goslings are so hardy, and the geese take

such care of them, that they require but little care from us. Some people turn them with their mothers into a field as soon as they are hatched, taking no further care of them, night or day ; but the more usual and better way is to pen them for a few days at first in some sheltered spot, and to feed them on groats and on grass cut small, giving them a shallow dish of water to drink from, and paddle in. It is better not to house them at night after they are feathered. They need not be fed often when they have learned to graze, which they do very soon ; but they will not do much credit to their keep unless they get some food in addition to grass. It is best given them in the evening, in some enclosed yard where they may remain all night safe from the fox. Notwithstanding their wariness, he often may be seen trotting along in the grey of morn or evening with one of them slung across his shoulders, her head in his mouth. He is a dainty robber, preferring land-fowl to water-fowl, if he can get them ; and he is probably well aware of the difference that there is between grass-fed geese and those that get messes of meal and vegetables.

A wide difference it is. Other kinds of poultry when insufficiently nourished are hard and tasteless ; geese are hard and ill-tasted—no more like what they ought to be than the green part of celery is like the blanched. They fatten more quickly in confinement than at large, and on a far less amount of food ; but house-feeding is very injurious to their feathers, the down, in particular, dwindling away almost entirely.

Geese like cabbages, turnips, and potatoes, either raw or boiled. Mangel wurzels and carrots they are particularly fond of, especially if they can get them whole. They like earning their food better than getting it without any trouble, and are evidently enjoying themselves very highly as they work at these sugary roots, carving them into open work with their nibbling bills, and bringing out their fine carmine, cream, and orange colours. Another favourite employment with them is pulling corn out of ricks and stacks. They do considerable damage in this way, working perseveringly in one spot till they have made a breach, and then plundering by wholesale. Yet they are hardly ever caught in the fact, for a flock of geese is never without a sentry, which, knowing very well what a high crime they are committing, is sure to give them notice of the approach of any one, upon which they leave off at once. And these are the birds whose name is a by-word for stupidity !



PAPA ANDRÉ.

"It was a sight to see him when he arrived at the meet in the costume he thought suitable to the occasion."—Page 411.

PAPA ANDRÉ.

MANY years ago, it suddenly occurred to the authorities of the ancient college of Harchester, that there were certain countries in Europe where Greek and Latin would be useless and unintelligible for asking the common necessities of life, and that it might possibly be of advantage to the gentle youth under their sagacious care, if it were instructed in, at least, the rudiments of French, German, and Italian. As at that time the Austrians were undisputed masters of Northern Italy, the head master, who had just about as much idea of modern languages as enabled him to regard them with great contempt, engaged, on economical principles, an emerited subaltern in one of the Croatian regiments of that empire, who, according to his own account, was thoroughly acquainted with the two latter languages as well as our own. If any of his pupils are wandering about Europe at the present moment on the faith of his instruction, I am sorry for them. I attended his Italian class once, after which I retired gracefully from the unequal contest; it was impossible to understand a word he said in either of the languages he professed to teach, and as it was only on the whole holidays that instruction was given, and the attendance was purely voluntary, I decided to devote the hour I would otherwise have bestowed on the improvement of my mind to the sports of football or cricket, according to the period of the year. But it came to be noised about that the post of French master was more difficult of settlement, and as at that time barricades were the fashion abroad, and starved-out patriots were to be counted by hundreds in the purlieus of the Haymarket, it might have been supposed, judging from the short-cropped ruffians who congregated about the gates of the college, that some eminent revolutionist had designs on the peaceful old city of Harchester.

At last, however, it was announced that the post had fallen to the lot of M. André, though how the masters could have arrived at a decision as to his merits, I am at loss to conceive, as I am sure they could not have accomplished half-a-dozen words of French between them—indeed, they belonged to that select body of Britons who, even now-a-days, imagine that the French are an inferior race, never wash, and live on frogs.

I dare say his appearance, high-bred manners, and easy volubility, won their hearts; or he may have been backed up by some influ-

ential personage; be that as it may, he was duly installed French master, and, since he was looked upon as a confounded nuisance by the boys, measures were immediately taken to give him such a reception as might induce him to reconsider the advantages of accepting the appointment.

I well remember the first time I ever saw him; it was a dull afternoon in November about five weeks before the Christmas holidays. It was the custom at the end of the half year to have an enormous bonfire in one of the college courts, and as the ingredients in the way of hedge-stakes, tar-barrels, and other combustibles, could only be procured and introduced by stealth, for about six weeks beforehand there was great excitement in collecting fuel with secrecy. That afternoon we had been particularly successful; some unfortunate farmer had just completed some neat fencing, the whole of which had been taken down in less than an hour, and stowed away in various secret spots. The boys, flushed and insolent with such a noble success, were ready for anything, and as badgering a foreigner, and that foreigner a Frenchman, had the charm of novelty about it, a large number announced their intention of attending the class.

Into the room, then, we rushed, laughing, hustling, and tumbling over each other, and this is what we saw. At the end of a square table, at the four corners of which were placed tallow candles (gas had not then reached these parts), was seated a mild-looking, gentlemanly man, of between fifty and sixty years of age. The crown of his head was bald, but his gray hair was luxuriant at the sides, and fell over his shoulders in large curls. His forehead was high and wide, his eyes blue and small, but he wore handsome gold spectacles which made them appear larger than they really were. He was dressed in a blue frock-coat buttoned across his chest, above which appeared the collar of a black velvet waistcoat, a plum-coloured satin stock in which glittered a small diamond pin, black trousers, strapped over the neatest boots I ever saw in my life; his hands were white and well-formed, and on the little finger of one was a massive gold ring, set in which was a brilliant of great size and beauty; on the table by his side were his well-brushed hat and a handsome cane.

When we were all in the room he, with a graceful wave of his hand, motioned us to be seated, and, rising from his chair, commenced the following address, which no doubt he had carefully prepared, in a very sweet voice, with, perhaps, just a touch of sadness in it—"Gen-

lemen, my pupils and pensioners of this distinguished college, I have the honour to announce to you that I have been selected from many aspirants to fill the chair of professor of the French language. I will do of my best to perform the arduous duties of that office with pleashare to myself and with profect to you. It shall be my endeavour to throw such light—” here, on a preconcerted signal, Larkins from one side of the room, and Rowden from the other, with great precision shied a couple of books, boomerang fashion, at the candles, and swept all four off the table on to the floor, where they lay spluttering and fizzing, filling the room with their horrible odour, while, I am ashamed to say, we all set to a-laughing. But we did not laugh very long. “Silence!” the master roared in French, and a terrible fire flashed from his little eyes through the gold spectacles. “Il paraît que j’ai affaire à un tas de galopins! Qui est le lâche qui ose ainsi porter un insulte à un étranger. Est-ce possible que vous soyez les fils de ces gentils-hommes de la vieille Angleterre renommés pour leur hospitalité et leurs bons cœurs! Je vous ramenerai bien à raison, je vous promets. Sortez, drôles, sur l’instant!” He spoke the word *sortez* with a gesture worthy of Talma or Ligier, and, though they did not understand all he said (I did, as, for reasons unnecessary to state, I could at that time speak French nearly as well as English), they guessed a good deal, and sneaked out as ashamed of themselves as boys could be.

I had lingered behind the others, and as I had my hand on the handle to close the door, I looked through the chink made by the half-opened door, and I saw the poor gentleman put his head between his hands, and heard him murmur to himself, “C’est infâme, c’est infâme!” as he rocked himself to and fro in his chair. There was something very touching as well as dignified in his grief, and returning, I went softly up to him and touched him on his arm; he started up and exclaimed angrily, “What make you here, you dare not to obey me?”

“Monsieur,” I said, in French, “pardon them; they are farcers, but they are not wicked; they love a joke, and play one when they have a chance; demand rather of M. the professor of mathematics.”

This I said (by way of parenthesis), for the day before, when the present writer, who always abhorred mathematics because he never could bring his great mind to bear upon them, was attending the Euclid class of the excellent and amiable master, John Bessborough

Romboyd, Esq., M.A., J. B. R. was roaring out as usual at the top of his voice, “Now then, Duff, you stupid fellow, because A B is equal to A C, what then?”

“Therefore—” says Duff, with great presence of mind.

“Tell him, Jones; now then, because A B is equal to A C?”

“Wherefore—” suggests Jones.

“Stupid boy; now, Chaffers.” (Moi qui vous parle.)

“Why, because, sir—”

“Go and order your name, Chaffers—order your name; it’s like your usual impudence. Stupid asses! There’s reasoning! Because A B is equal to A C, therefore, wherefore, why, because?” He could not help laughing, but I was uneasy sitting down for many days afterwards. Ordering your name meant that you were to give your name to the monitor of the day, who made out the list of the boys who were to undergo the operation of flogging.

I ventured to tell M. André this little anecdote, which made him laugh too. “My child,” he said, “you have a good heart; perhaps I am too sensible; but I have known misfortunes, and am not accustomed to the instruction of youth. You do not appear to want much from me; on the days of leave you shall come and make a feast with the little Toinette, my daughter, whose dear mother is now a saint in heaven—but enough, tell your comrades I forgive them, and ask them to bear with me for the future.”

I am glad to say that Larkins and Rowden, like good fellows, went immediately and apologised, assuring him that no disrespect was intended, but that the candles presented an opportunity for a display of skill they found it impossible to resist.

After this, the old gentleman led a comparatively easy life, and became a great favourite with all, even with those who did not avail themselves of the benefits to be derived from his instruction. Those benefits were, I fear, limited, on account of the small knowledge of the English language he possessed—not but what he had the highest opinion of his proficiency in our tongue. For instance, one day we were reading from some *Recueils Choisis*, when a boy came across the word *narines*, which he very properly translated nostrils. We were much astonished at hearing him exclaim, “Ha! ha! my child, you spik the beastlies (this I found out afterwards was his translation of *bêtises*), you sink you spik Angleesh better than me; listen—it is not noztril, but noze-hole—hole of your noze, see you?” and he

inserted two of his fingers into that feature to illustrate his meaning.

It was the custom of the senior boys on the cold holiday afternoons to prepare at the great fire in the centre of the hall large jorums of egg-flip. This was manufactured in long conical-shaped saucepans, and diffused a pleasant odour, at once appetising and tantalizing to us juniors, who were not allowed to partake. One afternoon, M. André came in to warm himself while this preparation was going on; he always received a kindly welcome from the monitors.

"*Tiens !*" said he, "what is that curious drink? It has to me a false air of your *purée de pois*; yet the odour is more alluring. Have you the habitude to make your own soups? And yet they say the art of the kitchen is neglected in the old England."

"Wait a moment, Mossieur Aundray," said Swilburne, the senior monitor, "and you shall taste it."

"Ah, you are too good for me, gentlemen," and his little eyes sparkled with gratitude and anticipated pleasure. When the drink was made, and a large tumbler handed to him, he held it up in the air, and with that sweet smile he possessed, which contrasted so with the habitual sadness of his face, said,—

"Messieurs, silence je vous prie. I have the permission of M. Sveelburne to offer you my sentiments after the manner of your country. My friends, I drink to the eltz of ze noble ladees your mozers, of whom you are the worthy sons! (Cheers). I drink to the beautiful eyes of your charming seestares! (Prolonged cheering.) I drink to the prosperitee of the commensals of Archesterre; may they gain always at their parties of crickets and of football!" Immense cheering, during which he drank off his tumbler, and expressed his satisfaction pantomimically, by raising his eyes and kissing the tips of his fingers. Swilburne thereupon, who prided himself not so much on his French accent as upon his knowledge of the literature of the country—he had informed M. André one day that he was very fond of the fables of Lafontaine, especially that one which began,

Le siggal ayant chantay too l'atay
Tenait ong song bec ung fromage !—

filled his own and M. André's tumbler again, and said, "Mossieur Aundray, nous sommes beang oblijsays à vous, nous sommes beang hooroo de vous avoir avec nous—nous aimons vous beaucoup, et vous êtes ung, ung—hang it all, what's the French for trump?"

"Merci, messieurs, your drink is very forti-

fying, and I should think digestive; but it appears to me to mount a little to the head, so bonjour," and he raised his hat in a stately way to us all and departed.

According to his own account he had always been devoted to the sports of the field, so we introduced him to such as were available. At that time we kept a very fine pack of badger hounds, composed of an old bull-dog who had formerly seen better days, and seen them with two eyes—now he had but one, and that one doubtful; one abandoned looking lurcher, who was evidently accustomed to pursuits in "another place;" a wiry little terrier, and a sort of nondescript, part foxhound, part mastiff, and part pointer, of whom Bill Spoggins spoke in a mysterious but respectful manner,— "He ain't as 'andsome as paint, but no one knows what that 'ere dawg can't do,"—and indeed I don't think any one did but the magistrates of the county. Bill hunted the pack, and though his ostensible profession was that of bargee and dog-fancier, from the disparaging manner in which Squire Beecham's gamekeepers spoke of him, I am inclined to think he was not wholly unacquainted with the flavour of hares and pheasants. The meets took place on the neighbouring downs, whither the badger was conveyed in a large sack, and the members of the hunt were all provided with a short wooden pitchfork, it being the height of badger-craft to pin the animal by his neck to the ground while running by his side. There was a certain amount of excitement about this, because, if you missed the badger, he didn't miss your leg, and he bit rather hard. On being invited to this pastime, M. André declined at first, on the ground that he had long since parted with his *haras*, but that he had a horn of chase which was at the service of the brave chasers. But when informed that the game was pursued on foot, he became very keen indeed.

It was a sight to see him when he arrived at the meet in the costume he thought suitable to the occasion. A cloth cap with an enormous peak crowned his head. A tight-fitting green tunic and waistcoat, rather the worse for wear, were secured to his waist by a leathern band with a square steel buckle. A *carnassière* was slung across his loins (it was with the greatest difficulty we got him to dispense with his trumpet), and leathern gaiters came up above his knees. He wore his gold spectacles, and when he was presented with the wooden fork and explained its use, he brandished it with a chivalrous air, as if prepared to do or die.

As we could not tell him in his own language what a badger was, he was rather curious to see the animal. He had an idea, from what he could gather from our attempted description, that it was a sort of *sanglier*, and begged that if killed he might be presented with its *hure*, which he informed us was one of the indigenous products of his country, and in high perfection at the New Year. His *bonne* was skilled in the preparation of this delicacy, he would have the pleasure of inviting some of his chers commensals to partake. However, when the badger was unsacked, he pronounced him a bad beast, a *sacré d'blaireau*, and declared him unworthy to live; he vowed he would assome him in less than no time; but the badger was allowed five minutes' law, and off he went, down hills, making for the water meadows. M. André went bravely, supporting himself down the steep by the aid of his fork, and waited on by Swilburne to give him a lead. It was a point of honour that, wherever the badger went, the boys went too, and as he invariably swam the river once or twice in the day, you were pretty sure of a wetting. That day he dodged us amongst the watercourses, which were easily surmounted, and to see dear old André scudding along in the most plucky way, was a sight for gods and men. At last Mr. badger took the river, and monsieur arrived at the brink quite blown, and, as he said, "all in swim," and if he had had but ten years younger, and no fear of a fluxion of chest, he would have made the traverse, I swear you. Swilburne said he would not allow him to think of it. What would dear little Toinette think, if the good Papa returned home with a bad cold, after passing an hour or two with so oragious a youth. "No, monsieur, venez avoir ancor de flip oz ooffs."

Toinette had by this time become a great pet with all of us he-boys, coarse, vulgar, and cruel to each other as we were undoubtedly; but somehow the grand air of M. André had softened our manners, nor permitted us to be fierce; and if there was a cricket or football match, Toinette was always asked with Papa André, as he soon came to be called, and such luxuries as we could provide were always at the service of Papa and Toinette. Did not the present writer attempt to instruct her in the game of cricket, and receive her thanks for making it more unintelligible than it was before to her quick little mind? Cricket is like love, or debt, or whist, or hunger, or thirst, or other games of life; it must be undergone before it can be understood; it is impossible to describe it satisfactorily. Nevertheless,

little Toinette loved to come into those pleasant playing fields on a hot summer's day, and sit under the shade of the hoary old elms, ever so many years old, when a match was going on between the school eleven and the battalion of Her Majesty's Guards, at that time quartered there. As the good Papa, who used to make himself a fête on those days, walked about with Toinette, receiving a kind word from every one, the latter plied with cakes and ices from the neighbouring shop of Mrs. Cross, he had the distinguished air which commended him to the favourable notice even of the college authorities. But when Swilburne, who was captain of the eleven, introduced Papa to Col. the Hon. J. De Leatherer, himself a Frenchman on his mother's side, it was a sight to us boys to see the cordial courtesy between these two high-bred gentlemen. After a few minutes' conversation, Papa André put his hand to the side of his mouth, and whispered something into the Colonel's ear, who thereupon took both the Papa's hands in his, shook them warmly, and said in French, "Mon cher vi—" "Sh—sh," said Papa, putting his forefinger to his nose, "à sept heures," and we knew that he was about to be entertained at that jolly and hospitable mess. I am sure Swilburne regrets to this day having bowled the kind Colonel second ball for a round O. We know what a great man Swilburne is now, and I love to think he may read these pages, every word of which he will know to be true. But not to excite the reader's curiosity, the mystery that surrounded Papa was never solved, and went with him to his grave. The Colonel no doubt knew (and I heard afterwards some one else did), but alas! the Crimea possesses his manly bones.

So it came to pass that, despite the mystery hanging about our friend, he shortly became exceedingly *bien vu* amongst all classes. When it was known that he had been invited to the Guards' mess by such a swell as Colonel De Leatherer, even the head-master condescended to call upon him. He had a little cottage, one of a row opposite the barracks, so that there was endless amusement for him and Toinette in watching the drills and parades, and listening to the bands. Babette, a fine Normandy *bonne* with cheeks rosy as her native apples, and who declined to pass herself of the costume of her native country, made their simple household. Babette excited great admiration amongst the stalwart sergeant-majors, but she had given up *les amours*, she said, long ago. I think it was one of Babette's *fricandeaux* that first gave me the elegant

taste I possess for the pleasures of the table. Certainly Papa's little dinners were admirable. He shortly astonished some of the oldest inhabitants by his skill at whist, and had he chosen to adopt that pastime as a profession, might have made a better income than he did by teaching. Soon he got a good county connection, and became the instructor of half the gilded youth of Porkshire.

"Ma foi!" he used to exclaim, "and this is the perfidious Albion with which we other insensates used to beat ourselves! Truly there is no other nation worthy of our prowess. So much generosity! so much chivalry! such gentlemen as Bayard might have envied!"

Indeed, he had reason to say so; everybody was fond of the old boy, and made the impenetrable sorrow he bore about him, whatever it was, lighter and easier to bear.

There was only one other occasion, after the unfortunate candle business mentioned above, where he had occasion to assert his dignity. The fact was, he had become so popular in the school, that more boys attended his classes than he could possibly do justice to. It therefore became necessary to appoint another master, which was accordingly done. But M. de Blagueville was a very different person to M. André, and received no mercy at our hands. He was a vulgarian of the first order, and though treated with consideration and politeness by his colleague, was jealous of the influence the latter possessed over us. Some foolish boy repeated to Papa some disparaging observations made by M. de B. about him. "How!" he said "did that pillar of eating-house advise himself to say that. We shall see. I fice myself not badly of his *de* and his manners of barrack." I believe he consulted Swilburne as to the propriety of summoning him to the field of honour, and proposed sending the Warden as his witness with his cartel. He told us himself afterwards that he had met M. de B. in the streets the following Sunday and stopping him, shook his cane, and said, "Monsieur, to-day is Sunday. But to-morrow!" It was, as he said, his *quos ego*, but I never heard any more about this quarrel.

So the years passed, and I increased in knowledge and in years. Papa, you may be sure, was not so young as he was, and his hair had become nearly white and his back was bent. He sometimes complained of great fatigue and lassitude, and found out he must forego the pleasures of the *chasse au blaireau*. During the last summer half I spent at Har-

chester, my father, who had lately returned from a diplomatic appointment abroad, himself an old Harchesterian, took a house near the town, and removed himself and family there, to renew the impressions of his youth. My father, being considered a credit to the college, and also a desirable ornament, with his orders and stars, at the state dinners, at that time given by the big-wigs of the cathedral and college, soon had an opportunity of making the acquaintance of Papa, and the two speedily became very intimate. Papa and he seemed to know every distinguished person on the continent. Each had extraordinary stories about Talleyrand and Montrond. I used to enjoy my Sunday leave out and the conversation at dinner between these two. Little Toinette always came down to dessert with my small brothers and sisters, and the children were inseparable. My father used to wag his head protocolically, and declare that M. André had all the manners of the *vieille roche*. He chided me when I called him (André) Papa. It was lamentable to see the growing disrespect of young men for rank, respectability and old age. When *he* was, &c., &c., &c.

At this time Papa took to the sport of minnow-fishing with the little ones. There was a stream that ran along a pretty walk called the Monk's Walk, where you might catch thousands of these edible little fish on a warm summer's day. He used to sit under a tree, with a book and cigar, every now and then watching his little charges to see that they did not fall in, and joining in their exclamations of delight when a larger fish than usual came to basket. I found him so employed one afternoon, when I was taking a meditative walk. I was writing at that time for the Gold Medal given for English verse.

"Eh, my poet, you have found us. Old age and childhood together. I think other poets, greater than you, my dear young man, but not of better heart, have treated of this theme. Well, well, it is better, when one touches to the end of one's days, to have affair with these little ones, who all love me, than with the worldlings and egoists yonder. So you leave us at the end of the term? But you will return often, will you not, and see the old Papa before he sings *Domum* for the last time? He would like to see you start prosperously on that voyage of life in which so many of his own hopes have been wrecked. Never mind! I am at peace, my friend—oh! I am at peace, for your good father has promised me that, when I am gone, my little Toinette shall have her Home (why have we not that beautiful

word in our language?) with him. Come, my children, it is late, and tea awaits us."

The end of the half came, and I did not get the Gold Medal for English verse, subject, Belshazzar's Feast; though it contained that noble description of the elephants—

The ponderous natives of the torrid zone
'Gave up their tusks to form Belshazzar's throne.

Papa and I took leave in the most affectionate manner, and in the following October I went to Oxford. Here one summer I had him to stay, and showed him all the lions of that famous university. He dined at the high table of the sister college of Harchester, and revelled in the renowned port wine of the common room. He delighted in the boat-races, and said it was the most magnificent sight in the world. There is no youth like the English youth, he said. Let us hope they will never belie the opinion of so good a man. Two Christmas-tides he spent at my father's house in town with Toinette, and all sorts of games he showed the young ones, never appearing so happy as when making them so. But the second time he came we were shocked at seeing him so aged and infirm, and were obliged sadly to admit that the end could not be far off. The following Easter he was obliged to resign his appointment, and never left his house again, but on one occasion.

At Harchester we had a Latin song of Home. A legend ran that a boy, neglected and left behind, spent his holidays in composing this song, which he cut out on the turf of the neighbouring downs. At the end of every summer half this song was sung by the boys and choristers of the chapel and cathedral, accompanied by the bands of the garrison, in different parts of the college, in the hall, the schoolroom, the playing-fields, and lastly, in the chapel quadrangle, in the presence of all the county people and such old schoolfellows and their families as chose to attend. The words and music are renowned all over the world, wherever two or three Harchesterians have been gathered together, and both are very plaintive and beautiful. Papa André had always loved this song, and used to join in the chorus with tears in his eyes, and a quivering voice, pronouncing the words *Domum, Domum, dulce Domum*, after the French manner. The time had arrived when he was to hear it for the last time, and on a beautiful July evening he was wheeled in a chair into the playing-fields accompanied by Toinette, now a pretty girl of seventeen or so. His face was pale and thin, but still wore its usual smile, not so sad indeed

as usual, for he was conscious no doubt that *Domum* for him was not far distant. He was speedily surrounded by a sturdy young body-guard, who, hustling the attendant away, dragged him about the fields to the most advantageous points whence the music of the various bands could be heard. He was very anxious to learn the prospects of the school at the forthcoming matches at Lord's cricket ground, expressing his fear that he would not be well enough to attend, and hoped that Bathurst, the captain, would favour him with a few minutes' conversation. Everybody went to fetch Bathurst, who speedily arrived.

"Eh bien! M. le capitaine, the crickets march well, I hope?"

"Yes, I think so, Monsieur André, if Bailey and Lobbington bowl; but there is no depending on Lobbington, who wants to go abroad."

"Eh! what! desert his regiment the day of battle! Tell him, I pray you, that Papa André says that his honour is concerned: better worth to lose all, than lose that."

Some friends come up at that moment, and the conversation is changed, which gives a young Oxford bachelor, by name Chaffers, an opportunity of having some talk with Miss Toinette.

But it is now nine o'clock, and we all move to the quadrangle. Masters, scholars, guests, have all had a kind word for Papa, and hope he will be quite well by the time the holidays are over. He shakes his head gently and says, "*Peut-être.*" The bands are placed in the centre of the quad. The masters, scholars, and choristers stand round in a circle. M. André, in his chair, has the post of honour inside the circle, and the spectators fill the rest of the court. The united bands begin to play the symphony of the glorious old song, which it is impossible to hear without emotion. The fresh voices of the boys begin,—

Concinamus, O sodales!
Eja! quid silemus!
Nobile canticum,
Dulce melos, Domum,
Dulce Domum resonemus.

At the chorus, *Domum, Domum, dulce Domum*, all, perhaps a thousand spectators, take up the melody with an effect I have only heard approached in the famous chorus of the Benediction of the Poniards in the Huguenots. All the time M. André sits motionless, with his hand in Toinette's, and his head on his breast. At last, in the verse where occur the words—

Phosphore! quid jubar
Segnius emicans,
Gaudia nostra moratur?

he raised his hat from his head, and looking upwards, his lips moved, as we supposed, in prayer.

The song ended, the boys, as was their custom, began to give three cheers for their favourite masters, games, &c. At last a shrill voice in the crowd shouted—"Three cheers for Papa André!" which were given with such good will, as made the old chapel tower vibrate again "One cheer more! And another! Now then, all together! Hurra-a-a-a!" till they were exhausted. Papa André, pale and trembling, tried to rise from his chair, but fell back overcome by weakness and emotion. But the hospitable house of the Warden was at hand, and we took him there, where he was speedily recovered. The good Warden pressed him to remain there for the night, fearing that the excitement had been too much for him; but he insisted on going home, begging me to accompany him, and partake of a bowl of *ponch*, as I was to leave the next day. Poor Toinette had been much alarmed, but smiled through her tears at the kindness and affection displayed by the rough boys for her father. As we walked, Toinette on one side of the chair and I on the other, under the old archway, and emerged into the street, he turned himself round in his chair, kissed his hand to the old pile, and, as his head was turned towards me, I heard him murmur to himself, Adieu!

As we were drinking our last glass of *ponch*, he lying on the sofa, (Toinette had gone to bed) he said, "Charles, mon très cher enfant, if a certain thing happens in the years to come, which I love to believe is not impossible, remember there is not a soul in the world who can impugn the honour of—eh bien, of M. André. The beau Colonel and your revered father are the sole depositaries of my secret, such as it is. Toinette I have kept ignorant express. Why leave to her a legacy of sorrow? No! She will have a *dot* not insufficient, and I hope she will find a gallant man (here he pressed my hand) to make her happy. Eh! I have loved thee, since thou showedst so much delicacy and tact to the poor stranger. And now, if we may not meet again, adieu, may the good God bless thee and thine; and may I permit myself one little precept to thee, perhaps the last I shall ever give—Through thy career never forget the device of the noble founder of the dear college là-bas, Mannéres Makyth Mann." I kissed the dear old hand, summoned Babette, and never saw him more.

* * * * *

And if one could not help smiling at the old gentleman's simplicity and kindness, some-

how it was impossible to help sighing too. Toinette, as she leans over my shoulder while I pen these last lines, says, "It is true." And smiling herself, contributes something to this paper which Mr. Printer cannot put into type. Her eldest girl, my daughter, some six years old, comes into the room, and, as I look at her and my wife, I bless the day when I first took lessons from dear Papa André.

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

[From the German of Grün.]

THE Count he was riding home one day,
But, meeting his groom upon the way,—
"Where are you going, groom?" said he,
"And where do you come from? answer me."
"I'm taking a walk for exercise' sake,
And besides there's a house I want to take."
"To take a house!" said the Count. "Speak out,
What are the folks at home about?"

"Not much has happened," the servant said,
"Only, your little white dog is dead."
"Do you tell me my faithful dog is dead?
And how did this happen?" the master said.

"Well, your horse took fright and jumped on the
hound,
Then ran to the river, and there got drowned."
"My noble steed! the stable's pride!
What frightened him?" the master cried.

"'Twas when, if I remember well,
Your son from the castle window fell."
"My son! but I hope he escaped with life,
And is tenderly nursed by my loving wife?"

"Alas! the good Countess has passed away!
For she dropped down dead where her dead son lay."
"Why, then, in a time of such trouble and grief,
Are you not taking care of the castle, you thief?"

"The castle! I wonder which you mean!
Of yours but the ashes are now to be seen;
As the watcher slept, misfortune dire!
In a moment her hair and her clothes took fire.

"Then the castle around her blazed up in a minute,
And all the household have perished in it;
And, of them all, Fate spared but me,
Thus gently to break the news to thee."

TABLE TALK.

THIS is the whitebait season; and the small piscatorial delicacy that is so intimately connected with brown-bread and butter and Greenwich glories of the Ship and Trafalgar, that small whitebait, is supposed by Günther to be the young of the—but, of that anon; as they

used to say in the old historical novel. What I wished to say was something concerning a dish of fish. I was dining with an old bachelor who had won a well-earned fame by giving little dinners that would have been appreciated by Mr. Thackeray or Fin-Bec. We were a *partie carrée*, according to the host's custom; and also, according to his rule, there was but one soup and one fish. What was the fish? there were four of them on the dish; and, in their general appearance and the manner in which they were cooked, they were somewhat like small soles. It was clear, however, that they were not soles; but, as their heads and tails, together with their backbones, had been removed, it was difficult to say what fish they were. They had the delicacy of the smelt; but were much larger. What were they? We could not tell; but we were unanimous in pronouncing them to be of excessive excellence. Then our host told us what they were. They were fresh herrings; but, we had failed to guess them to be such, in a great measure, perhaps, because each fish had been spread wide open, and was then placed on another fish similarly treated. Thus, it took two herrings to make one such fish as was placed upon the dish. Exclusive of the sauce, melted butter and a squeeze of lemon, the cost of the dish was eightpence; and, as fresh herrings begin to be in season in May, I might do worse than recommend the reader to try a dish of them, treated in the way I have described. They have the flavour of whitebait, with the advantage of being much larger, as may naturally be inferred from the fact established by Dr. Günther, that the whitebait is the young of the herring.

IN an immense city like London, there must be innumerable objects accidentally lost that fall into honest hands, and are not of sufficient value to make it worth while for either losers or finders to advertise them. Why, therefore, should there not be a *depôt* such as exists in Paris, where honestly disposed people, who are not cab drivers, omnibus conductors, or railway porters, may disembarass themselves of objects which they may have picked up in the public streets or elsewhere. In Paris "findings are *not* keepings," and no less than from eighteen to twenty thousand objects found upon the public way are deposited by the finders at the *depôt* in question in the course of the year. If to these are added more than an equal number of articles left in public vehicles and similarly deposited, it gives a grand total of no less than from forty to forty-

five thousand objects which have fallen, during the year, into honest hands alone, which, if it says something for the carelessness, says infinitely more for the probity of our Parisian neighbours. These waifs and strays are all stowed away within the prefecture of police, in an immense magazine, which forms a perfect bazaar of odds and ends of the most heterogeneous character, every one numbered, ticketed, classed, and arranged in marvellous order, waiting to be reclaimed by its lawful owner. The room where all the more valuable objects are deposited, contains twelve immense presses filled with watches, chains, rouleaux of gold coin, bank notes, diamonds, and jewelry of every kind, and, strange to say, there are commonly in these presses no less than twelve thousand unclaimed articles. The general *depôt* comprises nine large rooms, furnished from top to bottom with shelves like a linendraper's warehouse, upon which are piled objects of every shape, size, nature, and value—cashmere shawls and sabots, hand-organs and artificial flowers, kitchen utensils and pocket-books, bunches of keys and currycombs. The number of objects in the *depôt* at one time is usually about forty thousand, any one of which can be laid hands on at a moment's notice. Canes, umbrellas, and parasols, ordinarily figured at the *depôt* to the number of at least fifteen thousand. All objects found in Paris upon the public way, if not reclaimed within a year, are handed back to the finders, who are required, however, to keep them for another two years and a day before they are legally entitled to dispose of them. The marvellous part of the affair is, that although every Parisian knows of the existence of this *depôt*, and of the tens of thousands of objects always lying there waiting owners, comparatively few people take the trouble to make inquiries after articles they have lost. Each thinks, as a matter of course, that his property is certain to have fallen into dishonest hands. In addition to any gratuities to the finders left by those who reclaim lost articles at the *depôt*, the prefect of police gives special recompenses, in meritorious cases, ranging from 150 francs downwards. These are generally awarded to drivers of public vehicles.

A SPECIES of nature-printing has lately come into vogue among decorative artists that deserves mention. They who notice paper-hangings in imitation of wood-panneling may have seen some modern specimens, in which the grain of the wood appears with a fidelity

far beyond the reach of art. In some of even the cheaper descriptions of oak-stained papers, all the veins and fibre-marks are re-produced with exquisite beauty, and a reality that puzzles everybody who does not know how the work is done. The fact is, that the wood-grain prints itself. A finely-marked plank is taken, and its surface, after being perfectly planed, is treated with a chemical preparation which has the effect of opening the pores of the wood and, at the same time, of thoroughly hardening the fibre. In this way an intaglio printing-surface is obtained, from which fac-similes can be worked by hundreds, just as from a copper- or steel-plate engraving. The natural impressions are as far beyond the combings and scratchings of the hand-grainer as are photographs beyond the works of the silhouette-cutter. Where it is desirable to exhibit the grain on an irregular surface, the paper copy is used as a transfer; it is wrapped around the receiving object while the colour is moist, and then withdrawn, so as to leave its impression behind it. The inventors have called this process *xylography*; a name, by the way, which has already been applied to the wood-engraver's art.

HISTORY seems to repeat itself sometimes at exact intervals. Here is a curious passage I find in the *Annual Register* for 1767, p. 88.

There has been also an insurrection of the Negroes lately in Jamaica, which was soon quelled, but not until they had inhumanly murdered some whites. We are sorry to say that their cruelties were retaliated in a manner disgraceful to human nature; such of them as were taken were burnt alive by a slow fire, beginning at the feet and burning upwards, which the wretches bore with amazing resolution.

"HAVE you washed this year?" "No; I'm thinking of washing next week if I can get the water." I overheard this brief dialogue the other day. The speakers were too farmers; but they were not like Madame de Staël, who said, "we wash our hands every day; but our feet never!" nor even like Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, of whose dress Horace Walpole said it was a groundwork of dirt with an embroidery of filthiness. Nor were those two farmers like that St. Edmund of Pontigny (and of Abingdon), who was archbishop of Canterbury, and who, as Dr. Hook tells us, having once washed his heart in righteousness considered that he had no need of any outward washings of his face or body, and accordingly made himself like to that celebrated divine and traveller who was represented by a popular conundrum

to be like new flannel, because he shrank from washing. On the contrary, these two farmers may have been as fond of tubbing as any modern undergraduate; and their brief dialogue on washing had reference not to themselves, but to their flocks. Sheep-washing is one of the country occupations just at the present time, and, to my mind, it is the least agreeable rural sight that the three last weeks in May bring before us. It is all very well on paper, whether it be on the page of the poet of *The Seasons*, or on the canvas of the painter. Both poet and painter are able to rid the subject of its various outrages on the senses of smell and hearing: for, in reality, sheep-washing is necessarily attended with the most offensive odours from the oily wool, with a great deal of splashing and staggering through wet mud, and with shouts from the men, barking from the dogs, and incessant piteous bleatings from the sheep. Sheep-washing to a bystander is about as unpoetical a sight as pig-killing; only our poets have taught us to think differently. But I am inclined to think that the fastidious, lotos-eating poet of *The Seasons*, was never within a few yards of an actual sheep-washing.

A SUBURBAN correspondent of *The Times*, (May 6,) has drawn attention to a custom "more honoured in the breach than in the observance" and which might now be allowed to fall into desuetude. It is that ancient custom of perambulation on Thursday in Rogation week, which is called *Beating the Bounds*. He very pertinently asks whether this custom is necessary or expedient; and suggests, that, if it is essential to keep up the ancient boundaries of parishes, the Ordnance map is better evidence than the random recollection of a rough that he climbed over a certain part of a wall and bumped someone else against it. This bumping of the softest part of the body against the hardest part of the wall, is presumed to have the effect of consolidating the bumped person's memory and feelings, and bringing him to a condition enabling him to give topographical evidence on the subject at any future period of his life. Where the boundary is taken across a river or pool, a boat has to be employed; or, failing that, I have known instances where a man has been engaged to swim the distance. Surely, it is time that such senseless tomfoolery should be dismissed to the limbo of oblivion. The Gospel Trees and Gospel Oaks now exist only in name, and, in a few places, are marked on the Ordnance map. In rarer instances, as

in the parish of Bobbington, Staffordshire, the Ordnance map records the name Gospel Ash. Now, these various names are the only records that we have left to us, of what was in former days, an essential part of the Beating of the Bounds,—the reading of a portion of one of the Gospels under the shade of some fine tree that was a parochial land-mark as well as boundary. Sir Thomas More and Isaak Walton have made approving mention of this custom; and George Herbert tells us four reasons why his Country Parson especially loved to walk in the procession on Ascension day. A special homily was also provided for that day and for the three Rogation days preceding it, in order to beseech (*rogare*) the Almighty to bless the fruits of the earth. Thus, the perambulation of a parish boundary was a religious observance; and it continued so to be, until the Puritans found fault with the ceremony; and one of them, in 1572, denounced it in writing as among "Popish Abuses." That week was also called the Gang Week, from the Saxon *ganger*, to go; and the Rogation days were termed the Gang Days; and the pretty lilac and purple milk-wort, which, as old Gerarde tells us, "the maidens who walk in procession in Rogation week do use in their garlands," was not only, from that circumstance, called the Procession Flower, or the Rogation Flower, and also the Cross Flower, because it bloomed on May 3rd, the Feast of the Invention (*i. e.* the finding) of the Cross—but, it was also called the Gang Flower. This word Gang, we still use in its primitive sense in the word Gangway; and the Scotch make use of it, as in "O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me!" but, for the most part, it has fallen into bad company, and is left to gangs of thieves and those agricultural gangs to which, in their most obnoxious form of "mixed gangs," the legislature gave the death blow on New Year's day, 1868. It would appear that the ancient ceremony observed on the Gang-days in the Gang-week, has fallen as low in estimation as the word Gang itself; and it would be well if it were altogether abolished from that yet existing list of customs that have outlived their original use and intention. On the Continent it is still, in many places, preserved as a religious ceremony. "La Bénédiction des Blés," is the subject of a picture in the Luxembourg by Jules Breton.

THERE has been an addition to the large family of Ologies, the name given to the new comer being Dactylology. It has nothing to

do with poetic dactyls, which are metrical feet. But, the word is used for a finger as well as a foot. Your fingers, young ladies, are Grecian dactyls, and the rosy-fingered morn of Homer was the rosy-*daktulos* morn; and a ladies' ring-box was called a *Dactyliotheca*. The new science of Dactylology, then, has to do with the fingers, and, literally, is a science to be had at the fingers' ends. It is that system of signs made with the fingers by which dumb persons are enabled to hold converse with others, and by which even those who are afflicted with deafness as well as dumbness, can receive, and return, communications from, and to, those who are proficient in Dactylology, with a rapidity that seems marvellous to the uninstructed. It is only in our own days that the teaching of the deaf and dumb has been brought to a great degree of excellence, and, among the instances that have come within my own observation, is that of three sisters, all born deaf and dumb, who all three acted as barmaids (to their own relatives) at hotels of high standing, and showed unusual intelligence in the discharge of their duties. It was in the 17th century that the instruction of the deaf and dumb engaged the attention of Dr. John Wallis, and, it appears, that a society of twenty-eight members, under the name of the Wallis Club, has just completed its third session, after the national manner, with a dinner, at which toasts were proposed and responded to, through the medium of Dactylology. It also appears that, during their last session, the members of the Wallis Club have held nine debates on various political and social questions. These debates, of course, were conducted in dumb show, and, however hot they may have been, could never have been noisy. Unlike Goldsmith's parson who, even when vanquished, could argue still, their words could never be of "thundering sound" although of "learned length."

AUBER, the composer, is almost as great a wit as he is a musician. One day, at a representation of Mehul's opera of *Joseph*, the tenor who sang the part having a sore throat, and singing with a husky voice, "He must have remained too long in the cistern," observed the author of *La Muette*.

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A Novel. By the Author of GARDENHURST.

CHAPTER XX.

*But the usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man.*

AZALEA'S heart throbbed fast, and her lips whitened at the thought of her own design. Not that her nervousness checked her determination. She was one of those who carry a beautiful and serene courage in their hearts, which does successful war against all the cloudy terrors, the prescient agonies of a sensitive and vivid imagination. Ephemeral doubts and fears might float through her mind as sea vapours steal round a rock's crest ; but her purpose remained staunch and unshaken as the granite itself.

I feel much commiseration for my poor little heroine. She has genius and she has beauty. What more fatal provocatives to man's dislike and woman's hate could Nature have given her? Madame de Staël remarks somewhere that intellect for a woman is a magnificent mourning robe. Faith that grows confused with much questioning ; love that over-reaches itself ; hope that foresees its disappointment, —such are the guerdons of intellect. Those whose minds are confined to peaceful levels, if they miss the glory of ascending the heights, at least evade the painful vibration of passing through the air, and the clouds of doubt that choke aspiring souls ere they reach the summit. Neither will her courage be a recommendation in the eyes of the superior sex. Men, as a rule, pity and love the creature that droops to them for protection ; the woman who faints has the first claim to sympathy ; the woman who shrieks is infinitely attractive ; the woman who can accomplish a judicious combination of both is irresistible. I do not blame my brethren, for this sentiment of theirs originates in a natural and heroic vanity ;

they like to be called on to prove their own superiority—the superiority of muscle and form which Nature has given them—the superiority of mind to which educational training has assisted them. It is sweet and pleasant to protect a creature whom they love ; and they can scarcely pardon an independence which dispenses with a parade of manly supremacy.

The bye-lane that ran past the Auriel shrubberies was a portion of Church Lane, and so Azalea was not more than a mile from Auriel when she came in sight of the house which Sally had said was Mr. Douglas's. She walked up to the garden gate, and began to frame a few words of inquiry by which she might induce Mr. Douglas to see her. Mr. Douglas, however, had little choice in the matter, for his door was wide open ; and when Azalea stood, on the threshold she saw an oldish man writing at a table, with his face partially averted from her. The only mode of introduction she dared to venture on was a small apologetic cough, Topaz walked on boldly and sniffed the stranger's legs with an air of suspicion, and Robert Douglas put down his pen and looked at the intruders.

Was it a fly tripping over his page, or a bird flopping against the pane—was it the old woman teasing him for orders, or the squire's son come to announce a holiday in place of a task? Something had disturbed him, and for an instant Douglas ascribed his sense of discomfort to some familiar petty cause. Then his glance fell on a fair-headed little girl, who might have been blown in with the sunbeam that streamed through his door, so noiseless had been her approach, so sunny was her aspect. He looked at her wonderingly.

"What do you want?" he said.

His tone was harsh, and Azalea pulled a roseleaf to pieces between her fingers before she could find her voice.

"If you please, I want——," she began.

"Yes."

"I want——"

"Won't you sit down?" Mr. Douglas suggested, pushing a chair towards her.

Azalea accepted the courtesy gratefully. She was not tired, but she was shaking with nervousness. Unfortunately the change of position did not bring increase of courage.

"Yes; what is it?" Mr. Douglas demanded once more. This time his voice seemed harsher, and he glanced at his open book. Azalea saw and interpreted the look aright. "He wants me to go," she thought piteously, "and I haven't said anything yet." In her perplexity and confusion, she kicked her chair vigorously. Mr. Douglas searched under the table, and perceiving that the irritating noise was caused by her legs, he looked at them imploringly and said:

"Don't."

They stopped immediately, and Azalea muttered sullenly: "I want to learn something."

"Yes."

"I want to learn everything," Azalea went on, in desperation.

"I want to learn music and drawing, arithmetic, and French, and Latin, and Greek, and I want you to teach me."

"I do not teach girls," Mr. Douglas said, briefly.

"But I wouldn't be any more troublesome than a boy," Azalea pleaded, "and I do want to get on so; for it breaks my father's heart, he says, to think that I am not to be taught like other children."

"What are they taught here excepting to hoe and to glean? and why does your father want you to be brought up differently from other children in your rank of life?"

"I don't know," Azalea said, simply, "excepting it is that I *am* different, you know."

Mr. Douglas, looking at the delicate feet and hands; the refined contour of the head, and the face bright and mutable with intelligence, owned to himself that this child was very dissimilar from the red-checked, heavy-faced girls who slouched up the lane every Sunday on their way to church.

"Do you know anything already?" he asked.

"Not much," Azalea said, humbly.

He pushed a book towards her. "See if you can learn half a page while I finish what I am about. Now, don't talk, but do what I tell you: if I find you to be intelligent, I may consent to help you; but another fool would be the death of me." With which compliment to his absent pupils, Mr. Douglas bowed his head again over his book, checking with a gesture Azalea's effort to explain to him that she had got far beyond the first page of the Latin grammar, and that he was not testing

her abilities fairly in requesting her to learn the primary rules. She repeated her task mechanically to herself to be quite certain of her perfect acquaintance with it, and then she watched the shadows blowing along the hedgerow opposite the window, and wished she might follow the track of those quick birds who pecked little patches in the cherries in the garden, and then waved away past the cornfields until they became dim, restless specks over the bosom of the distant hills. For a while the silence was unbroken in the little room. The dog lay curled up in the sun; the child sat motionless in the flickering light and shadow that played through the casement; and the man pondered over the mysteries of language which had been sound in the mouths of strange generations who have left to Time no heritage save rich barbaric symbols and strange characters traced on broken fragments of stone. Presently a few heavy drops splashed through the thick, warm air. These were succeeded by others, and a fresh scent of rain began to blow through the rose-trees at the window. Then a low peal of thunder rolled over the meadows, and a sharp vivid streak of pale fire played for an instant across the bosom of a black cloud. The cloud grew darker and the peals louder and fuller, until the lightning streaks, and the thunderous volleys seemed to awe every living thing to silence. The birds ceased to sing, but fluttered uneasily round the fluffy nests, where their fledglings stared with bright curious eyes at the raindrops pattering through their green roof of leaves. The kine herded together under the trees, while their less sedate companions, the horses, galloped wildly round the meadow at every fresh blast of the storm.

Azalea looked calmly out on the angry confusion of the elements—the hurrying clouds streaked by quick flashes of fire; the sullen grandeur of the thunder crashing overhead in an ecstasy of wrath, and then rolling away into sullen murmurs over the echoing hills,—all inspired her with a sort of awed delight.

"Are you not afraid of the storm?" Douglas asked, looking up from his work on the forests of Brazil, his eyes somewhat dazzled by the frequent-recurring flashes.

"Not now," Azalea answered; "I used to be when I was little, you know."

"That was a long while ago," Douglas suggested, amusedly. "And why were you afraid then?"

"I only used to be afraid when I had done anything wrong—when I had stolen the best apples, and told daddy the wasps had eaten

them, or lost the key of the store-room ; then if a storm came I was dreadfully frightened, and thought God was speaking his anger to me through the clouds."

"And now?"

"Oh ! now I don't do anything wrong," she said, with audacious simplicity. "I have all the apples I want, and there isn't a key to the store-room."

"Can you do your lesson?"

"Yes."

"Then let us get it over," Douglas said, wearily.

Azalea rendered up her grammar in a tremor of hope and fear—hope that she might attain her object, and fear lest, by some treacherous failure of memory, she might blunder where she sought to be most certain of success.

Douglas was pleased and astonished at the extent of the child's acquirements and at the lucidity of her understanding. He soon found that it was unnecessary to confine her attention only to the grammar. "To-morrow we will begin Virgil," he said, when the lesson was finished.

Azalea laughed in her heart, feeling that the victory was won, and that her father need suffer no further uneasiness concerning her education.

"Will your father call and see me?" Douglas began.

"He is a cripple, from paralysis," interrupted the girl, sadly.

She was surprised by the look of tender pity that beamed over her companion's rugged face—a look so soft and plaintive that for an instant the harsh features and deep-set eyes seemed transformed into something like beauty.

"I will come to-morrow," he said, briefly.

The light passed away from his eyes as he turned once more to his books, and Azalea thought she must have been mistaken in fancying that he looked almost handsome just now.

"I live up there at Auriel," she said, pointing in the direction of the red gables that peered above a belt of woodland.

Douglas looked out over the yellow, heaving fringe of the corn-fields, heavy-headed and stricken crossways by wet, and shivering in the wind—looked at the low line of the tangled hedgerows—at the purple film of the far woodland, and the dim red house of Auriel towering behind it.

"I shall not forget," he said, musingly. "I should like to see Thurstan Mowbray's home.

I hope I shall find you alone," he added. "I do not care to meet more strangers than I can possibly avoid. Have you any friends?"

"I have none."

"I'm glad of it. Good-bye. The rain has ceased, you see."

"Good-bye," Azalea said, gaily ; and tucking up her petticoats round her, she hurried away. Her fair hair blown about her face, laughter shining in her eyes, and dimpling her soft, baby-looking mouth, it was as if the spirit of beautiful youth had flitted into some old anchorite's gloomy cave, and had danced out again with the free wind and the sun, glad to turn its bright visage away from darkness and sorrow.

Douglas was relieved by her departure. Joy and loveliness were to him what the sight of children are to a barren wife.

CHAPTER XXI.

AN OASIS IN THE DESERT.

THE next four years of her life were very sweet to Azalea. The sweetness was so still and subtle, the time ebbed so softly past her untroubled heart that she herself hardly appreciated the rare worth and beauty of the vanishing hours. In after years she grew wiser in her pain, and would wake from her slumbers with a strange pang of recollection stretching out her arms in the darkness of night, as if imploring Time to give back to her one breath of the old flower-scented sunshine—one glimpse of the old innocently sensuous peace that had blessed her in these days. Then she longed with a passionate craving for the faint scent of the water-lilies that starred the dark pond—for the rustle of the ripened apples falling heavily through the pale leaves, with yellow wasps buzzing over the fallen prize—for the cry of the night bird that whispered mysterious plaints through the dense woodlands—for her father's voice—for Topaz's sudden imperative expressions of doggish will. All the dear trifles of her present content which passed unnoticed now, lived clearly in her mind in the cold hereafter when she could no more clutch a remnant of the joys of her youth than the dead can leave darkness and corruption to dance with the village children who prattle over their graves.

At present her happiness was crossed neither by regret nor prescience of trouble. Youth presses on blindly through its swift bright years, like the true lover who flew over the golden road that led to his mistress's bower without looking right or left. It is

only those who have been already shipwrecked that tremble under the shadow of coming clouds, and shiver at the whisper of adverse winds.

George Moore was still feeble and helpless, but his willing inertia and sometimes broken speech seemed healthful compared to that old terrible time when his voice and limbs were numbed entirely by the dread gripe of paralysis. He was drifting towards the end, but so soft and gradual was the decay that he scarcely saw the deepening of the shadows. Life was fading from view as light dies away on the bosom of a still lake when the rosy dusk darkens slowly from warm indistinctness to impenetrable gloom.

Douglas's visits were a great solace to the old man. It had been arranged between them that the former should come to Auriel on those days when Azalea received her lessons. This arrangement was agreeable to Moore, who sat blinking with satisfaction, and mumbling inarticulate criticisms on the girl's progress while she construed her Latin and carried such rustic intonation into her French exercises as nearly made her tutor swear with vexation. Douglas himself found it pleasant to quit for a while the low roof and plain whitewashed walls of his cottage for the old-fashioned grandeur of the Manor—grandeur infinitely lovelier to him from being tinged by the romance of decay and silence. He liked to wander through the long corridors and empty chambers when they were flushed by sunset. Then the marble faces that gleamed in the dusky recesses had faint little trembles of light moving round their cold, sweet faces, while in the picture-galleries the scarlet coats of the cavaliers glowed as if their breasts were once more facing the light of battle. Through the windows he looked on broken terraces, urns overturned in long grass, and a fountain where the nymphs arose that had once poised a bowl of translucent water was covered with green mould, while the dry cup contained only a few drops of rain, not more than sufficient to induce a passing swallow to rest its glossy breast for a brief instant against the worn, discoloured edge. The old books collected by a learned ancestor of the Mowbrays were linked together with cobwebs, save where Douglas's hand moved them asunder. The collection was a rich and varied one, but no work dated later than the period when George the Second was king, for the last learned and wealthy member of the Mowbray family had died about that period, and his successor, more intent on reaping than sowing the grain

on his estate, added not a single volume to his libraries, nor a tree to his park. Rare early specimens of the literature of all countries stood in dusky rows on the shelves, and Douglas felt pleasure almost akin to enthusiasm during the quiet silent hours he spent in examining their contents. Sometimes Topaz would wander in with his nose up, as if he smelt rats in the air. Sometimes his little mistress came and crouched in a sunny corner, deep in the perusal of some romance borrowed from the shelves of her own sitting-room, where some frivolous female scion of the Mowbrays had left copies of the *Waverley* novels, *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, and other levities of her era. When thus occupied Azalea was as quiet as the statue of the sleeping Psyche in the niche behind her. She grew at length to be a part of those still summer noons in Douglas's mind, and she never jarred the silence by a harsh tone or a sudden gesture.

"She is really tolerable," was the first concession Douglas made in her favour; "and if her French accent was not so vile would be a pleasant pupil." He said this to Moore, who, not hearing him distinctly, took praise of his darling for granted, and, nodding his head, muttered, "Yes, it is beautiful?"

"Perhaps when you were a little boy you didn't know much," Azalea retorted. "French don't come by nature."

But his teaching, if harsh, was salutary. The French soon progressed more fluently.

"As to the dead languages," Douglas said, sadly, "I only wish the parson's boys were like her. If she goes on like this she will be a good double-first spoilt."

Unconsciously to himself, he began to feel the day grow brighter towards the hour of his visit to Auriel. It was something for this desolate man to know that there were yet two faces in the world that gladdened at his approach. By degrees the dim red towers began to look like home to him, as he neared them in his daily walks. The bye-path across the fields that led from the distant village to Auriel had been so little frequented that the corn grew thickly up to the very verge of the ditches, and mixed with the long trailing brambles of the hedgerows. In the autumn noons Douglas lingered to watch the butterflies flit over the golden floats of wheat—to hear the dull, sweet tones of distant church bells vibrate through the dreamy silence, until the last echo died away over the gleaming fringes of far-off fields. Here the bruised honeysuckle was sweet under his tread; the fragile hedge-blossoms fluttered away from their stems as

he brushed past them ; Nature's voice, low-toned and melodious, spoke in the hum of insects, the murmurous coo of wood-doves, the stir of the bearded corn, as it bowed to the warm breath of the summer wind.

As he paused to enjoy the mellow richness of earth's ripest, sweetest hours, he felt something of the calm of these blooming solitudes enter into his heart—something which, if not content, was at least peace.

The noiseless, blossom-dropping summer was succeeded by snow and frost. Douglas did not linger by the frozen ditches and stiffened briars, but pressed on quickly to Auriel. There was yet summer in his heart when he saw old Moore's feeble pleasure at his approach, and observed Azalea's eager face smiling welcome on him through the congealed panes as he came down the path.

Four years passed away noiselessly to these three oddly-assorted companions ; outside their lives the great world was rushing along in its mighty stream of noisy joy and shrill pain. The cities were filled with feasting and dancing, with rumours of war, and prattle of fashions. Great political changes altered the face of established laws ; national sorrow and national triumph made sore or glad the hearts of multitudes ; but the echoes of the world's sympathies did not penetrate to Auriel. Azalea learnt to speak pure English and tolerable French. She grew attached to her tutor, and with feminine tact she did her little best to lighten the cloud on his life. He was not happy, she was sure of that ; for, although he rarely spoke harshly now, or frowned at her as he did on the day they first met, still he never sang as she did—never laughed, like her, at the predatory antics of the magpie, or the blithe gambols of the kitten.

It was not that Douglas made any affectation of melancholy ; but he was like a prisoner whose arms have been bound for so long they know not what use to make of freedom. It is not easy for a man of forty-five, crushed in spirit, and embittered by life-long failure, to lift up his voice in the little aimless songs of joy that bubble up on youth's lips. He could direct Azalea's studies, and sympathise with her earnest enthusiasms when directed towards the acquisition of knowledge ; but he found it hard to restrain his impatience when the girl would suddenly upset the Euripides and fling Sophocles to the ground, in her impetuous pursuit of Topaz, as the latter disappeared, in a quiver of doggish agitation, to make vindictive war on the kitten.

Meanwhile old Moore was slowly dying,

and they saw it not ; neither did they see Azalea was growing into a beautiful young woman. At the end of four years, when she was seventeen, Lord Orme and his family returned to once more take up their permanent residence in England, as the health of the Hon. Rosa Orme was now thoroughly re-established.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ORMES AGAIN.

I HAVE spoken before of Lord Orme's house in Brighton. I have now to introduce you to the old baronial residence of the Ormes, which was also situated in Sussex, but it stood far away from the gay glare of the town on a wild-looking range of downs. From the upper windows you could detect a gleam of sea shining beyond the furthest float of hills ; but except this, and the sheep that made so many dappled lights down the shadowed valleys, there was little else to break the flowing monotony of the view.

When the house was unoccupied by the family, the sheep would crowd up round the walls and poke their innocent noses against the nail-studded doors ; there was no fence-work to separate the front part of the house from the downs—no trees to cast flickered shadows down the sides of the stately towers. In lonely grandeur the massive pile breasted hot suns and rushing winds, and beyond the rude magnificence of its proportions there was little to admire in the exterior of Orme Castle.

"A dreadful dull place," the Misses Orme pronounced the home of their forefathers to be.

"Reminded her of pirates," Miss Slater averred, with an affected shiver.

Upon which Conrad punished her by asking her if she would not like to become "the windy bride of a corsair ;" which remarkable form of invitation he had discovered in an old drama of Lord Thurlow's.

Conrad's holidays had not begun when the Ormes returned from abroad.

"Thank heaven for that," Miss Slater said fervently : he was to the poor governess what the fly was to Io. When she read morning prayers, and prayed for health and happiness for all the members of the household, she could not help glaring evilly at that terrible boy, whose curly head, looking like the crest of a pert cockatoo, bobbed solemnly up and down, keeping time with her somewhat sing-song intonation ; "And look kindly on our

evil doings," she chanted, looking fixedly at the obnoxious movement, but she could not herself yield the forgiveness she petitioned for.

It was on an evening in October when the family returned home; after the bustle of arrival had subsided, the inmates wandered helplessly about the house, like strange cats that are not sufficiently at home to clean their feet and go through all the licking and purrings incidental to cattish toilettes.

The luggage had not arrived, so the ladies'-maids could not commence their office. The house looked desolate and strange; no familiar occupations were about with which the girls could occupy themselves. Lord Orme wished to write some letters, but his inkstands were serving as cemeteries for deceased flies, and his pens and paper were locked up in his despatch-box.

Miss Slater longed for tea, but the female domestics had only just obtained some for themselves, and utterly declined to pay any attention to the angry vibrations of the bells until their own requirements were satisfied.

After dinner the girls strolled out on the sloping lawn at the back of the house and there held council over their plans for the future. Miss Slater sat down in the drawing-room and looked sentimentally at Lord Orme, and Lord Orme went to sleep.

Rosa and Amelia had improved in appearance since the day when they walked like little angular automata under the presiding jerks of Miss Slater's hand.

Rosa was black-eyed and tall: she had one of those figures over which milliners rejoice—nice and straight, no trouble at all to fit. Her dressmaker and her lady friends called her "so very distinguished-looking." I have observed that when a young lady, wealthy and high-born, lacks the feminine loveliness to which her rank and other advantages justly entitle her, the female jackals of her court generally disarm criticism by the emphasis with which they proclaim her to be "distinguished;" that is, supposing the object of their admiration is sufficiently large and lanky-looking to merit the appellation; if she be short and fat they are reduced to the suggestion that she is "so sweet."

Amelia Orme would have come into the latter category. She was rather below the middle height, had a turned-up nose and a heavy face and throat; her eyes were hazel, and were ordinarily placid in expression; but when she was angered, a wicked low cunning look gleamed up in their sullen depths. She was full and thick in figure; her hair was a

burnished brown, and she had a great quantity of it.

Amelia was sullen and phlegmatic. Rosa was lively and imitative. When the two sisters quarrelled, Rosa had the advantage on her side at the commencement of the warfare, but ultimately the victory remained with Amelia. Rosa exhausted her rage in angry exclamations, withering sarcasm, and quick hot tears; on these occasions her eyes danced, her voice shook, and her nose got red.

Amelia stiffened into the most impenetrable sullenness; her face was calm as an Egyptian idol's, and heavy in its anger like a storm-lurid cloud. In many respects she was amiable. She loved Rosa after her own fashion. She never gratuitously irritated Miss Slater, and she was solemnly respectful to her father.

But of the two I rather think he preferred Rosa, who was waspish and impertinent. In her most agreeable moods Amelia was monotonous, and she was as unresponsive to demands for sympathy as a stone wall is to the electric flash that plays over it in times of storm.

The sisters looked almost pretty as they stood together in the soft gloom of this autumn evening, attired in flowing white dresses, and with Roman scarves twisted about their shoulders. Around them was a bold expanse of grass downs flushed by sunset. A fresh sea wind blew over the high peaks, and all the hills were musical with the gentle tribulation of sheep-bells. Amelia looked pensively on the innocent creatures whose lives are one harmless continual nibble, and sighed.

"I haven't tasted south-down mutton for ages," she said.

Then the two talked of the grand ball papa was to give soon, and of the dresses they determined to wear, and of the partners they hoped to secure. It was to be their first appearance in society as grown-up young ladies, and their expectations of the result were somewhat extravagant.

"Do you think the Marquis of Grandacres will propose for me that night?" sharp-eyed Rosa said, alluding to an unmarried country magnate.

"Not that night, perhaps," Amelia said, slowly. "Perhaps he'll do it when he calls next day. For my part, I shouldn't think of marrying anything less than twenty thousand a year. I don't so much care for landed estates; there are often so many mortgages round the corner."

Then they discussed the number and class of people who were to receive invitations.

"I suppose we must ask that Lady Diana," Rosa said, viciously. "What men can see to admire in a woman of her age I cannot imagine."

"She is two or three and thirty, isn't she?" yawned Amelia.

"Forty, if she's a day," the other answered, emphatically; and Amelia, who was acute enough in some respects, wondered what admirer of Rosa's had wandered from her, lured away by the attractions of that "splendid mirage," as a clever Frenchman once designated Lady Diana Merton.

"My dears," called Lord Orme from the drawing-room window, "come in; you will catch cold."

Lord Orme had a vague theory that every one who went out of doors after dinner must necessarily catch cold. He always sat in-doors through all the long mellow summer evenings. He called the dew damp, and preferred listening to the thrush through closed windows and drawn curtains.

The Misses Orme obeyed the summons, and shortly afterwards announced themselves to be fatigued, and retired to their bedchamber. Rosa went to bed first, and was just dropping off to sleep, when she happened to glance towards Amelia, who was sitting by the mirror, her hands moving rapidly through her hair, and holding some mysterious instruments which, from the distance, resembled meat skewers. In a moment Rosa was wide awake. Her black eyes looked suspiciously at her sister's proceedings, and she murmured, with emphasis, "Crimps!" Then she sat up in the bed, and stared at Amelia.

"Why are you crimping?" she asked, severely.

Both sisters wore their hair frizzled over the eyes, in the dishevelled Bacchante-like style with which our English virgins now-a-days disfigure the fair smooth brows of youth. As a rule, in the privacy of home-life, the Misses Orme's waving locks were allowed to return to their normal state of flatness. The hair represented constant torture, and if twisted too often and too much, under the fiery pressure of the tongs, it was apt to come out in handfuls. There were various degrees of frizziness according as the occasion demanded. If a desirable match was to be fascinated, the lady's-maid, under Miss Slater's directions, wrought her young mistress's tresses into a state of marvellous confusion; if only a commoner, with barren prospects, was to be encountered, the governess disdained to assist at her charges' toilettes, and merely a gentle

wave redeemed the hair from its ordinary limpness. If any male visitor were expected, the hair was certain to wave to a certain extent; but when the girls believed themselves to be secured against intruders, they rejoiced to escape the nightly irritation of feeling hard-twisted knobs intervene between their heads and the pillow.

"Whom do you expect to see to-morrow?" Rosa said, with increased severity. And Amelia, looking very conscious, dropped the braid she was manipulating, and muttered—

"I heard papa say that if he went into Brighton to-morrow, and found that the — Dragoons had arrived, he should ask Captain Mowbray and some of the other officers to dinner."

The treachery stood revealed now the motive for the frizziness was exposed.

"And you would have let me go to sleep without telling me!" Rosa cried, in an accent of deep reproach.

"The maid has gone to bed with a faceache," Amelia answered, abashed, "so she couldn't do it for you, and it's only a chance, you know."

"It must be a good chance for which you would care to take any trouble," Rosa responded, spitefully. She jumped out of bed, and sat down before her mirror with a look of determination in her little sharp face. As she was far more energetic and active than her sister she was avenged by producing a more brilliant result.

But on the morrow they found that their labour had been wasted; for when Lord Orme came back from the barracks and encountered his daughters waiting for him at the porch, whither they had flown to meet him in an unusual accession of filial devotion, he told them that the — Dragoons had not yet arrived. They were expected to leave Norwich to-morrow, and as they were going to march by road through Essex to London, they could not arrive at Brighton for some days yet.

"Captain Mowbray's home is in Essex, is it not, papa?" asked Rosa.

"Yes; but I do not suppose he has ever seen it since he was a child," Lord Orme answered. "It is about as valuable a house to him as an old year's nest to swallows in the spring."

"Why does he not let it?" asked the practical Amelia.

"They will never let it," Lord Orme said, decisively. "They are as proud as Spaniards, and as impecunious. In the courtyards of the Escorial at Madrid the grass springs up thick

enough to feed a team of mules ; but I imagine that if a heretic hand wished to remove the signs of neglect and disorder, he would be rebuked with, 'Let it be ; our grass is better than your hay.' No doubt the Mowbrays think the Auriel owls are worthier occupants of their chimneys than the smoke from a stranger's fire."

"Auriel !" exclaimed Rosa, with a flash of recollection, "that is the name of the place that funny little girl came from. Do you remember her, Amelia ? I mean that disagreeable creature papa brought to Brighton just before we went abroad."

"I remember her," Amelia answered, shortly. "She was horrid."

"She must be quite a woman now : I wonder what she is like," pursued Rosa.

"Worse than ever, I should think," the other said, decisively. "At what time do we dine, papa ?"

"Not for the next two hours. I wish you would come and read me the *Times*, Amelia ; I shall not sleep happy to-night if I do not know what they are about ; and I have such a pain in my eyes I cannot read them myself."

Amelia looked depressed ; it was her way of expressing disapprobation of any proposal that did not please her. Amelia's depression was as sure an index as the weather hand that points to "cloudy." Lord Orme turned from her with impatience.

"I'll read them, papa," cried the shrill voice of Rosa. Her father thanked her, doubtfully : he could not well decline the proffer ; but as he anticipated, Rosa, after wading through half a column, gave various impatient twitches to the newspaper, and asked if "dear papa would not excuse her reading any more for the present as she felt headache coming on."

Lord Orme said "Go, go !" and dismissed her. Then, unable to amuse himself, he sat and watched the shadows deepen on the hills, and thought of that other girl of whom Rosa and Amelia were just now speaking so contemptuously.

"She must be quite a woman now. I wonder what she is like."

Memory told Lord Orme that if the girl resembled her dead mother she must be very fair to look on.

"I'll do her justice one day," he declared to himself ; he had been chafed by the selfish disregard of him shown by the Misses Orme ; and we never think so tenderly of those we have wronged as when we are ourselves writhing under similar hurts.

LIFE IN THE DEEP SEAS.

I.

IT has been long felt by naturalists that there is a great want of accurate knowledge regarding the conditions and distribution of animal life at great depths in the ocean. The late Professor Edward Forbes, who was the first zoologist to recognise the value of the dredge as a Natural History instrument, divided the marine fauna *bathymetrically*, or according to depth, into four zones of animal life, namely, (1) the *littoral* zone, equivalent to the tract between high and low water marks ; (2) the *laminarian* zone, or region of seaweeds, abounding above all other zones with fishes, molluscs, crustaceans, and invertebrata of all classes, and extending from seven to ten or more fathoms ; (3) the *coralline* zone, "wherein the horny, plant-like polypodomys of hydroid zoophytes delight to rear their graceful, feathery branches, whose flowers are animals rivalling plants in symmetry and beauty," and extending to thirty fathoms or more ; and (4) the *deep-sea coral* zone, so called on account of the great stony zoophytes characteristic of it in the oceanic seas, which is the lowest of our regions of submarine existence. "As we descend deeper and deeper in this region its inhabitants become more and more modified, and fewer and fewer, indicating our approach towards an abyss where life is either extinguished, or exhibits but a few sparks to mark its lingering presence." (Forbes's *Natural History of the European Seas*, 1859, p. 26.) It may be observed that the greatest depth at which Forbes ever dredged was 230 fathoms—an achievement which he accomplished in the *Ægean Sea*, in 1841, and of which he was justly proud, as no previous naturalist had reached any depth approaching to this. He thought that the zero of animal life would probably be found about 300 fathoms.

This view he held unchanged till his death, in November, 1854 ; and although several isolated observations had been made, showing beyond all question that life existed at far greater depths than his assumed limit of 300 fathoms, "his high authority on questions of this nature caused his opinion to be very generally adopted, alike by zoologists, physical geographers, and geologists." (Carpenter's *Preliminary Report on Deep-sea Dredging*.) We shall, however, now show that this opinion was totally erroneous. There are other methods besides the dredge for exploring the bottom of the ocean, namely, the

sounding-line, and, strange as it may appear, the marine telegraph-cable. As far back as 1818 Captain (afterwards Sir John) Ross sounded in one thousand fathoms (considerably more than a mile), in lat. $73^{\circ} 37' N.$, long. $75^{\circ} 25' W.$, and a magnificent star-fish (*Asterias caput-Medusæ*) was brought up entangled in the line, so little above the mud that fragments of its arms, which had been broken off in the ascent, were picked out of the mud contained in the sounding apparatus. Some tubicolar annelids (or worms living in tubular cases) were also found in the mud. In another sounding in the same region a small star-fish was also found attached to the line below the point marking 800 fathoms. The fallacy of Forbes's assumption was farther shown by the results of dredgings at from 270 to 400 fathoms, made by Sir James Ross. These dredgings yielded evidence of great abundance and variety of animal life between those depths. The specimens and the drawings of them made at the time by Dr. Hooker, are unfortunately lost, and no record of them has been preserved. In 1845 Harry Goodsir (nominally assistant surgeon, but in reality naturalist to Franklin's ill-fated expedition, and a younger brother of the illustrious Edinburgh professor) obtained in Davis's Straits from a depth of 300 fathoms "a capital haul—Mollusca, Crustacea, Asterida (star-fishes), Spatangii (sea-urchins), Corallines, &c." From this time no deep-sea dredgings are recorded for many years, but the improved sounding apparatus, which brings up a specimen of the superficial deposit covering the sea-bottom, with such animals as may be present on the spot on which it drops, has added considerably to our knowledge of deep-sea life. In 1855, Professor Bailey, of West Port, U.S., published a *Microscopical Examination of Deep Soundings from the Atlantic Ocean*, in which he states as the result of his investigations that with the exception of a spot near the banks of Newfoundland, "the bottom of the North Atlantic Ocean, so far as examined, from a depth of sixty to that of 2000 fathoms, was literally nothing but a mass of microscopic shells." These minute shells, however, were never found to contain a living animal, and it became a question whether the animals that formed them had lived at these depths, or whether the shells had been drifted by submarine currents to the spots at which they were taken; or again, whether the animals had lived nearer the surface of the sea, and had fallen to the bottom after death. Professor Ehrenberg, of Berlin, the highest au-

thority on such subjects, believed that they *had lived* where they were found, basing his conclusions on the condition of the organic or animal substance contained in the shell-cavities.

We must digress for a short space to describe these shells which are constructed by animals far lower in the zoological scale than the molluscs (oysters, periwinkles, snails, &c.) with whose shells everyone is familiar, animals in fact consisting merely of a minute portion of jelly, with no definite form, and only manifesting its vitality by thrusting out and retracting long thread processes, which serve for arms and legs. We need not go to the bottom of the Atlantic for specimens; we have them in abundance in the smallest fragments of chalk. If we grind a piece of chalk so thin that we can see through it, and examine it with a microscope, it is found to be made up of very minute granules, imbedded in which are innumerable roundish bodies, having a well-defined form and structure, and averaging about one hundredth of an inch in diameter. "A cubic inch of some specimens of chalk," says Professor Huxley,* "may contain hundreds of thousands of these bodies, compacted together with incalculable millions of the granules." These bodies are the very shells found in the Atlantic mud. If, instead of slicing our bit of chalk, we rubbed it with water till a milk-like fluid was obtained, and examined with the microscope the sediment that was deposited, we should be able to see, by a little careful manipulation, and viewing the objects both as opaque and transparent, that each of these rounded bodies is a beautifully constructed calcareous fabric, made up of a number of chambers, communicating freely with another. The commonest of these, which, to use Professor Huxley's simile, is something like a badly grown raspberry, is formed of a number of nearly globular chambers of different sizes, congregated together, and is hence called Globigerina.

In the year 1857 Professor Huxley was entrusted with the examination of the soundings brought up by Captain Dayman, who explored the sea-bottom between Ireland and Newfoundland, with the view of deciding the best route for the Atlantic cable. The fine, muddy sediment obtained by these soundings, taken from 1700 to 2400 fathoms, consisted of no less than 85 per cent. of these Globigerinæ, and 5 per cent. of allied chambered shells, collectively known as Foraminifera, while in the

* See his admirable lecture *On a Piece of Chalk*, published in *Macmillan's Magazine* for September, 1868.

remaining 10 per cent. were numerous minute granules, varying in size from a diameter of $\frac{1}{7000}$ of an inch to $\frac{1}{1000}$ of an inch, which is their largest size. These granules, termed by Professor Huxley *Coccoliths*, have been a great puzzle to naturalists, Dr. Carpenter declaring that their composition cannot be organic, while their discoverer "no longer doubts that they are produced by independent organisms, which, like the *Globigerinæ*, live and die at the bottom of the sea." Dr. Wallich added the discovery, that not unfrequently bodies like the *Coccoliths* were aggregated into spheroids, which he termed *Coccospheres*; and it is a point of the deepest interest to know (thanks to Mr. Sorby's microscopical investigation) that the granular matter of chalk, like the soundings, contains these *Coccoliths* and *Coccospheres*. Hence we have overwhelming internal evidence that recent deep-sea mud and commonly chalk are substantially composed of the same ingredients—a point of no little interest to geologists.

The results of Bailey and Huxley were confirmed and extended by the observations of Dr. Wallich, made during the cruise of the *Bulldog* in the North Atlantic Ocean, in 1860. The sounding-line brought up a cluster of no less than thirteen living star-fishes from a depth of 1260 fathoms, and in their stomachs were found an abundance of *Globigerinæ*, which assuredly would not have been used as food if they had not been alive. In various localities, at depths varying from 871 to 1913 fathoms, tubes of small worms were brought up, some of which were composed of these *Globigerinæ* shells cemented together, while others were constructed of an admixture of spongespicules and calcareous *débris*. Moreover, one or two living tubicolous worms, and a group of *Polyzoa* were brought up from a depth of 680 fathoms, and two living crustaceans from a depth of 445 fathoms. (It may, perhaps, be expedient to explain that the term *Polyzoa* is applied to a group of animals closely resembling in form the hydroid *Polypes*, and other very low forms of animal life, but which are, in reality, of much higher organisation, having a mouth and intestinal canal, a nervous system, &c. In fact, they so closely approach the molluscs in their structure, that they are placed by the best authorities next to them, under the title of molluscoids, which also includes the *Tunicata* or *Ascidians*. All the *polyzoa* are of microscopic size, and grow on submerged foreign bodies, as rocks, shells, or sea-weed; to the naked eye they often resemble a delicate shrub, composed of a series

of cells, from whence protrude animals, each of which is provided with a coronet of radiating tentacles, and all connected into a compound life; in other cases there are no branches, and the cells are arranged side by side. The minute thread-shrubs and lace-like structures, so often seen adhering to old shells or sea-weed, are examples of these *polyzoa*.) As Dr. Wallich's admirable observations on the presence of animal life at great oceanic depths, in his elaborate memoir, *The North Atlantic Sea-bed*, have not received the attention to which they were entitled from naturalists, we are glad to find his claims to the demolition of Forbes's doctrine freely admitted by Dr. Carpenter in his *Preliminary Report*, (already referred to); and as it has been brought as a charge against Dr. Wallich that he used the sounding-line instead of the more useful and fruitful instrument, the dredge, and that he thus failed to reach as rich a submarine harvest as he might have done, we may remark that he specially applied to Sir L. M'Clintock for permission to dredge in deep water whenever the opportunity presented itself; but that "the instructions received from the Admiralty, and the exigencies of an exceptionally tempestuous season," prevented his commanding officer from complying with his request. With, then, the comparatively imperfect means of investigation at his command, and taking into consideration the extreme improbability that the animals that he fished up from these depths were merely exceptionally or accidentally present at the spot where the sounding apparatus fell, "it must," he observes, "I think, be conceded that the presence of a living fauna in the deeper abysses of the ocean has been fully established." (*Op. cit.* p. 148.)

To Dr. Wallich, then, undoubtedly belongs the honour of being the discoverer that animal life is abundantly present at vast oceanic depths; for let it be remembered that the great haul of thirteen struggling and writhing star-fishes was brought up from a depth of exactly two miles, and other evidences of living forms were obtained from fully a furlong deeper. Previously to the publication of his admirable and most interesting memoir, which every one caring for natural history would do well to obtain, not only was the correctness of Forbes's view universally assumed, but authors of high repute—as Dr. Page, the geologist, and Messrs. Agassiz and Gould, the great American zoologists—proved by apparently unimpeachable reasoning that the depths of ocean *must be* uninhabitable.



Once a Week.]

May 29, 1869.

A LONG TALK.—By R. NEWCOMBE.

A HERO OF WATERLOO.

ON the 18th of June, 1815, was fought a great battle memorable for ever as the Battle of Waterloo. By whose courage or skill was the battle won? According to the best military critics, there was abundance of courage on both sides, but on neither side any skill, the superiority of numbers on the part of the allies ultimately deciding the combat. Perhaps it fluttered and paralysed the Duke of Wellington that he had to face for the first time, the mightiest man the world had for centuries seen: and perhaps Napoleon began the awful conflict like a dispirited gambler, who has no longer faith in his own sagacity, adroitness, and fortune. If the Duke of Wellington and the Emperor Napoleon might have done better at the battle of Waterloo, the same thing cannot be said of Hunsdott Saudistel, whose achievements have hitherto been buried among heaps of German lumber, from which we now propose to disinter them for the entertainment and edification of the English reader.

After the peace of Tilsit in 1807, the electorate of Hesse-Cassel formed part of one of Napoleon's creations, the Kingdom of Westphalia; the capital of the electorate, the town of Cassel being also the capital of the kingdom. Under Jerome, Napoleon's brother, the kingdom of Westphalia would have flourished, but for Napoleon's selfish and capricious interference. The battle of Leipsic, or rather series of battles, in October, 1813, broke into pieces that frail fabric, the kingdom of Westphalia, and King Jerome sank into his natural insignificance. William, first elector of Hesse-Cassel, returned to his dominion and to his capital before the close of the year. He was an old man of seventy, and though honest and well-meaning enough, was so much a bigot, a pedant and a miser, as to be an accomplished type of the small German despot. His mother was a daughter of George II., and he was thus nearly related to the English royal family. When the inhabitants of the United States began their War of Independence, William showed the warmth of his regard for England by selling his subjects to serve as soldiers against the rebels. To the Allies, in their contest with the French, he was strenuously and devotedly faithful, and Napoleon punished him with fierce severity. However, he had his reward when Napoleon was overthrown, though his passionate request to be made a king was not granted. Mean and mercenary in every

other respect, William spent freely on buildings and on the army, both disproportionate to the resources and the needs of Hesse-Cassel. Moreover, he had the ambition to bring back things to the exact point at which they had stood when the great continental war began. The army was remodelled in the most absurdly reactionary fashion. Powdered hair, pigtails, three-cornered hats, returned, and coats and breeches had the interesting and classical cut of fifty years before. William's notions of government were as enlightened and enlarged as those of a parish beadle. When this puny mortal died, in 1821, he was succeeded by his son, a man much worse than himself, and on the death of William II., in 1847, Hesse-Cassel ceased not to be a scandal to Europe. The licentiousness of the court was in admirable harmony with the caprices of tyranny. Fortunately for itself, for Germany, and for the world, Hesse-Cassel has no longer an individual existence. There is still too much of the bureaucratic element in German affairs; but in Germany or elsewhere, it is consoling to behold the extinction of princely bumbledom.

In 1816, while William I. was still busy with his military and other reforms, one of his ministers received the following letter from England:—

"A brave man, a native of Electoral Hesse, serving in the English army as a member of the German Legion, and as an artilleryman, saved at the Battle of Waterloo an English battery. All the artillerymen had been shot down, and a French regiment of cuirassiers rushed on the battery with the wildest fury. The valiant man, who, unassisted, had loaded all the pieces with grapeshot, fearlessly seized the match, and with the rapidity of lightning hurled the whole fire of the battery at the approaching horsemen. So frightful was the slaughter that the regiment broke and fled. Hereby the English grenadiers gained time to secure the battery which had been defended by the intrepidity of a single man. England delights in being grateful, but on this occasion was unable to recompense adequately, or at all, a distinguished service. The German Legion was dissolved, and the gallant artilleryman was forgotten. But when the army reports were perused afresh, the grievous neglect was at once discovered. It has become an urgent duty to atone for the oversight. We very respectfully therefore request you to make inquiries for the man, whose name is Hunsdott Saudistel, and who is doubtless, from his high character and notable achievements, known to many persons. The large gold war medal,

and a suitable sum of money, we wish to place in his hands without delay, in recognition of the bold and famous feat."

Not small was the astonishment caused in Cassel by this epistle. Such excessive modesty had never been heard of before. A man of a rare stamp must this Hessian hero be. Diligent search had to be made for the warrior, who would no doubt blush for his own renown, as soon as a whisper thereof reached his ear. It seemed almost cruelty to disturb the philosopher in his profound retirement. Yet a descendant of George II. could not treat disdainfully a request coming from the chiefs of the English military administration.

A letter was therefore dispatched to every district magistrate of Hesse-Cassel. Minute and persevering investigation was earnestly urged. If the Great Unknown, who was likewise the Great Known, was still alive, he could not fail to be discovered when so many eyes were with hunger spying for the trace of his footsteps. But every district magistrate, the more he darted fussily hither and thither, and looked into all sorts of corners, and asked all sorts of questions, the more he was doomed to disappointment. Manifestly the illustrious Saudistel had vanished from the earth.

At last, an Amtmann, more fortunate than his brethren, found, in a village on the extreme frontier of the mighty realm of Hesse-Cassel, a hermit who was called Saudistel, and who might be presumed to be the missing artilleryman, the soldier who had been in the English service, and who, by one grand deed, had made himself immortal.

It is seldom that a district magistrate can render himself great by coming in contact with greatness. We can pardon, therefore, our Amtmann for shouting a loud shout of victory.

In hot haste, the Amtmann fired at the hermit a whole battery of interrogations. The hermit was stalwartly built, and might have laid some claim to good looks; but his nose had a suspicious tinge, a coppery red, which is not generally supposed to be the best embellishment for noses. As a rule, it cannot be called a water-color, for it never arises from the exclusive drinking of water.

The better to be a hermit, Herr Hundsfoth Saudistel had changed his mode of life. He had never been fond of work, and war had not made him fonder thereof. Ceasing to be the slave of the war-god Mars, Herr Hundsfoth Saudistel undertook the humble and by no means onerous duties of swineherd.

"What can I do to serve you, excellent Herr Amtmann?" asked the valiant swineherd, with

speech not so thick, and with nose not so coppery as usual, as it was early in the day.

"Sit down," said, graciously, the self-important magistrate, "and answer me clearly, correctly, and honestly. Have you ever served as a soldier under the English?"

"Certainly I have, Herr Amtmann," was the reply.

"How did you come into the British service?"

Herr Hundsfoth Saudistel shrugged his shoulders, and with the ease of a soldier who had seen the world, he began his narrative:—

"You must know, Herr Amtmann, that I was one of the conscripts sent from Hesse-Cassel to join the French army in Spain. In that fine country there were blue beans in abundance, but they were not good for eating, and a soldier who got one of them into his stomach immediately lost his appetite, and could never drink any more schnapps. I was fond neither of the blue beans, nor of the French, and as I heard that the English had landed, and had a benevolent desire to show us the way back to the frightfully high mountains we had crossed when we entered Spain, I felt a strong desire to aid them in their kind attempt, and to pay my ransom, if I may be permitted to employ our customary phrase."

"That is to say, you wanted to desert," cried the magistrate, with a smile.

"If the expression pleases you better, by all means use it," proceeded Saudistel. "But we had good cause for wanting to be off, I can assure you. The English had plenty to eat and drink, while we suffered bitter hunger and thirst. Even water was not to be had; for though I have never liked water, I would willingly have swallowed it in the absence of anything else. The redcoats, pressing for ever on, drove us nearer and nearer to the high mountains; and worse still, the fierce Spanish guerilla troops, bursting from height and glen, were continually attacking us. All this was not much to my taste, I confess; nothing but blue beans to eat, and not even water to drink. Once, when the English were treading on our heels, I pretended to be rather more stupid than I am, and allowed myself to fall into their hands. If this pleased them much, it pleased me more, for I immediately entered the German Legion, ceased to hear and to gabble French, and got enough to eat and drink, though blue beans were with the English as with the French, an article of diet. The English had two kinds of schnapps—both most excellent. They had a schnapps called rum, and a schnapps called whiskey, and it was

pleasant to be able to choose between two such capital beverages. We drove the French before us after the battle of Vittoria, and I marched to Paris, and when peace arrived, I went to England. There I remained till Napoleon ran away from Elba. By-and-by, I found myself at Brussels. My career as a soldier came to an end at the battle of Waterloo. About that bloody affair you have doubtless heard enough, and I shudder when I recal it, with all its noise and confusion and havoc.

"I am a man of honour, and I wish to conceal nothing from you. Therefore I frankly confess that all my life I never possessed an excessive, or inconvenient amount of courage. If I was an artilleryman, it was from necessity and not from love of the occupation. At being ordered hither and thither, without regard to my taste and feelings, I growled in my heart. The cannonades I detested; because, apart from the horrible din, the enemy always rushed like a wolf on the batteries. As soon as matters at Waterloo grew ugly and dangerous, my very moderate stock of valour began to diminish. But I made some natural and wise reflections. In my pocket I had two English shillings. What so natural, or what so wise as that I should spend those two shillings with the woman who sold drinks, and one of whose best customers I was. If courage was possible for me at all, it was plain that I could only get it from the bottle. In the presence of peril, I was a person of the liveliest imagination, and uncomfortable thoughts commenced to throng upon me, especially as the earth trembled under my feet, from the hideous crash of the artillery. It occurred to me that I should be an egregious fool to expose myself to the risk of being killed, and a greater fool still to let the French become the heirs of the two shillings. Common sense demanded that I should change the money into rum, and accordingly into rum I speedily changed it. Inspired by two-shillings'-worth of rum, I felt brave for the moment. But drowsiness and a tendency of my legs to eccentric movements, made me believe that my fittest position was a horizontal one.

"When then I returned to the battery, I threw myself down beside one of the guns, and lay as still as a stone. My comrades perhaps thought that a blue bean had got into my stomach; not one of them disturbed me. How long I slept, I know not, but when I awoke, the cannon-balls were sweeping the face of the hill on which the battery stood. All my comrades had disappeared. Whether they had run away, or had been slain by the enemy, I knew not. But this I knew, that a

French regiment of cuirassiers was dashing up toward the battery at full gallop.

"With much zeal I cursed in my soul the French rascals, and devoutly wished that they were in the fiery regions where pepper grows. But I had not much time for cursing. It was no joke to behold so near that awful onrush of glittering breastplates and sabres. If taken and recognised I was sure to be forthwith and without ceremony, shot. My own life seemed very valuable to me, compared to the lives of hundreds of men. I sprang to a loaded cannon, pointed it and fired it off. When I saw the slaughter the grapeshot made, I shouted and danced in the exuberance of my glee. A second, a third gun, I pointed and fired off, and in swift succession the whole battery. Fortunately for me, but not fortunately for the poor French fellows, every gun had been already loaded by busier hands than mine, ere I applied a single match. How the grapeshot mowed man and horse down, you can readily conceive, Herr Amtmann. The cuirassiers fell like snowflakes, and those who escaped danced right and left, from the dust and the smoke with all convenient speed. Doubtless I was saved as well as the battery. But how long? The shattered and scattered masses formed again for a fresh onset. With the celerity of the lightning or the wind, I cleaned the guns and loaded them anew. With eye all attention, and with hand all alertness, I was about to discharge them, when the English, in stormy mood, and with a stormy step, came on, and seized the battery and the hill.

"Where are the other artillerymen?' asked the colohel of the regiment.

"I know not,' I replied.

"Have you alone discharged the guns?' he further inquired.

"Can you imagine a more stupid question, Herr Amtmann? The blockhead might have seen that no one else was near.

"Who else?' said I.

"And did you alone load the guns anew with grapeshot?'

"Who else?' cried I, much annoyed at being catechised in such a silly and schoolboy fashion.

"But the catechising was not yet at an end. I was requested to tell my name, and so on. The truth I avowed without distortion, or embellishment, or boasting, though with some slight and pardonable suppressions. I neither spoke to the officer about the two-shillings'-worth of rum, nor of my profound slumber beside the cannon, nor of the hearty curses which I had yearned to fling at the French.

The officer was neither an inquisitor nor a police agent, and, as he was not inclined to probe very keenly, I stated no more than was absolutely indispensable.

"Fervent and extravagant was the officer's praise of my courage, resolution, and skill.

"I must make Wellington acquainted with your wonderful achievements," he said in conclusion.

"You can do herein as you think proper," was my answer.

"My comrades now came once more on the scene which they had quitted—not assuredly from any excess of courage. The stamp of the coward was upon them, and they would have had some difficulty in escaping the coward's doom if their services had not been urgently needed. The firing began again, for again the French advanced, but they encountered a fresh check; for I had given each of the guns a good bellyful of grapeshot. A very sour taste, indeed, had the grapes which I now made the French swallow. But who knows what the upshot would have been if the Prussians had not arrived?

"By the aid of the Prussians we hurled the French from the field, and the battle was won. Once more I went to Paris, and once more to England. With much eagerness and impatience I waited to receive the reward of my vaunted bravery. But I waited in vain. I suppose there must have been some whisper about the two-shillings'-worth of rum. At all events I was dismissed very coolly—almost contemptuously—without either praise or money. If I had got the money, I could have dispensed with the praise. When I came home, I found that our old elector had retired to his dominions. I had again to be a soldier, and, like my comrades, I wore a false pigtail, not having a natural one. On leaving the army I was appointed commandant of the swine in our village. This is in truth a military office, Herr Amtmann, but I cannot accustom the abominable brutes to obedience. They disobey orders in the most insolent manner, and I sometimes console myself with a drop of schnapps, especially since my serjeant-major, my good dog, was shot dead for indulging too freely his taste for the chase. With my dog's recreations I was not disposed to interfere, deeming them harmless, but the foolish blockhead of a gamekeeper was of a different opinion."

The Amtmann laughed.

"But, Herr Amtmann," continued the brave artilleryman; "why have you come to question me?"

"Do not be alarmed," answered the Amtmann; "the conscience of the English has begun to prick them. They either know nothing about the rum, or have forgotten your fondness for schnapps. You are now to receive the reward of your valour."

The face of Herr Hundsfoth Saudistel grew bright and glad.

"But you must tell them nothing about the rum, Herr Amtmann," cried the swineherd, with sudden alarm.

The Amtmann promised to be silent. Forthwith he made his report about the discovery of the hero, abstaining from all allusion to the rum. In a short time the Waterloo gold medal and a large sum of money were presented to the Military Guardian of the Swine.

Doubtless, as was natural, Herr Saudistel, aided by good rum, often recalled with glee and gratitude the famous battle, in which, with no small benefit to himself he had so conspicuously figured.

Perchance sometimes, infinitely more notable men than the Hessian swineherd have deserved still less, even than he, the recompenses showered on them for apparent heroism.

SOLDIERS' SHOES.

A RECENT march of a certain regiment from Aldershot to London, has led *The Times* once more to direct attention to the way in which foot-soldiers are shod. "What is the use of the best foot soldier in the world if he is supplied with boots in which he cannot walk?" is the question very pertinently propounded to the authorities by the leading journal, which also (in a leader for May 3) states, that "at present shoes are issued at fixed sizes which fit nobody," and suggests that now that an attempt is being made to employ the leisure hours of our soldiers in industrial work, it might be possible to attach a few shoemakers to every regiment. This suggestion, I may observe, ought to be the more easily adapted to be carried into practical effect from the number of shoemakers who enlist in the army. What their number may be at the present day may be guessed from the statistics put forth, in March, 1865, in a return issued at the Horse-Guards, in which it was stated that the largest number of any trade who had enlisted into the army was from the shoemakers, and that 3,279 of them were then in the army, of whom 1,297 continued to practise their trade after enlisting.

It is very clear that, in the matter of boots

and shoes for foot soldiers, "someone has blundered." It is the march rather than the fight that is the severest test of the soldier, who wins the battle even more by the activity of his legs than by the strength of his arms. Hence the saying of Marshal Saxe, that the secret of success in campaigning lies in the legs. Lord Robert Montagu, in a speech at the Huntingdon election, in 1859, ascribed a similar saying to Napoleon the Great, whom he represented as saying, "Battles are as often won by the leg as by the arm." Napoleon, indeed, was never inattentive to any small detail that affected the soldier, and was especially careful in the matter of shoes, writing to Marshal Berthier, June 28, 1805, and bidding him "master all the details" for his projected invasion of England, his soldiers' shoes to receive special attention. The Wellington Despatches prove how careful our own great general was in the same particular, repeatedly urging upon the government of the day the absolute necessity of providing his army in Spain with proper supplies of boots, and stating his reluctance to encounter manifest risks by leading into the field foot-sore men. In the last great war in America, the Federals often laughed at the ragged and shoeless followers of Stonewall Jackson and the other Confederate generals. But, if there was too little shoe in the one case, there was too much in the other. "The shoes of the Federal army," said *The Times*, Oct. 29, 1862, "supplied on contract by rich shoe manufacturers in New England—none of whom very ardently desire the speedy conclusion of the war—are not better fitting than the shoes of soldiers are generally found to be in all parts of the world, and they produce in a few days callosities on toe and heel that impede the advance and aggravate the retreat, and sometimes render an army with shoes no match for an army without them." One of these shoe merchants and contractors, was a Mr. Wilson, who was raised to a general's rank in the Confederate army, and who assisted his government in providing the army with an entirely new corps—that of corn-doctors, or, as they termed themselves, pedicures and chiropodists, one of whom, with assistants, was attached to each division of the army, to reduce the callosities caused by the contractors' boots and shoes.

So hardly were the Confederates put to it in the late war, to procure shoe-leather, that various ingenious expedients were resorted to in order to provide them with the necessary articles. It was related in a Federal paper

that one of the "Secesh women," sent South by the government, had seven pairs of gaiters, five pairs of boots, five pairs of morocco slippers, three pairs of dancing slippers of white kid, four pairs of india-rubber over-shoes, and one pair of the longest-legged cavalry boots, with double soles, studded with good spikes, heels tapped with jackass shoes of iron, and tops splendidly ornamented with an abundance of patchwork of waxed ends on a groundwork of patent leather. She became very indignant at the cutting into her stock of shoe leather, and asserted that, as she wore out two pairs per month, she was going South with the prospect of being barefooted before she reached there. "How about these, madam?" said the officer, as he politely insinuated the cavalry boots into her astonished gaze; "if you will put them on and wear them on your trip to Richmond you can take them, but they can go with you under no other circumstances." "Done; I'll do it," said the heroine, and grasping the heavy leather in her hands, she retired behind the friendly crinoline of a group of sympathizers, and, planting her pretty feet—gaiters and all—into the depths of that monster foot-harness, she returned and awkwardly displayed them, double cased, to the gaping eyes of the for-once-astonished official. He kept his word. She was a true friend to the soldiers, and, doubtless, received a hearty welcome in the "Secesh" camp.

"How happy," says the author of *The Virginians*, ii. 355, "he whose foot fits the shoe which fortune gives him." A happiness, indeed, to that foot-soldier who has to wear a boot of a "fixed size." "There's folks 'ud stand on their heads, and then say the fault was i' their boots," moralises Mrs. Poyser, but, undoubtedly, the soldier has good reason to find fault with his boots, and must be very thankful when he can take them off. He would scarcely desire to sleep in them, as was said of Suwarrow, the famous Russian general, who, even in time of peace, slept fully armed, boots and all, prepared for any emergency; and who used to say that when he was lazy and wished to enjoy a comfortable sleep, he usually took off one spur. We may conclude, however, that Suwarrow's boots were not made to a fixed size furnished by contract to all the generals. It has been urged that great improvements have been made of late years in our manufacture of boots for the army, and that every care is used in the inspection of the contractor's work, and in returning it to him if there are less than four stitches to the inch, or "shavings" in the soles, or any other

scamped work. Still, the fact remains; so many men, so many feet; and one fixed size of shoe cannot possibly fit a whole regiment. The shoe, in itself, may be a proper one, but its wearer, who knows where it pinches, may apply to himself that anecdote of Cneius Pompeius Sulpicius, who, when he wished to divorce his wife, was expostulated with by her relatives. "Is she not well made? is she not attractive? is she not handsome?" they asked. In reply, he took off his shoe and held it to them, saying, "Is not this shoe a handsome one? is it not quite new? is it not extremely well made? How is it, then, that you are unable to tell me where that shoe pinches me?"

The boots worn by agricultural labourers, a large number of whom form the raw material for the manufactured article of the foot-soldier, are made so narrow and tight at and above the ancle that they cause the muscles of the leg to cease growing; so that an agricultural labourer at forty years of age has often no more calf than a lad of twelve; and this is a serious matter in the training of the future foot-soldier, because the strongest muscle of the human body is that forming the calf of the leg, which is able to support the whole weight of the body. Archbishop Whately was aware of this, as he was of most things, and once spoke of it at a grand viceregal dinner-party at the Castle, Dublin, challenging the Bishop of Cashel to test the experiment by standing upon his, the archbishop's, outstretched leg. The bishop, however declined to perform the part of Columbine to his right reverend brother's Harlequin. The countryman's boots, too, are heavy; not so weighty, indeed, as those made for the divers who, in 1861, were employed to remove the piers of old Westminster Bridge, and whose boots, in order to counteract the force of the stream, were provided with leaden soles, weighing eighteen pounds, but they are too weighty and clumsy for the healthy purposes of nature; although this circumstance of prior experience may go far to reconcile many a raw recruit with that ill-fitting pair of bluchers in which he will have to perform his regimental drills. By some it has been considered that this form of the blucher boot or of the lace-up boot is necessary, in order to provide support to the ancles when a foot-soldier is heavily knapsacked and accoutred, and in full marching order; while by others the contrary opinion is held, and it is urged that the best form of shoe for a soldier is one that comes up to (but not above) the ancle, and is there fastened with a strap;

while attached to the upper part of the shoe is a gaiter or greave of soft leather, into which the trousers can be pushed and strapped round the lower part of the leg. The gaiter or "spat" of the Highland regiments is, perhaps, a still better plan, as it is made of leather or stout canvas sail-cloth, and fitted with a piece of whalebone running up the back seam, which makes the spat to fit close to the leg, and gives great support both to the ancle and calf. The march of a Highlander in his sock, shoe, and spat, has never been surpassed in the British army. The ancient sock of the Highland soldier was the buskins, or brogue, of untanned leather or skin, commonly worn with the hairy side outwards. In such a sock or boot the water did not accumulate, so that there was an old Gaelic saying, "Running shall not go out of my foot, nor puddle out of my shoe until" so and so shall happen. At the famous battle of Killiecrankie, which was one of the most remarkable ever gained by irregular over regular troops, when the charge was made that decided the fate of the day, "Dundee gave the word," says Macaulay, iii., 360, "the Highlanders dropped their plaids. The few who were so luxurious as to wear rude socks of untanned hide spurned them away. It was long remembered in Lochaber that Lochiel took off what was probably the only pair of shoes in his clan and charged barefoot at the head of his men."

Members of the Alpine Club, and English travellers who have, like the foot-soldiers, to make long and forced marches, are greatly divided in opinion as to the subject of socks and shoes; for while Mr. Galton strongly recommends the use of European shoes and thick woollen socks, Mr. Mansfield Parkyns advocates the barefoot system. In Abyssinia he went four years barefoot, and testified that, in such a rocky country "it would be dangerous to attempt to pass many places excepting barefoot," and "it is far more comfortable to go without shoes, after a very short practice."

Nature, in such a case, is allowed to have free play; but when encased in boots or shoes, the foot is more or less distorted. This form, as Dr. Meyer has said, is "straight insides and curved outsides;" and all models of nature, from those in Grecian statues to the specimens in modern Arabs or Red Indians, testify to the correctness of this roughly stated formula. What can be done by a good walker, and how far his pedestrian powers are governed by the coverings to his feet, is shown in the following (abbreviated) anecdote of the celebrated Captain Ross, as given in *Sportascra-*

piana. After eight hours' hard work, duck-shooting, in the swamps and morasses of Kincardineshire, Captain Ross was having a quiet nap after dinner, when he was awakened by Sir A. L. Hay, who said: "Ross, old fellow, I want you to jump up and go as my umpire with Lord Kennedy to Inverness. I have made a bet of £2500 that I get there on foot before him." . . . My answer was, "All right, I am ready;" and off we started, there and then, in evening costume, with, as was the custom then, thin shoes and silk stockings on our feet. . . . We went straight across the mountains, and it was a longish walk. [The distance is about ninety-five miles.] I called to my servant to follow with my walking shoes and worsted stockings, and Lord Kennedy did the same. They overtook us after we had gone seven or eight miles. Fancy my disgust; my idiot brought me, certainly, worsted stockings, but instead of shoes a pair of tight Wellington boots. . . . The sole of one boot vanished twenty-five miles from Inverness, and I had to finish the walk barefooted. We walked all night, next day, and the next night—raining torrents all the way. We crossed the Grampians, making a perfectly straight line, and got to Inverness at 6 A.M." Here is a forced march of ninety-five miles, begun in pumps and silk stockings, and chiefly performed barefoot. No English foot-soldier with shoes of the fixed size, could have dreamed of such a pedestrian performance.

A word in conclusion on the sorest point in this sore subject of soldiers' shoes. Dr. Phœbus, of Paris, two years ago, specially studied the causes of sore feet on the march, and the best means of preventing them. In addition to suggested improvements in the shape of the boots or shoes, he recommended repeated employment, during the march, of cold ablutions to the feet. When marching past running or stagnant water he advised that a halt should be called, and that soldiers should be allowed to take off their shoes and put their feet in water for the space of a minute or a minute and a half. In inhabited places, a vessel of water might be kept for this purpose. If any blister formed, he recommended that a thread of wool or cotton should be passed through it, and loosely tied; by which the fluid would escape but the epidermis would be preserved and much subsequent pain avoided. Excoriations were to be treated with a soft oxide of zinc ointment, made with benzoated lard and a little glycerine. The soldiers' shoes should be soft and supple but sufficiently thick: a dozen or two small nails

on the sole, where it wears most, will suffice to preserve it. The leather may be softened by rubbing it with lard or a mixture of linseed oil and oxide of lead. Stockings or socks should always be worn; but in their absence, a piece of thick linen rag may be used to deaden the pressure of the boot where it is most felt. And, in fine, Dr. Phœbus gives this concluding instruction, which though last is certainly not the least or most insignificant—if the feet become sore from the shoes, the best remedy, until the excoriations have healed, is, to walk barefoot. So true is the apothegm of Marshal Saxe, that the secret of success in campaigning lies in the legs.

TABLE TALK.

FROM a Correspondent:—In an article, *The Voice of Spring*, in *Once a Week*, for May 8, p. 361, the notes of various birds are translated into human speech. I add an example, which I have never seen in print, and which was told to me by an old country-woman. Two cocks are supposed to be crowing in adjacent stackyards. The first cock crows this complaint,—“The women are mistresses here.” Whereupon the other cock crows back his answer, “And so they are everywhere.” (The last syllable was pronounced *weer*, after the rustic fashion.) The poet Campbell speaks of “the stock-dove’s coo;” but he does not tell us what the wood-pigeon is supposed to say. It is the following tender little address to the bird of his choice: “Coorookity coo! coorookity coo! if you’ll love me, then I’ll love you; coorookity coo!” Antolycus sings of “The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,” (*Winter’s Tale*, IV. 2,) and this tirra-lirra, with the other notes of the bird, is well imitated in the following lines:—

La gentille alouette avec son tirelire,
Tirelire, à lire, et tireliran, tire
Vers la voûte du ciel, puis son vol vers ce lieu
Vire et désire dire adieu Dieu, adieu Dieu.

The little bird who annoyed your correspondent by its Baal-like repetition of “Billee! Billee!” is probably the same Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse, who is supposed by some to say, “Peter! Peter!” and by others, “Pincher! Pincher!” while another bird of this tribe is presumed to cry out for his “Teakettle! teakettle!” and country folks say that, just before rain, the missel-thrush, or “storm-cock,” in a like manner, screams out for his “Tippet! tippet!” to protect him from the shower. That “bird of night,” the owl, has been vari-

ously treated by different observers, even as the nightingale is merry to some and melancholy to others; for, while Gray says, "the moping owl does to the moon complain," Shakspeare proclaims its "Tu-whit! tu-who!" a merry note. White, in his *Selborne*, says he "heard two hooting to each other, the one in A flat, and the other B flat." The cottagers in my neighbourhood, where we have many owls, translate their language thus:—

To-woo! to-woo!
Oh my cold toe!

And there is a rural ballad that contains this same idea, and is supposed to be spoken by an owl, it runs thus:—

Oh! I was once a great king's daughter,
And I sat on a fair queen's knee;
But now, I'm nothing but a rover,
With my home in the ivied tree!

There I cry oo-oo! to-whit, to-woo!
Oo-oo, oh! my feet they are cold!
Oo-oo! pity me! oo-oo here you see
The poor Owlet in the hollow tree old.

The legend, alluded to by Ophelia, was, that a baker's daughter was turned into an owl for refusing to give bread to her Saviour. The scops-eared, or little-horned owl, has (says Spence) the Florentine name of *Chiù*, from its monotonous cry, "Kew, kew." Pliny says that Claudius Cæsar's Agrippina made a pet of a talking thrush that could imitate the discourse of men; though some commentators imagine this thrush was a starling. Mr. Broderip, in his charming *Zoological Recreations*, says that he heard a thrush "express in the course of its singing, sounds which fell on the ear as if it were repeating the words, "My dear! my pretty dear! my pretty little dear!" These accents were not caught up by one listener alone, who might, perhaps, have been deemed a little imaginative, but all who heard them were struck by the resemblance." I have only space for one other specimen of human language ascribed to the notes of birds, and, like my first, it is drawn from the farm-yard. A hen is supposed to have laid an egg and to be anxious to proclaim the fact. She cries, "cluck, cluck! an egg a day! an egg a day! an egg a day! and yet I go barefoot!" (though I have also heard this version, "I lay eight eggs! and eight eggs! and eight eggs! and yet I go barefoot!"). Her reiterated and loudly-proclaimed complaints rouse the anger of her lord and master, who forthwith crows this reply, "Out you slut! out you slut! how you prate! how you prate! who can make shoes to fit *your* foot!"

A RIDDLE.

CHILD of Nature, formed by art,
Idol of the maiden's heart,
Mimicking the rainbow's hues,
Em'rals, rubies, sapphire blues.
Touched by the Protean wand
See a glorious palace stand:
Now a coil of silken hair;
Then a fixed and vacant stare,—
Light and heavy, round and flat,
Thick or thin;—oh, what is that?

In the mansions of the great
Mostly found, with costly plate,
Backed by silver, sunk in gold,
Wealth that truly is untold.
Still not seldom to be seen
Half disguised in dingy green,
Shrinking from the jewelled hand,
With the poor to take its stand.

True, sincere, of gloss devoid,
Telling faults we must avoid;
Awkward gait, untidy mien,
Habits—not as they have been.
Good philosopher! who shows
"Wisest he, himself who knows."
Let not vanity refuse
Lessons which thy truths diffuse!

Who can tell, as thou hast done,
Of the worlds beyond the sun:
Or reveal a giant race
Revelling in minutest space:
Bring the labours of the mind
To the aged and the blind:
Mark the moments as they fly
Onward to eternity?

Melted soon:—oh, not a few
Pains and pleasures are thy due.
Framed to please in many ways;
Polished, bright to eager gaze,
Often, at the social board,
Wit and mirth thy lips afford;
Yet—(there always is a but)
Scores of times I've seen thee cut.

Beauteous lady! can'st thou guess
What my muse would fain express?
If thou can'st; regard it well,
Then, upon reflection, tell
How within its precincts dwell
All the graces of a belle!

THE tale is told that when the Duke of Wellington first witnessed a trial of war-rockets, one of these ungovernable projectiles showed its contempt for the designer's wishes and intentions, by performing some extraordinary evolutions in the air and finally descending into the midst of the Duke's party instead of darting straight at the supposed enemy's posi-

tion. The story may be true or it may be but a typical illustration of the erratic character of the weapon. This want of precision has been a drawback to the employment of rockets to the full extent of their more effective properties. Accuracy of flight would be secured if a great rotative velocity could be imparted to them, as in the case of a rifle ball, at the moment of discharge. Skew holes for the outrush of the propulsive gases have been employed, but the motion thus set up does not act till it is too late to be of use. In view of this defect Mr. Nasmyth, of steam-hammer fame, has devised an apparatus for communicating some thousands of rotations a minute to a rocket before it takes the air. A strong clock-spring gives motion to a train of speed-increasing wheels, the last and most rapid of which are made to revolve a tube or barrel at a high velocity. The projectile is placed in this tube and properly directed; it is set a spinning and the fuse is lighted. Some slight springs hold the missile back just long enough to allow the gases to get up their full force, when it breaks from its confines and rushes on its deadly course with the precision of a gun-shot. But you must surrender one advantage to gain another. The rocket as it is combines powder, shot, and gun, in itself; hamper it with a firing apparatus and you bring it down from its independent position among implements of war.

I HAVE made a discovery, and take this opportunity of replying to several hundred correspondents, who, for more than a year past, have besieged me with the question, "Will you be good enough to tell us in what number of *Once a Week* appeared the story called *Love in a Balloon*?" As I did not know of such a story, I thought at first that the question was the chance shot of some one who, having heard of it, had forgotten the name of the magazine in which it appeared. When another and another letter arrived urging the same question, I fancied that some newspaper must have highly praised the story, but had referred it to a wrong source, and so misled a number of amiable readers. But every week for months and months in ceaseless iteration came the inevitable question, "In what number of your admirable magazine shall we find *Love in a Balloon*?" Then I looked through all the volumes of *Once a Week* to see if any such story was to be found. Not a trace of it. But still the letters poured in from all parts of England: "Do tell us where is *Love in a Balloon*?" until at length I came to the conclusion that some wag was engaged

in a practical joke, like the Berners Street hoax. I have made a grand collection of all these letters. I have been full of admiration of the joker's ingenuity who could vary with such infinite resource the one question, "Where is *Love in a Balloon* to be found?" who could write out the inquiry in so many different specimens of caligraphy? and who could manage to post the letters containing it from so vast a range of post towns. I hoped to have my revenge of the jester who so pestered me with the question, "Where is *Love in a Balloon* to be got?" and with the entreaty, "Pray send me a copy of *Love in a Balloon*." My hopes are balked, my labour has been in vain. It turns out that there is no jest in the case. The inquiries are all real, and I am indebted for them to the popularity of the readings of the Rev. Mr. Bellew, who is the villain of this tale. In *Once a Week*, Sept. 28, 1861, there appeared a story entitled *The Tale he told the Marines*. Mr. Bellew has changed its title to *Love in a Balloon*, has been reading it to numerous audiences, and has told his hearers to look for it in *Once a Week*. This they have done diligently without success. Pray, Mr. Bellew, in future give the proper title of the story, and save me from an infliction which becomes more and more oppressive as your readings become more and more popular.

IN the May number of *Good Words for the Young*, Mr. Charles Camden says of Lazy Tom, in *The Boys of Axleford*,—"Big as he was he was only in Eutropius." This brings pleasantly to one's memory that inimitable touch of the great author of *Vanity Fair*, where Georgey Osborne writes from school to his mother "how Neat had straps to his trowsers—might he have straps? and how Bull Major was so strong (though only in Eutropius) that it was believed he could lick the Usher, Mr. Ward, himself" (chap. xlvi. p. 411).

A TRUMPED-UP charge (which was dismissed) against a clergyman for alleged drunkenness, is only worth mentioning, from an extraordinary expression of opinion in the judgment of the Bishop of Manchester, as read by Dr. Bayford. The clergyman's medical attendant stated that he had sanctioned a prescription of rum and milk for him, as he was in a weak and nervous state. Whereupon the episcopal judgment is, that it was remarked as a curious circumstance, and one evidently open to misconstruction, that the defendant should have persisted in the use of such a medicine as rum

and milk, instead of adopting some remedy equally efficacious and less equivocal. What remedy would the right reverend gentleman suggest to the medical profession? The use of rum and milk has been long recognised as of the greatest value in cases of delicate or consumptive patients; and it has been found to sustain life when all other means have failed. Why should two teaspoonsful of rum in a tumbler of milk be an equivocal remedy?

ON the walls of the Academy are no less than three *Prodigal Sons*, by Messrs. Poynter (110), Poole (140), and Gale (899). It is singular that Mr. Poynter should have missed one of the great points of the parable. When the son "was yet a *great way off*, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him" (Luke xv. 20); but Mr. Poynter makes the father receive the wanderer at the foot of the steps to his house; thus setting on one side that teaching of the parable which is expressed in an Eastern proverb—"If man draws near to God an inch, God will draw near to him an ell." (See Archbishop Trench on *The Parables*, p. 405.)

EVERYBODY knows the value of milk as liquid food for the young and weak; but everybody does not know that of all milks that from the sow is the richest and most nutritious. It contains fifty per cent. more of solid constituents, such as butter, cheesy matter, and sugar, than does the lacteal produce of the cow. This is shown in a recent analysis by Professor Cameron, of Dublin. He appears to be only the second chemist who has examined the secretion. Curiously, the sow's is generally absent from lists of milk analyses; the reason doubtless being the difficulty of securing specimens. Your porcine mother strenuously resists the appeals of the fairest of milkmaids: beauty cannot induce nor dexterity compel her to yield a drop of her offspring's legitimate food, even for the benefit of science. So, unless these scruples can be overcome, there is little chance of the rich diet coming to market.

THE whole subject of inhumation has been lengthily discussed in a memoir presented last week to the Paris Academy, by M. Freycinet. The essay is divided into sections, treating separately of the preservation of corpses before burial; of places fittest for sepulture; of projects for partially embalming bodies; and of the oft-mooted question of cremation. All the

points are argued with special reference to the public health, and it is satisfactory to know that the author considers the existing system of burial in the earth to be on the whole the best: only modifications are suggested. Vaults are decried; so are all those systems and means—such as metal coffins and preservative processes—which tend to arrest decay. The aim should be to promote decomposition; to facilitate the access of earth to the body, and especially to help the transformation of cadaveric matter by the influence of vegetation. A tree-covered plain—the *sacred grove* of old—is the best mortuary; fittest in every way, æsthetically and sanitarily. As to cremation, it is totally inapplicable; the odours that would be spread over a country by the burning of several thousand corpses a week would be unbearable. M. Freycinet has inspected many cemeteries at home and abroad, and he gives the palm to ours at Woking Common.

FOLK-LORE is not yet a thing of the past, but still shows its vitality in many a sequestered spot. This last Ascension-Day, in a village near to Rugby, women were to be seen catching the rainwater in bottles. Their belief was that Holy Thursday water would keep for a twelvemonth; and that if, during that period, a spoonful of it was placed in a batch of bread, it would secure lightness to the loaves. And on this last Whitsun-day the farmers at Hanbury, Worcestershire, had to give milk to whomsoever came to claim it; and poor people from far and near were to be seen going the round of the farm-houses and filling their cans with the gratuitous milk. What was the origin of this custom? The holy-ales, mentioned in Shakspeare's *Pericles*, denote the connection of ale—the Whitsun-ale—with the festival; but, except in this Hanbury custom, I cannot find any record of the distribution of milk on that day. Had the whiteness of the milk anything to do with this? for, although some etymologists have derived the word *Whit* from the French *huit*, because it was the eighth Sunday, inclusive, from Easter; the word is more generally accepted as meaning White—the White Sunday, *Dominica in albis*, the great day for the Baptismal Ceremony, when, as Bishop Sparrow says, "the new baptized were clothed in white garments." Thus, the milk, besides its whiteness, might possibly have some reference to the milk for babes.

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

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A Novel. By the Author of GARDENHURST.

CHAPTER XXIII.

EVE EATS HER APPLE.

IT was daybreak at Auriel, and country-bred Azalea awoke as naturally with the dawn as did the quick-eyed swallows who lived in the eaves above her window. She lay still a while, watching the wan sun-streaks lengthen over the brown furrowed upland, and listening to the clump of the farm horses' feet as they trotted down towards the misty water brink to drink. It was that pale mysterious hour when the hush of night passing away from the earth, gives place to grey gloom which is as obscure and indistinct in its nature as a dying man's wanderings ere the babble of his tongue has ceased, and his soul dawned before the brightness of God. The night clouds had rolled away, but day had not yet breathed out its full sense of life and joy; feeble twitters broke from the leaves, and desultory flutters disturbed their dew-steeped shadows. The steel-grey waters of the lake; the dark form of cattle moving stiffly down the meadow; the mist that clammed the outline of sky and earth together—all was chill uncertainty of aspect.

A few hours later, and the avenue was alive with the cheerful clamour of birds; the wild fowl dashed its breast down a sunlit stream; the waterfalls sparkled their mad delight over glistening pebbles; the warm wind dried the wet-faced roses; the cat crept out to make her toilette of clean paws and smoothed ears; and Azalea stood at her window, the freshest and fairest object the morning sun shone on.

"Oh, what a lovely morning it is!" she said as she stood there drinking in breaths of sweet sunshiny air.

When she was dressed she walked softly down the stairs so as not to disturb Moore,

and consulted the worn face of the old clock that stood in the hall. It was too early to busy herself in the sitting-room yet; to go through her little duties of dusting and arranging the massive furniture and preparing breakfast. Her father slept overhead, and the light doubtful slumbers of age are easily disturbed; so Azalea took the large garden basket off its peg and decided to go out and gather some flowers with which to make the dusty old chambers bright when she returned.

She sang to herself as she walked down the path under the cross lights and shadows of the avenue. She was seventeen, her heart unruffled by trouble, her eyes bright with unconcern. She was as free and unfettered of spirit as the wild birds that carolled noisily above her head, and like them she involuntarily sang out her appreciation of the fresh beauty of the morning.

It was a pity that human sadness should ever abase such a bright face. It was a pity that this girl, as happy and sinless as the dumb companions of her solitude, could not die as she was living now, with God's sunshine blessing her head, and with a soul so pure that she might have gone straight to her mother's breast in paradise without dreading the tender questioning of those celestial eyes.

After a while Azalea paused to contemplate the contents of her basket; there were lilies of the valley shaking down small dewdrops among the cool green leaves that sheathed their fragrant white bells; roses of all descriptions, from the luxurious damask to the delicate rose de mot, were heaped promiscuously together, piercing each other's tender petals with their thorns; bunches of wisteria, sweetest and most graceful of all the pensile blossoms, hung languidly over the basket's wicker edge; the fleur-de-lys drooped its stately head across the heavy breadth of the peony, and the homely-looking buds of calicanthus shed the influence of their rare perfume over all.

"Oh!" said Azalea, plunging her little face into the dewy masses of blossom with an expression of ecstatic enjoyment, "I love them."

Then she looked wistfully at the hedgerow which divided the shrubberies from that lane which led to the little village of Auriel.

"If I get over there I can gather some ferns."

Getting over there implied climbing to the summit of a steep bank, forcing herself through a barricade of short dense nut boughs, and then clinging to the rough wet sides of an oak tree while she slipped down into the ditch on the opposite side.

She hesitated for a moment, fearing the contingencies of scratched hands and torn clothes. She scrambled up a few steps and peeped over at the temptation below.

That ditch contained beauties scarcely inferior to the gay-hued, rich-scented garden plants which it bounded, and Azalea looked longingly at the thick masses of fern, waving crossways at the foot of the bank with a wild grace all their own.

"I *must* have some," she thought, "to droop over the sides of the vases."

She fixed her laden basket between two boughs of the oak, and then clasping one hand round another branch, commenced her descent. She felt her way with her feet until they found a secure root on which to support them, and then she paused.

"If I jump I shall jar my legs, if I slip down I shall scratch them : I don't much mind that, but the dress is sure to get caught by something or other, and then daddy will say, 'There you go again, Azalea, always in rags ;' and I so detest mending them. If any one were here to give me a hand I could jump easily."

She looked up and down the misty lane, but saw nothing but a jackdaw looking very wise as it dissected its early breakfast.

"If there were but an old woman or a boy."

There was the hem of a dress fluttering in the wind, a stone-picker, some fields distant, and the red neckerchief of a bird-boy, making a bright speck in a far-off hedgerow, but Azalea could not make them hear, nor if they had heard would they have heeded her. She was in that position in which poor undecided mortality so often finds itself, afraid to go on, loth to draw back, and so fain to stay where she was.

"I'll risk it," she said, suddenly ; and she was in the act of withdrawing her arm from the friendly branch when a strange sound struck upon her ears.

Something quite different from trill of bird or hum of insect was that quick clang of notes

that rose up between the sweet honeysuckle borders of that quiet lane. There was something plaintive in it too—something harsh, like human pain. There was none of the full content of the blackbird's note in it.

"What can it be?" wondered Azalea, postponing her jump into the fern bed ; "I never heard it before."

If the little girl had gathered up herself, legs, basket, and all, and ran back in the woods, where she could hear it no more, it might have been better for her.

She had not long to wait before a solution of the mysterious sounds came in sight, and the solution was even more wondrous than the mystery. Gleaming through the green fringe of the hedgerows, passing in a quick stream of light by misty clusters of woodbine, came a glitter of helmets and a toss of red and white plumes.

From some unexplainable impulse, Azalea made a desperate effort to regain the top of the bank, but she was too late ; it would have required three or four scrambles to reach her old place ; and not liking to continue the useless struggle, she remained motionless while the procession streamed nearer, and the whole length of path resounded with the tramp of horses' feet.

The green shadows, the dewy lights, all were broken up and patched by vivid red coats, the dark rapidly-moving forms of the horses, the champ of their bits, the hurried jingle of spurs, the sharp bright lines of steel that hung from the men's left sides, the plumes waving as hearse-like yet festal symbols of death over the bearded faces that showed beneath the sharp-pointed helmets,—all passed as a brilliant but yet awful picture before Azalea's amazed eyes.

The whole of this peaceful, grass-grown elm-shadowed road was stirred by the warlike commotion. The sheep in the opposite field huddled away up the pasture, and then turned and looked at the intruders with calm dewy-eyed wonder ; the daisies under foot, which had lived unscathed under the slow tread of lazy cart-horses, were crushed to the ground by the merciless precision of those serried lines of tramping hoofs ; the jackdaw hopped out of the path and looked wise on the safe side of the hedge. All the little harmless flutters of life that were wont to make innocent music in this quiet spot were overpowered by the gay clangour of the martial cavalcade that swept like a flame of fire through the densely-shadowed lane.

As the tramp and the jingle drew nearer, Azalea involuntarily tightened her hold on the

branch overhead, and in so doing dislodged the basket of flowers, already top-heavy with its fragrant burthen. Over it turned, and roses and lilies, fleur-de-lys and wisteria, showered down on to Azalea's head, shoulders, and feet. One plump rose descended on her shoes, and then fell to pieces—one bunch of the fragile wisteria lingered lovingly near her ear. The fleur-de-lys shook yellow powder on to her hands, and then slipped down to the ditch; indeed the ferns below were oppressed by a perfect avalanche of blossoms.

Azalea scarcely heeded the catastrophe; her violet eyes were filled with wonder at the advancing spectacle; yet when the troop of horsemen came near her she shrank as far as she could behind the shadow of the oak, and fervently wished that she could escape up its branches as quickly as that deft squirrel that was curling up its tail at a breezy altitude of some dozen boughs nearer the sky.

The reader will understand that a cavalry regiment was moving through Essex *en route* to another county, and that a troop which had been billeted at an adjacent village during the night were now on the march again, passing by the Auriel estate as the shortest cut to the high roads. A bustle on arriving and departing—a friendly smoke overnight with the innkeeper—a champing of many horses' mouths in the stables—a swing into the saddle when the early rime still clung to the wallflower and cottage latch—a kiss to the innkeeper's daughter watching them wistfully over the gate—such is the general result of a troop of soldiers' swallow-like descent into rustic Arcadias; "only this and nothing more." The girl at the gate may feel soft eyed when she thinks of that big moustache that has just now brushed her cheek; may feel her heart beat at the next flutter of red she espies in the hedge-row; but a few hours later will find her romping with Joe on the green, or quarrelling with her intimates over the wash-tub. Poverty is so practical it does not admit of wasting time in sentiment; at least the injurious self-torture engendered by luxury is spared to the hewers of wood and drawers of water. There is no space for it when mouths have to be filled and limbs clothed by dint of sheer exertion.

The reader will understand all this; but he or she may also comprehend that to the eyes of a girl like Azalea this was far from being anything so commonplace as a troop of horse moving from one barrack to another. To her it was a magnificent poem, and those red coats and dancing plumes were the emblems of valour and death. She had never seen living soldiers

before, but she had read of their deeds and learned to reverence the names of those our country's records have delighted to honour. There must have been inherited chivalry in her blood, or it would not have flushed her cheek so brightly as she followed the rush of plumes with her eyes, and thought that she too would like to die amidst the red light of battle and the sombre roll of drums. She was only seventeen, so do not despise her; you or I might feel that death would be as unpleasant to meet in the uproar of battle as in the drear solitude of a wind-blown moor; but youth may be permitted to have its delusions—to fancy that bright colours and joyous music may elevate the soul above mortal pangs and disenthral it from mortal terrors. Such delusions are the blossoms of life. They will fall soon enough; so we will not shake the tree.

Azalea's unpractised eyes (confused as they were by the novelty of the scene) did not detect that one of the troop was more richly dressed than the others; that it was real gold lace that gleamed on his coat; and that the delicacy of gentle breeding showed in a fairer skin and silkier moustache than was owned by the rest of his companions.

This was the officer in command, Captain Thurstan Mowbray; and this gentleman had never ceased yawning from the time of his leaving the village hostelry until he came opposite the Auriel woods. Then the languor in his face gave way to interest as he let his eyes rove over the variously-tinted waves of foliage, and noted the old red gables of the house visible through the breaks in the woodland. Sometimes he could see the shimmer of a sunlit casement, or followed with his gaze the herds of deer passing in line over the misty breadths of pasture.

"A beautiful old place!" he murmured. "To think that there should be no smoke from those chimneys. I dare say they have been stuffed with martin's nests for these last dozen years. Oh, if one had but money!"

The horses tramped on, the little girl in her niche following them with adoring eyes. If she could only have heard what the commander of that grand-looking party was sighing out between his moustache, her exalted estimate of one of the brilliant throng would have been slightly lowered.

"Oh, if one had but money!" No reference to splendid deeds of heroism—to old banners won in Spain—to lives willingly and gloriously yielded 'midst rolls of smoke and clang of arms—came from that perplexed-looking young officer, whose greatest enemy was his

tailor, and who had never led a forlorn hope against any fortress more impregnable than a certain office in Craig's Court.

The colour, the noise, the bronzed faces had passed Azalea's dazzled eyes, and were growing dimmer and indistinct far down the lane, when Captain Mowbray took it into his head to turn round in his saddle and give a last look at his father's deserted home. In scanning the broken palings overrun with ivy, and wondering how much money it would take to uplift and straighten their time-warped sides, his eyes fell on the oak, and then on the living creature clinging to its side. Even at this distance he saw the gleam of fair hair; and if there was one thing in woman more attractive than another to Captain Mowbray, it was fairness.

His bold dark eyes flashed, and his handsome face woke into new life in an instant. A quick glance at the immovable faces of his companions showed him that he was alone in his discovery. The men had taken a cursory glance at the pretty wild flowers that bloomed down the bank, but it was reserved for their officer to detect the rare specimens that were still clinging to Azalea's feet and shoulders.

"I believe—I am almost sure—she is pretty. I'll go and have a look at her."

What else could you expect from a young gentleman who had been wearying away so many uninteresting hours on country roads and among ugly rustic faces since he left his last gay quarters? He hailed this apparition as an especial kindly interposition of Fortune on his behalf. He was as pleased as the boy diverted from the tedium of a walk to school by the sudden rapture of starting and pursuing a wild rabbit.

Captain Mowbray waited until his troop had passed from under the last elm that shaded the lane, and then, turning his horse, he galloped back in the direction of the oak.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHAT IS THE HARM?

MEN and horses were gone; but the stir of their presence lingered a while in the vacant path. The birds had not recovered their confidence in the lower twigs of their homes; and Azalea's ears were still full of the music of their movement. The last plume had nodded away into the clear sunshine of the high-road ere the girl bethought herself of regaining her flowers, and returning home. She had bared her pretty round arms, the better to preserve her sleeves, and was about

to drop down into the soft herbage below, when the sound of horses' hoofs made her pause and tremble.

Was the beautiful dream coming back again? Was she once more to gaze on that scintillating line of gorgeous gold and crimson? She looked down the lane, and, to her surprise, saw not all, only one of the number, coming towards her, making, even by himself, a blaze of colour in those cool green shadows. In an instant he was opposite to her. The horse was checked and turned unceremoniously loose. The latter made no attempt at flight, but quietly dropped his heavily-caparisoned head into the luscious depths of dewy grass, while the rider stood motionless, surprised into momentary stillness by the charm of the picture before him.

"A dryad, by Jove!" the captain remarked afterwards, with hazy reminiscences of his schoolboy studies in Lemprière. "One of those creatures that live always up a tree."

Azalea stood with scared eyes and beating heart, surveying the intruder. She had become aware of something more than a red coat and gleaming helmet. She felt, rather than saw, the big brown eyes that looked up at her face with somewhat of entreaty in their bold fire. In one brief second the pleading eyes, the moustached face, the bright apparel, the dim joy of the early morning, all were blended and burnt indelibly into her memory. She knew then that she could never forget it—that even in the grey twilight that foreruns death, that face and that hour would live distinctly in her heart.

Captain Mowbray was, as we have said, awed into inaction for an instant by the girl's exceeding grace of face and outline. Then, his time being short, and the sounds of his troopers' horses already sounding fainter down the distant highway, he caught hold of a projecting branch, and swinging himself up to Azalea's side, suddenly clasped her close to his breast, swept his brown moustache over her delicate cheeks, kissed her mouth twice, and then dropped down as quickly on to the sward below, jumped into his saddle, with the sting of a delicate hand and arm flushing his face, and a gay laugh on his red lips.

She had had no time for outcry or remonstrance. She had struck her little hand with all her force against the audacious face that dared to press so near her own. There was no time for set speech or any other display of maidenly dignity. She struck out her hands from a purely animal instinct of self-defence; but her captor hardly felt the blow, excepting

as a pleasant reminder of the kiss which had preceded it. It was as if a poor wood-pigeon was fluttering and pecking its soft bill against Captain Mowbray's hand.

"I will come again," he called out, as he swept past her. "I'll have another kiss of you, darling, before long."

Still laughing and waving his hand, he vanished out of sight.

Poor Azalea did not gather up her fallen flowers; they withered away in the dank ditch below many days after the fair morning on which they were plucked. She sat down among the nut-boughs, and cried bitterly. A brand of shame seemed to be scorching her lips.

"I can never, never tell daddy or Mr. Douglas," she thought. Then she wept afresh, and looked reproachfully at her cotton dress.

"If I were only better dressed, and sat in a drawing-room, like Rosa Orme, this would never have happened. I will never look at a soldier again. How dared he to treat me so? I will never forgive him as long as I live. It would have served him rightly if I had killed him."

Her eyes flashed through her tears, and her face looked quite vindictive at the idea of vengeance. In her heart she classed the stranger with some of the worst villains among her acquaintances in fiction. She decided that his offence was unpardonable, and with her face dark and stern she retraced her steps towards the house.

A thousand schemes for abasing her enemy flitted through her busy brain as she moved hastily through the paths, the fire in her thoughts lending unconscious impetus to her movements. If he came again, she would pass him with haughty unconcern; but then he might ignore the haughtiness, and repeat the offence. She would meet him in that blue merino dress her daddy had lately purchased for her, and greet him with a cold bow, and a scornful, averted face; or she would go out with an old fashioned dagger (she rejected the idea of the garden-knife, which was practically sharper, as being too prosaic an implement of vengeance), and strike him to the heart through all that bulwark of red and gold.

A woman of the world would have made allowances for Captain Mowbray—have taken into consideration his temptation, the dearth of pretty faces between Norwich and Auriel, and, above all, his unavoidable haste, which precluded his waiting to express apology or regret; but Azalea only felt that an enemy had struck a blow at the native modesty in

which her thoughts had hitherto rested in as sacred security as flowers in a Madonna's shrine. She had been sovereign of undivided empire in Dreamland. The aspiring ambition of youth made her ever assume the highest place among those ideal personages who thronged round her in imagination. Practically, too, she was a little queen—the adored of old Moore's failing eyes—the worshipped of his heart—the empress of hundreds of living things who fluttered to her at the beck of her finger, and the coo of her soft voice! Had she not reason to rebel at finding out this morning that she was but an ordinary little mortal who had been picked up and kissed by a strange soldier. She did not get away from that morning hour all day. All the noon was morning to her. There was ever the grey film of dawn in the air, and the brown eyes pursuing her wherever she turned. They were her secret shame and disgrace. Her cheek flushed and her eyes lowered at their memory. Yet when she fell asleep that night she repeated softly to herself, "I shall come again;" and in her voice was a thrill of something which was not all anger.

CHAPTER XXV.

CAPTAIN SWORD VISITS CAPTAIN PEN.

LATE that evening Robert Douglas' solitude was broken in on by the unwonted appearance of a visitor at his cottage door—a man who, judging by his externals, was by no means the description of guest to be expected in such a homely dwelling. From his glossy, closely-curled head to his well-fitting boots, he was a perfect representative of a handsome, high-bred-looking Englishman. He was fashionably dressed, but with a fashion that was refined by taste, and there was not a violent or inharmonious tint in his whole attire. He moved his cigar from his lips as he stood in the doorway; and called out, in a cheery voice—

"Holloa! old fellow, is that you? What a jolly night it is!"

The voice was familiar, and Douglas found himself confronted by the bright eyes and genial smile of Thurstan Mowbray.

"I'm on the march," Thurstan explained; "I came past Auriel this morning; but I couldn't come and see you then, as there was no one else with the men. At the county town I was joined by a brother officer. As soon as I could, I got into mufti, and leaving him in command, I came to the railway station. I found that I could get down here so as to

spend a couple of hours with you. I was so sold to find you were out. Can you give me something to eat?"

Douglas looked perplexed.

"I do not know how much bread there may be left," he said, smiling. "I have an excellent barrel of Maçon wine sent to me by a friend in the South of France; but as to eating—Stay, I will make you some convent eggs."

"What are they?" Thurstan asked, doubtfully.

"They are better than nothing. You have often said you would make any sacrifice for me, Mowbray, and you have kept your word—you have sacrificed your dinner. What greater proof of devotion can an Englishman give?"

"I didn't sacrifice much," Captain Mowbray admitted, candidly. "The chops at the town inn are marvels of toughness. I am so glad to see you again, old fellow. You are looking better than you used to do."

"I cannot return the compliment," Douglas said, looking up from his culinary occupation. "You are looking more than three years older than when I last saw you."

"I have drunk many more bottles of wine, have incurred four times the number of debts, and have fallen in and out of love so often—of course it all tells on a man."

"Which is the worst phase of suffering, the debts or the love affairs?" Douglas asked, smiling.

"Oh, the debts. Women forget, but creditors never do. Women are forgotten; but how can you obliterate from your mind the daily necessity of obtaining more things on credit? I really think I shall have to exchange into the Line." And Captain Mowbray looked as M. Curtius may have looked as he surveyed the unfathomable horror of the Forum gulf.

"Dinner is served," Douglas announced, gravely, as he placed a steaming savoury mess of eggs and herbs on the deal table.

Daintiness was not amongst Captain Mowbray's faults. He ate heartily of the dish, and then looked gratefully at his host.

"You always were a clever fellow, by Jove!" he said, with profound admiration. "And this wine has a wondrously delicate flavour. Where did you get it from?"

"From Maçon."

"Oh! I remember—the place where the women wear those rummy hats. I have been abroad since I saw you, Douglas. I followed your advice, and went first to Paris."

"And did Paris have a consolatory effect?"

"Well, I certainly felt much better after I had been there a fortnight. As Mlle. C— said, 'Life is too short for regret, and too long for constancy.' Not but what I would have followed that woman (Lady Di I mean) to the Antipodes if she had beckoned to me with her little finger."

"But she did not beckon?"

"No! she went to Italy and joined the Ormes' party. I believe her intention was to become Lady Orme; but Orme is so obtuse he didn't see it. I don't suppose he would ever have understood her drift unless she had asked him point-blank to marry, and then he'd have said, 'I'll think about it.' There is no victim so difficult to capture as the one who vacillates. She would have missed the mark there from the unsteadiness of the object aimed at."

"And where is she now?"

"Back in England. I have only seen her once since her return."

"And then?"

"Then she looked at me with such a sweet, unconscious expression, that she all but deluded me into the belief that there had never been anything between us worth remembering. Clairveaux was in attendance; and although I had fancied I had entirely ceased to care for her, I was sufficiently irritated by her conduct to plunge into an ostentatious flirtation with Amelia Orme."

"And what said Lady Diana?"

"She merely smiled to herself. I think she guessed my motives," Thurstan said, gloomily.

"She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you," quoted Douglas.

"Yes; I suppose she did it to get a rise out of me," Captain Mowbray observed, innocent of the quotation. "But this was nearly two years ago. I should know better how to act indifference now. I have consorted more with all classes of women, and have learnt some of their tricks."

"Your experience does not seem to have increased your respect for the sex," Douglas remarked, drily.

"Why should it?" the young man said, indifferently. "Virtue is as obsolete as peg-top trousers; innocence is out of fashion, and for my part I have no wish to see it revived. It makes life much easier for us, matters being as they are."

"Life might be easier, especially in hot weather, if we all followed the primitive customs of our forefathers, and went about wearing no other sacrifice to decency than a suit of blue woad," Douglas answered im-

patiently. "I wish you wouldn't talk in this sort of way about women, Mowbray; I assure you it is not at all in good taste. Men should never speak ill of their country, nor disparage the women of their race; both are much as we make them."

"Why, you used to be more severe against the sex than any one," his friend said, surprised. "One would think you were in love."

It has been said that Captain Mowbray was shrewd.

"Hush!" Douglas cried, sharply. "Do not talk of love and me together. What has an age embittered by the memories of the past, a wrinkled face, and an uncouth form, to do with the morning-bloom of youth? I am too tired—too sore with long wretchedness—to wrestle with the cruel strength of the passion of love. Its heavenly exultation, its hellish despair, would destroy me. My life has been for years one long waste; but it, at least, has been calm. If I felt my heart's repose troubled, it would be well for me to die."

He spoke with what appeared to be undue energy; his large eyes flashed light from their cavernous recesses, and his lips quivered like those of one who is hurt and dreads to show his pain. Captain Mowbray looked at him with as much wonder as a well-bred man permits himself to feel.

"I do not see why you need talk of wrinkles and uncouthness," he said, presently. "You looked like a head of Jupiter Tonans just now when you were excited. There are no end of women who would like you a thousand times better than me."

Douglas shook his head impatiently.

"What has become of Clairveaux?" he asked, by way of changing the conversation.

"Oh! Clairveaux has placed his hand, a considerable portion of his fortune, and all his volition in the care of a wife. Lady Clairveaux is not strictly pretty, but she is 'svelte.' She has a French woman's art of making the best of herself and her opportunities. Clairveaux believes her to be a Susanna while she boasts herself a Bathsheba."

"And De Smith?"

"De Smith is Lady Clairveaux's favoured admirer and Clairveaux's most intimate friend. But what a memory you have, Douglas. Fancy your recollecting all these fellows."

"It is one of my misfortunes," Douglas said, "that I can never forget anything. Memories are sorrow's fetters: they hold down our pain round us with cruel tenacity long after the wounds have been dealt. How much happier

some of us would be if we might take nightly draughts from the Lethean river!"

"I don't know where that river may be. I'd go and 'liquor up' there like a shot if I thought it would help me to forget the total of my tailor's bill," Captain Mowbray said simply. "Oh, Douglas! you can't think how it bores one to be poor."

"You mean how it bores one to seem *not* to be poor: you young fellows expend so much more on pretension than you do on pleasure. If you did not lavish your money in doing what is called the 'right thing' you would have more to spend in real luxury."

"What is your idea of real luxury?"

"You do not think I am likely to be a good judge of what the word means," Douglas said, observing his friend's eyes glancing round the barely-furnished room; "but be sure that no lover of fruit has ever appreciated its beauty as Tantalus did. Twenty years ago I revelled in what I called luxury. I sought for and found the most lovely aspects of Nature. I witnessed, and in some cases possessed, some of man's most perfect handicraft. I had rare paintings on my walls—Magdalens, by Guido, with mellow faces that looked as if they were dropping to sleep in the sunset, oppressed by the wealth of their own warm tresses. I had Cupids, by Rubens, tumbling their fair limbs in deep gorgeous-coloured piles of fruit. I delighted in those dear little sensitive, sensual faces by Greuze; and I mortgaged a portion of my future heritage for the sake of a deep-toned Murillo. I specify these to show you that I revel in colour, and that my eyes do not for choice rest on these bare white walls, which are never adorned by aught gay and brilliant, excepting when a butterfly takes it into its wanton head to perch there for an instant, furling and unfurling its velvety wings in the warmth of a stray sunbeam. I won't bore you by dilating on my appreciation of form; but the refined artist who moulds beauty in marble, carving from the uncouth mass dimpling feet that seem to move through the air as lightly as down—who creates mutable beauty with an immutable substance—who carves tremulous smiles round ever-still lips; and produces from the hueless stone limbs which stir the heart to a quicker pulse with their voluptuous representation of perfect human loveliness—he (were he a modern Phidias) could not estimate grace of outline more highly than myself. When I was a lad of eighteen most of my leisure time was spent in my father's library—a room full of grave shadows, and formal, sombre-coloured furni-

ture. In a niche by the window stood the one grace to the room—an exquisite copy in marble of the Florentine Venus Anadyomene. I cannot describe to you the subtle emotion which the contemplation of this crouching lovely creature awoke in me. Her virginal face haunted me in my dreams. I imaged the shell, on which she rested, floating in tideless seas. I pictured her, with her perfect limbs, rosied by the moving veil of cool waters, her filleted head gleaming like a sparkling star in the blue depths. I would fain have fallen down and kissed the little round feet into the one charm they wanted—that of living blushing loveliness. I caressed with reverent fingers the arms modestly crossed on her breast. Her curved wrist, her dimpled, undulating shoulders, her pear-shaped bosom, half concealed by the shrinking posture, inspired me even then with an appreciation, which was almost rapturous in its intensity, of beauty in its highest form. Judge then, Mowbray, whether my taste is gratified by the sight of hideous, crook-backed old women who stumble through these lanes on Sunday on their way to seek their afternoon doze in church, or by the contemplation of their younger descendants—girls whose limbs are enlarged by labour, whose aspects are harsh from continual toil, whose faces are rough as those of men, and whose hair is as coarse as that of horses.”

Captain Mowbray thought of the girl he had left trembling amidst the ferns on the previous morning, and mentally decided that his friend was unfortunate in his rural experiences.

“According to your own definition your present mode of life is joyless and utterly unattractive to your senses. How is it that you seem content?” he asked, stifling a yawn with an inhalation of cigarette smoke.

“Pain is sharper than pleasure is sweet,” the elder man said, pithily. “I am content to resign the manifold satisfactions of wealth that I may escape an attendant bitterness which would more than neutralise their enjoyment. I have at least known one great luxury during these latter years of poverty and solitude, which I lacked in the old days when I was in and of the world.”

“And that is——?”

“The companionship of a pure and sinless life.”

“A woman,” Captain Mowbray muttered to himself. “I thought as much.” Aloud he said, “Who keeps the old house at Auriel?”

Douglas did not answer for a moment; then he spoke hesitatingly. “An old man

called Moore, who was, I believe, placed there by your father.”

“Oh! is there no one else?”

“Yes, an equally old woman—a cottager, who, as the Essex people say, ‘does for him.’”

Captain Mowbray looked disappointed. “I wonder if there is any game there,” he said; “because I might run down for a few days in the shooting season. I am ashamed of myself for knowing so little about the old place. I haven’t visited it since I was a boy.”

“There isn’t a head of game on the place,” Douglas replied hastily.

“Well, good-night, dear old fellow!” Thurstan said, rising and buttoning up his great-coat. “I have no end of things to talk to you about; but I haven’t time now, as I must get back to the men. I hope to see you again later in the year, for Lord Airdale, the Master of hounds (his place is only ten miles from you), always asks me down in the hunting season. We will go over Auriel together some day then. I dare say you already know more about the books and pictures than I do. Good-bye.”

“I will walk with you to the railway,” Douglas said; and the two went together to S——.

As they shook hands at the station Douglas gave his friend a parting counsel.

“This is an awfully bad country for hunting. It is thickly enclosed with new-made fences; the banks are sharp as knives, and not nearly so firm; what grass there is is cut up by mardykes. I cannot imagine any one who is accustomed to a flying country coming for this creep and crawl—this pitch and toss style of thing.”

“What a fellow that is!” Thurstan said to himself, as the train moved out of the station. “Here I have known him all these years, and never found out before that he had an inkling of what the word hunting meant. I suspect his is an odd history. I wonder if he will ever enlighten me as to who he is or was. Not that it matters. His saving my life is quite antecedent enough for me. The country is all he says. I shall bring down Blackberry and Bramble to Airdale’s. They are quite clever enough. What a pretty girl that was! I feel quite sorry to think that by to-morrow night I shall have left her sixty miles behind me. I dare say Amelia Orme will be very glad to see me. And, after all, women are very much alike; only that girl in the hedgerow didn’t wear a lump of false hair, and the colour didn’t come off her cheek when I kissed her; on the contrary, it grew redder. In these respects she is decidedly dissimilar to other women.”

DANCING.

NO two people regard dancing in the same way ; and if you happen to be rather fond of it, or quite the reverse, you have no refuge of appeal from the sarcasm or the argument of your opponent. At what point of intellectual culture does a man begin to think dancing absurd? At what point of age or corpulency is it proper that a woman should desist from dancing? Should one be ashamed to confess a fondness for dancing?

I take it that dancing, to begin with, is a natural expression of joy, and ought to be satisfactory to the person who thus manifests his delight. I need not go back to the times of Greece and Rome—indeed, I will venture to skip history from the creation of man up till last Tuesday afternoon. I was then crossing Westminster Bridge. There appeared on the pavement a large, rough, raw-boned, ruddy-visaged navvy, who carried his moleskin-jacket in his hand. Now, this navvy was so drunk as to be wholly oblivious of the persons and things around him. There was nothing visible on his face but an intense, rubicund happiness, which manifested itself in a broad and rather vacuous smile. But to give further expression to his strong inner delight, the navvy began to dance—no mad jig or boisterous reel, but a measured and stately performance, in which he alternately turned out each foot and admiringly surveyed his leg as it described slow semi-circles in the air. He extended his moleskin-jacket by the arms, as if it were some graceful and gracious partner ; and, with appropriate and beautiful gestures he slowly waltzed round and round, seeing nothing, and caring for nothing but the motion of his arms and legs. The performance was picturesque and suggestive. It seemed to me, in reading George Eliot's *Spanish Gipsy*, that the mind of the authoress was too analytic and self-conscious to permit her to convey a full and perfect sense of *abandon* in the impassioned dancing of Fedalma. I could not help hoping that Fedalma did *not* think herself absurd. But here was the real ecstasy—the thorough delight in dancing *per se*, with no concern for its effect, with no thought of the spectators. The man was thoroughly happy ; and he danced, “but as the linnet sings.”

Whether the young men of our day like dancing or no, they contrive to dance as if they detested it. A good many of them, when the hostess insists upon introducing them to a

partner, rise with a piteous smile of resignation, go through the ceremony of introduction languidly, and take up a position upon the floor with some profoundly witty remark, addressed to their companion, about their not being able to remember the figures. In quadrille dancing, especially, motion has been cut down to its severest forms. An awkward and stiff walk is the prescribed method of “getting through” a quadrille ; the rough jolting of the last figure is entered into with a shrug of protest, and the performance closes with a sigh of relief. All the brisk circle dances, such as the polka, mazurka, Highland Schottische, and the like, have for a long time been banished, leaving the waltz to monopolise rapid movement. But the empire of the waltz is again being invaded by these dances ; and there are not wanting girls in most houses who own their liking for a “rattling good polka.” This last phrase, be it understood, is a smoking-room phrase. I don't mean that the girls who like polkas would use these words, although they have got to speaking about “flukes,” “hard-lines,” and so on.

By observing a good many instances, I have arrived at a theory of the estimation in which dancing is held by people who dance. I believe, so far as young men are concerned, that they have a keen pleasure in dancing with a girl they like ; and that they submit to the hypocrisy of dancing with the other girls in the room, so that they may occasionally dance with this one. In my time, I have noticed more than one gentleman, after dancing with a particular partner, sneak out of the drawing-room and make his way to the smoking-room. Perhaps three-quarters of an hour afterwards, having changed his coat, he returns, and quietly begs for another dance from the same charming young creature. People don't observe that he dances exclusively with her ; though she, if she have some private understanding with him, may. This conduct is obviously mean ; for, whereas the girl has been doing her duty, and dancing with all and sundry, this defaulter has only studied his own pleasure. Of course, lots of men dance for other reasons than the delight of dancing. They wish to pay a compliment, perhaps, by the mere asking. Or they want a few moments hurried talk in the pauses of a quadrille. But, so far as the mere personal pleasure of dancing goes, I doubt whether there is ever more than one girl in a room with whom a man, if he had only to study his own wishes, would dance. He cannot always be dancing with her, however. So he must dance with others, and wait

his turn. If he is very fond of her, and inclined to jealousy, the chances are that he will receive more pain in watching her dance five dances with other people than pleasure in dancing the sixth with her himself.

But with the young gentlewomen of our day the case is very different. Girls like the motion and swing of dancing. Very often waltzing is the only form of vigorous exercise they can get; and they enjoy it as an infant enjoys kicking and squealing, or a boy of ten enjoys jumping, climbing, tumbling, and rolling. To see a lot of young girls being whirled round a big room, with bright light on their happy faces, and the intoxication of the music and the motion in their eyes, is a very pretty sight; and can only provoke envious or unholy notions in the heart of a gentleman whom Providence has prevented, by some malformation, from enjoying himself in a similar fashion. As for Alfred de Musset, I will never believe that, in imitating the tone of Byron's *Waltz* in his *À la mi-carême*, he meant anything more than to gratify some passing fit of spleen, probably provoked by seeing some young friend of his dancing with somebody else. You know he had no club foot.

Then comes the other consideration—which is, perhaps, the prevailing reason why many middle-aged ladies dance—that only in dancing are a lady's dress and figure properly seen. What is the use of a train, if one must sit cramped up on a sofa? What is the use of having a waist, if it is to be hidden by the arms or the dress? Whereas, in walking through a quadrille, a lady who can manage her train properly shows to the greatest advantage. The art of managing a train without apparent effort should be ranked among a woman's chief graces; and I hereby declare that if the Empress of Austria herself were to-morrow morning to—but this is idling. It is a thousand pities that a Spanish "waltz-country-dance"—called, I think, the *Guaracha*—is never danced now in private houses. More than any other dance I know of it had the effect of showing off pretty figures. The slow and stately movements of the dance (it ought to be danced very slowly), with its picturesque and novel combinations, were eminently calculated to display shape. As a general rule, the "ladies' chain" of quadrilles is also good in exhibiting figure and dress; but there, unless the train is well managed, difficulties are likely to occur. The Varsovienne, in spite of its absurd pauses, used to be well calculated for showing off girls of slender figure. The character of the dance, indeed, almost com-

pels one to associate it with a particular kind of woman—tall, dark, slender, with flashing eyes and long dark eyelashes. Fancy seeing the Varsovienne danced by a company of handsome Viennese women, to the music of one of the admirably-trained bands that play in the Prater! But then such women should have Hungarian hussars for partners; and we cannot all be Hungarian hussars.

May I add a word about stage-dancing? It has always been a wonder and a puzzle to me how people could vastly admire the "poetry of motion" in a girl's standing on her right toe and being twirled round by her companion. And I think that managers mistake the taste of the public in labouring after the greatest curtailment of skirt possible. It is not given to every ballet girl to look well in tights; and I am certain that a skilfully-dressed and picturesque ballet would always be better received than any exhibition of more or less scraggy young women, with no particular shape about their limbs.

GONE.

I WENT under my dear love's window
On a morning clear and fine,—
For I wished to be first to greet her
On the feast of St. Valentine.
I said, "Sweetheart, are you waking?
Are your bright eyes open to see
The lover beneath your window
Who your Valentine waits to be?"

Then she came in her gentle beauty,—
Ah! some weary years have past,
Since I gazed on those soft brown tresses,
And into those calm eyes last!
She laughed in her innocent sweetness,
Saying, "Laggard, wherefore so late?
For the lark has wooed me before you,
On his way to the heaven's gate!"

I answered in merry jesting,
"The lark is no mate for thee;
Let him seek a love in the greenwood,
And leave my darling to me!"
She gave me a knot of ribbon,—
See, how faded its azure hue!
It has lain on this aching heart so long
That its freshness is withered too.

I am standing now 'neath the window,
With the lark's song in mine ear,
His mate can list to *his* warble!
I speak,—but there's none to hear.
There's no one to answer my wailing,
For that dear voice has so long
Learned a language that is not earthly,
And singeth the "sweet new song!"



Once a week.

Once a week.

THE MONTH OF MAY.

LIFE IN THE DEEP SEAS.

II.

PROFESSOR MILNE-EDWARDS, in his *Rapport des Sciences Zoologiques*, 1867 (published under the auspices of the French Government), after doing full justice to Dr. Wallich, proceeds to describe the remarkable observations made in 1861 by his son, who had an opportunity of examining a fragment of an injured Mediterranean cable, which had for two years been lying at a depth of from 1100 to 1540 fathoms. Attached to it, and obviously having grown on it, were not only madrepoes, but both gasteropodous (or belly-footed) and acephalous (or headless) molluscs, of which the snail or the periwinkle, and the oyster or cockle are familiar examples. The molluscs were a species of oyster common in the Mediterranean (*Ostrea cochlear*), whose lower valve was two inches and a half in diameter, a beautifully coloured *Pecten* common in the neighbourhood (*P. opercularis*), and another *Pecten*, very rare in collections (*P. testæ*), with a beautifully sculptured shell. Associated with these headless molluscs were two very rare Gasteropods, a *Monodonta*, and a spindle-shell (*Fusus tenebrosus*), in both of which the soft animal parts were recognisable. To this same fragment of cable were also attached no less than fourteen specimens of coral-forming polypes, belonging to three species of *Caryophyllia*, one of which, *C. arcuata*, was previously only known as of rare occurrence in the fossil state in the upper tertiaries of the Mediterranean basin, while another, altogether new to science, has, from the circumstances of its discovery, been named *C. electrica*. Finally, amongst the dwellers on this marvellous bit of cable were a minute branch of one of the *Polyzoa* (a *Salicornia*), a polype mass of *Gorgonia*, and a couple of tubicolous worms (*Serpula*), whose calcareous tubes were soldered to the metallic wires of the cable.

We have next to refer to a series of Swedish observations, which may be said to have been going on from 1861 to the present time, and which have contributed very materially to the extension of the deep-sea fauna. In a scientific expedition sent in 1861 by that government to Spitzbergen, M'Clintock's sounding apparatus brought up a compact mass of clay from 1400 fathoms, in or on the surface of which were a group of polypes, with *Tunicata*, (low forms of molluscs) attached to it, a group of polypes, a living mussel, and a bright-

coloured crustacean. The next we learn of these Scandinavian researches is from a letter written by Professor Wyville Thomson, of Belfast, to Dr. Carpenter (dated May 30, 1868), in which he states that, on a visit to Professor Sars, the celebrated Swedish zoologist, in 1866, he learnt that M. Sars, junior, had been dredging with great success at a depth of 300 fathoms. Animal forms were found in abundance, including a small living Lily Encrinite (*Rhizocrinus lofotensis*) which was at once recognised as the degraded type of an order hitherto regarded as extinct, which attained its maximum in the Pear Encrinites of the Jurassic period, and whose latest representative was supposed to exist in the chalk. As will be presently seen, the discovery of this lowly organism, which had been unsuspectingly inhabiting the dark unfathomed caves of ocean for a period of which the human mind can form no adequate idea, has furnished a principal motive of the recent expedition of Dr. Carpenter and Professor Wyville Thomson, in the steam vessel *Lightning*, placed at their disposal by the Admiralty. Such was our knowledge of deep-sea life when Dr. Carpenter, on the 18th of last June, addressed a letter to the President of the Royal Society, pointing out the importance both to the zoologist and the palæontologist of the discoveries effected by the deep-sea dredgings of M. Sars, and urging upon him to recommend the Council to apply to the Admiralty for the use of a vessel fitted for carrying on a systematic course of deep-sea dredging for a month or six weeks in the North Atlantic Ocean. The President and Council approved the proposal, applied successfully to the Admiralty, and voted £100 from the Donation Fund to meet expenses. On the 11th of last August, Dr. Carpenter and Professor Wyville Thomson started on their cruise from Stornoway, steered for the Faroe Islands, and returned to their starting-point on the 9th of September, when Professor Thomson left the vessel, while Dr. Carpenter took a second short voyage, which terminated at Oban on September 21st. We shall shortly return to our adventurous voyagers, but must, for the present, leave them hard at work while we return to show what had been done in the previous year. Some very important results were obtained in 1867 by the American Coast Survey while investigating the nature and depth of the sea-bottom between Key West and Havana, with the view of laying down a telegraphic cable. M. de Pourtales, the assistant surgeon to the expedition, which was unfortunately cut short by an outbreak of

yellow fever, describes in the last November number of Silliman's *Journal of Science and Arts* the results of a few casts of the dredge. He maintains, without, we regret to say, any reference to Wallich's discoveries, that "animal life exists at great depths in as great diversity and as great abundance as in shallow water," and the results of two casts made off Havana in 270 fathoms gave living specimens of five genera of crustaceans, and several kinds of annelids or worms, of numerous molluscs and molluscoids, living and dead, about twenty genera being represented, with many new species, at least eight genera of sea-urchins and star-fishes, besides numerous lower forms of life, as corals, polypes, sponges, Foraminifera, &c. From a letter by Agassiz on the results of this expedition, which was not published until after the appearance of Dr. Carpenter's report, we learn that several specimens of living Encrinurites, apparently identical with *Rhizocrinus lofotensis*, were obtained.

The deepest cast was made in 517 fathoms, and gave a very handsome *Mopsea* (a coral), a crab, an ophiurian (or brittle star-fish), and some worms. It is worthy of notice that no vertebrates were found lower than 100 fathoms, and then only a few small fishes.

At about the very date when these observations were printing, Dr. Percival Wright, professor of Zoology at Trinity College, Dublin, made a very brief, but extremely interesting, little voyage in search of a very wonderful sponge, known as the Flint-rope (or *Hyalonema*), which he had heard was to be found in a deep-sea valley about thirty miles off the coast of Portugal. Arriving one fine evening in last September, at Setubal, by railway from Lisbon, he procured an open sail-boat and a crew of eight men, and putting on board about 600 fathoms of rope, his dredge, lots of hooks and bait, and provisions for a couple of days, sailed at 5 P.M. for the aforesaid valley, which the fishermen, who accompanied him, informed him was the place to which they were in the habit of going to fish for sharks, and where, while thus engaged, they had found the very remarkable sponge of which Dr. Wright was specially in search. The desired ground was reached by 5 A.M., and, after breakfast, the dredge was let down and reached the bottom at 450 fathoms. After being drawn along the ground for about a mile, it was with great difficulty raised with the aid of a double block pulley and the muscular efforts of six men. When it was at length got on board, Professor Wright was well rewarded by finding that it was nearly full of yellow mud, through which

sparkled innumerable long siliceous spicules of the remarkable sponge which he had come so far to seek.

Having been so successful in deep dredging, he turned to deep-sea fishing, and learning that the sharks were caught at this depth, requested them to throw the fishing-lines over the place at which the dredge had been drawn up. As it is one of the most marvellous fishing stories we ever met with, we think it best to give it in the author's words. "Some 600 fathoms of rope was let out, the first thirty or forty fathoms of which had fastened to it, at intervals of a fathom, a series of smaller ropes, on each of which was fastened a hook baited with a codling. This fishing-tackle remained below for about two hours, when they commenced to haul it in. When it arrived at the last few fathoms, they pulled in, one after the other, five or six specimens of a shark, each specimen from three to four feet long; the species was the *Centroscyllium caelelepis*. These sharks, as they were hauled into the boat, fell down into it like so many dead pigs; there was not the smallest motion of their bodies, no switching of their tails, not even a wink of their eyes; and I think there can be no reasonable doubt that they were inhabitants of the same great depth* as the *Hyalonema*, and that, on being dragged up through such a weight of water, they were completely asphyxiated. It will not be forgotten how violent all the members of the shark tribe are on being caught. I have watched the boats arriving at daybreak at Setubal after a night's fishing for the surface-living sharks, and, as each boat was emptied of its gory freight, never, in a single instance, did I see any of the hundreds of sharks thrown on shore that had not huge gashes on its head and caudal regions, and these had been inflicted to keep them quiet." (Dr. Wright on *Deep Sea Dredging*, in *Ann. Nat. Hist.* Dec. 1868). This distinguished naturalist, besides thus personally adding a sponge and a shark to the fauna of the deep-sea zone, ascertained from the fishermen that they had found a coral and another fish in this deep valley. The fish is a very remarkable one, known to naturalists as *Chiasmodon niger*; although of small size it is extremely voracious, and is said to be able to swallow a fish twice as large as itself. The way in which it was caught was this: a small hook, baited with a smaller sized fish than

* In confirmation of this view, if any confirmation is necessary, it may be mentioned that M. Henri Deville is now exhibiting in his laboratory in Paris an apparatus in which fishes are living under a pressure of 400 atmospheres.

usual, happened to be fastened to the regular shark-tackle, and, on the line being drawn up, it was found that this little fish had swallowed the bait and hook, and a considerable portion of the line. This specimen, in an excellent state of preservation, is now to be seen in the Lisbon Museum.

Dr. Wright ingeniously suggests that in exploring these deep-sea valleys, we may not only discover new and strange organisms, but even "some of the supposed recently extinct forms, which may be yet found lingering in these abysses, safely there outliving the ravages of time," and mentions a fact recently (1867) discovered by Professor Sars, pointing in this direction, namely, that certain remains of marine animals, especially the coral known as *Oculina prolifera*, found in a semi-fossil condition in the quaternary formations in Norway, are found living, when looked for at certain depths below the existing level of the sea. Since then, as we have shown, the son of Professor Sars has made a still more striking discovery of an analogous kind, in the case of the Lily Encrinite. Strangely enough, both these discoveries have been repeated by our Government expedition off the Faroe Islands, and the latter additionally by De Pourtales in the Gulf of Mexico.

We conclude this wonderful history of submarine zoology by returning to Dr. Carpenter and Professor Wyville Thomson, whom we left on board H.M.S. Lightning, and letting, as nearly as our limits will allow, the former of these gentlemen tell his own story of the results of their voyage.

As Dr. Carpenter's *Preliminary Report*, which was received by the Royal Society on Oct. 22, 1868, but was not read till Dec. 17, extends over more than thirty pages of one of the numbers of the *Proceedings*, it is obviously impossible for us to do more than very briefly notice the most important of the results which he and his party obtained. The cruise seems to have been taken too late in the season, for the weather was so stormy that during the *four weeks* which elapsed between the vessel's leaving and returning to Stormoway, only *nine* days were available for dredging in the open ocean, and on only *four* of those were the naturalists on a bottom exceeding 500 fathoms, and in the second cruise they only dredged once. Yet, with this very limited amount of work, they were enabled to add many new and interesting facts to science, in regard both to the physics and the animal life of the ocean, and to correct several erroneous views that had been sanctioned by high authority. A brief

history of one day's dredging (that of Sept. 6) in lat. $59^{\circ} 36'$, and long. $7^{\circ} 20'$, will show the nature of the happy hunting grounds which our explorers discovered. The specimens of sea bottom brought up by the dredge from a depth of 530 fathoms, at which the temperature was $43\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ F., while that at the surface was $52\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, consisted of a bluish-white viscid mud containing only a small proportion of the Globigerinæ which are so abundant in various parts of the North Atlantic, but abounding in an extraordinary collection of *siliceous sponges* of new and most remarkable forms, and with these was associated the Flint rope or Hyalonema, which Dr. Wright was simultaneously fishing for off the coast of Portugal. The Rhizopods, which represent the lowest form of animal life, consisting merely of a minute lump of jelly, from which processes, like legs, can be projected and retracted without apparent organs of any kind, are either naked or covered by a perforated shell (as in the case of Globigerinæ and other Foraminifera), were abundant, and occurred in various forms, some of which were new to science. "With these lower forms," says Dr. Carpenter, "our dredgings on the bottom brought up a considerable variety of higher types, Zoophytes, Echinoderms, Molluscs, and Crustaceans," and amongst the Echinoderms were two specimens of Rhizocrinus, previously obtained only in one spot * more than 600 miles off, the living, although degraded, representative of the fossil Pear Encrinites. A living coral-producing polype (*Oculina prolifera*) was also obtained. A single day's dredging thus gave evidence "of the existence, not of a degraded or starved-out residuum of animal life, but of a rich and varied fauna, including elevated as well as humble types at a depth of 530 fathoms."

It may, perhaps, be expedient to add that the Zoophytes are here used by Dr. Carpenter to signify the Polyzoa already described, and that the Echinoderms, or hedgehog-skinned animals, include the orders (I.) Crinoidea, or Stone-Lilies, of which very few living genera are known, though in the fossil state they are most abundant; (II.) Asteroidea, of which the various star-fishes are examples; (III.) Echinoidea, including the sea-urchins, sea-eggs, &c.; (IV.) Holothuroidea, of which the sea-cucumbers of our own seas, and the sea-slug or trepang of the Chinese, are examples.

One of the most important discoveries made by the exploring party is, that over a considerable

* When Dr. Carpenter drew up his report, it was not known in this country that this remarkable organism had also been found in the Gulf of Mexico.

able area, when the depth was 500 fathoms or more, the temperature of the water at the bottom is at least as low as 32° F., notwithstanding that the surface temperature varied little from 52°, alike in this region and in neighbouring areas of similar depth in which the bottom temperature was only a few degrees beneath that of the surface. These results are totally opposed to the view held by our highest authorities, that "in very deep water all over the globe a uniform temperature of 39° is found to prevail," and the neighbouring cold and warm areas must be due to warm or chilled undercurrents flowing from different directions. The distribution of animal life is more affected by the temperature than by the depth, the warm areas always yielding the most abundant produce; moreover, different forms of life preponderate according to high or low temperature of the bottom-surface. The results of these dredgings further show that the prevalence of the deposit composed mainly of Globigerinæ and Coccospheres is connected with a bottom temperature of 45° or upwards, which in latitudes above 56° can scarcely be attributed to any other influence than that of the Gulf Stream. Professor Huxley has carefully examined the peculiarly viscid mud which was brought up from their last and deepest dredging (at 650 fathoms), and finds in this examination a remarkable confirmation of a conclusion he announced at the meeting of the British Association, namely, that the Cocoliths and Coccospheres are imbedded in a living expanse of protoplasmic substance to which they bear the same relation as the spicula of sponge do to the soft parts. To this organism he has given the name of *Bathybius* (from the Greek *Bathos* deep, and *Bios* life). It cannot be called either plant or animal, but is, however, a living substance susceptible of apparently unlimited growth. In soundings from 2800 fathoms, recently sent him from the Arabian Gulf, *Bathybius* was plentiful, and over an area 7000 miles long the same organism occurred in abundance; and he thinks it possible (see Report of the Geological Society, Dec. 23, 1868, quoted in *Scientific Opinion* for Jan. 13, 1868) that such organisms might have gone on living from the earliest geological times. Whether the existence of a new grade of life possessing such obscure and indefinite characters as the *Bathybius* will be generally admitted, is doubtful. Dr. Wallich (in a very interesting paper on the *Vital Functions of the Deep-Sea Protozoa*, published in the January number of the *Monthly Microscopical Journal*) brings forward strong arguments

against it, one of which is that, if *Bathybius* be assumed to constitute the nutritive substance of Globigerina, it follows that, where the largest and purest deposits of that Foraminifer present themselves, there must be the greatest supply of the nutritive protoplasm, whereas the reverse is found to be the case. Dr. Carpenter, however, fully admits its existence, and without expressing an opinion as to its animal or vegetable nature, regards it as one of the chief instruments whereby the solid material of the calcareous mud which it pervades, is separated from its solution in the ocean-waters.

In a paragraph near the end of Dr. Carpenter's report he refers to the close resemblance between the deposit of calcareous mud and the great chalk formation which had been pointed out by Huxley, Wallich, and Sorby, and gives his reasons for believing that it is of considerable thickness. He further shows that the results obtained by his colleague and himself went far to prove that in all probability the chalk formation now going on in the North Atlantic is the continuation upwards, in point of time, of the cretaceous formation of geologists, and he advances the similarity of the corresponding fauna as a strong argument in favour of his view. Indeed, his colleague goes so far as to assert his belief (and Dr. Carpenter agrees with him) that *we may be said to be still living in the cretaceous epoch!* In these days of cautious reasoning we must, however, accept this as a mere speculation.

In conclusion, we cannot help expressing our sincere regret that a subject of apparently so unexcitable a nature as the character of the bottom of the ocean at a depth of a mile or two should have given rise to a good deal of acrimonious discussion and letter-writing. Had Dr. Wallich's claims been brought (as we think they deserved) before the Council of the Royal Society, and had he been asked to join the expedition, we believe that none of these discussions would have arisen. At most, however, this was merely an oversight, and as we believe all necessary apologies have now been made and cordially accepted, we trust that at the next meeting of the "Red Lions" at Exeter, Messrs. Carpenter, Huxley, Jeffreys, Wyville Thomson, Wallich, and Wright, will join in singing our dear old friend Forbes' song,—

Hurrah for the dredge, with its iron edge,
And its mystical triangle,
And its hidden net with meshes set,
Odd fishes to entangle.

Chorus.—Then a dredging we will go, wise boys!
Then a dredging we will go.

We are happy to be able to add, by way of postscript, that the Admiralty have placed the steamer Porcupine at the service of the Royal Society for a prolonged series of investigations during the ensuing summer, and that the expedition will be under the scientific control of Dr. Carpenter, Mr. Wyville Thomson, and Mr. Jeffreys.

THE POET BOAKES.

IT has always been a cause of exultation, not to say of boastfulness on my part, that I am and have been, and I trust shall be, the friend of the poet Boakes. I fear that I have inflicted the poet Boakes on my relations and friends. His name, and the productions which have given that name its renown, are familiar to my two sisters and my young brother, who reside with me in the vicarage which I, the Rev. George Campion, being *locum tenens* of the agricultural parish of Thistle-cum-Nettleton, have the privilege of occupying. Many of the inhabitants of the village have also heard of the poet Boakes,—the Guggletons, in whose hospitable farmhouse a piano is played upon, and the *Family Herald* taken in; old Slocock, the doctor, has been bored with Boakes; and I have lent his last volume at the Squire's. Feet, too, at the village penny readings last winter, were scraped towards the end of a longish extract from the works of my friend and favourite author read by me. Boakes, in short, is my weakness, as my sister, the matter-of-fact one, often declares.

Boakes has a certain reputation, but is not appreciated by the world as he deserves. The reviews, indeed, have bestowed upon him a considerable amount of attention.

"The name of Mr. Boakes is a household word with lovers of poetry."—*Parthenon*.

"As by the vulture was devoured the heart of Prometheus, so by the fire of genius is consumed the soul of Mr. Boakes."—*Cosmopolite*.

"Mr. Boakes' poetry has much that reminds us of Byron's misanthropic gloom, and, at the same time, of the ill-fated peer's colossal command over the intellects of humanity."—*Athenian Review*.

"It appears to us that whatever mental difference may exist between a baby in arms and Mr. Boakes is rather in favour of the former."—*Scalpingknife*.

All this, and much more, has made Boakes known, of course, to the literary world; but he is still short of the universal reputation to

which poets aspire. Aunts, for instance, and that class of people, unless they reside in Thistle-cum-Nettleton, have never heard of him.

"Here's the postman," said my matter-of-fact sister one morning, as she was cutting bread and butter on the vicarage breakfast table. My other sister, who was arranging the fuchsias and geraniums on the flowerstand in front of the window, left the room, and presently returned with a letter.

"For you, George," she said, laying it by my plate.

"How tiresome!" my matter-of-fact sister said. "Nothing for us?"

"There is a great deal for you, Kate," I said, having opened and read the note.

"What, a present? Is anybody sending any game?"

"Or any novels?" asked my other sister, Jemima.

"Neither," I said: "but Jemima's guess is the nearest."

"Don't be tiresome, George," Kate said. "What is there for us?"

"An immense and ethereal pleasure," I said, "far outdoing game, and long outliving novels."

"What is it?" said a trio of voices—my sisters' and my young brother's.

"Boakes," I replied, solemnly. "Boakes is about to honour us with a visit."

"How tiresome," said Kate. Jemima said nothing.

"When is he coming?" asked my brother Charley, with an articulation that contended with doubtful success against half a sardine that had just left the point of his fork.

"To-morrow, by the morning train."

"By Jove," said Charley. "Won't the village be in a funk, considering how you bored it with his poetry at the last penny readings. But, I say, we must get up a procession to escort him from the station. Give me the blank leaf of his letter, George."

I tore it off and handed it over, and Charley, neglecting the sardines, was soon at work with paper and pencil. Meanwhile my sisters, who were clearly not insensible of the honour about to be done us, went into committee of ways and means on the subject of my friend's reception. I was trying to recollect whether he preferred a mattress or a feather bed, when Charley's pencil stopped. He handed the fly-sheet back again, scribbled over.

"That's my little idea," he said. "A procession from the station, you know. And have it in the county paper."

This was Charley's little idea.

ARRANGEMENT OF PROCESSION
IN HONOUR OF THE ARRIVAL AT THISTLE-CUM-
NETTLETON, OF

THE POET BOAKES.

The Parish Clerk. The Village Brass Band.
The Volunteers of the Village in Uniform.
The Rev. George Campion.
The Sunday School Children, scattering
flowers.
CHARLES CAMPION, Esq., driving
THE POET BOAKES,
In a phaeton.
The two Misses Campion, the five Misses
Guggleton, old Slocock's Aunt, and the
Squire's good-looking Cook, attired, as
nearly as possible on so short a notice,
to represent the
NINE MUSES.
Old Slocock. Old Guggleton.

The Policeman.

"I could stand up in the phaeton, you know," said Charley; "old Toby's as quiet as a sheep."

"What would be the good of that?" asked Jemima.

"I could be Apollo," said Charley, modestly, "and crown Boakes with laurel. But, I say,"—Charley had finished breakfast, and strolled towards the window,—"come here, George, there's a raffish-looking fellow trundling a wheelbarrow, with a box in it, up our drive."

I rose, and by the time I got to Charley's side, the wheelbarrow was almost under the window.

"By Jove!" I exclaimed, "it's BOAKES!" and I rushed out to the door.

"Mr. Boakes, my sister Kate; Mr. Boakes, my sister Jemima, my brother Charles."

"I must apologise, Miss Campion," said Boakes to Kate, gravely, "for making my appearance in this way. But after I had written I thought I would run down a day earlier; and the wheelbarrow being the only thing available at the station, I thought it would do me good to be my own porter. I have had a delightful drive through the lanes."

In spite of his *outré* arrival, Boakes so comported himself for the remainder of the day, that Kate's prejudice against him began to wear off. He talked sensibly, even conventionally.

At tea, in the drawing-room, he conversed, beginning to be at home by this time, with much affability; to the great amusement of my sisters, he gave flippant Master Charley some excellent advice.

"You are," said Boakes, stirring his tea with a very serious air,— "you are approaching the

age at which everybody always is in danger of making a fool of himself. You will be romantic."

"Well," said Charley, modestly, "I think I am already."

"I'm sure you're not," said Kate.

"I wish he was, Mr. Boakes," Jemima remarked.

"If I'm not romantic," said Charley, firmly, "I'm interesting."

"I don't warn you against being interesting yourself," Boakes said, "but against attributing the attraction to some one else of the opposite sex who hasn't money. Take as much interest as you like, the more the better, in a girl who *has* money."

My sister Jemima looked rather astonished.

"Why, Boakes," I said, "how about that poem, beginning,

'Not for golden charms I woo thee;
But if they illumine thy tresses,
Then, indeed, ah, then I sue thee.
Hood me! to thy jesses
Bind me, falcon-wise,
With bright hair, and brighter eyes.

The world I hate, and its vile treasure,
I scorn the gold for which it lies,
Nor love earth's labour, but the leisure
Of liberal blue skies;
O soulless golden ones!'" —

"My dear fellow," interrupted Boakes, with an air of pitying remonstrance,— "my dear fellow, you forget that business is business. That piece was written for *The Mauve Magazine*, which takes that sort of thing, and I got four pound ten for it. *Might* I ask you for another cup, Miss Jemima?"

Kate, with her bedroom candlestick in her hand, shortly afterwards whispered to me, that "he" (meaning Boakes) "was, for a poet, a sensible man." I rather doubt whether, if she had been I, she would not, in the course of the ensuing night or rather morning, have fallen back upon her old opinion. Boakes, in theory, might be a practical man, but in practice he was as inconvenient as the most unconventional theorist. We adjourned to the kitchen for one pipe after the girls had gone to bed, but Boakes kept filling again when he went out, and detained me till three o'clock in the morning. His conversation was, of course, charming; but I did not enjoy it to the full extent. For, being a poor smoker, and keeping it up with Boakes in the spirit of complaisance, I went to bed very ill, and had a headache all the next day.

Kate, of course, missed this opportunity of

ascertaining the impossibility of rooting out the ingrained Bohemianism of the poetical character. But she was not long without one. For we found next morning that the objection entertained by the poet Boakes to going to bed was not stronger than that which he had to getting up. The breakfast things were kept on the table till within an hour of lunch time. Then, and not till then, the poet Boakes, in a double sense, descended to us. If anything had been wanting to complete the disfavour with which Kate from that time regarded him, it would have been supplied by the fact that when he did appear, he was attired in a blue dressing-gown, and was smoking the meerschaum I had seen so much—too much—of, a few hours before.

But I fear that the reader is beginning to have an unfavourable opinion of the friend who stands highest in my admiration and estimation. I hasten, therefore, to counteract this possible impression. During his stay at Thistle-cum-Nettleton, the poet Boakes was not proud, or reserved, or absurd, or immoral amongst my parishioners, but, on the contrary, perfectly genial and polite. With great condescension he dined at the squire's, supped with old Slocock, and took tea with the Guggleton family, and, at all these places, was agreeable, and fluent in small talk. The Misses Guggleton admired him immensely (as I perceived did my sister *Jemima*), and tried to make him write verses in their five albums. This, however, Boakes evaded.

"I suppose if I were a shoemaker," he said to me afterwards, "they'd ask me to make them slippers for nothing, and I suppose I shouldn't."

Further, Boakes attended church, and showed the candour of true friendship by tomahawking my sermon afterwards. He seemed very much interested in my sisters, and paid them both attention, especially Kate.

"I'll tell you why," said Charley to me one morning. "I know, for he's been pumping me all yesterday to find out whether one has more money than the other, and how much each has."

And that very night Boakes, with the openness which is one of his most pleasing characteristics, informed me in the kitchen, while lighting his thirteenth pipe, that he wished to marry one of my sisters.

"Which?" I asked.

"I rather infer from what Charley has said," Boakes returned, playing with the tassels of his dressing-gown, "that one of them has as much money of her own as the other."

"Yes," I answered.

"Then I don't much care which I take," said Boakes, puffing out a great cloud. "I had a slight preference certainly, but it's a minor point. I rather think I've gathered, my dear fellow, that each of them has five thousand pounds at her own present disposal?"

"Yes. Five thousand pounds at her own present disposal," I answered. I was charmed with the prospect of the alliance.

Boakes meditated.

"Then I'll ask Kate to-morrow," he said at last.

"I, I think *Jemima* likes you best," I ventured to suggest, lighting a cigar stump for the fifth time.

"But I like Kate best," Boakes returned. "Perhaps she thinks I'm not romantic enough for a poet. If I were more unconventional, you know, less commonplace and respectable—went out, say, to the next dinner party in my dressing-gown—would *that* win her affections?"

"My dear fellow," I said evasively, "*Jemima*, I am convinced, likes you."

"But I rather like Kate."

"Well, then," I said, emboldened, "Kate, to speak the truth, rather dislikes you."

The poet Boakes received this information with enough emotion to necessitate his emptying his glass of brandy and water, and asking me to mix him another.

"Put the sugar in before the water, please," he said. "How old is *Jemima*?"

"Two-and-twenty."

"You're sure Kate won't have me, and *Jemima* will?"

"As far as a man can be sure about two women."

"Well," said Boakes, after a brief pause; "I'm not proud. I'll try *Jemima* to-morrow. Five thousand pounds, say guineas, old fellow."

"Being a man of my word, I'm afraid I can't. She'll like listening to your verses better than Kate would," I said.

"Kate's the best hand at a pudding, I know," said the poet Boakes, still hankering, after the manner of lovers, for the girl so differently constituted to himself.

"Kate may be a don hand at a *pudding*," I said, "but, with training, *Jemmy* might do some of your *padding* when you were tired, as I am now; so, if your pipe's out, we'll go to bed."

We made this move earlier that night, and Boakes got up much earlier than usual next morning, and put on his best coat in lieu of the dressing-gown. It is unnecessary to say

that *Jemima* accepted him, and *Boakes* is now my brother-in-law.

He has lately brought out a new volume of poems, and I have this morning received from him a copy of last week's *Owl*, in which able literary journal they are reviewed. A quarter of an hour ago I was reading this notice to *Kate* and *Charley*. It began thus:—

"Mr. *Boakes*, in his new volume, *Soarings and Singings*, is as *Boakesian* as ever. Never has he more exaltedly displayed his now celebrated contempt for the sordid money-getting proclivities of mankind. (*Snigger from Charley.*) Especially is the brightness of his muse clouded over with wrath when he shows, with scathing satire, and lofty scorn, the unholiness of the alliance between money and marriage. Perhaps Mr. *Boakes's* theories about marriage are a little too much elevated to be practical. (*Giggle from Kate.*) For instance, the passage beginning,

One has been given on earth for each to love ;
One, and no other. If I find her not,
Or if some barrier part her and me,
Shall I (most like the blind and wanton vine,
Heeding not whom, so that I some one wed,)
Give tokens to another, and the ring ?
Ah ! yet more shameless if my sordid soul
Boweth before the golden *Anteros* ;
If I, as most do, marry not for love,
But because such an one is fair enough,
And stands on the same social ladder-rung
As bears my own feet, and hath wealth enow.
If this were all, there are a million girls
In England fit to fire me. Shame on me,
If I, a poet too, thus choose a wife."

At this point both *Kate* and *Charley* burst, I am ashamed to say, into a simultaneous fit of laughter. I read no more to them. They are not exactly swine, but their minds' eyes are too weak to discern the lustre of the pearls of genius.

TABLE TALK.

OFTEN is the practical speed of the electric current brought into conversation. A very satisfactory determination of this datum has been made in America, in connexion with a measurement of the difference of longitude between San Francisco and Cambridge, Massachusetts, a distance along the wires of 3600 miles. Longitude is, where possible, measured by telegraph ; thus :—a clock accurately set by the stars, is placed at each station, and each clock is made to transmit its beats through the line and mark them on a chronograph at the other station ; the clock at the receiving

station registering its beats upon the same chronograph. The beats thus appear side by side, and the difference between them is the difference of longitude in time between the two places plus the short interval occupied by the passage of the current through the wire. To find this, in the special case to which I am referring, a second wire was employed, so that a circuit of 7200 miles was completed, and signals were sent from San Francisco to Cambridge and back again, the instants of their going out and returning home being accurately recorded. The interval, the time spent by the current in traversing 7200 miles was eight-tenths, or just over three-quarters, of a second. A single battery could not work through such a length ; relays—instruments for reinforcing the current—to the number of eleven, were included in the circuit ; so that in the three-fourths of a second the signal had to be repeated eleven times. A relay requires a small fraction of a second to do its work ; not enough, however, to seriously affect this determination. At the above speed a signal would go round the world in three seconds and a half. We can beat *Ariel*, out and out.

I SUPPOSE the engineers of Britain are not forgetting that this is the centenary of the birth of Watt's condensing steam-engine. Before 1769 his invention lay in an embryotic state in his model-room ; but in April of that year a patent was granted for it, and the world first knew of the tender child which brought poverty to its rearers, but which has grown to a wealthy giant in these later times, and coined and scattered millions over the world. If Watt and his masterpiece deserve the honours that have been poured upon them, then have they a right to some sort of commemorative recognition during this the hundredth year of the engine's life, and one naturally looks to the profession to take the initiative. We are glad of an excuse for crowning the bust of a poet or for celebrating the birth of a musician ; let us not be backward in honouring the memory and the works of him, who, as Brougham modestly inscribed on Chantrey's statue, enlarged the resources of his country, increased the power of man, and rose to an eminent place among the real benefactors of the world. This year, too, is the fiftieth since the death of Watt. It is also the centenary of the birth of his son, James Watt the younger, and of many a great man besides. Humboldt, Cuvier, the first Brunel, Wellington, Marshals Soult and Ney, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, were all born in 1769. Arkwright's

spinning-jenny patent bears the same date. Truly, as a commemorative year 1869 is remarkable.

BOWED-LEGS and knocking-knees are among the commonest deformities of humanity; and wise mothers assert that the crookedness in either case arises from the afflicted one having been put upon his or her feet too early in babyhood. But a Manchester physician, Dr. Crompton, who has watched for the true cause, thinks differently. He attributes the first-mentioned distortion to a habit some youngsters delight in of rubbing the sole of one foot against that of the other; some will go to sleep with the soles pressed together. They appear to enjoy the contact only when the feet are naked, they don't attempt to make it when they are socked or slippared. So the remedy is obvious: keep the baby's soles covered. Knocking-knees the doctor ascribes to a different childish habit, that of sleeping on the side, with one knee tucked into the hollow behind the other. He has found that where one leg has been bowed inwards more than the other, the patient has always slept on one side, and the uppermost member has been that most deformed. Here the preventive is to pad the insides of the knees so as to keep them apart and let the limbs grow freely their own way. All of which is commended to mothers who desire the physical uprightness of their progeny.

IF all the compositors in the world are as short-sighted as their representatives in Breslau, it is a wonder that printers' errors are not more numerous than they really are. Of one hundred and thirty-two typographers of the Silesian capital whose eyes one Dr. Kohn has examined, there were not half-a-dozen whose sight was perfect, and more than 50 per cent. of them were myopes. The degree of shortness of vision depended upon the age of the man; three-fourths of them had begun work with good eyes, the disease had come upon them in course of years, and increased with length of service. The nature of the artificial light by which they worked showed a perceptible influence in developing myopia. The sufferers who used oil lamps were more numerous than those who used gas, in the proportion of sixty-six to fifty. To avert the evil as far as possible, the doctor recommends working by daylight, and by lamps covered with glasses, and so screened as to cast their light upon the type cases, but to keep it from

the compositors' eyes, the curtailment of long hours, and the rejection of diamond and other small characters: the which suggestions would doubtless be gladly followed if to do were as easy as to know what were good to be done.

AT present coal is king of the world of power, but he cannot last for ever, and when he is done for we must look to use some of the neglected forces of nature. Then it will be time to take the waves of the sea in hand and turn their stupendous strength to work. I have heard talk, only talk, of propelling vessels by converting the lift and fall of waves into onward driving motion; but a Spanish engineer has gone beyond talking in the use of wave-force. He has put into execution, in the island of Cuba, a plan for utilising the rush of water upon a beach in the moving of water-mills, and the like machines. His method is to build a hollow dyke along the shore and pierce its seaward side with numerous conduits having valves opening into the hollow, or reservoir, part of his erection. As the waves beat against the pierced wall they rise upon its side and pour their water through the conduits into the great receiver. The valves prevent the water returning; thus, what millwrights call a head of water is obtained, many feet above the ordinary sea level, and it is employed to turn water-wheels or turbines, and to perform any of the hard work now done by steam. If ever this style of power comes in vogue, seaboard countries will have the best of it. This is consoling for Britain with her diminishing coal store.

IT seems singular that fashion should follow us even when we are mourning the dead, but of late years our milliners have done much to make costume pleasant even to widows. If it is any consolation to a man to know that his departure from this world may add to the charms of his beloved spouse, he may be assured of the fact by a glance at that which, by courtesy, is called the widow's cap. We all remember the ugly crimped arrangement that used to frame in the dismal countenance of the bereaved—the woeful weepers that afar off proclaimed the presence of a relict. In those days widows were widows; but latterly a great change has come over the heaviest affliction, and the emblem of grief has shrunk up into a figment of sorrow, dashed with the most engaging lines. The widow's cap, in short, has been transformed into a romantic Marie Stuart head-dress, and has transformed

many a wife of ordinary looks into a very charming widow. When we make allowances for the ordinary amount of a woman's vanity, may we not as husbands anticipate a new fear, knowing, as we do, the comparatively slight reasons for which ladies have been wicked enough to get rid of their lords.

VERY pure and delightful, in the full burst of spring, is a green meadow flushed with bright yellow buttercups. At this season the mind notices with delight the perfect harmony that exists in nature, between the verdure and the flowers with which she paints the meads. Nature, it will be observed, never makes a discord in colour. Notice the infinite variety of shades she gives to the different greens. That of meadow grass is woven with a mixture of yellow; hence the bright gold of the buttercup. Let an inexperienced artist attempt to place green and yellow side by side, and see the garish and raw effect he would most probably produce. The yellow flowers of spring all vary in shade. Let me instance the daffodil, the primrose, and the cowslip; they all differ, and in keeping with them their foliage also differs. Each shade of yellow has its harmonising foliage. Look again at the trees, what infinite variety! What seems at first sight so surprising is, that as the colours of nature are so infinite, errors do not arise in their combination by accident, or by the mistakes made by men. Witness a crowd of ill-dressed women at a flower show; the colours of their dresses may be the same as those we see in nature, but in all probability they will, in many instances, be perfectly antagonistic. They will mingle bright reds with bright greens, lilacs with brilliant blues, and the result will be hideous and repulsive. But let us take a glance at the flowers. There will be an infinite diversity of colour, but nature produces such variety, such grades of tone in each blossom, that we see no such thing as painful contrast or discord.

WHAT becomes of all the pins? A sagacious question very often asked and very difficult to answer. Of the millions of pins that escape us in this metropolis alone, how few are ever picked up. Do the fairies take them? A pin, though small, is not a very perishable article, but it has a marvellous aptitude to make away with itself. But even larger pieces of metal in daily use manage to disappear. There must be tens of thousands of horse-shoes dropped in London in the course of the year,

yet how rarely they are seen. This is all the more remarkable, inasmuch as it is considered lucky to pick them up, therefore people are on the look out for them. There is a great demand for the nails by which they are fastened in the manufacturing world. The banging they have got through constant wear makes them of more value than even new nails—for what, does our reader think? To make stubb twist barrels. It seems odd that the same malleability could not be given to the iron in some quicker and more simple manner than the traffic of horses' feet.

THE amount of trouble some people will take for the sake of playing a dismal joke, is certainly curious. For instance, travelling by the loop line of the South Western the other day, I was surprised to find that I had been travelling, not as was said the other day, as a horse, but as a member of the feline tribe. Painted up overhead in the carriage we read "5 cats." Of course the reader understands that originally it stood 5 seats, but the elaborate joker, by scratching out the s, and transforming the e into a c, qualified himself, according to Dr. Johnson, to become a pick-pocket. At one of the station platforms I noticed the following bit of perversity accomplished by the same means: "The public are requested not to alight until the rain sops the platform."

CAN anyone tell us to what fund the sixpence demanded of all persons wishing to see the royal effigies in Westminster Abbey goes? Desiring to see the condition of the metal effigies in process of restoration, I strolled into the dim cathedral aisle the other day just as the divine voices of the boy-choristers were singing the responses. No sooner had the last silvery echo died away in the lofty vaulting, than the vulgar demand for this miserable fee was heard from the touting vergers, who seem to have learned their art from the box-keepers of our theatres, where, however, the fee system has long been abandoned. The Dean and Chapter surely should abolish a practice which is so repugnant to the sacred character of the grand old building.

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SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

A Novel. By the Author of GARDENHURST.

CHAPTER XXVI.

TWILIGHT AND DAWN.

THE next afternoon, when Douglas came as usual to Auriel, Azalea did not meet him in the avenue as had been her wont. He missed the bright face and the eager welcome of voice and hand, and felt annoyed at their absence.

"I suppose her father is requiring her services more than usual to-day," he thought; but when he reached the house he found old Moore sitting puffing away at his pipe outside the door, looking very happy in the clouds of smoke and in the contemplation of a favourite beagle bitch that was stretched extended in the sun, tranced in a voluptuous inertness from which not all the velvety bitings of four soft-lipped puppies could arouse her.

"Ain't they beauties?" Moore said, complacently referring to the fat pink-nosed creatures at his feet. "I said to Azalea, 'We musn't keep 'em all, the mother 'ill never be able to bring them up;' but Azalea laughed and said, 'Don't you think Him that makes young things knows best about that?' and then she wouldn't have them killed at first because they were blind, and it seemed cowardly to take advantage of their not seeing, and suddenly souse out their little lives in a pool of cold water; and when they opened their eyes she said they looked at her imploringly, and she couldn't have them hurt; not but what I think she was mistaken there, for I notice that when their eyes first open they don't look up or down, but just in a straight level, as if Nature didn't want them to stare at anything but the mother's teats until they got stronger. They'll make beautiful dogs," the old man added, with that proud satisfaction which all human beings appear to take in

things of their own rearing. From the street lad who prophesies that whole hecatombs of rats will fall victims to the prowess of his mongrel terrier when it grows to the age of rat-nipping discretion, to the breeder of a thoroughbred horse, who thoroughly believes that an embryo Derby winner exists in the uncouth foal that kicks up its gawky legs in the paddock; from these to the human mother stirred by tremulous joy and mighty pride in her first-born—do we not all think that our young crows will possess, if not the pure fairness of the dove, at least the soaring attributes of the eagle?

"But where is Azalea?" Douglas asked, impatiently.

"Daresay she's gone to pick up some plums in the kitchen garden. I said I should like some made into a pudding to-day. I can't eat anything but soft things now—haven't got any teeth, you know. I've often thought, Mr. Douglas, that when Eve, woman-like, did the only thing she was told not to, and ate that 'crude apple,' she hurt her teeth and sent us down toothache among other curses."

Douglas wandered away to the study where he ordinarily read with Azalea.

"Not here," he muttered, discontentedly; "I hate unpunctuality."

He sat down to a table near the window, where his own manuscripts were placed. He did a great deal of his work at Auriel now. The well-stored libraries afforded him greater facilities for study and reference than he could possibly find in his own limited collection of books; and the atmosphere of romance that haunted the old place was in itself a stimulus to imagination. The summer winds that blew through the open windows stirred into motion a thousand quaint fancies wrought in the faded hangings. Grotesque faces laughed and wept in perpetual shadow of brown oak carving. Lovely women trailed their draperies, and noble gentlemen clashed their swords through the dim corridors. There were also two children that belonged to the place—a little girl who sat in a picture near the door, and

whose stiff bodice and formal sash were in odd contrast with her baby face and dimpled arms; and a boy, a truculent warrior, aged eight, whose brown hair tumbled in loving profusion over his fierce red coat, while his small fingers were clenched over a mimic weapon of death. Azalea used to dream, when she was a child, that the girl, who was all sash and dimples, and the boy, who was all curls and coat, slipped out of the frame while their parents slept, and danced minuets together in the dusky twilight. In dreamland, where the probable and impossible are so mysteriously fused, she was not troubled by the anachronism that the girl lived two centuries later than the boy; and, for matter of that, in ghostly realms the difference of a hundred years or so is not likely to disturb ghostly friendships. The spirit of the place breathed of dream-like mystery and gorgeous decay. "I am hundreds of years old," it whispered; "none but nobles with powdered hair bow in my saloons or talk stately sentiment to their mistresses on the grass-grown terraces. I am centuries old: do you not see it in my dusty china vases, transparent as a frail shell, and rarer than precious gems? in my ancient manuscripts, traced over by hands that were dust with the worms four generations ago? I am dying, but I am royal even while moribund; do not disturb the sanctity of my peace—do not unveil my fading features to the noisy scorn of modern life. Above all, let not any touch ruder than the wind clang the rusty shields which our forefathers made famous in Palestine."

As a rule, Douglas rejoiced to yield himself up to the thrall of fancies like these; but to-day he felt his mood to be one that jarred against the softness of the hour.

"I am getting to be a methodical old man, I suppose," he thought, half-smiling, half-vexed at his own incomprehensible irritation; "but the fact is, I am put out by not beginning the day in the usual manner. I shall go and look for that girl and get it over, and then I shall be settled in my mind."

That which was to be got over was a long philosophical dissertation, of which Azalea was bound to explain the substance, and to expatiate on the arguments to be deduced therefrom; this, and a lesson in Italian, constituted her task for to-day. As Douglas left the room in pursuance of his intention to seek Azalea, he saw the reflection, in an opposite mirror, of his long, ungainly figure surmounted by the square forehead shaded by a mass of grey hair.

"Who would have thought that I was ever rather a fine fellow?" he said, with a little touch of self-pity and contempt, as, shrinking away from the glass, he passed out at the porch. "I'll go to the garden."

The old garden had once been trimly kept; the peaches had glowed in sumptuous profusion on the walls. The dahlias had kept stately ward in the flower-beds, separated from the golden gravel paths by the several lines of the box border; but now the gravel was obscured by moss and long grasses. The stricken stems of the hollyhocks had, in many cases, fallen helplessly over their prescribed margin, and the crimson blossoms glowed through the soft green shadows of tall nettles; as for the wall-fruits, they were so concealed by the untrained exuberance of their foliage, that none but the quick-eyed birds knew where to discover and peck out the first tempting morsel that grew redly ripe in the sun. To-day the whole garden was sleeping in the slumbrous noon. The lilies drooped their fair heads in the hot drowsy air; the convolvuli relaxed their tenacious hold of the rose-trees, and trailed so languidly round the prisoned stems, that had not the red blossoms been inert and heavy with over bloom they might have waved themselves free of their lithe enemies.

Douglas found Azalea under the plum-tree; but she, too, seemed infected by the atmospheric languor, for the plums were lying round her untouched; the misty bloom still veiling their sun-scorched sides, save where the bruise of their fall or the trace of a hungry wasp had broken the purple skins. Douglas paused for a moment, and looked at the picture before him—so full of deep repose—so lovely with soft-breathed peace. What was this restlessness within him? What was this trouble in his eyes as they dwell on the girl's fair face and gleaming hair?

She was leaning against the smooth trunk of the tree, gazing dreamily at the old crumbling wall opposite, as though her thoughts were wandering far away over its ivied summit, floating like the free ether beyond even the solitude of this lonely place. She was roused from her reverie by hearing Douglas step near her, and went towards him, blushing and smiling.

"Oh!" she said, "I had no idea it was so late, Mr. Robert. I should have been out to meet you had I known it was near your hour for coming."

Again Douglas felt irritated.

"Don't call me Mr. Robert," he said, testily.

"Well, then, Robert. Only it seems so impertinent for me to call you Robert—you who are——"

"So much older than yourself, I suppose you mean," he interrupted.

"Not only that, but so superior," Azalea answered, simply.

There was silence between them for a few moments; then Douglas spoke again:—

"Have you learnt the task I gave you yesterday?"

"Yes—no—that is to say, I don't quite know. I looked at it," she pleaded, apologetically, seeing a gleam of displeasure in his grey eyes.

"I never knew you negligent before," he said, harshly. "I will leave you now, and return to my own work."

He rose to go, and she followed him at a distance, meek-eyed, like a dog depressed by its master's rebuke. Presently she curled her little fingers round his arm.

"Please forgive me," she said, penitently. "I will study hard to-day."

Her touch seemed to thrill from his wrist to his very heart. He looked down on her, his eyes glorified by a light she had never seen in them before.

"I—I—of course I forgive you," he stammered; "but——"

Then he broke from her abruptly, and left her alone in the narrow path, wondering and confused.

"How very strange he is to-day," she thought. "But I must go back to the tree; for, after all, I forgot to pick up the plums for daddy's pudding."

Neither tutor nor pupil made much progress with their studies this afternoon. Douglas sat and looked at his manuscript, with his face shadowed by one hand; but the other fell listless by his side, and only a flickering sunbeam moved across the blank whiteness of his paper.

Azalea, crouching down on the window-seat, strove hard to fix her attention on the page before her; but the dahlias nodding in the long grasses outside, and the loud humming of the bluebottle on the pane, singing his own dirge in a spider's web, seemed to possess magnetic attractions for her eyes and ears. She gave a furtive glance at Douglas, to see if he were noting her inattention. He seemed unconscious even of her presence; so she turned her face to the window once more, and resigned herself to dreamy inertness of thought. It was so pleasant to her, the golden warmth of the noon. She liked to see the soft shadows creep

up the lawn, and pass their cool veil over the hot languor of the roses. She revelled in the faint scents of ripe fruits and flowers which haunted the warm air.

"It should always be summer time and afternoon," she said, softly; and Douglas started at the sound of her voice, as if it had been loud and imperative as a trumpet-call.

He did not speak, however, but followed her glance, and looked out at the sky until the grey clouds of night began to thicken in the north, and the sun glowed in long red flames beyond the western firs.

To her all the murmurous sounds, all the shifting phases of Nature, seemed to convey indistinct possibilities of happiness. Hope, vague but sweet as the wistful music of an Æolian harp, whispered in the wind-swayed boughs, and glistened in the golden drifts of clouds that were blown towards the west. To him the autumn evening was full of sadness and desolation. The chill aspect of the lake, covered with dreary-looking patches of weeds; the quick shadow of the wild-fowl gliding over its breast; the weird-like trouble of the darkening sky, filled him with ineffable depression. The shadow of a new despair seemed to be looming behind the shadow of the coming night. Like his companion, he would fain have arrested the progress of time at noon-tide; not because, like her, he revelled in the present, but because he dreaded the hours of the future. Presently Azalea broke the silence:

"What would you do if any one insulted you?" she asked, suddenly; and as she spoke a blush suffused her face, which seemed to Douglas to be only a part of the sunset glow which was streaming over her head. His eyes darkened at her question, and the pain of some old memory whitened his face to more than its usual pallor, as he answered, briefly,—

"It depends on what description of insult it was."

"Supposing that it were a very great insult?" Azalea pursued, in a shy, low voice.

"I should probably revenge myself, and repent my revenge all my life," Douglas said, sadly. "But why need you ask such a question, Azalea?—you who are as secure from insult here as the lovely roses are from being plucked, or the birds captured?"

"Oh, of course," Azalea answered, confusedly.

Once or twice she had thought she would tell of the marvellous spectacle she had seen in the lane; but the memory of that audacious soldier always checked the impending confidence. How could she confess to her father

or her stern-faced tutor that she had been picked up and kissed by a young soldier, as carelessly as he might pluck a flower and wear it for an instant at his breast? How could she tell them that she was haunted by the memory of a pair of brown eyes, which she would like to meet again, if only to abash them with the glory of her indignation?

Douglas left Auriel earlier than usual to-night. His manner was abrupt and confused; and Azalea, scared by his unwonted sternness, felt something of her childish fear of him return, as she looked at his moody face.

"I will do better to-morrow," she said, deprecatingly, when he bade her good-night.

"It does not matter," he answered, absently; and then he disappeared through the misty gloom of the avenue, and she went back to her father, and wondered a little with him what had made Mr. Douglas so cross to-day.

Meantime Douglas had paused once at the lower gate of the avenue, and looked round with a half-hope that the girl might be yet waving him an adieu. He could not see her; and the closed shutters of the sitting-room excluded from his eyes the solitary light that beamed in the vast and lonely house. The mist and the darkness closed over all, and Douglas hurried home, with his heart filled with a bitter feeling, the nature of which he dared not analyse to himself. When he reached his little cottage he sat down in the darkness and solitude of his room, and buried his gaunt face in his hands.

"Oh!" he moaned, "surely, of all the bitter sufferings of my life this would be the sharpest!"

"I will not go there to-day; I will send an excuse," Douglas said to himself, when he awoke the next morning.

On the previous night he had stifled the rising trouble in his mind by the sheer force of determination; but our clearest resolutions fade into helpless confusion under the softening influence of sleep; and in the first dawn of re-awakened memory our sorrow strikes us quickly and keenly, with the surprise of a treacherous blow. A sort of sullen resentment succeeded the first flush of conscious pain.

"They do not want me excepting as a schoolmaster for her; and she has ceased to love to learn. I will not go."

Accordingly, when the hour approached in which he usually visited Auriel, he dispatched a note to Azalea announcing that he had engagements to-day which would prevent his leaving home; he felt a certain satisfaction in surmising that the old man and the girl would

miss his companionship; and with this reflection he strove to calm the restless irritation which possessed him all the afternoon. In spite of the strenuous efforts he made to occupy his mind, he was continually haunted by the aspect of the scenes in which he usually passed these hours of the day. There was the old oak door of the library creaking heavily on its hinge; there was the Virginian creeper drooping down pink-tipped tendrils athwart the diamond-shaped window; there was the quick spider counterfeiting repose on the window-ledge until its buzzing prey came within reach of its long arms. The lights and shadows that were flying across the meadows opposite were playing now in those lonely chambers, where the silence was rarely disturbed save by the twitter of birds or the music of one gentle human voice, and where only one fair face made a living light in their dusky gloom.

At Auriel the day was lapsing, with the softness of dreams. He could fancy he heard the old-fashioned clocks chiming away time in mellow tinkles that, reverberating through the long corridors, sounded like the soft knell of lament for the vanishing hours. He tried only to image to himself non-sentient objects. He tried to limit his sight to the grotesque faces on the tapestry hangings—to shut his ear to all but the low whistle of the bird and the rush of the wind; but, despite his every effort to compel his thoughts into a prescribed groove, Azalea's hair would gleam in the dusky shadows of those familiar chambers—Azalea's voice would ripple in the summer wind that blew through the window, and her fingers seemed to dimple all over the pages of the book he was reading. He closed the volume impatiently, and walked up and down the room. The low ceilings and narrow space oppressed him with a sense of restraint. He would have liked to thrust the walls asunder with his strong arms, and to trample away the boards under his feet. He passed into the little garden, and vented his restlessness in hurried paces to and fro on the narrow slip of gravel. He looked up once and saw the red gables of Auriel shining in the evening sun. Turning abruptly in another direction, he walked away down the fields, and never stopped until he reached a small town about eight miles distant, where he sometimes called for letters at the post-office.

There was none for him to-night; indeed, it was very seldom that the seclusion of Douglas's life was intruded on by any communication from the outside world.

He received and read those echoes of the world's hourly life, the newspapers, but like a limpet that clings to its rock, cold and impassive amidst the whirl of waters and the thunderous confusion of storms, he, in the dead calm of his self-immolated existence, heard without feeling the surge of the outside current.

He did not care to glance at his papers to-night. The records of party clamour, of rumoured war, of the black lists of scandal and crime, would not accord well with the quiet peace of this remote country village, steeped as it was in the serene splendour of sunset. A few shiny-headed babies played outside the cottages, the opened doors of which revealed occasional glimpses of calm phases of domestic life. Here a woman, with her head bent over her needlework—there an old man, watching the united gambols of a child and a puppy tumbling together over his crutches. Douglas looked wistfully at the faint twinkling lights that were beginning to glimmer in some of the windows. There was "home" for every one but himself, he thought. He saw a day labourer slouching towards one of these lowly homesteads; and the whilom Sybarite and dilettante grudged the wearied hind the rough but cordial greeting that welcomed him to the little dark, close room, of which the most costly ornaments were a solemn-looking white-faced clock, and one of those large imitation japan tea-trays, which occupy in cottages a position ordinarily assumed by family portraits in loftier mansions, *i.e.*, the place of honour over the chimney-piece.

A fat, unwashed-looking baby contrived with great difficulty to raise the garden latch with the tips of her round fingers, and then ran crowing with delight to the new comer, who, tired as he seemed, was not too weary to toss the chuckling dimpled burthen on to his shoulder. A brown-faced gaunt woman was busying herself within over a (luxury of luxuries, only to be indulged in during the fatigues of harvest time) hot supper, consisting of boiled potatoes and a piece of fat bacon. A bigger girl sat at the door, hemming a school sampler. A boy of eight was looking meditatively at the circles his heels described in the dust; an inward trouble caused him to be restless; he was making desperate efforts to learn his Catechism, impelled thereto by the recollection that the vicar's annual school-feast was approaching, and that buns were only for little boys who could give their orthodox fluent expression. He asked him-

self glibly what his name was, and answered with equal readiness as to his godfathers and godmothers having given him the patronymic of Joey Summers. But after that all was chaos, or rather marbles. Some disreputable little heathens, who under no circumstances could ever experience the blessings of buns and conversion, were playing marbles under the village oak. The student, gazing at the rolling pebbles with hungry longing in his eyes, felt each article of his faith was blurred out by an illicit desire to join the game of taw.

Douglas, walking swiftly down the wide lane called by courtesy a street, noticed every detail of this homely scene. He felt as a famished bird might that soars over in its flight heaps of golden grain, showered down for the use of domesticated fowls.

That squalid cottage was filled with loveliness for the tired workman. The house might be small and dark, the chambers closely packed as cells in a beehive, but *there* was refuge from burning suns and biting winds. There was the tendance of hands, rough, it is true, but made gentle by love. There was the sweet human pride of paternity, and that sense of comfort in fellowship, which is in such strange contrast with the solitude of the vast, dark high road we are compelled one day to traverse alone.

The shadow of a rare and undefinable pathos filled Douglas's eyes as he turned his back on the picture of life's fruition, and walked in the direction of his silent, desolate abode.

How was it that the name he had striven to repel from his memory all day leapt to his lips simultaneously with the sigh he breathed for unattainable social joys?

"Azalea," he murmured, softly; and as his ears heard what his heart had uttered his pale cheeks flushed and his head drooped lower on his breast. He walked quickly on, as though his hasty footsteps could stamp out the fire that was smouldering in his mind; passed by the cottage windows, twinkling like multitudes of rubies in the sun; passed the faded sign of the village inn—an anchor painted on a board which had been rifted in two by accidents of time and weather. In a little while the sign wavered in darkness; the windows reflected inward instead of outward light; the doors were all closed; and the peace of night deepened over the quiet town and over the fields through the shadows of which Douglas's tall figure passed a darker moving gloom. He thought with repugnance of his grey-walled

cottage standing low in the green glooms of the Auriel lane. He pictured to himself the sullen sky darkening above its brown thatch, the dew-wet roses—their red glow obscured by the dusk—nodding round the small casement. For the first time for three years, the dense peace of his life seemed distasteful to him. He felt a wild desire to stand on rugged declivities, to catch the mad foam of the torrent in his hands, to breathe stormy airs that whirl round the misty summits of snow hills.

There was a strange tumult in his heart which accorded ill with the dull still atmosphere that surrounded him. His thoughts reverted at intervals to the wild freedom of his old life; he fancied that he would be more at ease if he were overpowered by fatigue, or menaced by danger, than he was in the calm security of these civilised solitudes.

He brushed the dew off the woodbine, and trod the trailing bramble under foot in his hasty transit through the fields. In his restlessness he walked as quickly as if one who loved him awaited his return; but when he neared his cottage-door his steps slackened, and he paused at the garden-gate, half dreading to encounter the dark loneliness of his small sitting-room.

There are times when existence is as a shroud which swathes one who yet lives and rebels feebly against the horror which oppresses him. On this night Douglas felt life to be all clouds; the myriad worlds that sparkled above conveyed to him no sense of immensity. He passed through the vast fresh air on his way to a vault fashioned by himself. He had been desolate, but free. Now he was desolate, but in bonds.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"HOW DO I LOOK, DEAR?"

THE time was evening, the place the Misses Orme's dressing-room at Orme Castle. It was the night of the ball, and all the preparations for the forthcoming entertainment were completed, with the exception of Rosa and Amelia's toilettes. At this moment Rosa was in the grub stage—her hair twisted tight in an ungainly bundle at the top of her head, and her face buried in the folds of a soft towel; for, "On nights like these," as Amelia said, solemnly, "friction must not be applied to noses prone to shine." Amelia was developed into the butterfly: her hair was frizzed in golden profusion over her forehead; fresh shining draperies flowed about her. Her ornaments were pearls; her lips were red and

her shoulders white. Altogether she was a charming picture of studied innocence.

"I'm done," she announced, triumphantly. Then, in a solemn tone, she put the question that heads this chapter.

"I'll look directly," came in a stifled voice from behind the towel; and in the interim Amelia advanced and receded before the mirror with a look of affectionate admiration at the image reflected there.

"Come into the light," Rosa said, when the face-drying was completed.

Amelia obeyed meekly.

"Um, pretty well; but a little *too much pig with one ear*, you know;" with a significant glance at one rosy cheek.

It was a point of honour that the sisters should speak the truth to each other on these occasions, however unpleasant it might be to hear or to utter.

Amelia looked at herself again. "You're quite right," she said, in a tone of deep conviction. "I shall put a little more on the left side."

"Two wrongs make a right," as the horse-coper said when he put a bean in his horse's sound foot," quoted Rosa, pertly.

"Where did you pick up that stable slang?" Miss Orme said, disdainfully.

"From papa. But do go away, Amelia; you are taking up all the glass; and I shall never be ready in time."

"People always think so if they see other people dressed first," Miss Orme observed, phlegmatically. "I shall go and see if Lady Diana is ready. She has had a box down from town; but," she added, with emphasis, "one comfort is, do what she will, she can't make herself look eighteen."

"Come back," called Rosa, "before I go down, and tell me if there is too much powder on my nose. Candlelight cannot be trusted."

Amelia promised assent, but she did not keep faith; for on reaching the one sitting-room which had been left comfortable in the general exodus of furniture, she found Captain Mowbray seated in an easy-chair, deep in the perusal of Ruff's *Autumn Guide to the Turf*.

"I called to see your father about a horse," he explained, in answer to Miss Orme's pleased look of surprise. "He asked me to dine with him in his library, and to send into Brighton for my dress clothes. I hope I shall not be in your way here."

"Oh, no!" Amelia said. Then she wondered what o'clock it might be, and where papa was; and, in fact, indulged in all the

little meaningless speeches and movements which are apt to characterise the manner of a very young lady when in the society of the man she prefers.

Meanwhile Lady Diana Merton, who was a visitor at the house, and who had managed to locate herself in the most comfortable suite of rooms it possessed, was seated in an upper chamber, looking out of her window, which commanded a fine view of the sun-flushed down and the quivering ridge of far-off sea.

Make herself eighteen she certainly could not. Almost the only triumph beauty cannot accomplish is the reversal of Time's hour-glass. But who that looked on Lady Di now would have wished that the golden sands had marked an hour less in her life? To the mellow flush of a peach in that warmest, ripest moment ere it drops to earth—to the rich fragrance of a gardenia blossom as it expands in the heat of noon—to the last ten minutes of a fast run to hounds (but this simile is not poetical)—to aught else that is emblematical of perfection her mature loveliness might aptly be likened. Her skin was as fair, her tresses as luxuriant, as ever; her lovely grey eyes were not a whit less full of sweet content than when they first gazed with lazy satisfaction on the enchainment of Thurstan Mowbray. With a figure even more luxuriously beautiful than heretofore; with lips yet red and full, and chin still round and dimpled, you will not be surprised to hear that Lady Diana was as charming, as malific, and as unprincipled as she had ever been. She was not a woman to resign her unholy power of charming until the power itself failed her. Then she would have wit enough to discern her failure and retire from the arena where she was not strong enough to conquer. She thought it a great pity that she should ever grow old. She deplored the inevitable necessity, but she meant to bow her head gracefully to the blight of Time; and so soon as she found that men ceased to love, and women to hate her, it was her intention to become devout and build a church, if possible; or, if that was too expensive, at least put up a memorial window in one. Meantime there was no need yet to design the plan of the place of worship nor choose the subjects for the stained glass, so she ate, drank, and was as merry as it was in her shallow, yet unquiet, fervid nature to be. She was not yet in full dress, for she liked to be perfectly comfortable as long as possible, so she sat enwrapped in the folds of a grey-tinted Cashmere dressing-gown, sipping a cup of tea and turning over the leaves of a novel

until such time as the sound of carriage-wheels should warn her of approaching guests. Novels did not amuse her very much, she thought, as she put down this one gently, and took to stroking her spaniel's ears; she could recall infinitely more romantic incidents in her own career than those ordinarily recorded in fiction. She had known greater sorrow of heart represented by a few commonplace words than ever was expressed in the most elaborate descriptions of fabled grief. She had caught glimpses of direr tragedies in the dramas of life than any that have darkened the pages of a three-volume novel—darker and more terrible because the guilt was real and the pain veritable. Of all human passions, that of love seemed to her most inadequately delineated in books. That of which she read sounded but as a very feeble echo of what she had herself heard wrung from the pain of living hearts. She whose name had been a joy and a rapture, a wail and a curse of the lips of men—she who had heard it breathed in every imaginable cadence of emotion, from the low murmur of hinted tenderness, to the short, quick utterance of wounded passion—she who had seen faces pale and flush at her words, had turned the wise into fools, and had exalted weak natures by the strength of the sentiment she was able to inspire—was it no wonder she felt the ordinary platitudes printed on the subject very insufficiently described a passion which is at once the strength and the weakness, the glory and disgrace, of man's mutable nature.

Lady Diana was aroused from her contemplation of the spaniel's glossy head by the sound of two voices outside the window; one was that of Amelia Orme, and Lady Di at once understood that Miss Orme's companion was not of her own sex.

"So Amelia has a flirtation on hand," mused Lady Di. "I wonder why it is that girls get so full of affectation on these occasions. Why do they giggle when there's nothing to laugh at, and make up a strange voice when their own would answer the purpose equally well?"

Lady Diana arose and leaned out of the window.

"I might as well have a look at him," she thought; "if I find I do not admire him very much, I'll respect the laws of hospitality and not disturb Amelia's sport."

"Let me disengage this for you," Captain Mowbray said in a low, tender voice to Miss Orme, referring to a stray blossom of overhanging clematis, which had become entangled in her fluffy braids. The clematis grew

directly under Lady Diana's window, and Thurstan was lingering rather longer than was necessary over his task when he accidentally looked up, and saw a woman's head and shoulders—a lovely living picture in a framework of dull-red bricks and rippling ivy leaves.

The sunset flushed the fair face and warm-coloured masses of hair with mellow glory; the soft grey tints of the wrapper folded over her bosom, and the dark crimson rose which nestled behind one ear, completed the perfection of colouring which Titian would have exulted to immortalize. As Captain Mowbray caught sight of the serene, downcast face, Miss Orme gave an exclamation of pain and anger.

"Really, Captain Mowbray, you hurt me very much. You've torn out quite a big lock," putting her hand to the disarranged braid.

"I beg a thousand pardons. I am so grieved at my stupidity," he murmured in a low voice. Then he looked up at the window and took off his hat. "I am so delighted to see you again, Lady Diana," he said aloud. "If you are not already hampered by engagements, may I hope for the honour of the second valse with you?"

Lady Diana smiled pleasantly.

"I never dance now. It is the nature of young things to frisk about: young kids, young lambs, young kittens, and young girls may do so with propriety; but at my age one should be a spectator, not a participator in spring-tide gambols."

But in her heart Lady Diana thought that her old pupil had made considerable progress since their last meeting, when he allowed her, as he said, "To get a rise out of him."

"The second valse indeed!" she muttered as she retreated to her toilette table. "Fancy anyone's looking at me and asking me to be second in anything!"

His self-possession annoyed her more than she cared to acknowledge to herself. He was handsomer than ever, she thought—much too handsome for that pasty-faced chit, Amelia.

"Why do young girls always wear white dresses?" she said, looking spitefully at Miss Orme's retreating figure. "These emblems of virginity always develop red elbows so forcibly." Then she sat down to her writing-desk and took out a little volume bound in blue velvet and guarded by a Bramah lock.

"There is still an hour to spare," she thought, "before the company will arrive. I will add a few axioms to my book of moral reflections."

PART I.—LADY DIANA MERTON'S MORAL REFLECTIONS.

Never write compromising letters to a married man. Sooner or later they will fall into the hands of the inevitable wife. Perhaps he leaves them in his coat pocket, and from the time of that domestic *esclandre* in the house of the Captain of King Pharaoh's guard to the present date much mischief has arisen from the shifting of a coat.

It would be better to avoid lovers with legal encumbrances altogether. It is a pity, too; for there are some charming Benedicks whose only fault is that they *are* Benedicks. Be wary with those whose wives also "Live in Arcadia." The wife who is (there are no *has beens* in this case, "once a coquette always a coquette,") a flirt, brings all the advantages of finished experience to assist her in detecting the clumsy manœuvres of her spouse.

Supposing you evade the dangers of correspondence, there are many other perils to be considered with reference to this "twy-natured" class. Generally the husband is the person least considered in his household; will he not some day, when over-oppressed by the inferiority of his position, re-assert his dignity at your expense? Will he not drop dark hints of some one who knows how to appreciate him, and ostentatiously show the new locket at his watch-chain, or simper at the mention of your name? Some poor weak fools there are who do these things *once*, and, like other enslaved races, fall the lower after their futile attempts at rebellion.

Then there is the good and conscientious man, whose virtue increases as his feet grow weary of treading the forbidden path. With a burst of moral sentiment, he will suddenly confess all to his wife; together they anathematise the snare, and weep over the snared. He adds treachery and cowardice to his former vice, and imagines that the abnegation of the sin he has ceased to desire is an evidence of sincere penitence. This is the most despicable of all the species.

If you have a heart, give it not to a married man, nor in any way make yourself uncomfortable for his sake. Sooner or later he *must* and *will* resign you for his wife. Habit and the law give her an unassailable vantage-ground. The horse that escapes to the pasture, and kicks up his heels many times with exceeding great joy in his fictitious freedom, will return meekly to his stall at the feeding-hour. And the married man (whatever he may swear in the delight of a novel wicked-

ness) will always return to the bourne where his easy-chair, his slippers, his daily occupations, the mistress of his house, and the mother of his children await him. This reflection has a decided moral tendency. Wives, be patient with your husbands. Should he make a slight deviation from the paths of conjugality, you will be able to, in sporting parlance, "make a good thing out of it." He will tire of his new love as certainly as he has tired of you; and you have in your favour nine points of the law.

Trust no woman. Nor men either, if you can help it. I have sometimes wished in my heart that all men were dumb, and unable to write their own name—much less mine. They seldom say anything worth remembering. There is a dreadful sameness about their protestations. Their caligraphic efforts are rarely of sufficient importance to art to atone for their terrible carelessness about blotting-paper. Blotting-paper and ladies' maids are the support of the Divorce Court.

Your unmarried men are, as a rule, to be moderately trusted—unless, indeed, they are prone to habits of intemperance. You must not object to their pulling up their shirt-collars uneasily when you are mentioned, or to their blushing when they meet you, or to their indiscreet and violent defence of you to your spiteful rival. These are the follies of youth, and although they betray the boy's feelings they do not necessarily imply your complicity.

My reflections in this place chiefly concern the bigger and stupider sex. In another part of my note-book will be found a few observations on the wilier half of humankind.

PART II.—GENERAL AXIOMS.

Our greatest misery generally arises from our overrating ourselves. We get dreadful hurts through our vanity, and think it is our hearts that suffer. I appreciate myself (no woman succeeds who does not), but I am rarely blinded by my self-esteem. I know when my nose is red, or when I am otherwise looking plain. Then I conceal myself from the view of mankind. Some women are less modest, and are consequently less successful.

If you have genius, conceal it as you would a grey hair, or hide it, as Brutus did, under the appearance of idiotcy.

Tact is the supremest weapon in the hands of a woman. It is the fine tool that rivets the chains of beauty.

At the first short letter your lover writes you, dismiss him. No man who loves has ever need to excuse a neglect to his mistress.

Let not your lover feel that he has ever

made a sacrifice (even of a cigar) to you. Promote his comfort in small matters, partly because it is Christianlike to afford some compensation for the torment you inflict on him, chiefly because his attention should never be distracted from you by little worries.

Never forget that men's vanity is greater than their hearts. They will forgive a wound to the latter sooner than an insult to the former.

Never love at all where you wish to be loved greatly.

As no one is abused save to a willing listener, the friend who tells you she has heard you calumniated must be ranked with the calumniator.

Listen to nothing your friend wishes to tell you for "your own good," and because it is "her duty;" it will assuredly be something unpleasant.

An Englishman will trust his friend with his mistress sooner than with his horse.

No fire is so difficult to re-kindle as one where the ashes are already burnt black. But every man has his price, and can be reached either through his vanity, his intellect, or his passions.

It will be understood that the concluding portion of Lady Diana's MS. was written after the little episode at the window.

When her toilet was completed she looked at herself in the mirror with mingled admiration and regret. The admiration was for herself, the regret for some one unknown. It may be premised that he was of the masculine gender, for her maid heard her murmur something which sounded like "Poor fellow!"

MAORI LIFE.

THE life which is passed by New Zealanders is one which we should regard very unenviably, for so long as their appetites are satisfied, so long as they obtain "utu" payment for an injury done them, they have little else to trouble them. A great deal of time is spent in the preparation of some kinds of their food, especially fern root, which it is incumbent upon the old ladies of a tribe to pound, prepare, and get ready—not for the table,—but for being swallowed in a most taciturn but yet gobbling manner. The Maoris, when at their meals, sit, or rather squat, round in groups, the men forming one group by themselves, the women another by themselves; strict silence is observed, and so eager are they on the

work before them that, although their meals are of short continuance, a large quantity—quality of provisions matters little—is consumed and disappears off the flax kit or stone on which their repast is spread. Their jaws are well stuffed and crammed whilst they are eating; no forks or knives are employed, though now there are many chiefs of tribes who will produce them if they have occasion to share their food with a “pakeha” (a stranger), for the Maoris are very willing to be hospitable, provided they consider the stranger deserving of their hospitality. I recollect in one native settlement being highly honoured by having a noted chief place his tin plate and a rusty knife and fork upon a stone for me, and when I knelt on the ground to eat the “kumara” (sweet potato) and “kawai,” a species of fish, I was gradually surrounded by the greater number of the inhabitants of the Pa, or village; and the most annoying part of my meal was that I had to endure the too close proximity of the dirty Maori children, who gape wonderingly at a white man, particularly when he appears in those districts of New Zealand which the Englishman seldom visits.

After breakfast, which meal the Maoris take very early, they all branch off to their various duties; the women in each family bring the proper quantum of potatoes from the “rua” hole in which they are stowed, and peel them very rapidly with a cockle shell, in order that they may be ready for boiling when the hour for the mid-day meal arrives. Potatoes grow now so plentifully in New Zealand that no meal is complete without them. The “rua” holes in which they are placed are large excavations, sometimes inside, but more frequently far removed from the native settlement.

Unfortunately there is always a possibility when riding of one's horse tumbling into these potato traps, as the unguarded rider may be, and often is, deceived by the slight covering of brushwood, which conceals the opening to the store beneath. When the potato pits are dug between the houses of a settlement, there is generally a kind of roof to them, in which is a trap-door that leads to the maori—the native name for potato. Should a Pa be near the sea, other women, besides those engaged in potato peeling, will go off to the beach and pick up pipis, a species of cockle, which, when gathered, are boiled in the plaited flax kit or flexible basket, wherein they were placed after being taken from the mud.

The young men will go to their canoes, and will carry their paddles, many of which are highly carved, their fishing lines and hooks,

and should their sport be good, they will not return till late. Those of them who have any ground to till, will proceed to do so, while the rangatiras, or chiefs, will stalk and strut about the Pa with their taiha, which is a long wooden ornamented staff.

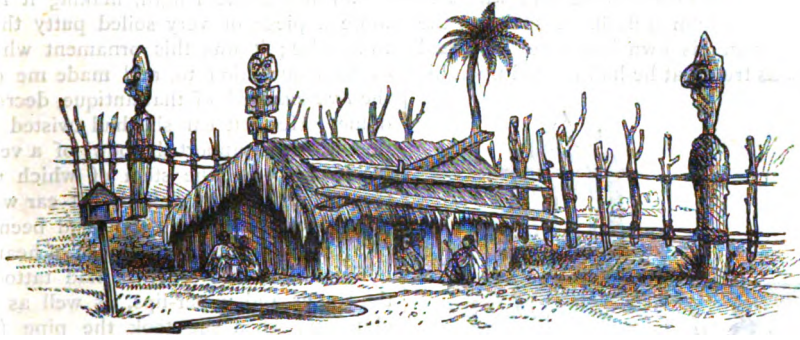
All Maoris, men and women, smoke; the habit is indulged in, without any let or hindrance, and the tobacco used is of their own growth. Each family sows seeds, the plants from which are sufficient to keep them in stock from one year to another; though, of course, natives who can afford the expenditure, will purchase the weed sold by the British. The preparation of the native tobacco is very simple: the leaf is merely plucked when green, its ends twisted, after which the whole is exposed to the sun, till the owner deems it dried properly. Common clay pipes are in the possession of the smallest children, male and female, who run about the Pas, invariably naked. Occasionally one will see the faces of these young urchins very bright, owing to their having been rubbed over with a kind of oil, which the natives have a very easy way of obtaining, when they are so successful as to catch a shark, which fish are very abundant in the South Pacific, and often fall victims, to them, during their piscatory expeditions. When a shark is brought back to the Pa, a portion of the intestines is suspended to the branch of a tree, well exposed to the sun, the heat from which soon converts the solid mass into oleaginous matter, with which the natives smear the carving on the figure-heads of their canoes, carved weapons, spears, or other articles which they may wish to look natty and polished.

Their dinner takes place about noon, at which meal water is the chief beverage, but should any rum, or “wai pero,” (dirty water,) be offered to the diners, it will not be refused, for drinking is a vice, which tends daily more to decrease the race of Maoris, than any other species of crime. They do not occupy their land as the white settlers do in Australia,—one living here, and his next neighbour some twenty or thirty miles from him,—but they, being of a sociable disposition, club and live together in Pas. A Maori Pa corresponds to our village, for in it the natives dwell, around it each family has its small cultivation whereon potatoes, kumaras, wheat, and Indian corn, are all planted, the one by the side of the other. The village settlement, so to speak, is made with a view to accommodation, and not for defensive purposes. For these latter the Maoris choose very inaccessible positions, such as elevated peaks of land; or else, rather a low

situation, well fenced in by natural obstacles, such as marshy, impassable swamps, or abrupt slopes forming precipitous ravines.

We have, then, the dwelling Pa and the fighting Pa: in the first, the huts are composed of a very light kind of rush called rapu, which

is cut when green; it is allowed to dry, and is tied to thick posts securely by string made from the flax plant. In the hut a small opening about three and a half feet high, forms the door, chimney, and window. A number of palisades or rails surround each hut, which is



Maori Hut, with carved wooden Figure-head.

usually ornamented by some carved wooden figures, painted or daubed with a red clayey composition.

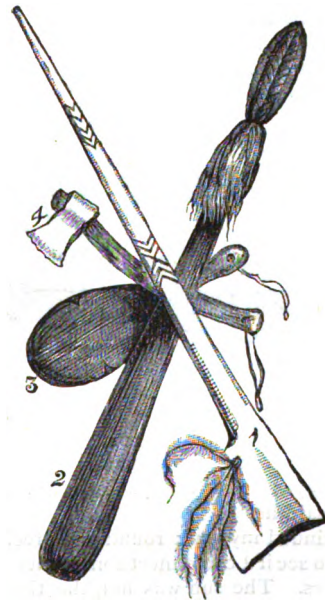
In the second, the fighting Pa, the settlement is enclosed by a double row of rails or palisades, along which cross-horizontal pieces are fastened. The upright posts are about six inches apart, and are cut off at the bottom, so that their ends shall be about eight inches from the ground, in order to allow the muzzles of the guns of the defenders to fire under them.

Immediately in rear of these rails, rifle pits are dug; they consist merely of a number of holes, which, in the strongest fighting Pas, are connected by underground passages, so that the cunning Maori fires his gun from one hole, then pops down and crawls through his narrow rabbit-like way, only to appear again in another direction. These mole-hill constructions are very puzzling and nasty places to attack. As the Pas are approached, their inmates always welcome you by calling in a plaintive, whining, pleasing tone of voice, "Here mai, Here mai," (Come here).

On one occasion, as I visited a Pa, there sat by the carved gateway an old chief, whose brow was wrinkled by the furrows of time, and on his legs and arms were many scars; some of his fingers he had lost when engaged in intertribal conflicts, and he was clad solely in his flax mat. From one ear was suspended a long piece of jade or greenstone, while from the other hung a shark's tooth, tipped at one end with red sealing-wax.

His wahaika lay near him; it is a wooden tomahawk with a long, sharp handle, carved

at one extremity; while from the other is suspended a tuft of parrot's feathers, the object of which is to distract the attention of an



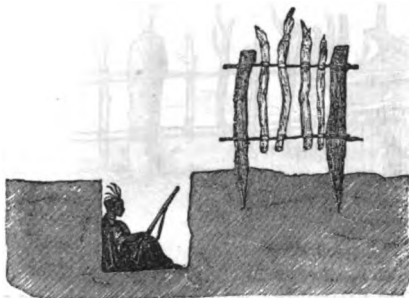
Group of Maori Weapons.

- 1.—A Wahaika.
- 2.—A Taiha, having a carved head, and is carried only by chiefs.
- 3.—A Mere. It is made of bone, having a string at one end for passing over the wrist. It is used for hand to hand fights.
- 4.—A small short-handled Tomahawk.

enemy in close hand-to-hand engagements, by shaking this feathery plume in an indescr-

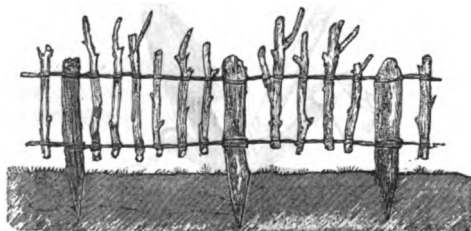
bably rapid manner, while a fatal dart or thrust is made with the spear end.

Before I went to this Pa, I had been informed by a settler—one who had been many years in New Zealand—that the old chief whom I have described was one of the few of his race who was alive and who had frequently eaten human flesh. I spoke to the grey warrior in his own language. I asked him if it was true that he had feasted upon his



Rifle Pit behind the palisades.

fellow man? Whereupon he raised his eyebrows with an expression as if he still hankered after a repetition of that savage cannibalism, and said, "Yes, I have eaten the Maori;" and he continued, in reply to my



Defences round a Fighting Pa.

interrogations, "the taste resembles that of salt meat."

"Which was the choice piece?" I asked.

"The eyes were always reserved for the chiefs," said he.

I continued my walk round the precincts of the Pa to see if I could meet some other strange characters. The sun was hot, the time being midday, so that the inducements for squatting outside their huts, caused the Maoris to indulge in that, their very idle lounging habit.

An old woman next attracted my attention, because of her half-witted, eccentric, and dervish appearance. She sat with her bare knees pointing skyward: round her uncovered fleshless legs, were her thin copper-coloured arms extended; a small and a dirty piece of

calico, which was wrapped round the waist, served the purpose of body clothes; she disdained such articles of apparel as a shawl, a petticoat, a bonnet, or a stocking. Instead of these, she had suspended from the right ear a huge padlock, which had pulled her ear to an inordinate length, making it resemble more a piece of very soiled putty than anything else; it was this ornament which first drew my attention to, and made me examine the *tout ensemble* of that antique, decrepid old dame. Her left ear she had twisted in order that it might support the bowl of a very large black clay pipe, the stem of which was not two inches in length. This left ear was more like a portion of flesh that had been wrung like a wet towel, than the organ of hearing.

This witch-like creature had tattooing on the under and upper-lips, as well as on the chin, and when she took the pipe from its fleshy suspending case, and commenced to smoke, she was then the personification of the black art of witchery, and seemed as if she could cast a spell over, or call up spirits from, any bottomless abyss or fathomless pit.

I made inquiries as to who this enigma was, and was informed that she—like the old chief before mentioned—was a last and a fading functionary of the once recognised race of Maori witches. The spread of Christianity has dissipated far and wide the former powerful influence which these seeming necromancers were wont to exert over the untutored minds of their fellow-men. Now witchcraft is seldom practised, though, indeed, the "tapu" system still exists; that is, the making of things sacred by the mandate or wish of a chief; and a ludicrous example of this custom was once told to me by, and happened to a missionary in his own roughly built house, constructed of logs of timber, and canvas. The incident was as follows. Whilst the reverend gentleman was sitting at his dinner, a not over-modest Maori walked in, and seeing on the table fare which he knew would please his taste, he at once "tapued" the missionary's dinner, and was about to seize it, but, before he could do so, he was sternly resisted by muscular christianity; whereupon the disappointed man left the house, quite mortified, at the fact that his tapu had so little influence over his spiritual pastor.

As books are very scarce amongst the Maoris, they, in a degree, compensate for the deficiency by their natural talkativeness. At the close of each day they separate into small parties, and huddle, in their low huts, round a smoky fire, which smoulders in the centre.



Once a Week.]

June 12, 1869.

HOURS OF IDLENESS.—By S. L. FILDES.

OUR WAYS AND MEANS.

I.

PARLIAMENTARY papers are not generally considered to be pleasant reading ; and if pleasure is to be considered the end of all reading, the general opinion is not far wrong. But if instruction, based upon facts compiled from authentic data, is to be taken into account, then I know of no source from which more reliable information can be obtained upon any given subject than the papers which from time to time are laid before parliament.

Turning over the file the other day, I came upon one, the title of which at once arrested my attention, as dealing with a subject which never fails to interest an Englishman of the true *Jean de Buhl* type. It was headed, "A Return of Rates of all Taxes and Imposts from which the Imperial Revenue of the United Kingdom was raised, together with the Gross Amounts yielded by each Tax or Impost, showing the total Gross Revenue in the year ending the 31st day of March, 1868, and of the Aggregate Amounts of the two previous years."

Before the introduction of Free-Trade such a return would, from its inevitable bulk, have repelled the general reader. It would have acted as an opiate on some, and an emetic on others. But now that, in 1869, the fears of the opponents of that policy have been proved to be groundless, and the hopes of its supporters realised, it is comparatively easy to fix in one's mind the principal sources of income amounting in round numbers to £68,000,000.

First let us look at them in the gross. They will be found to be comprised under five heads. Customs, producing upwards of £22,000,000 ; Excise, £21,000,000 ; Stamps, £9,000,000 ; Taxes, £9,000,000 ; Post Office, £4,000,000. The odd figures in the case of each making up, as nearly as possible, the sum above mentioned.

Under the first two heads, Customs and Excise, the same subject-matter will occasionally appear twice. For example, we all know there are spirits and spirits,—not simply good, bad, and indifferent, each of their kind, but home-made and foreign-made. The former come under the head of excise duties, the latter of customs duties. There are some others to which I shall incidentally have to draw attention, but the amount they produce is small as compared with that which is realised by the Customs and Excise.

Confining ourselves for the present to the

customs duties, they come under ten heads ; viz., Tobacco, Sugar, Tea and Coffee, &c., Spirits, Wines, Corn Meal, &c., Dried Fruits, Malt, Plate, and Playing-cards.

Of these first in order and largest in amount is tobacco. No class of the community, except the consumers of home spirits, whose name is Legion, can claim to be compared with smokers as contributors to the National Exchequer. They head the list with the handsome subscription of between £6,000,000 and £7,000,000. Is it to be wondered at that Parliament, mindful of the value of so large a connection, should, in the last session, have come to their rescue, and insisted on the railway companies affording them facilities for consuming their own smoke, by giving them a 'smoking-room on wheels. Before that time they were in the position of belligerents, fighting against a small section of society, liable to capture by officials on the preventive service if caught running the blockade. Happily for them their rights are now recognised, and they can enjoy themselves in peace and quiet. As the returns give the quantities of tobacco and cigars separately, under the head of manufactured and unmanufactured tobacco, we are enabled to see what is the consumption of the one compared with the other. In truth, they can hardly be said to bear any relative proportion ; for we find that unmanufactured tobacco was imported to the extent of upwards of 40,000,000 pounds, producing over £6,000,000, while the quantity of cigars and of all other kinds of manufactured tobacco is represented by the modest figure of 1,300,000 pounds, producing something under £250,000. This, however, must not be taken to indicate, with any degree of accuracy, the quantity consumed ; for have we not that fine old English brand, the Cabbagio Colorado Flor, which is excluded from the above calculation, but which we know is always to be had for the asking, and, to our sorrow, often when not asked for. A better way of getting at it would be to take the population of the last census in 1861, say 29,000,000.

From that amount first deduct one-half, or 14,500,000, for women ; next, from that reduced amount deduct, say one-fifth, or 2,900,000, for those who are too young or too old to enter into the calculation ; then from the remaining 11,600,000 again strike off, for non-smokers, one-sixth, or 1,930,000 ; we thus arrive at 9,670,000, or say 10,000,000, as the smoking population of great Britain and Ireland ; and as 40,000,000 lbs. is the quantity of tobacco imported, it follows that 4 lbs. per head is as nearly as possible the

average consumption per head, exclusive of cigars. Snuff-taking has comparatively gone out of fashion. When white handkerchiefs came in, snuff-boxes went out; but to the few remaining votaries the pleasure to be derived from any number of pinches is unalloyed, as no duty is charged on it.

Next in order comes sugar, coupled with which are articles containing sugar. The amount which figures under this head, is a little under £6,000,000. Of sugar proper there are various kinds, from refined to unrefined, the latter composing all sorts, from white clayed to brown Muscovado (whatever those terms may imply), and producing nearly the whole amount. Some of the articles containing sugar are curious and suggestive. Among them we find almond paste, of which 40 lbs. were imported and paid nothing; dry comfits, 2 lbs., also exempt from payment; dried cherries, 685 lbs.; marmalade, 1239 lbs; plums preserved, 901 lbs.; the three last producing respectively the ridiculously small sums of £3, £5, and £4, and succades (which, if spelt on the phonetic system, must mean *suck-hards*), 1829 lbs., and producing a little over £1000. From two of these items we derive the comfortable assurance, that if our children are sick from eating too many sugar-plums, the sickness is of British origin, no imputation resting upon foreigners, and that Dundee marmalade is still considered such an excellent substitute for butter at breakfast as to encourage foreign imitations.

Then comes tea, coupled with coffee, chicory, and cocoa, producing altogether close upon £3,500,000; of which tea alone contributes nearly £3,000,000. The duty of 6d. per lb., to which it has been reduced, is still high, amounting to between a fourth and a fifth of the retail cost price, and a further reduction would be very acceptable to those who prefer being cheered to being inebriated; but when millions are involved, the question requires very delicate handling. Coffee pays 3d. per lb., producing close upon £400,000, and its consumption, compared with tea is in the ratio of 1 to 4. Chicory only produces in round numbers £100,000, but the quantity imported is considerable, being 10,000,000 lbs. as against 30,000,000 lbs. of coffee. The French say that a little chicory improves the taste of coffee; what their idea may be of the exact proportion which the one ought to bear to the other, we cannot say, but unless chicory is used in large quantities for other purposes, the grocers would seem to consider that one-third chicory to two-thirds

coffee is about the right thing. The information, however, is not often volunteered.

Next on the list are spirits, and articles containing spirits, producing altogether nearly £4,500,000. Of French brandy we consume 3,000,000 gallons, and of colonial some 4,000,000 gallons. These figures, though large, are eclipsed by those relating to home-made spirits, as we shall presently see. Three of the items under this head deserve a passing remark. It is thought worth while to tax chloroform and collodium, though they produce respectively the small sums of £70 and £8. Nobody takes chloroform for pleasure, but it is largely used to deaden pain, and many a poor crippled wretch lives to bless the man who first discovered the means of making it available in dangerous surgical cases. Surely when the use of it is so great, and the produce from it so small, it might well escape paying anything. Of collodium there were only 6 gallons imported. If it be true that *De minimis non curat lex*, here is a fine opportunity for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to find favour in the eyes of photographers. Let him propose to repeal the tax, and within a week his table would groan under the weight of presentation copies of his right honourable self, taken probably "as he appeared in his place in the House of Commons on the night of the Budget—moving a repeal of the tax."

Wine follows tea, &c., rather reversing the usual order of things, and pays according to the number of degrees of proof spirit which it contains. The prevailing taste appears to be in favour of that which contains more than twenty-six degrees of proof spirit but less than forty-two, as out of the 14,000,000 gallons imported 10,000,000 answer the above description. The cash result to the credit of the exchequer is close upon £1,500,000.

Corn meal, &c., contributes comparatively little,—something just under £1,000,000. But this source of income will no longer be available, nine-tenths of it being swept away by the registration duty of 1s. a quarter on grain being abolished by the present Chancellor of the Exchequer. A word or two, however, as to some of the items. Looking down the list, one is tempted to ask what is Bere or Bigg? Again, what is Cassava Powder? What is Manna Croup? And where do they come from? The name of the latter is suggestive of the land of Egypt. Do they form part of the ingredients of the celebrated Arabica Revalenta, or is Madame Rachel and her tribe the largest importers? We would suggest that these questions be propounded to the candidates at

the next Civil Service Examinations, and a return of the answers laid upon the table of the House.

Dried fruits give us nearly £500,000; and not to be wondered at, when we consider with what marvellous rapidity they disappear from the dessert table, especially dried candied cherries. I have heard that it is a fixed idea in the mind of every lady of the house, that they remain intact till the gentlemen are left over their wine. Be this as it may, any presiding deity of the housekeeper's room will confirm the fact that they never return to the place from whence they came.

Next on the list comes malt, &c. Here the Englishman's national prejudice is apparent. What brewer would dare to use that *furrin* stuff? No wonder that we have to deal with thousands only under this head as compared with millions when we come to that of the real home-made article. But is it not just possible, after all, that the prejudice may be ill founded? Vienna beer is not to be lightly spoken of, and is becoming a great fact. Let Burton look to it in time. Should the taste for it increase, our Chancellor of the Exchequer may awake to its value.

Plate and playing-cards complete the list of Customs Duties. Plate produces about £4000 on about 50,000 oz., Troy, imported, of which only 7 oz. were gold, the rest being silver. The quantity seems considerable; for who ever saw a French spoon or fork which would compare favourably with our English make? Cards contribute about £300 in respect of 2000 packs. This is susceptible of a material increase when the game of Muggins is more generally known, for as success depends upon a keen quick eye as soon as a card is turned up, the quaint designs of the French cards would greatly increase the difficulty, and so add to the interest in the game. There is a tradition to the effect that Humphrey de Mogyns, who was a junior clerk in one of the public offices, where it is well-known that the government is a hard taskmaster, exacting the greatest amount of work in return for the lowest possible pay, was the first to introduce the game into England, and a certain number of *partis*, it is understood, are expected to be played during office hours. If we are to have any more statues erected, about which there may be two opinions, certainly De Mogyns ought to have one erected at the public expense in the vacant space in front of the new Foreign Office.

Now we come to Excise Duties, which range under the heads of Malt, Spirits, Sugar,

Chicory, all home-made, and Railways, Stage Carriages, and Hackney Carriages, forming one class; and Licences for making and dealing in a variety of things, forming a second.

The items of which they are made up are much more numerous than the Customs, though the total amount produced is somewhat less, being, in round numbers, £21,000,000, as against £22,000,000. Of this no less than £18,000,000 is produced by the duties on malt and spirits, both home-made. The former contributing over £6,000,000, the latter over £11,000,000; leaving the balance of £4,000,000 to come from licences. Looking at the productiveness of the malt tax, it really would seem hopeless even to entertain the idea of its total repeal; and any partial reduction of the amount now levied upon it would inevitably, under some pretext or other, be intercepted by the malster or the brewer, and never reach the consumer in the shape of cheaper beer. Theoretical arguments in favour of a partial remission, or even total repeal, suggests themselves readily enough; but to the hard, practical question—What is to be substituted for it?—the answer is not so easily forthcoming. Again and again have successive Chancellors asked of its opponents, giving an elastic expression to the words, *Si quid novisti rectius istis, candidus imperti?* but without receiving the desired information.

A merry day, indeed, it would be, if Jack Cade's views could be carried out, as he expressed them, a little more than three hundred years ago. That great reformer told his supporters, "There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny. The three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops, and I will make it felony to drink small beer;" but unfortunately, before he had an opportunity of maturing his plans, an untimely fate prevented him from ever getting into Parliament and carrying them out. Meantime we must rest and be thankful that every time we take a glass of malt liquor we are doing something, though in a small way, to help to make both ends meet. Turning to spirits, it is no doubt very sad to think how closely they are connected with England's national sin, and what a large portion of many a man's earnings is absorbed by too free an indulgence in them, and also in malt. It is this fact which makes the amount raised annually by the excise duties under this head a practical test of the extent to which the labouring and manufacturing population are employed. If trade is dull, and the labour market inactive, it tells immediately on this branch of the revenue, and the quarterly re-

turns indicate the fact with almost unerring certainty. It is a melancholy fact, but not the less true, that, speaking generally, the more a man earns, the more he spends upon drink, in some form or other. Before we leave this head of the excise duties, chicory and sugar must be noticed, as producing respectively £21,000 and £60,000 (little enough, as compared with the amount collected from the foreign articles, £100,000 and £6,000,000), but easily to be accounted for when we remember that we don't make sugar from beetroot, as they do in France. The railway passenger duty, the stage-carriage, including the railway mileage duty, and the hackney-carriage or cab duty produce, in the aggregate, £600,000. The railway passenger duty is assessed at the rate of five per cent. on the sum received by the companies; and as their receipts are returned at £9,700,000, between £400,000 and £500,000 comes from that source. The railway mileage duty is calculated at one farthing per mile run, and as the returns show a mileage run of 34,423,057 (being, by the way, as nearly as possible the mean distance of the planet Mercury from the sun), the produce is £35,000. The cab duty realises about £100,000, and has for a long time past been considered indefensible. They pay a duty of seven shillings for each cab per week. This amounts to £19 5s. a year, so that in four years they pay as much for duty as the cab costs when new. This is now abolished, and with it, let us hope, cab strikes also. We have still a round sum of nearly £4,000,000 to be accounted for; and that comes from licences to trade, whether as makers of or dealers in a variety of things. To attempt to classify them is almost impossible, and there is not space within the limits of an article to enumerate them *seriatim*, with their several cash results. A passing remark upon some of them must suffice for the present purpose. We have seen how large a portion of our national income arises from malt and spirits, but from a limited point of view only. Malsters are not allowed to carry on their trade without being duly licensed. They pay upon a certain scale regulated according to the quantity made, which varies from five to five hundred and fifty quarters and upwards, the lowest paying for the privilege 2s. 7½d., the highest £4 14s. 6d. They number nearly six thousand, and pay close upon £16,000. Distillers of spirits in like manner pay £10 10s. each for their licence; but the trade is in few hands, and the duties only amount to £1500. So with brewers, the amount of whose licences varies from 12s. 6d. where the quantity made

does not exceed twenty barrels, to £2 for every hundred, with an additional charge for greater quantities made, ranging up to fifty thousand barrels and upwards, and producing in all the respectable sum of £360,000. So again with manufacturers of tobacco, who are nearly six hundred in number, and pay a little odd sum of £7000.

When the brewer and the distiller have respectively paid for their licences, and produced the article ready for consumption, there is still a great gulf between them and the retail customer, who is the real consumer. Government again steps in and levies black mail upon the dealers in the several articles. From the beer dealers, large and small, it extracts nearly £400,000, and from spirit dealers and retailers £700,000; from wine dealers, under the head of foreign wine merchants, grocers who sell wine, keepers of refreshment houses, and passage vessels, £150,000. Dealers in tobacco pay 5s. for their licence, but we are not told how much is produced thereby. The privilege of selling tea and coffee realises £150,000; sweets, so called, £12,000; letters of post-horses, £140,000, and of carriages, both stage and hackney, £9000. But these are modified by the present Budget; and, as respects tea, the licence is abolished. There are, it seems, eighteen thousand hawkers and pedlars in the United Kingdom, paying for their licences £45,000; and between eight thousand and nine thousand who sell playing-cards, which are made by a favoured few, not exceeding in number sixteen. The sellers pay 2s. 6d. each, and the makers £1.

Game—under the heads of licences to kill it, and licences to deal in it, produces £150,000. Owners of race-horses pay heavily for indulging in their taste for the turf, 2500 horses at £3 17s. each producing over £9000; and dogs must stand high in favour with our Chancellors of the Exchequer as a money-producing animal, for their owners pay upwards of £400,000. Pawnbrokers give us over £30,000; but why should they pay £15 for their licence if they carry on their business in London, and only £7 10s. if they prefer a country town? So it is with horse-dealers. In London they pay £27; in the country £13 5s. But their case has found favour in the eyes of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and henceforth they will pay a uniform rate of £12 10s. One item more, and we must conclude this branch of the inquiry. What the amount may be which is paid over as conscience money for having cheated the revenue, by those who have not been convicted of a

breach of the eleventh commandment, "Thou shalt not be found out," we have no means of knowing ; but we learn from the return, under the head of Surcharges, that from those who have been found out £35,000 has been recovered.

STOBS AT WORK.

THE destruction of the Cornish Tolmaen—which cannot be replaced, as was the case with the Logan rock, when it was overthrown in 1824—has led to the attention of Mr. Layard being officially called to the preservation from wanton injury of our national and historical monuments ; and strenuous measures are absolutely necessary to repress the British Snob in his outrageous vandalism, and to keep his hands from a "picking and stealing" that could never have been contemplated by the framers of the Church Catechism. If a nobleman kindly allows his gardens to be seen on certain days of the week, it is only by the presence of an extra staff of watchful gardeners that the Snob is prevented from doing irreparable mischief to the choicest plants and flowers. The Earl of Stamford was, for some time, compelled to exclude the public from his beautiful gardens at Enville, in consequence of the wanton destruction ruthlessly dealt by the Snob ; and Lord Lyttelton had no other resource than to shut out respectable people from a portion of Hagley Park, because the Snob pencilled filthy words and drawings on the white walls of Thomson's Grotto. As Hugh Miller wrote of this spot (in his *First Impressions of England*), "At one time people might enter the Park when they willed, without guide or guard ; but the public, left to its own discretion, had behaved remarkably ill : it had thrown down the urns, and chipped the obelisks, and scribbled worse than nonsense on the columns and the trees ; and so it had to be set under a keeper, to insure better behaviour." Chantrey's "Sleeping Children" has to be railed off from the strayed Snob, and even then has to be further guarded by a verger, lest the Snob should surreptitiously break off a marble finger as a souvenir of his cheap excursion to Lichfield Cathedral. When Washington Irving told of his visit to Shakspeare's house, at Stratford-upon-Avon, he said, that the chair shown as the poet's "had to be new-bottomed at least once in every three years ;" and Mr. Fairholt says, that the large piece cut out of the end of the beam over the fireplace in Shakspeare's room, was "the work of an en-

thusiastic young lady," whose female friend kept the woman of the house in conversation, in the room below, until the deed was done. The Venerable Bede's chair, at Jarrow Church, was hacked and cut by the penknives of visitors, and might have been made into matches if vigorous efforts had not been made to secure its preservation. The wondrous chapels of Melrose and Roslin have to be put under lock and key, and shown to a few visitors at a time by careful guides, who can keep their eyes on Mr. Snob, and prevent him from chipping off "the corbels carved grotesque and grim," or the cloister bosses, with their "spreading herbs and flowerets bright," petrified by the sculptor's art. Though Sir Walter Scott, himself an offender, showed to Washington Irving the "Gothic shrine over a spring" that he had manufactured out of his pickings and stealings from Melrose, which he dubbed "a famous place for antiquarian plunder ! there is as rare picking in it as in a Stilton cheese, and in the same taste—the mouldier the better." Horace Walpole, another offender, writing to Bentley, says : "A little way from the town are the ruins of Llanthony Priory : there remains a pretty old gateway, which George Selwyn has begged to erect on the top of his mountain ; and it will have a charming effect." The remarkable "stalactites which once formed the great beauty of" the Spar Cave, Strathaird, Isle of Skye, says Murray's *Handbook* (p. 322), "have been carried away or mutilated, to satisfy the acquisitive propensities of tourists." Stonehenge has not, as yet, been carried off in fragments, or carted away bodily for a fernery ; but it has suffered grievously at the hands of the Snob spoilers. The important monastery of Saddell, Argyshire, with its tombs of the Macdonalds, Lords of the Isles, and of the "mighty Somerled," was converted, says Mr. Macfarlane, "by a modern Goth into a quarry ; out of which he took materials to build dykes and offices, paving some of the latter with the very gravestones : he did not, however, long survive this sacrilegious deed, as he soon afterwards lost his life by a trifling accident, which the country people still consider a righteous retribution, and the estate passed into other hands." (By the way, Ingoldsby, in *The Cynotaph*, speaking of the "Sir Campbell of Saddell," who was at the Eglintoun tournament, records Hook's pun :

Who, as poor Hook said, when he heard of the feat,
'Was, somehow, knocked out of his family-seat.'

Mr. Burns records, in his *Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Scotland*, numerous instances of the

modern landowners destroying historical remains for the sake of "the appropriation of dressed stone from the ready-made quarry presented by the old cathedral and abbey;" and says that they have done more to destroy their national antiquities than ever was done by Knox and his followers. It is not many years since that a Government surveyor proposed to pull down the earl's palace at Kirkwell, in order that he might the more readily obtain the materials to mend another building; but the Government did not comply with his proposal. Mr. Hughes, in the first edition of the *Boscobel Tracts* (1830), says of the modern King Charles' oak (which has to be defended from depredators by a lofty iron palisade—"Ferreis his repagulis circummuniuit," as the inscription on the brazen tablet formerly set forth), "It was planted many years ago on the original spot from an acorn of the parent tree, which soon fell a sacrifice to the destructive zeal of the loyal during Charles' brief popularity." In fact, of that original tree, so quickly had it fallen a victim to this destructive zeal, that Evelyn writes of it; "the oak had ceased to be a living tree in 1662." For the last twenty-five years I have carefully noticed the date cut, scored, or scrawled on monumental and other memorials in various counties in England; but I have never met with a date earlier than the time of the Protector. Therefore I am induced to think that this barbarous vandalism had its rise in the age of Oliver Cromwell, who, according to the rhyme that preserves the proper pronunciation of his name, "the nation did pummell," and, in whose time many memorials of history and ecclesiology were also ruthlessly "pummelled."

TABLE TALK.

NOT reading the fashion books, I don't know whether a velocipede habit for ladies is a desideratum or no. But in a budget of velocipede notes from America, I find a description of a costume for feminine velocipedestrians that at least merits attention from its trans-Atlantic simplicity and adaptability. An ordinary dress skirt is to be made to button up its entire length in front, and about half-way up the back. When the wearer wishes to mount her machine, she simply loosens two or three of the lower buttons at the back and front, and rebuttons the front and back edges of each side together, so as to form a copious trouser falling over each foot, thereby removing the impediment that a flowing skirt would have to the

free motion of the wheel and its motors. Whether any, and if any what, adjustments of the sub-kirtle garments are requisite our deponent sayeth not.

The past month of May was a cold month, with much rain and prevalence of east and north-east winds; this was especially the case at the end of the month, and notably so on the 28th, the day of "the Oaks," and on the 29th, "Oak-apple day." The "ethereal mildness" of the season existed only in poetic imagination, and if one sought for verse that really described the weather of the month, we should find it, not in Thomson, but in Hood, who, in his Ode to May, compared the breezes of spring to the blows of Spring the fighter, and said that Spring was as mild and gentle as spring-heeled Jack to those he sprang on.

In short, whatever panegyrics lie
In fulsome odes, too many to be cited,
The tenderness of Spring is all my eye,
And that is blighted!

But, although the weather has appeared to be so ungenial, I am assured by a weather-wise old cottager that a cold May is salutary. The old man can neither read nor write; but he has treasured in his memory a goodly store of weather predictions and folk-lore, and when I was talking to him about the weather of the past month, he thus spoke:—"There's a saying that when the wind is in the east it's nayther good for man nor beast; but a good deal o' that depends on the time o' year. There's a saying, that

For a warm May
The parsons pray;

which comes of that other old saying, 'A warm May, like a green Christmas, fills the churchyard;' and the meaning of it is, that the more burials there are, the more fees the parsons 'll get. But there's another old saying,—

For an east wind in May,
'Tis your duty to pray;

You often get a mort' o cold weather in May
and that's the cause o' the old saying—

'Till May be out
Ne'er change a clout.

There was Jinks, he wouldn't be ruled by me, but left off his flannel weskit, Sunday was a week, because it was the Feast; and he's been eat up wi' the roomatics ever since." The old cottager further spoke to me as follows: "The rector had it all to hisself on the Feast Sunday," which was May 23rd, Trinity Sunday, the day on which the annual village feast was

held. "Mr. Jones, the curate, had gone back to Cambridge College, to get his duck and green peas. What! don't you know what I mean? Why, Mr. Jones, he belongs to Trinity College, Cambridge; and at that college, every Trinity Sunday, they get all the old pupils together, and have a grand dinner on ducks and green peas, and that's the way they keep Trinity Sunday. How do I know that? Why, in the old coaching and posting days, I were a boy on the road—a post-boy, you understand; and I were told it by a man as were told it by another man as knew that man's cousin, and he were a cook at Trinity College. He were a man cook, and quite the gentleman, and had a mort o' money, and sent his sons to Oxford College, and whatever the pupils wanted to eat, ducks or what not, he had to get it for them. You'll find that all true, sir, about Trinity College; they eat their ducks and green peas by way of keeping Trinity Sunday; and Mr. Jones, he's gone there a purpose." But, as the old man was wrong in this, Mr. Jones having gone to Ely to be ordained priest, perhaps he was also wrong as to the ducks and green peas.

IN certain wild districts of England where the roads were in a state of nature, and getting across a parish was no very easy matter, it used to be said (and that within man's memory), that no rector should engage a curate unless he could ride to hounds. Not that this expression meant that the curate should be a hunting parson: very far from it. It merely signified that the state of the district was such, that, if he wished to visit his outlying parishioners, he would best do so on horseback, and would probably have to leap a few hedges and ditches on his way. It would seem that the clerical horse of the period is to be a velocipede. Already has a velocipede postman been introduced, "before the mind's eye," to the notice of Parliament; and now the *Pall Mall Gazette* has started the idea of velocipede curates, who are to be the natural sequence of S. G. O.'s "gig-bishops." And the *Church Review*, taking up the wondrous tale, advocates the adoption of velocipedes by "the country and mission clergy," as saving them the cost of keeping a horse. But, how about the state of the country roads? The country curate cannot expect to get for his velocipede what Leech's hunting gent got for his screw,—“no beastly 'edges and ditches, but a good turnpike-road all the way;” and the spectacle of a velocipede curate, mired in an Essex lane, or wildly

charging a Northamptonshire bullfinch, would not be a sight that would increase one's respect for the cloth, or add to its reputation for usefulness. Even that latest Dutch explorer, Miss Alexandre Tinné, has found that the sands of the Great Desert were not adapted for the progress of her velocipede; and, therefore, on the white-elephant principle, got rid of what was of no use to her, by presenting it to the Pasha of Tripoli. If, therefore, "the mission clergy," who are sent to "the plains of Timbuctoo" are not only provided with "gown, and bands, and hymn-book, too," but with velocipedes also, it might be advisable to ascertain for their behalf the effect that has been produced by this new species of vehicle on the minds of the natives of Tripoli. As the provision of "the country and mission clergy" with velocipedes is advocated by the *Church Review*, one of the accredited organs of the ultra-ritualists, it is to be inferred that this advanced party in the Church has now added velocipedes to those gorgeous robes, banners, and incense-pots which they have regarded as absolute necessities in the equipment of their clergy. We must expect sturdy Protestants, therefore, to loudly protest against this latest phase of ultra-ritualism, the mounting of mission and other priests on velocipedes.

THE Corsican Twins in the burlesque now playing at the Globe Theatre, are not the first distinguished paternal pair who have been converted into torments by the dropping of a letter. In the days when George Prince of Wales and Frederick Duke of York were the hope and pride of Great Britain, the royal couple went on a visit to the country house of a great peer. A chronicler of fashion and Court journalist of the time, in his record of the sports and pastimes of the august party, by a happy concatenation of misprints, represented the *Royal Bothers* as greatly enjoying the excellent sport of *peasant shooting* afforded them by their noble host.

THE celebrated violinist, Joachim, during a winter residence in Northern Germany, was in the habit of watching the skaters on a fine piece of water beneath his windows, until one day it occurred to him to try the exercise himself. As he had never yet donned a pair of skates, he put himself into the hands of a man who provided skates and instructions in the art on the brink of the water, and was soon equipped and started on the ice, the master

leading his pupil. Finding no difficulty in keeping his balance under these circumstances, Joachim felt sure he could go alone, desired his leader to leave him, and the next minute was sprawling on the ice on his back. "Aha!" said the teacher, triumphantly, as he raised his prostrate pupil, "you see it is not quite so easy as playing the fiddle!"

"It may go off, loaded or unloaded," says the sporting father to the meddlesome child that is too curious about his gun. The remark has proved to be not entirely a fabulous warning; for some cast-iron cannon have actually been known to explode before ever they have smelt powder. A recent report on ordnance manufacture, presented to the American Congress, mentions no less than nine cases of guns bursting spontaneously, either in the cooling pit, or during the finishing in the lathe. One fifteen-inch smooth-bore went off like a six-pounder while it was being turned, and ripped itself from muzzle to breech. Three other fifteen-inch guns burst in the cooling, and five smaller, eleven and ten-inch, cracked in the lathe. These instances are all examples of the stupendous power of molecular forces: the guns that burst in cooling, did so in consequence of unequal contractions, or in stricter language, dissimilar motions of their metallic molecules. Those that blew up in the lathe, no doubt had some too nicely balanced equilibrium of molecular forces disturbed by vibrations set up among the metallic atoms by the action of the turning tool.

THERE has been an outcry on the cropping of dogs' ears, a custom which undoubtedly induces deafness, and attributes to the cropper a superiority over Nature in knowing what is best for the maltreated brute. But, nothing is said about the curtailing of curs' tails; though this is equally a dog-fanciers' custom with the terrier tribe, the operation being performed, for some occult reason, by the teeth, and not by the knife. And then, there are the poor innocent lambs, who go frisking about by the side of their d—s, as a scrupulous compositor once printed the lines: will no one who belongs to the Humane Society, or that other Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, agitate for the non-mutilation of lambs' tails? Yet, if the agitation were successful, we should be deprived of a culinary delicacy—or, rather, it would be postponed for a few weeks; and, if, like the lady in the anecdote,

we sent to the library for *Lamb's Tales*, we should not have a chance of the boy-in-buttons bringing us, in mistake, from the butcher's, a basket-full of savoury lambs' tails.

POOR John Clare, "the Northampton Peasant," he was as truly a heaven-born poet as was Burns, and his descriptions of country scenes and customs are far truer than the more laboured elegancies of the poet of *The Seasons*, although it was to the perusal of that book (purchased by the lad of thirteen with his hoarded half-pence from the Stamford bookseller, as soon as his shop was opened in the morning,) that John Clare ascribed the development of his rustic muse. Yet, how rarely is this true poet read, though I understand that the publication of a collected edition of his poems is only prevented by the representatives of his family seeking for terms that would not be remunerative to a publisher. Such a work, if issued, would afford the amplest materials to the book illustrators of the day. Pending its publication, Clare is not wholly forgotten. A tomb, subscribed for by admirers of his genius, marks his last resting-place in the churchyard of his native village of Helpstone; and last month, a "John Clare Lodge" held its inaugural dinner at Peterborough. In imitation, it is to be presumed, of the Burns Clubs of Scotland, a lodge of Odd Fellows has named itself after the local poet. There is something in this that is weird and fantastic, and in harmony with Clare's life. He was cradled in the direst poverty; then, on a sudden, he shone out as a bright poetic star, was petted by the nobility, and patted by the *Quarterly*, was then neglected for newer lions, and passed, first into obscurity, and then into oblivion, ending his days in a lunatic asylum. Had it not been that if, of all his former friends, the Fitzwilliam family had alone not deserted him, he might have literally asked for bread and been given only that memorial stone that now covers him.

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SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

A Novel. By the Author of GARDENHURST.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AFTER THE BALL.

THE ball was over. The Marquis of Grandacres had not proposed to Amelia, but he had danced once with her, and that, as she said to her sister, "was something towards it."

Moreover, Thurstan Mowbray had paid no attention whatever to Lady Diana. Amelia, in the confidential hours of dressing-gown and slippers, mentioned this circumstance to her sister with great satisfaction; but Lady Diana herself viewed it in a different light, for on the pages of the volume before mentioned she inscribed:—

"He who deliberately avoids you is lost."

She was annoyed, but not disheartened, by Thurstan's apparent coldness. Well versed in all the mutability of suffering of which the human heart is capable, she knew that as the fish in dying displays a variety of hues (strange beauty born of mortal pain) ere it is overspread by the dull colour of death, so does a lover exhibit curious and incomprehensible developments of feeling before his love perishes in indifference. She had known prouder men than this one assume the most profound innocence of her and her attractions; she had seen them hold aloof from her, restraining jealousy, with all the power of their galled spirits, the impulsive tenderness of eye, lip, and hand. She had known others, more subtle in their tactics, pretend to a careless ease of manner, the better to conceal the reality of their pain; but sooner or later the attempt to dissimulate with their passion ended in utter failure, and the slave crouched once more beneath the sweet oppression of a bondage more exquisite than freedom.

Lady Diana would compassionate defeat,

but she could never resolve to spare where she encountered opposition. She was like the Palestine warrior of old, who "slew plentifully," and then "bewailed courteously" over the heaps of slain.

Besides, she felt something of her old tenderness revive for this handsome man. True, her tenderness, like an Eastern potentate's, had a touch of the bowstring in it; but hers was a moral strangulation. She would stifle all that was good in a man's heart rather than that it should not beat for her. A husband must leave his wife, a lover his mistress, sooner than defy her influence. Yet there had been cases when she had mourned the ruin she had wrought, and had even tried to lure the delinquents she herself had fashioned back into their moral perpendicular.

Fancy a upas tree apologising for its malign influence, and entreating that its poison should be rejected by the victim!

In her own way, Lady Di had loved Thurstan. She loved him none the less for his defiance of her now; but she swore in her heart that ere long he should be hers, body and soul—a human puppet, which should take the place of the dolls of childhood, and wile the tedium of her leisure hours; a toy which should weep real tears, breathe real breath, and whose heart should beat fast or slow at her bidding, even as the wax effigies had used to wail or smile according as her infant fingers pulled the wire. But even a child has its preferences among dolls, and Lady Diana liked this male specimen with the brown eyes and curly hair better than others.

"As to Amelia Orme, she must be taken down," said Lady Di to herself, as she watched this young lady's little manoeuvres to attract Thurstan's attention.

But coquettes, like other gamblers, are victims of chance. Lady Di had calculated on passing several weeks in her quasi lover's society. She had planned every move in her game with a precision worthy of a professional chess player. She disliked to be hurried in

her play. To do her justice, she preferred to retain an aspect of dignity, even of modesty, in these ignoble encounters. Like a child who attempts to give his adversary fool's mate, looking very hard in another direction all the while to divert suspicion, Lady Di kept an innocent countenance during the progress of her machinations. I think this appearance of lamb-like unconsciousness was one of the most potent snares wherewith this beauty lured prey to her wolfish maw. But for the present, at least, the game was stopped—the pieces overset.

On the morning succeeding the ball at Orme House, Thurstan was sitting in the music-room, turning over a song for one sister, while he dexterously pressed the hand of another, when the song and the flirtation were brought to a premature close by the entrance of a servant, who brought on a salver a telegraphic message for Captain Mowbray. It announced that his father was very dangerously ill, and it requested his immediate presence at Pisa.

It was as if a funeral train flung its gloomy shadow over a path gay with bridal flowers. A cloud fell over the faces of all. It is dismal to be recalled from laughter, music, and mirth, to the voice of the bell which tolls finis, and the vision of the inevitable white robe, of which the fashion endures for ever, independent of milliners and mourning warehouses. Besides the natural awe which falls even on the most lighthearted at the sound of that ugly word death, those around Captain Mowbray had their own selfish reasons for sorrowing with his sorrow. Amelia Orme was becoming really attached to him, and the idea of his departure made her feel sore at heart. Lord Orme was disturbed, because Mr. Mowbray had been a contemporary of his own. "What a sad thing! He was at Eton with me, you know. Older than me, but still we were schoolfellows."

"That doesn't make it any sadder, papa, does it?" muttered Rosa, pertly, not seeing that Lord Orme's regret was as one tree may feel when its coëval falls, bowed down by storms and age.

Lady Di, sitting in a corner in a becoming attitude (becoming attitudes came as naturally to Lady Di as prinking does to a peacock), with a confusion of coloured wools mixed up with her fingers and knitting-pins, made a vicious fracture of a twisted loop, and said to herself, "Tiresome old man!"

When Thurstan had said good-bye to all, he paused before Lady Diana.

"If all goes well," he said, hurriedly, "I shall go to Airdale's for a few weeks' hunting early in the season. The Ormes are going—shall you be there?"

Lady Di said "Yes" meekly enough. She liked Lord Airdale; it was a pleasant place to stay at—she should certainly go. She was all meekness, depression, and pathos until Thurstan was gone, and she went up-stairs to enjoy the privacy of her own room. Then she glanced at a mirror, and a look of gentle triumph sparkled in her grey eyes.

"I certainly do not show my age," she said.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ROBERT DOUGLAS'S JOURNAL.

Auriel, November, 18—.

HAVE I not read somewhere of a girl who picked up a linnet from the dust in which it had been thrown, with bruised wing and ruffled breast, and carried it home. The bird was young, and adapted itself by degrees to its new home, grew to love its captor and whistle to her voice. Then came a time when the girl sickened; it was the bird's place to lift its friend from the slough. The girl reaped the reward of her act of salvation. She was crippled, and might not leave her weary bed; she was partially blinded by weakness, and could not face the gladness of the sun; she was obliged for a long season to turn her face to the wall, and while the hours, otherwise so blank, tided away, her ears were filled with the sweet hints conveyed in the linnet's song. The rush of the free winds, the heavy nodding of the bulrush, the shuddering haste of the stream, the splendour of the films blown across the face of the setting sun, the faint fragrance of ripening blossoms—all these were hymned by the child of air, and the child of earth took comfort in the sound.

What has this to do with Azalea?—nothing. Only that every memory, every experience, every fancy, floated from the past to be fused in the possibilities of the future, all the old sorrows, all the dead joys, all the tremulous silence of the present, seem stirred by her influence, even as the kiss in the magic bower woke the sleepers of a century into a new, strange world.

I have rescued my bird from a slough of incomprehension. Her mind was filled with dim light; I have strengthened her intellect. I have enabled my bird to look at the sun, and when the hour comes when I shall be blind, perchance with the terrible dimness of fatuity,

will she sing of the day, will she hint brightness to me, and comfort despair? I doubt.

* * * * *

There is a whisper of trouble in the air, a throb of pain in my heart. Shall I tear it from me at once, this threatening evil? Shall I crush it out as I would a creeping red flame of fire? Shall I turn my face from it and fly? And what does this question prove? I try and hide my thoughts from myself, but they leap up in strength, as the flame, once allowed to have birth, flares up its threatnings of destruction. Oh! child, child, how your calm face troubles mine; how your unconscious serenity irritates the fever in my mind. If I were to leave you to-morrow, and begin all the old sick life of aimless wanderings, carrying with me the great blank of your absence, how would you feel? A little sorry, perhaps, for I have been kind to Moore. She might even miss me for her own sake. Am I not her only companion in intellect, yet do not the young prize beauty more highly than genius? She would weep far bitterer tears if her pet birds were to droop into death, or her favourite dog get a mortal injury, than at my departure. She loves these creatures, loves them with the warm, unreasoning sympathy with which Nature sometimes links tender human hearts to her dumb offspring. Azalea has taught the wood-dove to coo in her breast; her dog creeps to her for comfort if it receives a sudden hurt; her eyes close into a sidelong glance of ineffable tenderness when her grey-headed jackdaw perches on her hand, chuckling quaint choked notes. But I—I am less to her even than these, infinitely less to her than the vague glories of her untried future. She has grown to the age of dreams; she is no longer the child whose pleasure is in gambol and unrest; she now rejoices in solitude; she likes to commune with the beauty of her own hopes, and in these I have no place. I will go and see her; the sight of her unconscious face may restore my failing control. Why should I be vexed because a beautiful flower smiles at the sun rather than at me, or a child whom I have known long fails to feel for me the surprise of passion?

Passion! Such a word is a profanation to her pure face; such a word is inadmissible in describing the relations between a young and beautiful woman and an old, uncomely man. Such passion she might feel for me as the wind shows when it blows all the dead leaves from wintry boughs in one soft, sapless hecatomb of decay.

* * * * *

I have just returned from Auriel. I displayed nought but a somewhat unusual constraint—at least in a younger and more graceful man it would have been constraint, though with me I fear it was ungainly sternness; but it did not matter. She did not heed, far less inquire, even in her eyes, of the cause of my disquiet. She ran down the path to meet me, babbling gaily as a wayward brook. "There was news—great news!" she said, clasping my arm. "I must try and guess what it was." I suggested that old Sally's grandson had "come home from the Indies." Guess again? Well, had the cat brought into the world of birds and mice some small snowy duplicates of herself? Wrong again! I said I would guess no more. I spoke harshly, to conceal a mighty tremor of delight which thrilled me when her hands clasped mine caressingly; a delight which died almost as soon as it was born, for she flitted away from me again and caught hold of a pale cluster of chrysanthemums.

Then with her face sparkling, and breath coming quick, she cried,—

"I have seen some people!"

What description of people?

"I have seen horses and dogs, and men in red coats, and ladies—two ladies I think I saw—and they flew like the wind: and—oh! look! they are here again!"

She grasped my arm, her face glowing with excitement, her lips apart, her other hand pointing to a distant line of meadows which skirt the south side of the shrubberies. We were in the shrubbery-path, and in front of us a tree had fallen and let in a wide gap of light in the dense line of shadow.

She perched her pretty arched feet on the gnarled side of the branch near her, and stood like a beautiful wild bird, which, with bright startled eyes and head upraised, listens for a possible foe in the rustle of a leaf—only that the child's face was scarcely one of apprehension; there was hope in it.

Far off beyond the meadow, the blue haze of distance was flecked by scarlet coats. Only two men were far in advance of the rest. These two were in close company with the pack, which streamed down the slope of the meadow towards us. On they came, close and compact. They were silent, but there was eloquence in their motion. The scent held them as though it were a magnet to their desiring breath; their sterns, no longer quivered by doubt or anxiety, were close down. The scent was burning, and the pace too fast to allow of any superfluous expression of excitement. Not a hound spoke; they swept on a bright, moving flash of lust.

Every faculty in them was strained to the utmost. They were tired, but they hung on to the line as though glued to it. Certainty added fury to their effort. The wind, which blew in the track of their flying prey, brought delight to their nostrils and lifted them onwards in an accession of fierce exultation. It might be a comedy to the pink-coated sportsmen behind, or even to that thoroughbred steeple-chaser—an animal that still took his fences with the nonchalance of a gentleman, in spite of the heavy plough up which he had been obliged to gallop; but to the hounds it was a very serious drama indeed—one which necessitated their closest attention, and which absorbed all lesser and illicit attractions: the youngest and chubbiest-nosed puppy among them would not have dared to have even turned the white of his eye towards a hare, though she had got up under his paws; while as to the panting, wet bundle of fur which crept into the water-ditch close to where Azalea and I stood, there could be no doubt but that he was suffering a dire tragedy.

"They will kill him!" gasped Azalea. "Don't let them, Robert!"

The hunted creature glanced slantways at us, with an expression which seemed to say, "There's another devil!" Then he paused as though to consider his last resource. He was pretty nearly exhausted. Doubtless it is fatiguing to run an hour and forty minutes (they had been running that time), best foot foremost, at pain of death; it did him great credit that he was still able to form any plan of evasion. To the right of us was Azalea's little summer-house, a building in which she was wont to hold levées of woodpigeons. The door of this hut stood ajar, and the fox saw before him one last chance for existence. In an instant, with a desperate effort, he cleared the space between the ditch and the hut and disappeared in the shadow of the interior; and when Azalea peeped in after him, previous to securing the door of his retreat, she saw a tuft of grey fur, fringing a log near the thatched roof.

"He has tucked himself in, all but his tail!" she said, with glee. "They shan't have him; shall they, Robert?"

I shook my head. "You are dreadfully unsophisticated, Azalea; no wonder Moore complains of your living without the pale of the world. If you were a fashionable young lady, you would perhaps know how to give a view halloo, or lift the hounds on to the line of that fox, which you have just secreted in that unsportsman-like fashion; you would clap your hands with delight at the shriek of a hare

run into by a swift greyhound; at the very least, you would sometimes spend the summer hours in watching showers of pigeons fall under the prowess of the Red House champions; you might make a book on the event, while your kid-gloves got splashed with the warm blood of the living targets."

A look of disgust deepened in the girl's eyes. "They are beasts," she said, emphatically.

The pack were close to us; in a minute they were in and out the ditch, and round our feet. The majority rushed on; but a few old hounds threw up their heads and declined to be deluded. The two horsemen I have mentioned as being forward galloped up to the fence, followed by one or two others. "Where? where? Have you seen him? Where did he go?" they shouted.

Azalea pinched my arm. I hesitated. The old hounds were still at fault; for when the fox sprang from the water-ditch to the hut, he had done so with a single bound, which cleared the short yard of ground which lay between the verge of the ditch and the hut-door.

"You have seen him?" one of the horsemen cried, interrogating Azalea.

Her cheek flushed, and her lips quivered. Then she stood forward in the sunshine, this incarnation of beauty and guilelessness, and deliberately lied.

"I saw him," she said, distinctly, "go up there," pointing vaguely towards a distant field. Then she turned on me with a savage whisper—

"If you contradict me, I'll never learn another line of Homer."

As the huntsman called off the puzzled hounds, and the riders turned their tired horses away from the fence, I looked reproachfully at her conscious face.

"It is never good to lie."

"Yes, it is," she answered, defiantly. "Sometimes it is quite right."

"As when?"

She hesitated. "When—when the—the women said, in Pharaoh's time, you know, that all the little boys were little girls. Didn't they do right?"

"But foxes are not infants."

"Everything which is defenceless should be as an infant to us," she said, gravely. "But look there! What is he going to do?"

He, was the man on the thoroughbred horse, whom I had noticed when I first saw the hounds; a fine looking young man, whose air and manner seemed familiar to me even in the distance, but whom I did not recognise until he now came quite up to the fence.

"What's on the other side?" he called out.

"Water. It's a dqule. Look out!"

He took back his horse a few yards, and trotted slowly down to the fence.

Then came a flash of crimson through the golden autumn haze before us. I looked at Azalea. Was it my fancy—was it the surprise of the to her novel sight? or did she blush and wear an expression which was almost one of consciousness, as Thurstan Mowbray, handsome and bright as ever (damn him!) advanced towards me, taking off his hat to her.

"So glad to see you again, old fellow," he said, his big brown eyes seeming to catch new fire as he glanced at my companion. "You see, I have come to try the hunting-grounds of my native country. Will you do me the honour to——?"

I forced myself to anticipate his request, although I fear I performed the ceremony of introducing Captain Mowbray to Miss Moore in a very churlish fashion. Introduce the falcon to the dove, the doe to the deerhound—introduce youth, beauty, and experience to youth, beauty, and ignorance—introduce this young and handsome man, blessed with every adventitious grace, to the girl who is worshipped by me, who am old, ungainly, unattractive, my intellect too large for her to grasp; for I love her with all the madness of a boy, with all the anguish of a man. Child! when I saw you there in the evening sun, all the glows of autumn seeming to deepen on your golden head, your eyes shy and averted, your face troubled with something which, if it was not pleasure, was one of its echoes; and that handsome man, whom Nature seemed to link with you, so well did his appearance match yours, talking eagerly to you, alluding to me occasionally, but evidently engrossed by the loveliness of your image—when I saw all this, there came a terrible sickening over my heart. Then I looked at that man with some such dark foreboding of prescient guilt as may have clouded Cain's heart when bitter jealousy begot lust of blood.

When Mowbray, smiling, bade us adieu, he added—

"I will ride over to-morrow, and you must tell me all about the pictures." He spoke to me, but he looked at Azalea.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE WORK OF A FORTNIGHT.

SO she had seen it once more—that bright, audacious face which had caused such tumult in her existence on that never-to-be-

forgotten day when she stood on the bank in a tremble of ferns. Was she angered still when she remembered the insult of that surprise? Certainly it was anger which flushed her cheek and made her pulses throb when she saw him again; but then his manner was so different now, he was so courteous and gentle; she could hardly realise that this was the person she had wished to slay with some imaginary dagger. And he was owner of Auriel, too, or would be so one day; Robert Douglas told her thus much in answer to her questions.

The grim warriors on the wall acquired an additional interest in her eyes now that she had seen their living representative. When she next went down-stairs she paused to wonder whether this Mowbray inherited any of the noble daring which made Gaston de Mowbray throw himself before the body of his young brother, a living shield, which presently fell hacked with wounds, while the boy rode away unscathed. Azalea, living in an ideal world, could not suspect how ignoble were the aims, how mean and trifling the ambition of the majority of nineteenth-century heroes, who wear gold lace and spurs.

After looking at the portrait which seemed to her to embody the lineaments of the gay rider on horseback who had flashed towards her through the grey woods yesterday, Azalea walked softly into the large salon, and looked at her own reflection in a large old-fashioned mirror.

This is what Robert Douglas saw when, a few moments later, his tall form and moody face darkened the doorway.

The bright glow of her cheeks and hair showed dimly through the dust and cobwebs which obscured the mirror; a crack marred the dimple in her chin, a tremulous thread, blotched by a spider, seemed to wave down her hair; her hands were busy securing a rose over one little ear, a fillet of ribbon glistened behind the other. The rose secured, Azalea stepped back, on her toes, with such a look of meditation as a bird wears when it puzzles over its duplicate in a mirror.

She was asking herself for the first time, "Am I fair?"

And Douglas, watching her from the door, felt his heart contract with pain as he saw the nascent symptom of coquetry, the first consciousness of physical beauty develop itself in one who had hitherto been as careless of her loveliness as the birds of the air.

"Why are you decking yourself in this way?" he asked, savagely.

"I don't know," she stammered, half

frightened, "I never thought; I was only wondering."

"I have sometimes wished for your sake, Azalea, that you were ill-favoured as the women who are burnt red in autumn suns, and coarsened by labour. But I comforted myself, thinking there was safety even for beauty in solitude, and now——." He checked himself, remembering that to warn a child or a woman of danger is to expose them to it. He added more gently—

"Forgive me for speaking so roughly, Azalea; but if you only knew how I should loathe to see your guileless face spoilt by consciousness of its attraction. Be content with the beauty God has given you."

"I meant no harm," the girl faltered, looking down; but when Douglas left her to make his morning greeting to old Moore, she looked once more at her own reflection.

"I am pretty," she whispered to herself, and her lips curled into a smile as she spoke. "For all his scolding he thinks me fair—he owned as much."

Then she went and sat at the window, and looked wistfully at the avenue path, which seemed to tremble in the light and shadow which played over it, which proves that Douglas had been wiser had he held his peace.

* * * * *

Robert Douglas's Journal continued.

THERE are two hells made by man for himself—remorse and jealousy. Which is the most terrible of endurance, the hell of the past or the hell of the present? In which is the flame hottest? Remorse is the dull, low throb of unassuageable pain, jealousy the wild bound of a fever which is almost craze.

What have I done to deserve this last? Is it not enough punishment that I have wandered through all the prime of my life with my head down; that for me no bird is jubilant, no sun is bright, no voice is glad?

* * * * *

For years I have carried a pall. What devil possessed me that I should break from its shadow to clutch at roses? That man whose life I saved, need he have cast the shadow of his beauty over the one gleam of sunshine in my path? "He would come again!" Of course he came. He was seized with an immense interest in the old portraits and books. Will Miss Moore tell him "all about them?" She begins shy and flushing at the sound of her own voice. She speaks with her soul in her eyes, and looks at him with the pure, un-

conscious regard of an angel. Meanwhile the young man yawns a good deal, but takes every available opportunity of drawing nearer to her, of touching her hand, of caressing, when her face is averted, stray curls blown about her head by the wind.

It is a fortnight since that day when this fresh curse in my life fell on me. Perhaps the bitterest pang of all is to feel that were I free, and were my soul clean, so that I could place myself at her feet, she would walk away, never perceiving that I was thus prostrate. I never could be to her even a possibility. I rank with her old guardian, with the gloomy shadows of the house, with all the familiar scenes of childhood: I am an appendage. This Mowbray is in himself a new event, an event which colours all her hitherto hueless existence.

A fortnight to-day since he crossed my path, and he has been here nearly every day since. Heaven help me! My hate of him is becoming hideous. This mean, bitter jealousy dwarfs the big heart into that of a fretting child. I loathe and scorn myself for the ignoble torture self-inflicted. I pore over crabbed pages, hold my head between my hands, and try not to catch the reflection of that withered, harsh face peering at me from the cracked mirror opposite, and then her presence approaches in that gust of lonely-sounding wind tossing the bough against the pane; her face gleams in that star which sparkles in the upper square of the casement. She pervades the whole chamber, and my thoughts fall into confusion again. I am crushed by the misery of my prescience.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LOVE PASSED AN HOUR OF LOVE WITH ME.

THE hours "drawled" (that was George Moore's term for the dreamy, drowsy autumn noons) into days, and days slipped into weeks, and still Captain Mowbray lingered in the vicinity of Auriel, showing an increasing interest in what he vaguely described as "the books and pictures, and all that sort of thing." What need to repeat the details of the old, old story; what need to dwell on all the subtle indices which point to one inevitable result? The sun and the sunflower, the "moon that draws the sea, and the cloud that stoops from heaven and takes the shape," has not every simile been exhausted to illustrate the beautiful antique Legend of Love? Only there be some children that blow bubbles, knowing well their instability, and anticipating their collapse to nothingness with a sort of pensive scorn; there be others who believe

the exquisite phantom to be fashioned of enduring rock. The first inhalation of chloroform is as a foretaste of Paradise. It is only those who have partaken of it frequently who can prophesy the after-sensation of deadly sickness. Lady Diana, when she loved, and reaped happiness from her love's indulgence, felt as one who assumes royal robes for a brief period, and whose shining crown surmounts sad foreseeing eyes, which are ever fixed on the end. Azalea was as the imbecile, happy beyond the power of reason, who glories in the wreath of straw and circlet of beads, and has that sublime faith, the faith of ignorance, in these frail adornments of a visionary realm.

Captain Mowbray hunted very seldom now. "The country was too blind for anything," he said; and in truth autumn lingered this year, dilatory as a lover loth to bid his mistress farewell. To the horizon's verge the woods blushed red and brown, the wind held its breath, and the leaf that dropped did so in pure repletion of its life.

On one golden afternoon the sun shone on a pretty scene in the Auriel shrubberies.

A young man, and a girl still younger, sat on the trunk of a fallen beech. No hatchet had thus prostrated the tree; it had been rent in twain and flung to earth in some wild freak of the tempest. The sun fleckered patches of gold on to the girl's bare head, and on to the yet vivid ruddy beech-leaves. Wild flowers and long grasses, thrusting themselves up round the tree's sides, partly concealed her little feet. He and she supported between them a ponderous volume, with dusty edges. It had on its black sides a dingy inscription, which made believe to have once been written in gilt letters. The inscription told that the volume was a treatise on Illuminating Manuscripts, and that it belonged to Anselm Mowbray, a priestly scion of the house of Mowbray, who flourished A.D. 1600. Either the work was too interesting to be read quickly, or so dull that it was not read at all; for the couple looking at it were so quiet that a furry bob-tailed rabbit came out and cleaned his face before them. Over-ripe blossoms drifted slowly through the air: sometimes they were caught on the bearded faces of tall grasses; here and there they rested on the hem of Azalea's dress. The bees kept up a hum of enjoyment over some late roses, or burrowed their brown bodies in the flowers' depths in an ecstasy of self-indulgence. Overhead, a bird sang out its appreciation of existence.

Presently Captain Mowbray twitched off the head of a rose, and gently placed it in his com-

panion's hair. The thrush flew away at his movement; the insect tumbled out of its luscious recess; the rabbit scudded away in a panic; but no other living thing was there to take note of the two.

Old Moore was slumbering away the hours by the fire in-doors—for the old, like infants, are perpetually relapsing into slumber, as though their hold of life were not a thing assured or certain. Robert Douglas sat brooding in his lonely cottage; withheld from going to Auriel—withheld from keeping the kindly watch over Azalea he would have done over any other defenceless creature placed in a situation of peril,—because of his own painful consciousness. So there was no one to spoil the pretty tableau on the beech-tree, nor to overhear and repeat the words which presently stole into, rather than broke the silence.

"My darling!"

My darling was rather a favourite expression of Captain Mowbray's. Frequent use made it come glibly to his tongue; he had applied it so often, to so many darlings, that it perchance had lost somewhat of its charm to him. But she at his side flushed and trembled, as the enchanted princess might have done at the sound of the magic word which transfigured her from stone into life.

"Don't you love me a little bit, Azalea? Hang it, do speak!"

It is a pity that the language of the hero should have been so little in unison with the exquisite poetry of the scene; but you see men, like green caterpillars, assume the colour of what they subsist on. Captain Mowbray had lived on barrack-rooms and clubs, furnished lodgings, cigars, betting-books, &c., &c. Had he been asked to describe the present scene in words, he would have said that it was "Awfully jolly, you know; quite dry and warm; no fear of catching cold, and the dearest little girl in the world to spoon on!"

I think Thurstan had somewhat degenerated mentally since the days when he was wild for love of Lady Diana; there was now more of the barrack-room, and less of the fresh-hearted boy about him; more of that false philosophy which some men think "good tone," and with which they glaze over their finer feelings, as painters obscure the lovely vivid tints of modern paintings, so that they may obtain a fashionable antique gloom. Not that Thurstan meant any harm in the present instance: he was thoroughly kind-hearted; he would not have hurt a fly. If you think that I am presenting you with the hackneyed picture of Faust and Marguerite you are mistaken. This

girl attracted him. He believed that he loved her; he designed no evil to her: at any rate it was very pleasant to see so fair a face flushing and paling under the fire of his eyes—she could never meet his eyes, and that amused him; she talked in a quaint, thoughtful strain, oddly at variance with her youthful appearance, and *that* amused him. He did not altogether understand her; he thought her very odd, but very charming, nevertheless. He longed to kiss her again; to take her in his arms as he had done that day when he saw her in the ferns; but something in her innocence and defencelessness repulsed him more than the sharpest reproof would have done. He had referred more than once to that bygone episode; and the girl had become so shy, had shown such genuine distress at the reminiscence, that he had not the heart to pursue the subject—only he sometimes found it very hard not to repeat the offence; and on this especial day he felt himself tempted beyond the power of resistance; hence he had, as he said, “broken cover.” He had asked Azalea if “she didn’t like him, just a little bit?” and he was answered by that silence, more exquisite than words, which belongs to modesty—the proud modesty of seventeen—which made the girl chary of any out-spoken expression of her heart’s secret.

Captain Mowbray, better accustomed to women of the world, always equal to every occasion, waxed impatient at her silence.

“Do say you like me, Azalea.”

Azalea counted mechanically the flecks of light that danced on a laurel-leaf, and was silent.

“Then you don’t care for me; and I suppose I had better go away, and never come here any more.”

She paled visibly, and stole a glance at him half-piteous, half-fearful.

“Why don’t you speak, then?” he said, viciously annihilating a tall nettle which grew near his foot.

Still no answer. It was foolish of her, but something in her foolishness flattered him more than the grace of consummate ease would have done.

“Do you wish me to go?”

“N-n-n-o.”

“Oh!”

He was at her feet in an instant; then, in pity to her scared look, he only rested his lips on her little hands.

“My little darling!” he said, passionately, “I love you, and I long to kiss you; but never mind; I won’t without leave. I did it once be-

fore when you couldn’t help yourself, which was shabby of me; so now I’ll wait for your permission.”

And Thurstan sighed, and felt that he was heroically self-denying; but he would not consent to releasing her hands, but held them tightly, looking up in her face with an expression which methinks is not apt to fill a man’s eyes after the happy years of sweet-and-twenty. Sad-and-forty has thought in his gaze, even in the maddest delirium of pleasure; it’s only sweet-and-twenty who squanders his delight, believing it to be inexhaustible.

Erelong the sun burnt low in the west, and the lovers wended homewards. It was not until they stood in the porch in that farewell pause which indicates so much, that Thurstan suggested,

“Couldn’t you—wouldn’t you—say good-night properly, Azalea?”

He lowered the brown moustache to rather close proximity with her lips. For an instant she hesitated, and that hesitation was in itself a caress, but she pulled her hands free and fled precipitately into the room where Moore crooned over the fire in company with a blinking cat on whom Topaz kept a wakeful eye of aggression.

Captain Mowbray waited an instant on the chance of Azalea’s return, then he philosophically lit a cigar and walked away.

“Rum creatures women are,” he meditated; “they never run straight. Now if I cared about anyone enough to spend two or three hours in their company, I should *like* to kiss them.”

TOO READY-MONEY PAYMENTS.

IN the famous *History of John Bull* may be read how, when Philip Baboon came first to the possession of Lord Strutt’s estate, his tradesmen waited upon him to wish him joy and bespeak his custom—the two chief being John Bull the clothier, and Nick Frog the linen-draper, who told him they were honest and fair-dealers, whose bills had never been questioned, while, however, they laid emphasis on the fact that the Lord Strutts had lived generously, and never used to dirty their fingers with pen, ink, and counters. In a subsequent chapter, the true character of Bull himself is said to be, that no man alive was more careless in looking into his accounts, or more cheated by partners, apprentices, and servants. Swift could hug himself on a fellow-feeling with John in this respect; for we find

him, in a letter to Pope, rather complacently professing to have grown so indifferent to his affairs that, says he, "I believe I shall lose £200 or £300 rather than plague myself with accounts; so that I am very well qualified to be a lord."

Mr. Elton, in his record of travels in Norway, remarks on the Continental habit of fleecing English tourists as a matter of course, that the secret of our "snobbish prodigality in poor countries" is not any peculiar fondness for spending money or passing ourselves off as *grands seigneurs*, but a very intelligible reluctance to haggle with mean or rough people. A veteran traveller of an older school maintains, from his own experience and observation, that there is no preventive against the different kinds of imposition practised on tourists, so effectual as a certain quiet, composed bearing, indicative at once of self-respect, and of consideration for others; you thus ensure greater attention at a lower cost than by any other course; and having adopted such a course, you may still, he thinks, be exposed to imposition to the extent of about ten per cent. upon your expenditure; but to this, "for comfort's sake, and to avoid the chance of being wrong, which frequently happens in small matters, it is wise to submit," without keeping yourself in a constant fever, and state of distraction from the objects alone worthy of attention. It has been well said that as a rule one had better stay at home than spoil pleasure by constant haggling. The author of an excellent essay on Thrift, after referring to that virtue as one unquestionably not popular among the generous youths of Oxford and Cambridge, who are "apt to think it a fine thing to pay—or shall we say *not* to pay?—and ask no questions," goes on nevertheless to deride the methodical man who spends an hour and a half over an error of a halfpenny in his domestic accounts; has a halfpenny too much, and *can't* make out how it came into his pocket. He would have done more wisely, it is suggested, to throw it out into the street than allow it to take up so disproportionate an amount of threescore years and ten. So there are others, adds the essayist, who when travelling for pleasure, "insist upon taking stock every three or four hours, and discovering, as they express it, where they are. A threepenny *pour boire* given to a cabman, if forgotten, is quite enough to afflict them with the liveliest uneasiness for many hours, until the missing link of the financial chain is recovered." "Keep an account," Chesterfield bids his son, "of all you receive, and of all you pay; for no man, who

knows what he receives and what he pays, runs out." His lordship guards himself, however, against being supposed to mean that he should keep an account of the shillings and halfcrowns spent in chair-hire, &c. These he pronounces unworthy of the time and of the ink they would consume; "leave such *minutiae* to dull, pennywise fellows; but remember in economy, as well as in every other part of life, to have the proper attention to proper objects, and the proper contempt for little ones." Dr. Johnson, speaking of economy, remarked, it was hardly worth while to save anxiously twenty pounds a year; if a man could save to that degree, so as to enable him to assume a different rank in society, then, indeed, it might answer some purpose. Good managing must be allowed at once, with a modern writer on economy, to be a very excellent thing; and there is practical purpose in Mr. J. S. Mill's charge, that either from indolence, or carelessness, or because people think it fine to pay and ask no questions, three-fourths of those who can afford it give much higher prices than necessary for the things they consume. But people who manage very well are held to pay in general a penalty for their success; they get to think of candle-ends; they occupy themselves with petty triumphs, which are of the most infinitesimal value to a being who ought to be capable of spiritual and intellectual enjoyments, and who might certainly rise to an innocent devotion to easy pleasures. Admiration too ironical by half to gratify them is lavished on womankind for the wonderful courage they display in examining, checking, and reducing bills; and a woman, it is said, "who has once bearded a butcher or a grocer is not likely to sink again to the level of that yielding timidity before imposing claimants which characterises her husband or brothers." At sea-side lodgings, for example, a poor male creature who keeps his silver loose in his waistcoat pocket is not very likely, our author supposes, to remonstrate when his occasional chop is charged with an amount of kitchen fire sufficient to roast an ox, nor to object when he sees himself charged with enough of Harvey's sauce to float his hat.

Long before the co-operative movement set in, one of our best discourses on social topics observed how possible it is, of course, to be a match for all the shopkeeper's arts: but that in that case life must be given up to an endless contest with the tricks of the retail trade—whereas most people think it better to purchase a quiet life at a certain per-centage of peculation and small dishonesty, than to waste time

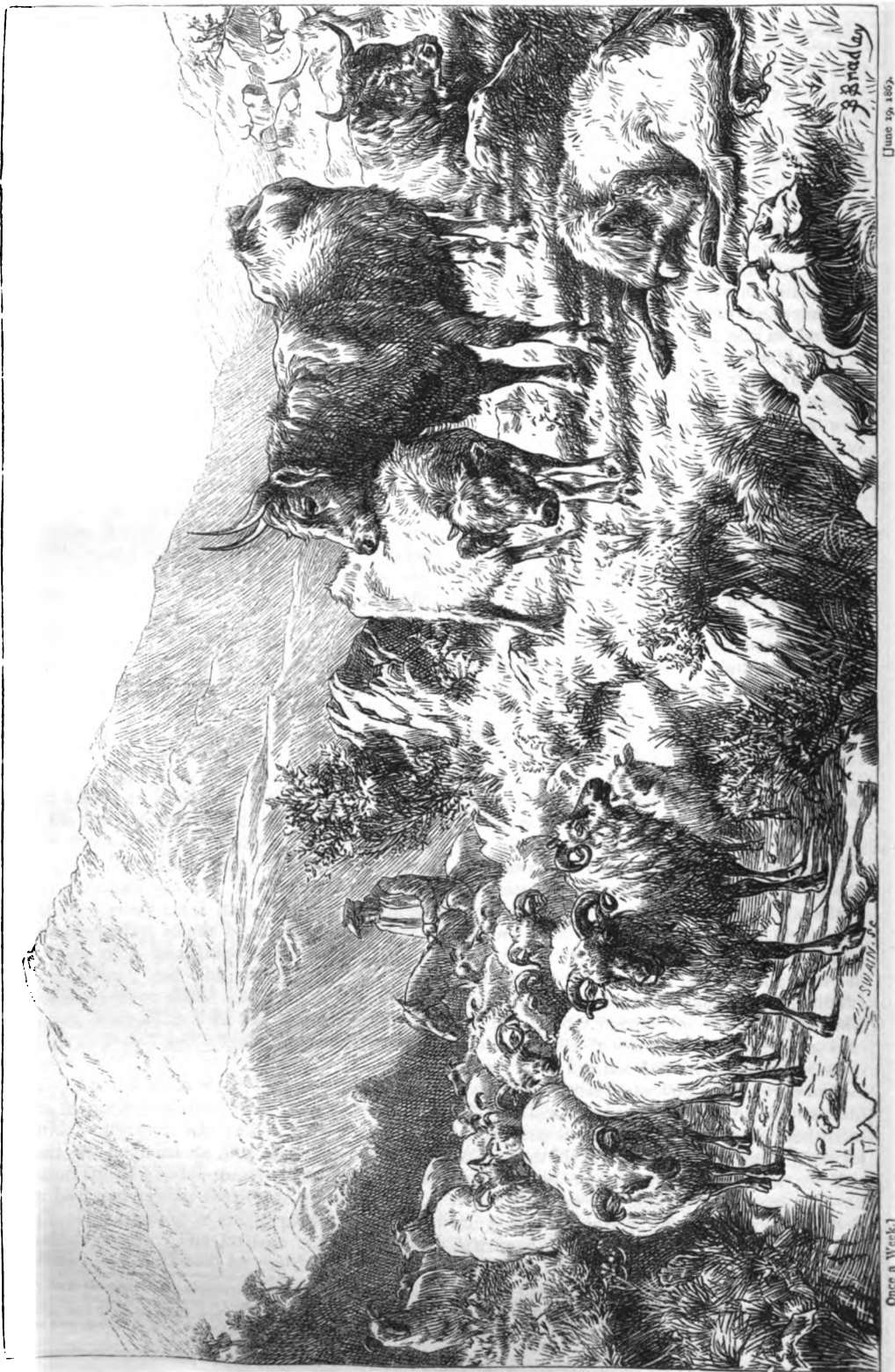
and temper in a ceaseless verification of weights and measures, and a constant pursuit of commodities at the lowest market price. At the same time a protest was entered against the apathy and carelessness of the buyer, as presenting undue facilities to fraud; there being certain things which every householder can do, and which, in the general interests of society, he is bound to do. The very wealthiest master of a family ought at least once a year to gird himself up, and to verify and check one week's, or even one day's consumption, and at once to change the shop on detecting an overcharge, or a sending in of a little account already paid; * there being no way of wriggling out of this dilemma, that either the offending tradesman intends to cheat, or that he does not know how to keep his books. It is probably to the same pen that we owe an essay on Subaltern Economics, which discusses the free, joyous, roystering, that never asks what is to pay, and that gambles, drinks, and dies with the same prodigality and exuberance of bravado, and upon this account will always form to a large and noisy contingent their ideal of military life. There is a standard expected of an officer "and a gentleman;" and a certain spending power is justly said to seem implied in the latter title, coming as it does with an emphasis which "tells ominously against scrutinising bills, retrenching terms of outgoing, and keeping in check the sallies of prodigality." In this view the very existence is incredible of such a king as Frederick the Great, who, with all his love of good cheer, and of seeing his table surrounded by guests, brought the whole charge of his kitchen down to the sum total of two thousand pounds sterling a year; who examined every extra item with a care which, says Macaulay, might be thought to suit the mistress of a boarding-house better than a great prince; and who, when more than four rix-dollars were asked of him for a hundred oysters, stormed as if he had heard that one of his generals had sold a fortress to the Empress-Queen.

Dr. Andrew Combe mentions with admiration, in his letters from Italy, the conduct of a Turkish merchant who came to his friend Mr. Scott at Leghorn to buy an assortment of manufactured goods—merely lifting the lid of the box, and taking the whole contents of it, without examining a single package, on the vendor's word. (The Italians examine every piece.) The Turk said he could not remove it

at present, and requested that it might be kept for him. "And here is your money," said he, handing to Mr. Scott a bag of coin; "take out of it what you want, and give me the remainder." He went away, leaving the bag with the other; and after a short interval returned, and put it, with its diminished contents, in his pocket, without counting the sum left. When the late Mr. Assheton Smith, of sporting celebrity, commissioned Mr. Napier of Glasgow to build him several sailing and steam yachts, so satisfied was he, writes the latter, "that I wished to serve him in the most liberal manner, that he seldom would look at my accounts, beyond a glance at the sum total. This I did not like at first, as I knew he was very particular in his business dealings with others." Readers of Southey's letters will have noticed his impatience of scrutinising accounts, and his preference of being a little overcharged, to the irksome task of haggling about details. An anecdote related in Mr. Mayhew's book on London Labour is quite in keeping with this. He was told by an elderly book-stall-keeper, who for five-and-twenty years had exhibited a volume in Spanish and Portuguese,—marked 1s. 9d., as being a good sized book, but for which the proprietor would gladly have taken 9d., so sick was he of the sight of that unsaleable tome—that a gentleman one day handed him half-a-crown for it, and the change not being ready to hand, said, "Oh, never mind; it's worth more than half-a-crown to me." Another customer identified this purchaser as Robert Southey.

A Liverpool hotel-keeper told the late Judge Haliburton that he regarded with unbounded admiration the Americans, spending as they do so freely; he said they were model travellers, for they never examined the items of a bill—they merely looked at the end of it to ascertain what Joseph Hume used to call "the tattle of the hull," and then, in the most gentlemanlike manner, gave a cheque for the amount. Mr. Trollope calls it wonderful, the love an inn-keeper has for his bill in its entirety:—an account is brought to you, with a respectable total of five or six pounds, and you complain but of one article; that fire in the bed-room was never lighted, or that second glass of brandy and water never called for. "You desire to have the shilling expunged, and all the host's pleasure in the whole transaction is destroyed. Oh, my friends, pay for the brandy and water, though you never drank it; suffer the fire to pass, though it never warmed you. Why make a good man miserable for such a trifle?"

* As in the case of the saddler we are told of, who, by some accident, forgot the name of a customer to whom a particular saddle had been supplied, and who, in utter despair, charged it to fifty customers, and actually got paid by forty.



[June 19, 1897]

Once a Week.]

OUR WAYS AND MEANS.

II.

STAMPS are next on the list, and come under a variety of heads, showing how all the daily commercial transactions in this country are indirectly made to contribute their portion to the national exchequer, amounting in the aggregate to close upon £10,000,000. Deeds and other instruments, not otherwise enumerated, produce, at various rates of duty, £1,600,000. When that moot question is discussed as to the proportion which land bears of the national burdens, this item, if dissected, would show very large sums arising from the dealings in land. A man may sell to another £50,000 worth of produce in a line, and the exchequer will get nothing out of the transaction, if sold for cash on delivery, beyond the 1*d.* stamp on the cheque which is given in payment; but he cannot transfer an acre of land, if of the value of £20, without the payment of a 2*s.* 6*d.* stamp as the minimum; and numberless other instances might be given. Probates of wills, letters of administration, with or without a will, and testamentary inventories, produce £1,800,000, and persons about to make their wills should remember that the omission on their part to name an executor, will cost those who come after them one-third more duty than if they had duly appointed one. Bills of Exchange, inland and foreign, pay a little over £700,000. Of the former there seems to have been circulated 6,100,000, and of the latter 2,700,000, conveying some idea of the magnitude of our transactions, both as between ourselves and other countries. Bankers contribute, as a composition for the duties on their bills and notes in circulation, £128,000, and for their licences £34,000. Marine and fire insurances figure, in the aggregate, for £1,170,000, the latter producing, as their share, £1,000,000. They have long been condemned by public opinion, but successive Chancellors of the Exchequer have urged in their favour the same plea as Shakespeare's poor apothecary—"My poverty, and not my will, consents." The total repeal of these duties is one of the boons conferred upon us by the Budget of the present year, the value of which can be readily appreciated when we find from the returns that, of houses alone, excluding shops, firms, &c., the value on which the duty is assessed exceeds £20,000,000. The lawyers do not escape for much under £100,000. No attorney can practise without paying for a yearly

licence. Certificated conveyancers are placed on the same footing, though on a lower scale of duty. For the first three years of their being in practice they are only called upon for half the full amount; at the end of that time a paternal government seems to consider that they are, or at least ought to be, full blown, and thenceforth exacts the full amount. This must be very soothing to the feelings of that large class of mankind who hate all law and lawyers, and who, if they could have their wicked way, would carry out Jack Cade's proposal, "first hang all the lawyers." The usual channels of information, as newspapers are called in debates of both Houses of Parliament when they are referred to, with their modest stamp of 1*d.*, and an additional $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* on supplements, yield £120,000. The number impressed with the stamp for transmission by post being 28,000,000, exclusive of those to which the ordinary label is affixed. Patent medicine vendors cannot sell their wares, if of the value of 1*s.* or more, without paying a duty, which ranges from $1\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* to £1, producing £62,000. Then comes the duty on legacies and succession, which it is much to be regretted is not shown separately, and from which, in sums varying in amount from 1 per cent. to 10 per cent., according to the relationship of the parties, is collected a gross sum of very nearly £3,000,000, the amount of property on which such duties were paid being given as £123,000,000. Playing-cards find a place on the list, between 700,000 and 800,000 packs at 3*d.* producing over £9000. Workers of gold and silver plate pay nearly £70,000, at the rate of 17*s.* for every ounce of the former, and 1*s.* 6*d.* of the latter. These exhaust the principal items in the list, and the remainder is made up by an aggregate sum of nearly £300,000, the produce of fees, stamps, on a variety of funds established for divers purposes in the Law, Chancery, and Admiralty Courts, and on Patents of Inventions.

The land tax produces £1,100,000, and the assessed taxes, as they are popularly called, £2,400,000. Of this £1,100,000 is collected by the tax on inhabited houses, which was imposed as a substitute for the obnoxious window tax. These are classified under the heads of shops and warehouses, beershops, farm-houses, and dwelling-houses, and the total annual value on which the tax is imposed is upwards of £30,000,000. The remainder is principally made up of the tax on carriages and horses, and male servants. We have already seen how locomotion by rail, by stage carriage, and by cab, is taxed, representing

the various means of public conveyance, and we must now say a word about those which are more adapted to the wants and tastes of individuals. A sensible reduction of this tax has been made of late years. Formerly, the more carriages and horses a man kept, the more he paid upon each item of the class, the assumption being that if his income was such as to enable him to keep two carriages instead of one, he was better able to afford to pay more in respect of each than another man whose income only justified him in keeping one; now the tax is uniform. In the Budget of this year some further modifications are made, by which greater uniformity is obtained. Judging from the numbers returned of every description of carriages kept, it appears that the class mostly used is that with two wheels drawn by one horse, their number being 150,000.

A comparison between the highest class, such as the landau or barouche, and the unpretending pony-chaise, shows that there are as many people who keep the one as the other, the number of each class of carriages kept being respectively 31,000. One other item seems to require explanation; there are nearly 300 vehicles returned as having less than four wheels drawn by two or more horses. A curicle answers the description exactly, but the number of them can be counted on the fingers. What manner of vehicle can this be? The tax upon servants only applies to males, who are over eighteen years of age, and Buttons and Phyllis escape; but of the total number taxed, amounting to 270,000 there are 10,000 under-gardeners and 4000 under-gamekeepers, the rest being employed in various capacities as indoor and outdoor servants—from the gentleman's own gentleman to the under strapper in the stables. Of these there are nearly 1000 who are thought by their masters to be improved in appearance, and to be exalted far above other servants by wearing hair-powder. It will be curious to observe the effect which the repeal of this tax, as promised in the present Budget, will have upon the number kept in future. Will the upper ten thousand give up the practice, or will the middle classes ape them all the more? Lutfullah, in his charming book, tells us that he took them to be public mourners when he first saw them on his coming over from India, mistaking the powder for ashes on their heads, which in his country are worn on occasions of any great national calamity. It remains for us to notice the tax on packs of hounds, of which 120 of all kinds are kept, and which produce close upon

£200,000, and the list is completed by the modest sum of £80,000 contributed by horse-dealers and those who indulge in armorial bearings.

The income-tax comes next, producing a total of 6,300,000, and is a very pleasant help in trouble to any Chancellor of the Exchequer. We can imagine him in one of his playful moods contemplating this tax as a beautiful piece of financial mechanism, obedient to the slightest power exerted by a turn of the wrist, a sort of vice, the pressure of which can be increased or relaxed as occasion may require, certain in its operation, and satisfactory in the result obtained; an extra penny only, the merest trifle, and the product is £1,000,000. It is collected under five heads, or schedules, and though the actual produce under each is not given, the amount in respect of which each is assessed is stated, which enables us to judge as to the proportion which each contributes. Under schedule A the tax is assessed on an amount of £125,000,000 at the full rate, in respect of the ownership of lands and tenements; this is popularly called the landlords' property tax. Under schedule B on an amount of £29,000,000, at half the full rate in respect of the occupation of lands, &c., in England and Wales, and of £7,000,000 at a reduced rate in respect of a like occupation in Scotland and Ireland, of £71,000 at the full rate in respect of nursery and market gardens, and of £2300 at a reduced rate in respect of composition of tithes. Under schedule C, on an amount of £33,000,000, at the full rate, in respect of annuities and dividends. Under schedule D, on an amount of £158,000,000, at the full rate, in respect of professions, trades, and other industrial enterprises; and under schedule E, on an amount of £21,000,000, at the full rate, in respect of public offices. The total amount, therefore, of property and income assessable is £275,000,000, which, at fivepence in the pound, the amount of the tax in the year we have taken, produced the sum above stated of £6,300,000. The first thing that strikes us in these figures is that the revenue derived from the capital and labour of the industrial classes—the bees in the hive as compared with the drones—greatly exceeds that which is derived from the fixed capital invested in land, &c., and yet who will say that the sum returned or assessable under schedule D, large as it is, correctly and truthfully represents the earnings of the class it includes?

We now come to the last head of revenue, viz., that derived from the Post-Office which

amounts to £4,560,000. Of this, money orders produced nearly £200,000, and the balance is made of the rates of postage, home, foreign, and colonial, including those charged on letters, book packets, and samples. It is now upwards of a quarter of a century since the country first enjoyed the advantage of a low uniform rate of postage. It would be out of place in an article of this kind to descant upon the blessing it has conferred upon us, but a passing allusion may be made to an incident connected with its introduction by Sir Rowland Hill, which, it is said, urged him to leave no stone unturned to convert the Post-Office authorities to his views.

He was inquiring one day for letters at a small country post-office, when he was struck by the grief of a poor woman, who was there on a similar errand, not being able to pay the postage of a letter, which was lying there for her, from her son with whom she had lately parted. She read the direction with a longing eye, returned it, and left the office in tears. Sir Rowland Hill followed her, got into conversation, and offered to pay the postage for her. She thanked him, but declined his good-natured offer. Puzzled at her refusal, he pressed her further, and she then confided to him that the fact of their being a letter from him conveyed to her all the information she wanted. She had arranged with her son, when he left her, that on his safe arrival at his new home he should send her a blank sheet of paper duly directed, so that by inquiry at the post-office, and ascertaining that there was such a letter for her, she should be apprised of his safety. Had the amount of the postage been within the means of either the mother or the son, this ingenious device would never have been adopted, and the Post-Office would not have had to carry the letter some hundreds of miles for nothing. So recently as last session an act was passed to vest in this department the entire management of the electric telegraphs throughout the country, and when sufficient time has elapsed for perfecting the necessary arrangements it is not improbable that, together with increased facilities for communication, there will be a considerable increase of revenue under this head.

Let us now refer shortly to the origin of these various sources of revenue, taking them in the same order as we have treated them. By customs are meant tolls or duties payable upon merchandise exported and imported, and the revenue derived from them was originally vested in the Crown by a grant of parliament. Upwards of five hundred years ago Edward I.,

as appears by the Statute Book, promised to take no customs from merchants without the common assent of the realm, "saving to us and our heirs the customs on wool, skins, and leather formerly granted to us by the commonalty." These were the hereditary customs of the Crown, and were at first due on the exportation only of these three commodities and of none other.

They were called the staple commodities of the kingdom, because they were obliged to be brought to those ports where the king's staple was established, in order to be there first rated before exported. These duties were payable by all merchants; but merchant strangers, as they were called, or aliens, paid half as much again as was paid by natives. Other duties, payable upon exports and imports, were distinguished as subsidies, tonnage, poundage, &c.

Subsidies were such as were imposed by Parliament upon any of the staple commodities before mentioned, over and above the hereditary customs. Tonnage was a duty upon all wines imported, and poundage was an *ad valorem* duty on all other merchandise whatsoever. These imports, as many old statutes express it, were granted "for the defence of the realm, and the keeping and safeguard of the seas, and for the intercourse of merchandise safely to come into and pass out of the same." They were at first granted only for a short term of years, then during the life of each successive sovereign, and finally made perpetual and mortgaged for the public debt. The first Customs Consolidation Act was passed in the twenty-seventh year of George the Third, since which time the laws relating to them have been frequently, for the sake of convenient reference, repealed and re-consolidated, and the duties as often readjusted to meet the exigencies of modern times.

The excise is properly a duty upon certain commodities, charged in most cases on the manufacturer. From its very nature it must be inquisitorial to be effective, and when first introduced, in 1642, its unpopularity was so great that *The Commons Journal*, of the 8th of October of that year, states, "Aspersions having been cast by malignant persons upon the House of Commons that they intended to introduce excises, the House for its vindication therein did declare that these rumours were false and scandalous, and that their authors should be apprehended, and brought to condign punishment." Nevertheless, in the following year they were first imposed, the parliamentarians taking the lead, and the royalists following their example, each party protesting

that they should be continued no longer than till the end of the war, and then be utterly abolished. A Mr. Prynne, who seems to have been the father of the tax, writing to Sir John Hotham, says, "They had proceeded in the excise to many particulars, and intended to go no further, but that it would be necessary to use the people to it little and little." It seems the people soon got used to it, when its produce was known, and since that time it has constantly formed part of our system of taxation. If not popular (and what tax can merit that appellation?), it is at least regarded with toleration as a convenient and effective source of revenue; nor is it without some compensating advantage to the consumer, for by reason of the supervision of the excise authorities certain commodities, such as malt and spirits, are protected against fraudulent adulteration.

The introduction of stamp duties dates from the reign of William and Mary, and they have been gradually extended till they have become a tax upon almost all instruments by which one man seeks to bind another in writing. Incidentally they act as a safeguard against forgery, for the authorities frequently vary the stamps by marks only known to themselves, so that a man who forges a deed must not only forge the signature of the parties to it, but must also be able to counterfeit the stamp in use at the time when the deed purports to have been executed.

The land tax is of very ancient date, and was originally imposed as a commutation for aids granted to the Crown by Parliament. The amount was supposed to be a fifteenth part of the value of every township, which was raised by a rate among themselves and paid into the royal exchequer. In the year 1692 a new assessment or valuation of estates was made throughout the kingdom, and a rate of 1s. in the pound of the value of the estates given in was found to produce £500,000. The tax is now a perpetual one, and has been so since the time of George III. The amount produced by it may at first sight appear to be small, but then it must be remembered that the landowner has the option of redemption, and that the option has been very largely exercised.

Assessed taxes date from the year 1802 as a permanent addition to the public revenue, and are, therefore, comparatively of modern origin. The taxes hitherto mentioned are all permanent sources of revenue. The income tax differs from them, inasmuch as it has always been imposed for a limited period. It was first imposed in 1798, and repealed, and reimposed at various intermediate periods. The

present tax was authorised in 1842 by the late Sir Robert Peel, who justified it as the cornerstone on which the edifice of Free-Trade was to be built up. Perhaps there is no one single tax in favour of, or against, which so much can be urged on both sides; but he is a sanguine man who cherishes the hope of seeing in his time a Chancellor of the Exchequer come forward and lay aside so facile an instrument of raising money in such large amounts.

One word upon the Post-Office, and we have done. The same parliament which first introduced excise duties has the credit of also first establishing a department for the carriage of letters on anything like a system. The first postmaster was Mr. Edmond Prideaux, who was appointed also Attorney-General to the Commonwealth after the death of Charles I., and if the question is ever again mooted, Shall Cromwell have a statue? let it not be forgotten that by him, in 1657, a regular post-office was erected upon nearly the same model as has ever since been adopted.

MEN AND DRAUGHTSMEN OF THE PREHISTORIC AGE.

FAR back from the unknown Past, when mammoths, elephants, and gigantic elks, roamed the wilds and prairies of an ancient world, strange waifs have drifted down to our own days, sketches and drawings on bone and horn, some exhibiting considerable knowledge of design. The art or skill which produced these drawings existed long previous to the time when the Egyptians wrought their hieroglyphics, the Mexicans their picture writings, or the Chinese their histories of remote dynasties. Coeval with the drawings we are about to describe, were animals of vast dimensions and formidable appearance,—creatures more like the denizens of some ideal world than of this modern earth.

The close of the last century gave, in the discovery of a flint axe, wedge, or whatever we may call it, found in Gray's Inn Lane, and the exhumation of similar objects at Hoxne, in Suffolk, the first hints that there were ancient races of men inhabiting the world whose existence might be traced beyond the remotest historical period. Yet, when first discovered, these implements excited but little attention. Geology itself was young, and the stratum in which the articles had been found was not generally authenticated, or known as belonging to so remote a period as recent

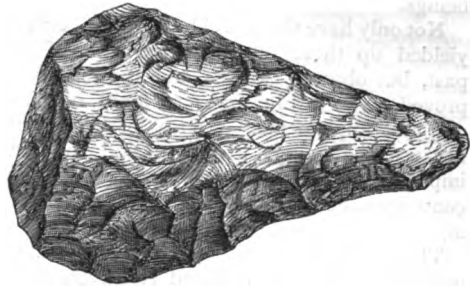
researches have proved it to be. The deposit, mostly undisturbed gravel beds, in which the wrought flints are found, is the Pleistocene of the Tertiary, which owes its existence to a time long previous to that, when the world, or at least Europe, assumed its present superficial disposition of continents, seas, and islands. We say present disposition, assuming that, if the general outlines then existed, changes both great and numerous must have since produced the present configuration of land and water.

Thus, when, about thirty years since, M. Boucher de Perthès found, near Amiens and Abbeville, in the gravel beds of the Somme, stone implements much resembling those previously discovered at Hoxne and in Gray's Inn Lane, his discoveries and conclusions awakened little inquiry, until the subject seemed almost suddenly to impress the scientific world as fresh revelations of the Past. An account of the discovery at Hoxne, in Suffolk, of wrought flints, "fighting stones," as they were called by the labourers, had been communicated to the Society of Antiquaries of London, as far back as 1797, and the numbers in which these remarkable objects had been found was so great that they were said to have been used in mending the roads, and in filling up the cart tracks in the country lanes. Mr. Frere, who gave a description of them, observes, "That they may be referred to a very remote period, indeed even beyond that of the present world." With the worked flints of Hoxne were found fossil bones of enormous size, suggesting their kindred to similar deposits in conjunction with the works of man. As the science of Geology advanced through the researches of Lyell, Murchison, and others, the importance of M. de Perthès' discoveries speedily became apparent, and the necessity of verifying the circumstances, as related by him, became more urgent. Several men of science, more or less connected with Geology and Archæology, visited Abbeville and the valleys of the Somme, and attested the truths of the facts adduced by M. de Perthès, some even of the inquirers extracting from the matrix of the gravel beds similar implements to those in question, or witnessing their exhumation by the spades and picks of the workman.

In connection with the investigation, we may mention the names of Messrs. Evans, Flower, the late Professor Henslow, and Mr. Christy, now deceased, the collector of the splendid Museum in Victoria St., Westminster, bequeathed by him to the nation, and containing a vast store of ethnological and archæo-

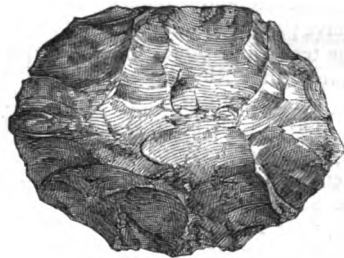
logical objects, and especially rich in the weapons and implements of the savage, or semi-civilised races of mankind. L'Abbé Cochet also visited the localities above referred to, bearing a commission to investigate all the circumstances attendant upon the discoveries in question. He not only saw the implements dug out of the gravel quarries, but gave the very decided opinion, "That to him it was evident a human hand had passed over all the implements so produced."

We give in the engraving two examples of the wrought flints. No. 1, spear-shaped, from



No. 1.

the Tertiary of the Reculver cliff, Kent, and No. 2, a small ovoid flint, most neatly elaborated, and found in a comparatively new



No. 2.

locality, the gravel bed of the Chartham, valley of the Stour, near Canterbury.

Various uses have been assigned to these objects, and to others exhibiting certain varieties of shape, but all attesting the presence of human handicraft. They have been called sling stones, fighting stones, hatchets, axes, and, under the latter condition, supposed to have once been fitted to wooden hafts which have long since perished. Another theory describes them as grubbing implements, used to obtain from the soil esculent roots, the supposed food in part of a debased and savage humanity. Another opinion is, that in the Arctic climate, *then* supposed to have prevailed

over Europe, as among other facts the presence of the reindeer seems to indicate, they assisted a race of men, kindred in habits if not in ethnological peculiarities, to the Esquimaux, in breaking the ice, with which, on their lakes and rivers, they frequently had to contend when they sought to obtain a precarious existence by fishing.

In the cave of Aurignac, M. Lartet has found evidence of the use of these implements in the bones of extinct animals bearing marks notched by the flint knives, and incised by the weapons of unknown races of, we presume, reasoning beings.

Not only have the gravel beds of the Tertiary yielded up these interesting remains of the past, but obscure caverns and recesses have proved to be fertile stores of fossil remains, and flint implements. We say fossil remains, because the beings to whose skill the flint implements of the drift owe their origin, were contemporaneous with various defunct species of animals, some of gigantic bulk.

Thus in the London Clays of Swalecliffe, approximate to Herne Bay and Reculver, where have been found embedded the bones of the *Elephas Primogenius*, and in some gravel beds bordering on the Chartham valley, near Canterbury, have been found worked flints of the ovoid and spear-shaped, or *langue du chat*, forms; as at Abbeville and Amiens, similar Tertiary beds have produced primeval flint implements, and the teeth and bones of the *Elephas Primogenius*, the *Rhinoceros Tichorinus*, the *Hippopotamus Major*, and other fossil mammals. They have been found in Suffolk, at Icklingham in Bedfordshire, in Devonshire, in Kent's Hole, and the Brixham cavern, in the sand and gravel pits of La Motte Piquet, near Paris. In this last locality at a depth of 20 or 25 feet, lay the worked flint implements. At Thetford, Shrubb Hill, and in the valley of the Little Ouse, at Abbot's Langley in Hertfordshire, at Biddenham, and in the Brixham and Kent caverns in Devonshire, worked flints have been found more or less in connection with the fossil remains of extinct races of animals. Stone implements have been exhumed in the Madras and North Arcot districts of India, bearing striking resemblance to weapons in silex from St. Acheuil, Abbeville, &c. Caverns in Malta have exhibited three species of elephant; one, of the ordinary size and two of a pigmy stature; and it is thus evident, as has been remarked, that Malta must either at some time have been a much larger island, or have joined to the main land, for it could

not at the present era contribute a month's food to a single species of this animal. The valleys of the Nile and Ganges, have yielded, it is said, some fossil human bones; a fact, we think, requiring further confirmation.

There can be no doubt, however, that the mammoth, the rhinoceros, the gigantic elk, the reindeer, the cave bear, and the cave hyena, were contemporaneous with man in Europe. Professor Owen has indeed disputed Dr. Hart's supposed example of the traces of a wound inflicted by an arrow on the rib of an elk, but both Professor Jamieson and Dr. Mantell have recorded the discovery of a human body, the soft parts of which were converted into adipocere, exhumed from marshy soil, beneath an accumulation of bog, eleven feet deep. Bog, we know, is a vegetable production, and centuries must have elapsed to account for so great a thickness of deposit.

The cave of Naulette, in the valley of the river Lessè, produced a human jaw, found with the bones of the *Rhinoceros Tichorinus*. The cave of Challeaux, in the same district, has yielded already more than 40,000 worked flints, associated with fossil remains of animals. America has also contributed her specimens of similar objects, especially from the celebrated morass in Kentucky, called the Big Bone Lick. The human jaw from Naulette is an imperfect example, the chin being entirely wanting; but the cavities for the canine teeth of formidable size; the whole specimen, however, is small.

Stone implements and weapons bearing a striking resemblance to those of Europe, of a similar type, have also been found in Babylonia.

In the Brixham cave, Devon, flint implements or tools worked to a bevel edge, and undoubtedly owing their origin to no unassisted design of nature, have been exhumed under stalagmite, which must have been accumulating for a thousand years: with these flints was exhumed the entire leg of the cave bear. There, however, were no human remains; a human jaw has been found under rather doubtful evidence at Quignon, in France. In the caves of Engis, portions of two human skulls, and human vertebræ, were also discovered, probably those of the very individuals who had wrought with, or made the flint implements, lying around them. Near one of the skulls was found a molar tooth of the mammoths.

On the 21st August, 1865, an important discovery was made in the ossiferous cavern of La Madeleine, South of France. In the deposit which contained the fossil bones of some

extinct species of animals, the late Dr. Falconer being present with Messrs. Christy and Lartet, there was discovered on a portion of a mammoth's tusk a distinct delineation of an animal. It was at once recognised as the head of an elephant; whilst a number of long lines upon the neck indicated the particular species, the hairy elephant, with the thick mane, an animal similar to one described by Phillips in his *Outlines of Mineralogy*, which had been preserved for an unknown number of centuries in the ice at the mouth of the river Lena, in Siberia.

There was the animal itself, offering, in its actual shape, a striking confirmation of the form and dimensions of the theoretical creature, built up by naturalists from the evidence of the fossil bones of its species. As regards the drawing, man, or at least some being endowed with reasoning powers and some little skill, had been able to identify a similar creature with sufficient exactness to carry down its likeness to a remote posterity. This man was also present with the cave bear, the reindeer, and the woolly rhinoceros.

The inquiry whether the commonly received notions of the age of the geological strata in which these discoveries were made is to be post-dated, or whether the animals we have named lived at a much more recent period than is generally supposed, is no part of our present undertaking. Dr. Dupont, a French savant, hazards an opinion of the vast antiquity of man,—“The man of the mammoth,” he says, “is the reindeer man, and the reindeer man is the man of the worked flint period.” The horse (*Equus caballus*) seems also to have been contemporaneous with the early cave men.

The evidence of the existence of beings endowed with reason or reflective powers appears at first often very slight, yet when reconsidered, it assumes more importance. Thus, when in the cave of Challeaux a number of fossil shells were found pierced with small holes, uniformly, as if for suspension, the evidence of the work of some being endowed with reasoning powers is evident.

The cave of Brunignol, situated in the valley of the Aveyron, Tarne, and Garonne, France, has yielded several interesting evidences of the work of man. Many of these specimens have found their way to the British Museum. They consist of pieces of fossil bone, with rude sketches of the heads of reindeer, and of horns, carved on their surfaces. Also fractured bones, indicating they were so broken as to obtain access to the marrow; and horns

cut, from which had probably been fashioned arrow heads and knives.

Here also were found portions of human skulls. The caves of Dordogne, those in the valley of the Vezere especially, have proved to be a vast store-room of ancient remains. Not only in these repositories have been discovered the fossil remains of the elephant, reindeer, *Bos Primogenius*, and horse (*Equus caballus*), preserved for the most part under a flooring of stalagmite which prevented the remains from being disturbed, but flint implements and flakes, javelin heads, and bone needles, well-made, and pierced with eyes, ornaments for the ear, and fishing implements. The surfaces of the needles are often polished, and channels have been found, principally in the shank bones of horses, from which these implements had been made, as Mr. Franks has informed the Society of Antiquaries, in a valuable paper communicated to their *Proceedings*, vol. iii. No. 2, p. 87.

Some of the arrow and javelin heads have the barbs on both sides, others on one side only. There are also arrow heads having the barbs alternate—others having them parallel on each side. In these peculiarities of construction, we may notice a similarity to those of some savage nations, and to the Indians of parts of South America.

But what are still more significant and interesting, are the sculptured bones and the delineations of mammoths, pachyderms, and other animals, on bone, and reindeer's horn, and even a sketch, if it may so be called, of man himself, by primeval man.

Some of these drawings possess a certain artistic merit, especially the head of a reindeer, drawn upon what appears to be the bone of a bird. The casts or originals of which we have given some examples are to be viewed in the extensive collection of the late Mr. Christy, who himself attested on the spot the authenticity of many of the objects which are contained in his museum. To Mr. Augustus W. Franks, F.S.A., we owe the excellent arrangement and description of these articles now to be seen at 103, Victoria Street.

In the drawing No. 3, is given a rude design



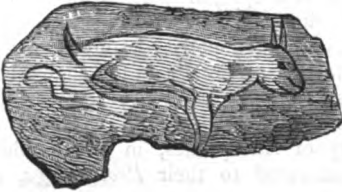
No. 3.

of man himself, the man of the worked flint implements. The sketch is too vague and undetermined to teach us much of physiological

peculiarities; the legs are rudely enough drawn, yet we need not confuse them with that supposed caudal appendage with which, according to Lord Monboddo, man first commenced his career on earth, and which subsequently wore off, owing to sedentary occupations.

In the drawing given, a boa, or serpent, seems to be lying dead before this primitive specimen of man, perhaps from some mortal combat in which they had been engaged.

No. 4 is an imperfect sketch of some animal, perhaps of the hare species.



No. 4.

No. 5 exhibits wholly, or in part, drawings of four animals. They may be tapirs, or pachyderms of elephantine size. The hole in the bone has evidently been made since the drawing was executed. These sketches were



No. 5.

doubtless in existence before the bones had become fossilized, otherwise they would have shown abraded edges, and not their present clear cut lines.

An attempt has been made to class these primitive men with the Esquimaux family of the human race. The aptitude of the latter for drawing, and their retreat, perhaps, northwards, with their necessary companions, the reindeer, give some warrant for this opinion. As an instance of the skill of the Esquimaux in drawing, the writer of this article can refer to a sketch he possesses of two ships in the Arctic regions, executed by an Esquimaux lad, brought to this country when of tender age. His memory assisted him in after years in making a very fair drawing of the ship that had conveyed him from his native regions, together with her consort. The skill of the Esquimaux in furnishing maps and plans of country and rivers to the whalers and explorers of the Arctic regions is well-known.

TABLE TALK.

SPORTSMEN should be on the look-out for a new gunpowder of which wonderful things are spoken. It is the discovery of a Bavarian chemist, M. Hahn, who has carried specimens to France to be tried at Vincennes and to excite the enthusiasm of the Paris journalists. According to one of these, a learned abbé, well known in the scientific world, the compound is twice as powerful as the best sporting powder, and costs only two francs the kilogramme—less than tenpence a pound. The materials for making it can be found in all countries, and a workman can produce 250 kilogs. in a day. It makes little smoke, leaves little ash, and does not foul the gun; damp does not hurt it, nor a blow explode it; its transport is perfectly safe; its use highly agreeable. These are but a few of the virtues accorded to it by one who declares that he exaggerates nothing. This is discouraging, for no one will believe in a powder, or anything else, that has no fault whatever. In the course of his praises the good man overshoots his mark: he says that the recoil of this powder is insignificant, which can only mean that its expansive energy is low. But if only a tenth part of its asserted good qualities be real, the explosive must be a good thing both for sporting and fighting men.

WHAT with gas and petroleum, which have diminished the demand for whale oil, and what with laminated steel which has taken the place of whalebone, one would have thought that cetacean monsters were not so vigorously hunted as of old. Yet it seems that they are, for high art, or high science, is being invoked to assist their capture. The latest idea is to stupefy them by electricity. The harpoon is to be double pointed, and each point is to be the terminal of a wire leading to a powerful electrical battery carried in the whaling boat. When the weapon strikes the fish an electrical circuit will be completed, by the animal's flesh joining the two points, and a shock will be given of strength proportionate to the capabilities of the battery. It is anticipated from experiments upon lesser fishes, that a good dose of galvanism will render the whale torpid, and thus make his capture easy. How much battery power will really be required remains to be ascertained; the solution of the point may be helped by the interesting experiments which Dr. Richardson is now making before a

medical assembly, and by the help of the huge Polytechnic Coil, upon the influence of powerful currents on animal life.

IN a recent review of Hawkins's *Life of Edmund Kean*, the writer observed that the concurrent testimony of all the distinguished critics of that day leaves us no room to doubt that the representations of this great actor "surpassed in excellence anything that has been witnessed on the dramatic stage, at any rate, in England." The italics are my own, for I wish to ask, in what other country are they likely to have been surpassed? We have a trick of taking up a parrot-cry, especially if it be against ourselves, and repeating it without the smallest attempt at discrimination; and so we go on perpetually talking of ourselves as gifted, in an inferior degree, with the mimetic power. It was first pointed out to me by the celebrated Delsarte (Professor of Elocution to the Paris Conservatoire, and the greatest living master of his art), that England, cold, stiff, and undemonstrative as is the general bearing of her sons, has yet produced the greatest actors that the world ever saw. He accounted for this (by him undoubted) fact by the concentricity of our national character. The typical Englishman does not fritter away his feelings and passions by useless demonstrations; he pens them up till they are to be put in action. His love, his hate, his courage, his resentment, are still and profound, not ardent and effervescent. It takes a good deal to provoke him, but once roused, his ire is deadly, and is not to be laid asleep till it has been satisfied. His end once attained, however, he is calm again; there is no fizzing and sputtering among the embers. The difficulty we find in giving adequate expression to our strong and deep-seated emotions is the very cause of the remarkable, though rare, success we have had in representing them on the stage. As we all learned at school, in the Latin grammar, life has given nothing (of value) to mortals which was not gained through great labour. The Italians, on the other hand, a sensitive and excitable people, with little power of self-control, are ruffled by every breeze, like their own inland sea. Their feelings, more acute than deep, are displayed on every occasion, because of their weakness, not their strength. When we behold them falling spontaneously into striking attitudes, and gesticulating with unstudied grace and appropriateness, we exclaim, "Every one of these men is a born actor!" and we say true. Yet Italy has never produced one

who has left his mark on the age he lived in, and who will be noted by the historians of his country. Too much facility is fatal to the attainment of the highest excellence in art. The same thing applies, in a less degree, to the French. With rapid perceptions, sprightly, graceful manners, and a language singularly well fitted for sparkling dialogue, they depict scenes of every-day life, and fleeting emotions, with truthfulness, ease, and point; but when they aim at intensity they are apt to be theatrical rather than dramatic. The decadence of histrionic art, whatever be its cause, is certainly not peculiar to our own country. Actors of *merit* there are plenty, and perhaps as many in England as elsewhere; but the whole tone of modern society is unfavourable to acting of the highest class. We do not seek great emotions. We go to the theatre to be amused. We do not ask to be edified or roused to enthusiasm. The human nature we wish to meet with on the stage, as in our novels, is that of dwellers in cities, with all their petty strifes and ambitions. We like to see the sunrise over chimney-pots, to look at night by the glare of gas-lamps, and call our narrow views *realism*. And this is the chief reason of the alleged superiority of French actors. They excel specially in the style of drama now in vogue. In comedy of *manners* they are unrivalled for vivacity, dexterity, and lightness of touch.

COULEUR DE ROSE should be the prevailing tint in the lovely dress of June.

It is the month of roses,
We pluck them as we pass,

sang Hood. These, of course, are the wild roses, the common dog-rose (*rosa canina*); though why it and the dog-violet (*viola canina*) have received that peculiar name, I know not. But the dog-rose surpasses the dog-violet in being scented; so that Keats could speak of

The mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms.

Yet is its fragrance far inferior to that of the sweetbriar, the (*rosa rubiginosa*), or "eglantine," which is by no means so common a wild rose as the poets would lead us to imagine. Mrs. Hemans, for example, tells us that, in summer,

Arches of sweet eglantine are cast
From every hedge.

But she evidently meant by this the dog-rose, and not the sweet briar. Sir Walter Scott

discriminated between these two wild roses in his description of the Trosacks, where "the briar-rose fell in streamers green," and the "eglantine embalm'd the air;" and, again, where

The wild rose, eglantine, and broom,
Wasted around their rich perfume.

And where Norman "stripp'd the wild-rose spray," the while he sang about "the wilding rose" (*Lady of the Lake*, canto iv. 1, 2). This is the familiar blush-pink dog-rose, of which Millais, years ago, painted such a wondrous bank of blooms in that picture where Ophelia was singing as she floated to her death. And though it may have possibly been an anachronism to have introduced our common hedge-rose in such a place and scene, yet it is a Shakspearean flower, though he calls it by its old name of the canker-flower. Don John, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, (i. 3,) says, "I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace;" and Hermia, in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, (iii. 2,) calls Lysander "canker blossom." The cold May that ended with death to our native sheared sheep, and to those delicate foreign visitors, the swallows, was, within a week, changed for oppressively hot weather, when

A burst of sunny roses
Welcomed sunny June.

A PENDANT to the anecdote of O'Connell silencing the vituperative fish-fag by calling her an isosceles triangle, and declaring that he had seen her walking out with a trapezium, has been found by the Winchester gentleman, who, in front of his rockery of ferns has placed this notice, "Beggars, beware! Scholopendriums and Polypodiums are set here!" It is said that the beggars keep at a respectful distance, though its effect would fail if the beggars were unable to read. A country friend of mine adopts the plan of marking in chalk on his gate-post that mysterious abracadabra of a "beggar's mark" in the form of a square, which, in the cadger's language, means "Gammy (unfavourable), likely to have you taken up: mind the dog." This he varies with the hieroglyphic of a chalked circle, with a dot in the centre, which signifies "Flummuxed (dangerous), sure of a month in *quod*." Peripatetic vagabonds can understand these marks when they cannot read plain print.

WE have already had the suggestion that country curates and mission clergy should be mounted on bicycles; and, therefore, we need

not wonder that velocipedes, which have intruded everywhere, should be thrust into a sermon. It was Mr. Spurgeon who characteristically introduced them to a congregation, numbering more than 2000, in a sermon (and a very capital one, too) that he preached at Pershore, Worcestershire, on June 2. He was speaking of the uses of enthusiasm, and said, that "those new inventions, which the lads were riding down our streets, would not keep up unless they were kept going; the moment they stopped they fell down; and, in this they were exceedingly like the Christian Church, which would fall unless it was kept constantly moving on." But, what about the trimming and balancing, Mr. Spurgeon? However, he kept his vast congregations awake, and sent them home delighted with many utterances in his two sermons on which they could reflect with profit. What with his visit, and the Archdeacon's visitation, on the same day, at the Abbey Church, June 2 was a memorable day to the usually quiet little town of Pershore. There are many large market-gardens around Pershore. Did Sir Henry Rawlinson—who has promised soon to tell us all about the Garden of Eden and its identification with the site of Babylon—ever hear of the man, who, on being told that the Garden of Eden was somewhere near Persia, at once exclaimed, "Near Pershore? I know it well! I've been by it a score o' times."

WHY must the chaplain to the House of Lords necessarily be a Lord Bishop? This sounds like a riddle, and it really is one, though not intended as such by those who sit in the Upper House. But, it is a question to which the Bishop of Peterborough cannot find an adequate answer; and, the other day, at Northampton, he made a vigorous and sensible protest against the wanton absurdity of condemning the junior bishop to waste, possibly "several years," by being called away from his own proper diocesan work, at the outset and most important period of his episcopacy, merely to discharge routine functions which could be quite as well performed by an ordinary chaplain. Concurrent with the cry for an increase of the episcopacy, Dr. Magee's protest is most timely and suggestive. At present, it would seem that the junior Bishop, like the Queen's cream-coloured horses, is chiefly maintained as an ornamental appanage to Parliament.

*The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK
reserve to themselves the right of translation.*

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CHAPTER XXXII.

HE WOULD AND HE WOULD NOT.

"WHO was that talking to you at the door?" Moore said, with a sudden flash of recollection of some indistinct murmur which had seemed to come from the porch. "Was it Douglas? why didn't he come in and say good-night?"

The old man's utterance was so confused now that it required a practised ear to understand his meaning. Azalea's intelligence was aided by her consciousness. "It wasn't Mr. Douglas," she stammered.

"It should have been Douglas," Moore mandered; "who else should walk so late with you."

"It was Captain Mowbray," she explained; "you know who he is, daddy, don't you?"

Moore shook his head and looked at her fixedly, then his eyes and his thoughts wandered off somewhere into the dim realms of imperfect reason.

"What is it? what is vexing you, daddy?" the girl asked, caressing his hand.

He touched her hair softly and said, "It's like Mary's."

Mary was his dead wife, long since forgotten by all excepting him, and even he only remembered her by fits and starts. Presently his thoughts reverted to his first question.

"I'm sure I heard someone whispering; why don't you tell me who it was, Azalea? it's dreadful to hear things and not know what you're hearing."

"It was Captain Mowbray and myself," Azalea said, distressed at his manner, which seemed to be more than usually confused.

"I don't like it—I don't like it—harm will come of it. I shall see him, Azalea; you must

ask him to come to me. I shall tell him to go away." Not observing how blank the girl's face grew at this suggestion, he went on—"I shall be happy then, dear; I'm so afraid he might harm you, and I'm not strong enough to help you." He cried a little as he lifted his hands feebly in illustration of his weakness.

The next morning Douglas came once more to Auriel—he had kept away two or three days, and Azalea, though she commented on his absence, scarcely regretted it, he had become so stern—almost savage, in his manner, so abrupt and bitter that, without seeking to account to herself for his conduct, she shrank from him, and the face of the younger man seemed brighter and more goodly in her sight when contrasted with the other's fierce grey eyes and frowning brow. On this morning Douglas did not linger with Moore as had been his habit ere seeking Azalea; he inquired for her at once, and hearing from old Sally that, "Miss had gone to the apple loft," he followed her thither.

"I am come to bid you good-bye," he said, abruptly.

Azalea was indemnifying herself for her previous fast by a raid on her favourite fruit. With a half-eaten apple in one hand, with the other upholding an apron full of the apple's compatriots, she sat in the doorway of the loft, her feet resting on one of the upper bars of the ladder; her hair blown in the wind and bright with sunlight.

"I am going away,"—he paused,—"*for some time.*"

Such a yearning wistful face it was that was upturned to hers.

"Going away," she echoed; "and what will poor daddy do without you?"

He lowered his face that she might not see his visible disappointment.

"I shall be back as soon as possible," he said presently, "you must tell Moore so, and explain to him the cause of my absence; I have no time to do so myself. There is a man whom I once knew—a comrade in my old hap-

hazard life at the Cape ; when I last saw him, he was a model of manhood, tall, strong, gay, and combative—he is dying in an attic in London. He begged his way to this country to seek a relative, and has found a blank instead, his brother was dead, and now I am the only person in this country to whom he is not an utter stranger.”

He held out his hand and grasped hers ; as he looked at her, the pain of his impending departure seemed intolerable. It was all he could do to restrain himself from taking her in his arms and crying, “Love me, for pity’s sake give me back a grain for my all.” As he lingered a footstep broke the silence, and Azalea, looking up with a vivid flush on her face, withdrew every thought from Douglas, his intended journey and its object, and was conscious only that the delicious new emotion in her life was before her personified by the handsome smiling young man, who seemed in such perfect accord with the bright beauty of the morning.

Douglas looked at the pair in silence for a moment ; then releasing Azalea’s hand and nodding to Mowbray, he turned to go.

“Hallo, where are you off to?” Thurstan said, pleasantly.

“I am going to town, and am on my way to the station. Will you come a few steps with me?” Douglas answered, after a short pause.

“Delighted ! Miss Moore, I’ll be back directly and have a go in at the apples.”

The elder man moody and pre-occupied, the younger one cheerful and unconcerned, went a few yards without speaking—Thurstan whistling a tune and swinging his cane. When they had arrived at the end of the avenue Douglas stopped.

“Mowbray,” he said, abruptly, “you were once kind enough to say you’d do anything for me that lay in your power.”

“So I would, old fellow,” the other answered heartily.

Douglas hesitated, then without looking at his companion, said slowly,—

“I wish you would hunt more, and look at books and pictures less ; pursuing a fox is a better day’s work than hunting down a soul. Azalea is alone, and unprotected : hitherto she has known neither evil nor unhappiness. Promise me, Mowbray, that you will not harm a thing so defenceless. There are plenty of women in the modern Babylon, yonder, whom you can scarcely injure by your attentions. Honour this one by your neglect.”

“I mean her no harm,” Thurstan said, reflectively.

“You mean her no harm !” Douglas echoed bitterly. “I dare say not. People who ‘mean no harm,’ are the accomplices in every crime. What does it matter what the intention was when the result is a life destroyed or a soul warped. Leave these evil tricks to women, Mowbray. Men should be above treachery. Let this girl be. She and her old father are the only friends I have on earth.”

“I wish you wouldn’t come down on a fellow so sharp,” Captain Mowbray said, uncomfortably. “I not only don’t mean, but won’t do any harm ; will that content you ? I am going to town shortly for a few days and I will take that opportunity of slackening the intimacy a little. Let her down easy, in fact !”

“You be d—d,” muttered Douglas, under his breath.

“Eh, what did you say ?” asked his unconscious companion.

“I only wished to know when you were going.”

“Very soon—the fact is Lady Di is in town, and——”

“What,” cried Douglas, in a tone of mingled scorn and wonder, “do you mean to say that cheat has still any delusion for you ?”

“Did not Samson find Delilah lovely even to the third treachery ?” the younger man said, smiling. Then, with a change of manner, he took Douglas’s hand.

“I will lay to heart what you have said. I confess it won’t be easy ; but I know it’s best for her—and I owe you something. You may be easy in your mind. I give you my word, Azalea shall meet no dishonourable treatment at my hands. After I have gone a week, she will probably forget my existence. Good-bye.”

“How she would hate me,” thought Douglas, as he turned his steps towards the high-road, “did she know that mine was the hand to break down the web.”

Yet his heart felt lighter than it had done for many days past. Love and selfishness are incompatible. Reason said, “It is for her sake.” His heart confessed, “It is for mine.”

Meanwhile Captain Mowbray returned to the apple-house where Azalea was still perched high up against the ivied wall. For a while he was silent and passive, and stood at the foot of the ladder, meditatively pulling his moustache. Then he looked up at the girl, and sighed ; much such a sigh as a child might give, put on his parole not to touch forbidden dainties. She looked prettier than usual, he thought. But what pleasure does not seem at its sweetest when it must perforce be resigned ?

There was a pretty girl who, he felt sure, loved him (men "feel sure" on these subjects much sooner than women do, although we are accredited with the greater share of vanity), and he would like very much to take her in his arms, and say how "awfully fond he was of her," and now he had as good as promised he would throw her over. How on earth was he to explain his change of manner? It was only yesterday he had said he loved her, and now he was going away, to leave her for good and all—and he had never had that kiss! He went a few steps up the ladder, and asked her to throw him some fruit.

She held out a basketful, and the contact of her bare, round arms with his sleeve brought him yet a few steps nearer to her. He had found it difficult to retain his coldness of manner when he was at the foot of the ladder; now the difficulty apparently became impossibility, for when he found himself opposite the lovely face, he suddenly flung down the apples, and, forgetting all his resolutions, kissed her.

Azalea was struck motionless, and on her was the hush of a great shame; but when her lover lowered his face in her hands (for at the tender touch of her innocent lips his boldness melted into a softer feeling), and craved pardon for his offence—when he said that he loved her—that she must forgive him—that he was a d—d good-for-nothing scoundrel—that he must leave her, it was best so—but he loved her dearly—and might he kiss once more before he said good-bye for good and all?—when he poured out all this with a sort of rough eloquence, Azalea only partially understood his meaning. She did not comprehend the vague self-accusation, or the shadowy allusions to his departure. She heard distinctly, "I love you: I love you." And then the sense of shame gave place to another feeling impossible to analyse. It was joy—shy like a child's, but intense as a woman's. A joy so ineffably sweet in its mysteriousness, so vivid in its quality, that she would fain have put out her hands and stopped this golden hour in its progress. Why did not the bird stay its flight; the leaf rest on the bough; the insect hang motionless in mid air? Why did not all Nature pause in sympathy with the charm by which she was spell-bound?

What could have been expected of this creature, who was little better than a dryad, than that she should sit motionless in the autumn haze, and think that all the world should turn to gold like the beech, and hold its big breath with her trance!

Captain Mowbray took a more practical and ordinary view of what was to him a not uncommon event.

"What a fool I am," he said to himself, ruefully, as he walked back to Holme that afternoon. "I might have known I shouldn't keep my word; but what a charming little mouth it is; who could injure such a pretty child. The devil of it is, that I've promised to go there again to-morrow."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AZALEA.

WHILE the two in the sunshine outside parleyed with love, George Moore was communing with death. When Azalea left her foster-father in the morning he was lying on his sofa, more than usually well and cheerful, watching with interest the eccentric motions of a kitten, beating time with his fingers when the clock chimed, and mumbling various directions to old Sally, who rejoiced in Master Moore's asperity, taking it as a sign that he "must be feeling better, poor dear."

The change came suddenly at last. When Azalea returned to his presence she said, with a sudden pang of disquietude,—

"I don't think he seems so well as usual, Sally; do you?"

And Sally, better accustomed to symptoms of disease, shook her head.

"I have made bold to send the little boy who brought the milk to the doctor's, to ask him if he can't step this way presently. According to my thinking, Miss Azalea, Maister Moore won't trouble us long."

The old woman meant no unkindness. She only spoke after the manner of her class. To the poor who have to grapple with life as with an enemy, death does not wear so harsh an aspect as he does to earth's more pampered children, but her words sounded horrible to Azalea. With a face bleached of all its glow, and an expression of anguish about her quivering mouth, she flung herself down in a heap by the old man's side.

"Are you feeling ill, father?" she cried; "speak to me, just once." And while, with passionate iteration, she besought for the comfort of a familiar tone which might ease her sick terror, George Moore looked vacantly at the clock, and answered not a word.

The doctor shook his head when he saw his patient's state; and he told them frankly that the old man would not live many hours longer—perhaps not more than twelve. He gave them a few simple directions, the gist of them

being that the patient was to be disturbed as little as possible.

"You can do nothing?"

Azalea repeated the words mechanically, as she sat and stared at the dear face which was so soon to be—What? She scarcely knew. Something which would transfigure the familiar lineaments into awfulness.

All through the night George Moore lay motionless, turning upwards eyes which seemed to reflect a deeper awe than that of the solemn shadows they gazed on. It was not until dawn that he spoke. Then he muttered—

"Azalea!"

She was at his side in an instant, and was in time to receive the only heritage he could bequeath her. Even as he looked a blessing on her pale face, the priceless guerdon of endless peace was granted to his own.

Later in the day, Captain Mowbray stood in the Auriel conservatory, wondering greatly why Azalea did not meet him as usual. He had come straight to this, their usual trysting-place, and had not heard of the tragedy which had been enacted in one of the chambers of the desolate house. Auriel was ordinarily so silent, that even death could not intensify its calm.

Thurstan paced the dull red flags impatiently; but yesterday he had decided to relinquish the temptation of this girl's presence, and now it irked him that his temptation should not fall in his way so soon by ten minutes as he had expected. He had not decided on his plans for the future; he thought he should have to part from her very soon. He intended no evil, he would not act unfairly to her; but it would be brutal to leave her without an explanation and another kiss. Captain Mowbray suffered from the not uncommon delusion that kindness of manner palliates the motive which pains; but who cares how the knife is fashioned that gives the stab which murders? If he vacillated as to what course he should pursue in the future, he was quite certain that he craved her presence now; and he paced the dull, red flags impatiently, and twitched spitefully at the weltered leaves that trembled with decay on the twisted vine-boughs overhead.

When at last Thurstan heard a light step rustle the dead leaves which the rain had clammed together on the threshold, his face brightened and he moved forward quickly with his hands outstretched, and then he stopped, checked by the unwonted look in the girl's face.

"What is it? what has happened?" Thurstan said, anxiously.

Then, dumbly, like an animal which, by the distress in its eyes, draws its master to the spot where its offspring lies hurt, the girl led her lover towards the chamber of death. And when Captain Mowbray learned what had happened, and found himself confronted by the unseeing scrutiny of the dead man's gaze, when he realised that, in the whole wide world, this desolate girl had no one but himself on whom to depend for protection and love, every latent good quality he possessed arose to champion her cause; he could think no wrong to that helpless creature who, after one look of despair at the motionless form on the bed, came to his arms for comfort in her dire agony—for shelter from the nameless terror which was oppressing her. The young man felt his own face grow hot with tears as he strove to caress away the misery in hers.

"Hush, my darling, hush, don't cry so. I will take care of you—I will love you all my life. Kiss me, Azalea, and be comforted."

Idle words, but none the less honestly meant at the time. That night when Captain Mowbray held his last interview with the dead, the gentleman made a compact with the peasant now ennobled for ever by the hand of God.

George Moore dead, shielded Azalea even more effectually than he could have done living. The dumb lips pleaded her cause with all the eloquence of powerlessness. The strangely lustrous eyes reflected Captain Mowbray's conscience in their light, and entreated mercy for the friendless survivor who had been so dear to the corpse while it was man.

"I will marry her," Captain Mowbray said in answer to the silent interrogation of the dead. "Please God, I'll take good care of her, and make her happy."

"Whatever will Miss Azalea do," old Sally said, as the young man placed Azalea in her charge ere he left Auriel that night, "and what will become of me? Muster Moore was as good as five shillings a week to me."

"Take good care of her and I'll see that you are well paid," Thurstan said, hastily. Then he kissed Azalea's cold cheek and whispered that he would be with her early in the morning.

Thurstan smoked cigarettes with more than usual rapidity in his homeward walk to-night, a symptom with him of mental perturbation.

"Yes," he mused, "I must marry her, I suppose; there is nothing else to be done that I can see, but I must keep it quiet or there'll be a devil of a row with my father and with my creditors."

Then he thought of Lady Di, and sighed. The face of an old love is never so vivid in our memory as when its place is about to be usurped by a new one.

"But, after all, this one is far younger, far prettier, and far fonder of me."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WEDDED.

WHEN George Moore was buried, when that solemn presence had passed away from the house, Captain Mowbray breathed more freely, and moved with a gayer step. When he approached the Auriel portals, it was a relief to him to think, when he looked up at the windows, that the little bed-chamber was no longer tenanted by that soulless effigy of life. Captain Mowbray would fain have treated death as an ill-bred acquaintance; he would look another way if he met him, he would cut him when possible, ignore his presence on every occasion, and feel more injured than shocked when he saw the clownish fellow seize a gentleman's hand, whether the latter willed it or no, and lead him away into the shadows among all sorts of queer company.

The village pastor, an eccentric and accomplished man, who occasionally addressed eloquent homilies to himself (at least, he was, as a rule, the only member of his congregation capable of understanding any part of his sermon, except the concluding blessing), took an unfair advantage of Captain Mowbray in the funeral sermon, which was preached the Sunday succeeding old Moore's burial. Thurstan had settled himself for a comfortable nap; he had assumed that air of profound attention which is the preface to somnolent oblivion; he had lowered his eyes from Azalea's tear-stained face, and was concentrating his gaze on his boots, when the concluding words of the preacher rang from the pulpit with the solemnity of a storm-bell, whose breath is resonant of shipwreck. He besought his hearers not to walk backwards towards the dark road which is the halting place of all the nations—not to be beguiled by a vain security into forgetting that grim gaoler who will, sooner or later, fetter peasant and peer alike in gyves which no mortal hand may unlink.

"Look you, friends, be careful to amend ere the light stiffens in your eyes—ere the poor guilty heart is pulseless, and the lips vacant for ever of their living tenant, the voice—ere you are a carcase for worms to eat, and earth to cover as an unsightly object. Make your peace if ye may. Do not barter all for a small part,

lest you in the last hour be seized with a pang keener than all life's pleasures were sweet. Infinite hope has been born within us, assuredly infinite mercy will be its reward, if we only seek it ere it is too late."

That evening, when Thurstan sought Azalea, he found her writing a letter, on which her tears fell fast. For the first time since this grief had come to her, she was constrained to put it into verbal shape. She was telling Robert Douglas that her dear father was dead; and as she traced the letters which recalled to her that never more at dawn of sun or shut of eve would she receive greeting from that beloved face—that never more, whether in blaze of June, or grey of winter, would he note with her the full-orbed peonies blush midst the grasses of the lawn, or the rose-trees blacken under the grip of frost—now as she realised all this, the more keenly, perhaps, because the first dumb horror of her anguish was passing away, leaving her a prey to vivid memories and tender regrets, Azalea felt that to gain back one blessed hour of her foster father's companionship she would willingly endure the bitterest penance that fate could devise. As she sat in the dim shadows of the saloon, her wan cheeks and fair hair accorded well with the pale desolation of that faded chamber. Thurstan half-started at her weird appearance; in the blurr of the half-light she was as undefined as any other gloom.

"Don't sit so still," he said, hastily, "you might as well be one of those creepy ghosts who are supposed to be partial to late hours and dark corners. I should prefer a sunshine myself, if I'd come up from underground. What are you doing?"

"I am writing to Robert," she said, sadly, "to tell him—all about it, you know; I ought to have written before, but I forgot."

Thurstan put his hand caressingly round her throat; the touch of warm flesh and blood put all spectral horrors out of his head.

"My darling," he whispered, "I want you to tell Douglas something else; I want you to say that you have promised to be mine—that you will be my wife as soon as possible; will you say this, Azalea?—or stop! I had better write it myself."

Keeping one arm still about her, he seized a pen with his disengaged hand, and under the mingled influence of generosity and passion, wrote as follows:—

"MY DEAR OLD MAN,—

"Azalea has told you of her father's death. I can't make up my mind to leave her,

and as the peculiarity of her lonely position makes it unfitting that our intimacy should continue on any other terms, I propose to make her my wife at once. I hope this will meet with your approbation. If it's all the same to you, I'd just as soon keep my marriage dark for a while, as I shall want a little time to prepare my father and my creditors for this news. I fear they'll be dreadfully cut up. I hope you'll be back soon, so that we may make some plans as to what Azalea had best do when my leave is up; I am awfully fond of her, and I daresay everything will come square at last. I don't know that I should have made up my mind to settle down so soon, but I remembered your advice when I last saw you, and I also remembered that I owed you a debt of gratitude. If I have in anyway repaid it by doing the right thing to your friend, I am satisfied; the more so as it is certainly very jolly to have such a pretty little girl so fond of one.

"Yours ever, T. M."

Thurstan sealed this letter without showing it to Azalea; he meant to post it at once, but forgot to do so for more than a week, and by the time it arrived at its destination Robert Douglas had departed from London, and was on his road to Auriel again.

He reached his cottage late one night and let himself in unobserved. He went straight to his bedchamber and unpacked with jealous care an alabaster figure of Pysche, which the accumulated savings of weeks had enabled him to purchase; to achieve this he had been obliged to deny himself all but the barest necessities of life. He felt himself quite repaid now, as he looked at its pure loveliness, and pictured to himself Azalea's delight when she received this addition to her few treasures.

As his heart beat fast with the great joy of his nearer proximity to her, he forgot how unutterably weary had been the lonely hours he had passed by the sick bed of his dying friend. He put it away from him—the sick longing, the heavy despair which had seemed to weigh him to the dust in the arid desert of that time of absence. He could have sang with the birds, have laughed with the children he passed on the roadside. Had the stars of heaven been within his reach he would have plucked them from their cloudy setting, and cast them away in mere wantonness of sport. So like a madman is the wisest of men, when he is bewitched by the radiant insanity of love.

As yet he knew neither of Moore's death, nor of Azalea's marriage. The former was dumb, deaf, and blind in yonder churchyard.

And the girl, the final hope, the final joy, the one late blossom of Douglas' sterile heart, was sleeping with her head pillowed on her young husband's breast, comforted for her sorrow, and believing that fate could bring her no further woe now that the shield of his love would be evermore about her.

CHAPTER XXXV.

FIRE.

IT was night,—the night of Douglas' return home,—and Auriel was still as a sepulchre.

It was the dumbest, darkest hour of the night when a red tongue of flame made a sudden flash of light through the black shadow of the wainscot at the foot of the old oak staircase. A smouldering beam which had long been threatening mischief behind the panels, broke into glaring fury.

While death, the death of suffocation, or of scorching agony was rushing towards them, the pair in the bed chamber slept on, all unconscious. The girl was the first to awake,—she awoke with a horrible feeling of stifling, as if some one were gagging her; then she stared round with dazed eyes, and realised that death was in the room with her, and with her lover.

"Thurstan," she moaned, "oh, Thurstan."

Then her terror found fuller voice, and she grasped him by the arm, crying,—

"Wake up, Thurstan, wake up."

She did not speak very loudly, but something in the desperate concentration of her tone stirred the sleeper.

"What's the row?"

He was wide awake now, sitting up like one fearing the sudden attack of a foe, yet uncertain as to what quarter the stroke came from. A hot roll of smoke curling in under the door made him comprehend the nature of the danger. In an instant he was at the door, and opening it cautiously, looked outside into a blackened gulf in place of a landing. Then he closed it, shaking his head, and went quickly to the window, and threw it open. The ivy leaves which fringed the casement were steeped in dew and moonlight, the sweet cool breath of night poured its balm into the awe-stricken eyes of the pair.

Azalea dropped one white arm in the forest of leaves, then pulled it back shaking her head.

"You see," she muttered under her breath, as if fearing lest the red furious enemy without should hear and punish her speech, "it wouldn't hold anything heavier than a bird."

She held in her hand a crooked stem of ivy,

graced by a trail of foliage. Thurstan looked at it critically. "It won't hold, but it may aid," he said briefly. "Let us see."

He pulled off the blankets and counterpane, and by his voice and self-possessed manner steadied the girl's trembling hands while she assisted him to knot them together.

"It is still nearly twenty feet from the ground," Thurstan said when the string of blankets had been let down as far as it would go. "What's to be done now?"

What was to be done? Their eyes began to smart, the girl's face grew more hopeless, there was yet however no sign of resignation in Thurstan's face; manhood in its prime of warm blood, fair looks, and eager desires, will not lightly resign the mysterious gift of vitality; he would fight for life inch by inch, he swore in his pride; but when he looked at the girl by his side a softer impulse took possession of him, and with the reverence of doubt, he added,—

"Please God."

He drew up the blankets again, and folding one round her, bade her sit quiet on the bed.

Then he made another effort at the door; he could see nothing now, not even the shadow of the chasm formed by the falling in of the landing place. The smoke blinded and stifled him. The opposite wall was invisible, so were the mellow-hued paintings which had adorned its side.

She was conscious that this awful moment might be shadowed by a yet greater despair.

"Together, love, together," she muttered. "Let us be together, whatever comes."

"It doesn't matter," he said sadly. "This chance is gone. Look!" The flames had caught hold of the shelf at the opposite end, and were leaping towards them with ferocious gaiety. A fresh cloud of smoke made them recoil behind the shelter of the door. Then Thurstan closed it gently as one who lets fall a coffin lid over a dead face, and bore the girl back to her couch.

Through the open casement came hints of the quiet night. A distant church-bell tolled the hour to its motionless congregation under the turf. Meadows pale gold in the moonlight. Long glooms under the elms, sweet dewy airs, the fitful shadow of a bat crossing the moon's face, such was the scene without. Almost all the innocent lives that haunt the air were stilled in that deep repose; no restless wings fluttered the leaves. Only the sleepy croak of a raven answered the preaching of the church-bell.

Captain Mowbray was still too reliant in the

vigour of his health and strength to relinquish hope. Die! of course they should not die! True, their best chance was gone; but death was not meant for such as they. He tried the door again, but the outside gulf was wider, the danger more imminent than ever.

He pulled the rusty wire of the bell violently in hopes of attracting the attention of the old crone below. He went to the window and shouted until he was hoarse.

He speculated on every possible and impossible mode of escape. He tried to crush in the panels of the wall, which divided their room from the saloon; but the tough oak resisted his efforts. He tore up the old carpet into strips and tried to lengthen the ladder of blankets which he had projected. It was not until every effort had ended in frustration that Captain Mowbray began to wonder whether it was of any use repenting of his sins.

He went and sat down by the girl's side, and for a while they spoke no words.

Then he broke the silence.

"It's very horrible," he said, shivering. "Is this death, Azalea?"

"Yes," she said, mechanically, "this is death."

"It's very hard," he cried, savagely. "I am none too good, but, oh, my little darling, what have you done to deserve such an end?"

"It might be the harder to bear," she said, in the hushed, awed voice in which she had spoken ever since she had become conscious of their peril.

"I don't see how," he answered gloomily. "To be burnt away to nothing like two helpless idiotic moths, ugh."

"We are together," she said, simply; and there and then they clung to each other, and were again silent.

Then a reckless mood took possession of Mowbray.

"What's the use of my playing the saint now at the last moment, when I've lived as a sinner all my life," he cried. "What's the use of my begging pardon now, like a school-boy repenting in sight of the rod. I have lived what men call a 'fast,' and God calls a bad life. I have rarely thought of sacred things except to take their names in vain. My whole life has been for myself. I have given nothing to my God; what should my God give me?"

"Mercy," whispered the girl, clinging tighter to him; "mercy and forgiveness. His forgiveness is not to be measured by man's. It extends to millions and is infinite. Even at the last moment all that He asks is faith and repentance. Oh my darling! my darling!

let us at least pray that we may not be parted for all eternity."

"It's no use, my dear. A man is judged by his life, not by his death. Should I grovel from fear, where I did not kneel for love? After all 'tis but to go to sleep!" he averted his face from her, and broke into a low song, something about meeting death boldly, and fearing neither man nor devil.

His gay tone sounded more ghastly to Azalea's ear than the saddest wail would have done.

"Don't," she said, piteously.

Then she clasped her hands on his shoulder, and prayed.

"Our Father which art in heaven,—"

"Hark!" interrupted Thurstan, "do you hear *that*?"—it was the sound of a beam falling outside.

"Hallowed be thy name," she continued, never relaxing the intentness of her eyes and tone. "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Then her voice somewhat failed her. A feeling of suffocation choked her accents; but she looked at Thurstan so earnestly that he was fain to finish the prayer for her. It came to his lips mechanically—he had not uttered it since he was a little boy at his nurse's knee, but the sound of it brought a strange sense of comfort to him. She echoed his "Amen" feebly; her head dropped on his shoulder.

"Kiss me, Thurstan, it may be the last, the very last."

He joined his lips to hers, and took her in his arms; they said no more, that kiss was their farewell. And with calmness born of despair, the two clung together as though each would shield the other from the impending horror.

It was about this time that Douglas walked to the window of his bed-room, to look, with a glance which was a strange mixture of passion and reverence, a blessing on Azalea's home. Was that mist rising over the Auriel woods? Surely no mist was ever so concentrated over one particular group of firs? Presently the mist rolled away, and was succeeded by a red light, which wavered like a vast torch flared by the wind.

In one brief instant the love in his eyes changed to stupor; then a spasm of unutterable anguish convulsed his face.

"My love! my love! oh my God! Azalea." To fling off his coat, so that he might run disembarassed to arouse the inmates of a neighbouring cottage and dispatch them to the

village for assistance, was the work of a second.

With a mighty effort he forced his voice into an intelligible order. "Tell them to bring up ladders directly, and send man and horse to W—for the engine. Tell them it is life or death. Auriel is on fire." The astounded cottager gaped and queried, but the face, pale as ashes, had flashed past the casement; this apparition in the night had pointed its hand towards the red stain in the sky, like a scared spirit indicating the awful light of hell, and then had disappeared in the mist of distance.

Through dewy meadows, which seemed heavy with stifling wind, through thick grass which cumbered the striving feet, over shining roads, through cruel bars made by hedgerows, Robert Douglas ran, his eyes maddened by that terrible light. The mist seemed to cling to him like a winding sheet; his heart was a burthen of stone; yet he did not relax his desperate speed, something within him sustained labouring breath and failing limbs.

One more shadowy group of trees left behind him and then he leapt rather than ran round the last curve of the path, and Auriel was before him. There was no sign of life about the place save where a few half-stupified birds flew out of the ivy; no symptom of any effort to escape, on the part of its inhabitants; either they slept in unconsciousness, or death had deepened sleep.

Douglas tried to call, but his lips refused to make any sound; he tried the doors, but they were securely fastened.

He beat his hand and arms against the panels; but they were oak, made strong with nails, which bruised his flesh, and against which he could make no impression; then, with the yell of a wild beast, he fled to where he remembered to have seen a tall ladder lying against the ivied wall.

Around this ladder Douglas twined his arms, and with an effort, for his strength was well-nigh spent, and the ladder was heavy, dragged it under the window of Azalea's bed-chamber. For one brief second he drooped his face against the bars, crying in his heart,—

"Help me, oh God, lest I fail."

Then he lifted up his brow, on which the swollen veins stood out like heavy wales, thrust out his arms, and ran up the steps, crying in a hoarse voice,—

"Azalea, child, I am coming to you."

In another moment he stood in the open casement, then reeled forward towards the bed, then recoiled, and stood dumb and

motionless. On the couch before him were two persons, a girl and a man. Their arms were about each other; the girl's head rested on the man's shoulder, her lips were half open, as though she were still communing with heaven; her eyes, lifted up in a sort of stupor, neither saw nor heeded Douglas. He on his part gazed for one instant on the arms coiled round the younger man's throat; then he plucked at them furiously, and sought to take her. The rough touch aroused her. She moaned—"Thurstan!" and tightened the embrace of her arms.

Douglas drew back as though he had been struck on the face. "Shall she die?" he muttered; "shall I leave her where she is?"

Then he looked at the little feet hanging like two snowflakes over Mowbray's knees, and pictured them as they might be presently, scorched by the cruel flames.

"I will save her," he panted; "she shall not be touched; she shall live; but as to him——"

He looked at Mowbray with a glance of inexpressible aversion.

"This smoke will soon kill him," he thought; "he will be dead—dead—dead!"

He repeated the word with vindictive satisfaction.

Meanwhile the roar of flames grew louder, and a portion of the wall near the door fell in. Then a sudden impulse—an impulse born of something greater than human passion—thrilled the miserable wretch who was the only conscious spectator of this strange scene.

"Awake," he thundered. "Fool, are you going to die like a rat in a hole?"

He seized a jug of water and dashed it against the young man's face; then dragged him to the window and left him there, the night air blowing in on his bare chest.

Meanwhile the alarm of fire had aroused the sleeping country. From homestead to homestead, from peaceful hamlets to towns where vice keeps vigil, the cry of alarm had passed on with the rapidity of a malign rumour. The quiet lanes round Auriel echoed to the gallop of horses, the flower beds were trampled down by an excited crowd, a roar of voices began to mingle with the roar of flames, cries of warning and encouragement arose in all directions; presently the crowd, which had surged by to the walls like a disorderly attacking army, paused to observe a strange spectacle.

They saw a man descending the ladder placed against the north tower with a burthen over his shoulder. A fair, helpless, half-dead looking thing, whose hair fell around him in a

shower of gold; it had white limbs which drooped heavily by its side, and which afforded no sort of assistance to this perilous descent.

"It's a woman," cried those below; "hurrah, he's saved her."

"No, she's dead."

"Not she—only faint."

"Steady the ladder, don't you see it's nearly over."

Amidst cheers and exclamations, with a sea of pale wondering faces turned up towards him watching his progress with intense excitement, the man on the ladder came down rapidly and gave the form he carried into their arms—then before question could be asked, he reascended the steps and disappeared into the cloud of smoke issuing from the casement.

When he was next visible he was blackened, scorched, blistered. His hair and eyebrows were singed and his face was undistinguishable. He called out, —

"There is a man here, someone of you come and take him. I cannot bring him further."

Instantly a dozen hands steadied the ladder. Two men ran up the steps and assisted each other in bringing down the helpless figure of Thurstan Mowbray.

They laid him on the grass and made a space round him. The girl, who had partially recovered her senses, crawled to his side and bent over him. Her first conscious thought was of him, as had been her last.

She trembled violently when she realised what had been his danger.

It was not until he was sufficiently recovered to stagger up from his recumbent position that following his movement, with eyes still jealous with fear, she happened to glance at that casement through which they had evaded death. Then a great shriek burst from her white lips.

"Look, Thurstan," she cried, "Douglas is there. Oh, God! what is he doing?"

Douglas had waited until Mowbray was safely conveyed to the ground, waited until the last man was off the ladder—had watched the movement made by the girl below as she dragged herself towards her lover.

And then—was it by accident that he gave the ladder a push which hurled it to the ground? Had he anticipated that from its age it was unsound and would snap in its fall? It did so, and as the people below hurriedly endeavoured to remedy the fracture and shouted to him to keep a good heart, Robert Douglas turned his face away from the stars, the fresh air, and the friendly voices of his kind, and disappeared into the interior of the chamber.

ABOUT SOME GOATS.

THE visitor to Paris must have observed a novel style of equipage in the gardens of the Luxembourg, and in the Champs Élysées, veritable four-in-hands, driven by baby Jehus. The carriages are no larger than that of his diminutive greatness, General Tom Thumb; but the animals which are harnessed thereto are not the smallest of Shetland ponies, but the tamest of that wildest of domestic pets, the goat. The rearing, training, and management of a stud for the purpose is one of the recognised small trades of the French capital; there are four infantile *chairs-à-bancs* regularly plying in the Champs Élysées, to which is attached the service of thirty animals. The tariff of places is fixed at twenty-five centimes the set-down, with as much formality as that of the cabs on the neighbouring stands; and upwards of twenty thousand of the rising generation are calculated to take their airings annually in the miniature vehicles.

The story of the rise of this industry is curious. In 1834, Lepère, an honest working man, and father of a young family, was attacked by sciatica, and incapacitated from employment. But "young ravens must have food," says mine ancient Pistol, and the little ones were hungry. In his difficulty, Lepère bethought him of a she-goat which he had procured to nourish a sick child. With a heavy heart he yoked it to a basket-carriage, which the child's godmother had presented as a New Year's gift in happier days, and led it into the Champs Élysées, thinking to find a purchaser. While he was sadly wandering in the promenade, a lady approached him.

"Hold, my good man," she said; "will you let my daughter take a ride in your car?"

"Certainly, madame, if the young lady so wishes," was the reply.

"Here, *mignonne*, mount."

And the child, delighted, sprang into the vehicle. After the drive, the gratified mother gave Lepère three francs, and told him to come to see her at her residence. The address she gave him was that of a high dignitary of state.

"Do you know," she said to the poor man, when he called on her, and told his misfortunes, "you could make some money by your pretty Minette?" (so the goat was called). "It has nourished your infant with milk so far, it may furnish it with bread for the future."

Lepère looked surprised, and murmured,—

"How, madame?"

"By letting it out to others as you did to me. The King of Rome long ago was carried about by sheep; why should not other children be carried about by Minette?"

"But I suppose I would have to get a licence before I could set up as goat-master?" queried Lepère, half puzzled, half tickled at the idea.

"I charge myself with that."

Two months afterwards, through the kindness of his patroness, Lepère obtained permission from the authorities to exercise the new traffic.

The speculation prospered, for five months its founder earned enough to support his family in comfort, and then two rivals appeared to dispute his good fortune; but they were so inexact, and their carriages so filthy, that customers fell away by degrees, and finally they had to retire from the market. After a brief interval another person replaced them, and proved a far more dangerous competitor. He had more capital at command, established more showy chariots, and won the preference with the fickle public. Lepère held on steadily adding to his stock, and one fine morning in 1849 the rival hanged himself. However, as generally happens, "the business was carried on in the same place by his sorrowing widow." For a time she did a thriving trade, industrious creature that she was; but some evil star was over the house. A few years passed, and the relict of the suicide, after she had whipped her team into a hard trot round the Place de la Concorde, to humour the whim of a baby-boy with "fast proclivities," fell dead from the rupture of an aneurism! Her son and successor was a good lad, but loved the *petit bleu*. He drank copiously on an occasion with some comrades, got heady, picked a quarrel, was put out of the wine-shop, tumbled on the road, and an omnibus coming up at the moment, he was crushed to death under its heavy wheels. Thus, in 1865, Lepère, now arrived at the age of sixty, and his wife eleven years older, had the field once more to themselves, and hoped, like John Anderson and his partner, to go down the vale of life happily together. But calamity has flung a rivalry yet again in their way. A washerwoman was assassinated, some time ago, by her lover, a sub-lieutenant in the *voltigeurs* of the Garde Impériale, and after the condemnation of the latter, the mother of his victim (who had naturally excited the sympathies of our sentimental neighbours) got legal permit to start as caterer of goat-carriages in the Champs Élysées, and has her stand, at present, beside that of the worthy ancient couple.



Once a Week.]

A SEAT IN THE PARK.—By G. J. PINWELL.

June 26, 1869.

THE DUEL.

THE early dissolution of Parliament in 184-, by releasing me from editorial labours, enabled me to accept the invitation of our Italian special correspondent to visit Milan. I knew nothing of my inviter beyond the circumstances, first of his having been warmly recommended by parties high in the world of continental politics, and next of his sustaining this recommendation by a series of vigorous articles full of early information relative to Italian movements—the revolution was then in progress—full of unreserved denunciations against Austrian and priestly domination, and equally full of hopeful anticipations of what then appeared to most British politicians to be a mere geographical expression, the “unification of Italy.”

The character of his contributions—fiery, martial, uncompromising—led me to idealise the contributor as of Titanic proportions. My astonishment was genuine when I saw that he was a man of puny proportions, with nothing in his externals to lead you to suppose that his veins were filled with aught but the milk of human kindness—I take it for granted there is such a liquid—except a pair of dark eyes that occasionally glittered like a rattlesnake’s.

A week passed quite pleasantly. My host, though known to me as Dr. Doria, in reality was of the old Milanese nobility; the palazzo Di —, in the Corso, was his ancestral mansion, let out for economical reasons to the Austrian general who commanded at Milan. Dr. Doria, to use an inelegant but expressive phrase, was “back and edge” Italian. Filled with unconcealed aspirations for his country’s speedy emancipation from a foreign yoke, and working strenuously with his pen to that end, he was a marked man, more especially on account of his high connections, which, although denuded of their once splendid patrimony and power, still carried a certain sway.

My week having ended, I prepared to take leave of my friend, and I invited him to a farewell dinner at his favourite caffè named Marengo. The dinner was good, the wine excellent, and my friend, who spoke English wonderfully well, opened his heart unreservedly, as there was little chance of the conversation being understood, even should a spy be lurking within earshot.

After this we went to the magnificent theatre —La Scala. It was more than commonly crowded in consequence of a new candidate for the position of *prima donna*. My friend’s

box was on the second tier; we made our way up the stone staircase with some difficulty; here our further progress was impeded by the narrow passage being filled with people, looking for accommodation, and in particular by an officer in the Austrian uniform, whom I immediately recognised as an officer, a great duellist, against whom my friend entertained rather unfriendly views. In order to pass, it was necessary for my friend to touch the officer’s elbow, which he did with perfect politeness, and *Pardon, monsieur*—Italians and Austrians of the better class usually spoke French—the only response to which was by the officer squaring his huge frame still more unaccommodatingly. My friend made a second effort; this time attempting with gentle force to push himself between the officer and the balustrade. The officer looked round superciliously, and pressed his arm so rudely against my friend as to thrust him against the wall. My friend, for a man just vowed for ever to peace, looking strangely warlike, made a sudden effort, bent down the officer’s arm, and passed him rapidly, in doing which he trod, I fear intentionally, on the officer’s feet, a compliment which was returned by a vigorous kick from the officer’s heavy military boot.

The pain, and public indignity, drew from my friend a sharp wolfish snarl; indeed, for the moment, he resembled nothing so much as a wolf, with his lips drawn tightly back, and his gleaming teeth exposed; then springing at his assailant, he clutched his ample whiskers with one hand, and with the other buffeted him on the face repeatedly. The attack was executed with such rapidity, that the officer had no time to take measures for the defence of his person; but when the blows rained on his face, and the blood flowed, he became perfectly mad with rage. Stamping furiously, with a deep oath, he seized my friend in his sinewy arms, and holding him as easily as a cat would a mouse, he backed down the passage until he came to the open, when lifting him high in the air, he prepared to dash him on the marble floor beneath; a fall that must have resulted in frightful mutilation or instant death. But his purpose was frustrated by the spectators, myself among the number, throwing themselves on him, and, after a fierce struggle, rescuing the little doctor from his grip. The guard, attracted by the turmoil, made their appearance, and for the present further hostilities were impossible. I lost sight of my friend for a few minutes; he then rejoined me, and having lamented the un-

lucky encounter that had unexpectedly marred our entertainment, proffered me his pass, which I declined; and then solicited me to return to the *caffè* and wait for him. I acceded to his request, and having ordered a claret cup well iced, sat for some time meditating on the probable issue of this event.

My friend at last came into the *caffè*, and addressing me, said: "I must beg of you a personal favour—to prolong your stay in Milan for a week. You have seen me kicked," looking like a demon, "yes, kicked by the hoof of a German-pig. You must witness the mode in which I shall cancel the debt."

"I think you have already pretty well balanced matters," I replied. "If the Austrian used his foot, you repaid the obligation amply, by spoiling his handsome face with your fist."

"The stain of a kick is only effaced with blood. Every thing is arranged for a meeting next week. It can't take place earlier, as the Austrian is still under arrest for his last duel. To-night I must see my old fencing master, Di Prati: will you come?"

I consented, and accompanied my friend to the back of the *Duomo*, where the *salle d'armes* of the famous professor was situated, once crowded with students; but latterly deserted for the rooms of a rival professor, De Liancourt, teacher of the Austrian officer, the fire-eater of Milan.

The hall was hung round with foils, breast-plates, masks, and all the usual furniture of a place where assaults both with sharps and blunts were customary.

The professor was a tall, grey-whiskered man, of martial aspect, with arms bared to the elbow, displaying a mass of muscle seemingly as tough as catgut.

"You are too late, count," said he, looking at my friend. "Play has been over this hour."

"It is not *play*; it is something serious I come to you about. This way, old friend, and let me explain."

They retired to a distant part of the room, and my friend, in a few words stated what had occurred.

The professor's face wore a look of concern.

"The Austrian will insist on the duel *à outrance*, I fear."

"My unalterable determination is that it shall be so. I have a week to get up my fencing, will you take me in hand?"

"Why come to me? your challenger has already killed two of my best pupils, and brought discredit on my school. You should rather seek instruction from my rival, De Liancourt, his teacher."

"I prefer to come to you."

"I will teach no more pupils who throw away their lives by disregarding my counsels."

"I promise, on my honour, to obey them implicitly."

"Come then; you will have to fight with broadswords. Put on mask and breast-plate, and let me see what you can do."

Master and pupil being properly attired, commenced to play.

My friend exhibited an amount of agility and skill I was unprepared for. The master watched his play closely, contenting himself with parrying blows and thrusts delivered with much spirit and artistic skill.

The bout was over.

"Well, professor, does your old pupil disgrace you?"

"Your play has some pretty things for the fencing-school; they must all be discarded with such an opponent as the Austrian. Attend. First discharge from your eyes all that passion, which enables an adversary to master your intentions; next, take to this guard, and keep to it."

The professor threw himself into an attitude, once a favourite among Scottish gentlemen of the sword, but now neglected by fencers of the modern school. I believe it is termed the hanging guard.

My friend imitated the professor.

"Not *en quarte*, but *en seconde*; your sword hand higher than your head, with sloping point; your left brought in front, ready to parry. Good! you have now the surest guard you can use; you make a strong cross on your opponent's sword, and your parade is more certain. You have a week? Well, I shall exercise you only in this guard, and the parades that flow from it."

"Am I not to assault?"

"But once; on it will depend the issue of the fight. I will teach you the mode the last thing. See, your adversary is practised and skilful; but he knows only what he has been taught by his master. One or two tricks of science he especially relies upon. I know how to counteract them, and had my pupils, when challenged, attended to my instructions, they might have been alive now to credit their instructor."

"You shall never have to make complaint of me."

"Bear in mind, your opponent has great bodily strength, and is cunning of fence; but foiled in his favourite passes, he loses temper; in that lies your safety. Having played out his tricks, he takes to his last and usually

fatal move. By sheer strength of wrist he presses his opponent's sword firmly aside so as to make an open, then by a feint and turn of the wrist he delivers a thrust which, if it goes home, all is over. You must wait patiently for this; when the thrust is given, parry with your left, and then see—*la riposte*—thus delivering the stab not upwards, for in that case the bones and muscles of the chest may weaken it, but downwards, where the point will only meet with the softer parts. It is on the play from the *riposte* that your life depends."

I have, I fear, imperfectly stated the particulars of the lesson, and the technical terms made use of, my experience in fencing being confined to a turn or two with blunts at Angelo's rooms. Of course, as this was to be a duel in downright earnest, my attention was more than commonly riveted to all that occurred.

"And now for your weapon," said the professor, opening a closet and producing a sword. "I have the measure of the Austrian's sword, this one is the exact length."

The sword at a cursory glance looked a very unpromising weapon with which to defend a man's life. My friend evidently thought so, for he examined it with a dismayed look.

"Why," said he, "it's hardly more than a lark-spit; the Austrian uses a Konigsberg blade, double the width and weight of this toy."

"I know it; but this toy, as you term it," surveying the weapon fondly from heel to point, "has qualities that in proper hands will prove more than a match for the best sword ever forged in Germany. It is a real Seville blade—nothing better in the world. See," placing it lengthwise on his finger, "how admirably it is balanced; notice the hilt, close-barred and crossed—no fear of wounds on the sword-hand; then, its temper," severing a large nail on which breast-plates were hung. "Look again," pressing the point against the wall until it met the hilt, when, releasing the weapon, the blade instantly returned to its normal condition. "And this last," striking the blade flat on an iron anvil with all his force, "there, that alone is a test which I defy even the famed Konigsberg sword to undergo. Enough for this night. Come early to-morrow for your lesson."

When we quitted the professor, the doctor obtained a promise from me that I would not leave Milan until the result of the duel was determined, and that I would accompany him to the field.

I saw little of my friend except in the evening—he was engaged elsewhere—I did not ask in what direction. I surmised correctly, he was with his fencing master. He never alluded to the approaching duel—his conversation was tranquil and on general topics; the affray at the theatre had, however, been bruited about the city—every one knew the duel was to come off, but no one precisely when or where.

We were about to part one night when he said quietly, "To-morrow morning at 5 o'clock two carriages will be at the ramparts, one for myself and second, the other for the surgeon and my master Di Prati. You will pass muster as surgeon. Let me entreat you to make no objection; the details have already been finally arranged. My opponent is provided in a similar way, he and his second in one carriage, De Liancourt, his teacher, and a real surgeon in the other. Be punctual."

At five o'clock I found myself in the carriage with Professor Di Prati.

The place of combat was to be near Monga—just beyond the Milan territory—there were reasons for this which need not be particularised.

The morning was cold and cheerless, and when we alighted, which was in about two hours, the day had not brightened. All parties got out of the carriages, the foes saluted each other briefly. I noticed the murderous look in the Austrian's eyes, and I gave up my friend for lost. Without a word being spoken we walked on until we came to an open space, smooth but slippery with the morning dew. This was the spot selected by the two seconds, who, apparently, quite accustomed to such scenes, went about their duties in a steady business-like manner.

Professor Di Prati, who had brought the sword with him, as he handed it to my friend whispered, "Remember—when I drop, my handkerchief—*La riposte*."

The Austrian officer disencumbered himself of his cloak, and divested himself of all his upper clothing leaving his bust uncovered. I never saw so fine a form. Perfectly proportioned on the largest scale, he stood upwards of six feet high; chest, arms, and back billowy with muscle; skin as white as that of the fairest lady.

My friend, seeing the fighting costume adopted by the officer, threw off his black silk vest as if resolving that he would not even have a questionable advantage. In size, he looked a mere dwarf to his athletic opponent; long thin wiry arms, chest narrow, skin almost as dark as mulatto's, and with a greyish tinge

either the effect of cold or fear, that, to my eyes, appeared the forerunner of doom.

The seconds having laid down the swords with the hilts to each combatant, retired and gave the signal.

The duellists picked up the swords, my friend at once betaking himself to the new guard.

The officer for a moment looked with an air of surprise at the attitude, but only for a moment. With a grim smile, in which something of contempt was mixed, he made his advance, and crossed swords with a clash. My friend had profited by his lesson ; his face was impassive, his eyes tranquil, his guard as firm as a rock. The officer made a feint which was disregarded—a thrust which was parried with the left. A second feint and a second thrust were foiled in the same way. Another feint, converted into a real attack, was adroitly baffled. The officer's colour rose—the eyes of the two professors were on him—his reputation and that of his teacher were at stake. He changed his tactics, disengaging suddenly he raised his sword and discharged a blow at the head with seemingly irresistible force. My little friend could only avert the assault by receiving the sword on the forte of his weapon and dropping as low as possible ; so far the parry was successful, but the downward blow which, in reality, was only the *avant courier*, being followed by a thrust under guard, was only parried by the rapid use of the left hand, this time not without mischief, for blood was seen to flow from the hand called into requisition. The officer in making this last thrust, owing to the slippery ground, had given an opening, which my friend, in spite of the previous cautions of his instructor, prepared to take advantage of. The circumstance was noticed by Di Prati, who frowned ominously, and muttered, beneath his breath, "If he break guard, he is lost—hah ! bravo, bravo !" The words of approval were drawn from him by noticing what had happened. The last thrust, I have said, brought the officer just barely within range. By a dexterous movement of the wrist the point of my friend's sword was drawn swiftly across the officer's chest. The temper and keenness of the Moorish weapon were here clearly proved, for the touch light as it appeared, laid open flesh and muscle to the bone from the left shoulder sheer across the bust, causing a deluge of blood to follow.

The officer, finding himself severely wounded, became crimson with rage ; curbing his passion, he prepared to execute the favourite manœuvre, which hitherto had proved fatal to his opponents. He advanced on my friend,

and making a strong cross of his sword, put forth his wonderful strength of wrist.

My attention was called off for a moment to Di Prati, who drew out his handkerchief, held it for a moment, and suddenly dropped it.

Not a moment too soon. The officer had made his open and delivered a swift thrust full at the body of my friend, who having seen the handkerchief drop, brought his left hand again into play. This time two fingers fell to the ground. The next instant a terrific yell assured me that something fatal had occurred. *La riposte* had been given ; my friend's sword was buried deeply in the lower part of the officer's body. The officer instinctively feeling that the wound was mortal, seized the sword with one hand, and shortening his own, made a desperate lunge, only to be warded off by my friend quitting hold of his sword and leaping back out of distance. The force of the thrust carried the officer forward ; he fell prone, forcing his opponent's sword into his body up to the very hilt.

The officer cast one look of mingled rage and hate at my friend, the last look on earth, and as he turned convulsively on his back, his eyes closed in death.

The whole party rushed forward. The surgeon drew forth the sword, lifted the dead man, and placed him with his back against a tree.

It was a sight of awe : that form, only a few minutes before so instinct with youthful life, health, and vital energy, now a clod, with a fearful gash across the body, and a wound sufficient to let out half a dozen lives.

As we stood gazing at the frightful spectacle, the two professors approached each other.

"The ruse was cleverly managed," said De Liancourt ; "how do you name it ?"

"I call it the *Contre-Gavache*," replied Di Prati.

The sneer went home.

My friend had, in the meantime, made his toilet. Having wiped the professor's sword, and picked up the severed fingers, which he wrapped carefully in the professor's handkerchief, he held out his wounded hand to the surgeon, who immediately dressed it and put the arm in a sling.

Advancing to Di Prati, my friend said, "Resume your sword, and take my earnest thanks. Has the pupil satisfied his master ?"

"Entirely," replied Di Prati. "He has saved his own life, and restored the reputation of his master."

"Then farewell : I go no more to Milan. If I showed myself there, I should have to fight every officer in the garrison, and to guard

my life against every sabre in his troop. Adieu, my friend," shaking hands with me; "my future communications will be dated from Turin."

AN INFANT CHOIR.

THERE is a large infant-school in London (in district W., not to make it blush by more defining), where about an hour a week is spent in a performance of a somewhat novel kind. The tiny scholars number, on the average, as nearly as possible, 200, and they sit close, row upon row, head over head, on a properly-built orchestra. ("Gallery" is the name given to this in school parlance, but it is the same thing.) Not one of these children is more than seven years of age; many are mere babies a little over two; the mass are young "betwixts and between," ranging from four to five. It is quite dazzling to come all at once upon this compact mass of fair round heads, of smiling mouths, of bright, lively-looking eyes. It is a maze of movement—confined, as much as it is, to regularly-placed pink-white discs—out of which no feature is distinguishable, and in which there seems uncommon likeness between all the little cheeks and chin-choppers, and but one mould for every wee button-nose. It is only after a minute or two that form is developed. We can tell then high foreheads from low foreheads, noble outlines from outlines of too-base type, red cheeks from pale cheeks, black eyes from blue eyes, faces as promising as angels' from faces from which the divine has all been stamped away. We can tell, too, the children of neat mothers from the children of slatterns; the child who is as yet "mother's" only one, with its sleeves tied up daintily with bows of riband, from the dusky-garmented little mannikin, who is one of eight or ten, and who bears upon his face, as well as upon his corduroy, the stains of the streets that are his playground, his battle-field, his solitude, and his refectory. It is quite evident, also, who are energetic little folks and who are indolent; who have a spark in them of true fire, and who will tread their way out coldly on a grey plain. But, at the moment these characteristics have been noted, the signal is given for the beginning of a song, and we have to use our ears as well as our eyes, since there is interest at once enough for all.

The little folks are singing *Little Bopeep*. So many millions of little folks have sung *Little Bopeep* (though it is scarcely a melody

chosen by orthodox Dominies for school), that this would not be worth mention were it not that, at the words "*Little Bopeep fell fast asleep*," every one of the 200 little heads droops snugly on the left shoulder, and every one of the 400 eyes is closed. Then at the words, "*She dreamt she heard them bleating*," every little mouth begins to baa, baaing loudly, baaing low, till the little performers seem turned into veritable lambkins, and the wisest ewe would be deceived; and at the words, "*Then up she took her little crook*," each tiny index-finger bends to mimic it, and catches at an imaginary sheep's leg, stopping it as it is attempting to run friskily away. The second song sung is the *Song of Sixpence*. In this, when the marvellous pie is opened, not twenty-four, but 200 little chick-birds sing; leaving off the tune to whistle, chirrup, chirp, and warble, as heartily—at any rate—as the original two dozen, if these had been really let out, uncooked, from their historical pastry-cage. When the Queen eats bread and honey, so do the 200—vigorously, and with enjoyment; when the maid hangs out clothes, the 200 hang clothes out too; and when that one impudent little black-bird deprives the young lady of her nose, they peck theirs off with such intention and *aplomb*, the wonder is that they are not gone from their young faces in reality.

Then the young mites sing *See-saw*;—not the rural one alluding to Miss Margery Daw, but that of cosmopolitan tendencies, embracing the Great Mogul and the Little Bashaw. They link all their little arms together in their low, close rows; they rock themselves backwards and forwards in time to their song; and, when "*The Bashaw sets up a great roar*," and never leaves singing *hee-haw, hee-haw*," they enter into the amusement of his highness so energetically, and kick their legs up so high to do it, they get tipped over, even like the Great Mogul they mock at, and finish the tune out, many of them, on their supple little backs. Closely upon this, before they have hardly had time, laughingly, to pick themselves up, follows *Oh! dear, what can the matter be?* and the little choristers apply themselves to it, when they are bidden, with undiminished relish. "*Oh, dear!*" they cry, with 400 little fists rubbed lamentingly into 400 little eyes; "*Oh, dear! what can the matter be?*"—and they cry it so lustily they make each other laugh; and when they come to the line, "*Johnny's so long at the fair*" (he has been sent there to buy a wax dolly, in place of anything requiring more adult comprehension),

they make known how much they are afraid something has happened to him, by sobbing and wailing and wringing their hands, till they want their pinafores to dab up their tears, and they enjoy the joke so much, they ask to have it encored. After this has been done, they turn at a word into the most earnest little laundresses. To the tune of *There is nae luck about the house*, they sing,—

Rub a dub dub, rub a dub dub,
 Rub a dub dub away!
 If you wish to have clean clothes,
 Why, that's the only way!

and 400 little hands dip with a will into soap-suds and hot water, and keep industriously washing in imaginary wooden tubs. In another moment they have changed again. "Dance the thumbkins, dance!" is now their melody, and every little pair of bare arms (most of them) is lifted up, and every wee thumb is raised as much as it can be higher still. It is an extraordinary sight, certainly. The rows of little arms are up and down, as the time takes them; and up and down again; and up and down quicker; and jumping, turning, twisting, stopping, in exact copy of the bigger pair that leads them on. When the song turns to "Dance the foremen, dance," (meaning the forefingers), the little singers are so tiny it is a puzzle to more than half of them to make the needful change. When the song says, "Dance the middleman, dance," there is an effort to crumple up the other fingers and hold them prisoners with the Lilliputian thumbs; but when the song says, "Dance the longmen, dance," and after, "Dance the littlemen, dance," the attempt to disentangle those dainty little digits is abandoned utterly, and the re-iteration, "Dance the thumbkin, foreman, middleman, longman, littleman" (where each finger should be raised at the moment of its naming), seems so magic to the little people, from its nimbleness and its rapidity, they drop their small arms down, beaten, and, instead of imitating, laugh. They are up again, though, at the refrain, "Dance them all together! Dance them all together! Together! Together! Together!" and they are working up and down like little muscular machines, rather than soft young limblets, capable of being tired.

It would never do to give a catalogue of *all* the songs these little choristers sing. Although *they* could go through every one of them without flagging, *we* would much rather not. We stay a few minutes more, whilst they all turn into windmills (crossing their little arms, and twirling them as near round as bones and

joints will let them); and into water-wheels (flying one fist over and over the other, too swiftly for us, ungiddily, to look at); and whilst they become pendulums, and ducks, and bees, and ponies, and blue-bottles, and cows, and donkeys; and then we kiss our fingers (French-fashion) to them, and they kiss their fingers (French-fashion) to us, and we shut the doors upon their noise and prettiness, and we are beyond it, and are gone. The echo and the flash of it come back to us, though, as we walk away. What measurable good does it do? is our question. Under what schedule is the progress made in this trifling, put?

Oh dear! is obliged to be our answer, none. Government inspectors do not recognise it; government grants do not take it into account. Then ought it to be allowed? Ought the management to waste the time upon it? If it is no good, let it be swept away!—if it has no purpose, let it be taken out and be killed! But, after a while, our feelings undergo a change. We think of a tiny two-year old (a pretty little, gold-haired, blue-eyed thing) who had walked gravely from her seat in the front form, and insinuated herself on to the teacher's knee. She was so young and tender she had no speech yet, nor language; nothing but a pair of round wondering eyes. She could not ask to be taken up; she did not plead,—neither by a mute pull at teacher's dress, nor by a coaxing or a roguish smile. She had simply gone, full of thorough trust and love, knowing she would be taken, sure of the sympathy, utterly void of any fear of a repulse. When she was in the lap, she had sat there contentedly, tranquilly; with no over-brimming joy, it is true, but passing her little fingers over the dress of the teacher, and touching the ornaments of it, and emptying out the pockets, and quietly possessing herself of their contents, with such security of acceptance, such certainty of being allowed, it had been quite a charming thing to see. And we come to the conclusion, that this mere growth of trust, this mere exercise of confidence, is something, even if it is all. Take the heart of this little child as a sample of the others, and they could not be impressed, as this one's was impressed, thoroughly in vain. The little people will grow some day into men and women, and then the memory will cling to them of these simple nursery songs, and when they are teaching them themselves to succeeding little toddlers,—who shall look into *their* eyes, and climb upon *their* knees,—they will have their own childhood recalled to them, and will, surely, not be the worse for the re-calling.

AN APOLOGIST FOR WOMEN IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

UNJUST laws do their worst to repress women; custom and education combine to make them nonentities. From her childhood a girl is brought up in idleness at home, and confined to needle and thread for sole employment. When she reaches marriageable years she has this alternative: the jealousy of a husband, or the custody of a convent. All public duties, all legal functions, all active ministrations of religion are closed against her." These words, so modern in sound, are not quoted from Mr. Mill or from any of his followers, but from the *Excellency of Women*, written in 1509 by Cornelius Agrippa. Agrippa, best known by his early and regretted work on Magic, was one of the representative scholars of the sixteenth century. A knight-errant of letters, his life was spent in the alternate bitterness of poverty and of patronage, and in battles with the monks, which should surely have endeared him to his satirist, Rabelais. The *Excellency of Women* was written when he was young, and deserves some consideration, as well for its occasional earnestness of language, as for its curious bearing on modern controversies. In spite of all the courtesy of chivalry, the ascetic middle ages had a tendency to despise and discredit women. Monks publicly considered the fair sex their natural enemies; they never forgave the temptation of St. Anthony, or forgot the old offence which lost men paradise. *Femina* was derived, by these ignorant philologists, from *fidei minus*, because women have less faith than men, a statement equally remarkable for ignorance of Latin and of human nature. Women were believed, as every one knows, to be much more frequently than men the allies of the fiend; and the punishments of sorcery were inflicted with far greater frequency, and far more horrible severity on witches than on warlocks.

In private life the *Paston Letters* prove that grown-up women were flogged for hesitating to marry at their parents' dictation, and we all remember the "pinches, stripes, and bobs," which her harsh parents inflicted on sweet Lady Jane Grey. Agrippa's book may be considered one of the first fruits of that growth of milder manners which followed the Revival of Letters, and his arguments are historically interesting, both in their resemblance to, and in their divergence from those employed in our modern controversies on the position of

women. "The mother makes us most," he says; our characters are far more frequently derived from the mother than the father; and here he agrees with most modern theorists. He acknowledges too, the religious and gentle nature of women; "they have more pity and more piety," he says, "than men." With a modern novelist he recognises women as "the practical sex." "What arithmetician," he asks, "could deceive a woman in a bargain?" Like Mr. Tennyson, Agrippa proves the capabilities of women in literature, in government, and war, by a list of illustrious names, and the names are almost the same:

In arts of war
The peasant Joan and others; arts of grace,
Sappho and others, vied with any man.

Zenobia takes the place of Elizabeth as a woman ruler.

Finally, he establishes the woman's dignity by her place in creation. "The 'prentice hand was tried on man:" woman was *last* in creation, the flower and crown of it; *first*, therefore, as an object in the designing mind. Such commonplaces as these we encounter frequently enough in our day. But Agrippa has arguments which would only have occurred to a clever and credulous man of the period of the Reformation. The course of discussion in those days, when authority had lost little of its power, was well understood. To prove a position you had only to advance a quotation from the Bible, or the classics, or the fathers; everything already written was held authentic, and authoritative. Agrippa's first argument in this kind is etymological. Eve means life, Adam means earth; the superiority of the fair sex follows obviously. The value of names he proves from the example of St. Cyprian, who derived Adam from the initial letters of the four Greek words denoting the points of the compass. And here Agrippa ventures on a sneer at Cyprian, who, in his ignorance of Hebrew, was not aware that there are only three letters in the name of Adam in the original tongue. "But Hebrew is a language that many eminent and holy expounders of Scripture (little blame to them) know nothing of."

The etymological argument concluded, Agrippa proceeds to the more obvious advantages of womankind. Not only are they more beautiful than men, "and beauty is nothing but the splendour of the divine shining through all things fair," but they are not subject to giddiness when they stand on precipices, and they float longer than men before they are drowned.

Women too possess fewer teeth than the opposite sex, because they are not gluttonous, *nor given to biting*. Again, the basilisk is the most hateful, and the phoenix the most glorious of animals. Now there are no female basilisks, and no male phoenixes. As to the argument from Genesis, it was in Adam that we sinned, not in Eve, who erred from ignorance, but her husband from *malice prepense*. Besides Mary makes amends for all. If there have been bad wives, and history, it is allowed, makes mention of such, it was the fault of bad husbands; and besides, women have never had the writing of history. The book ends with the sentences we have quoted at the commencement of this paper. Agrippa has the candour to allow that St. Paul seems to have been opposed to women preachers. But, he adds, "it was for the hardness of men's hearts that he gave this law." With this backstroke at his theological opponents Agrippa ends a treatise, which, on a first reading, seems animated by a real enthusiasm. But the cynics of the period observed, and we fear not without truth, that Agrippa, when he wrote the *Excellency of Women*, was courting the patronage of Margaret of Austria, governor of the Netherlands. Moreover, he was engaged to be married, and was married, within the year. Lastly, we regret to say, that he had already published a little work called *Encomium Asini* (the *Praise of the Ass*), a work marked by much cogency of reasoning and ingenuity of illustration.

TABLE TALK.

ONE can understand, after a recent statement that the municipality of Paris is expending on the rebuilding and embellishing of the city an amount equal to the royal revenues of Belgium and Bavaria combined, that the trade of demolishers must be a thriving one. When Baron Haussmann first commenced operating upon the French capital, societies were formed that bought up whole streets of condemned houses, and shrewd men entering into sub-contracts with these associations became master demolishers. The calling, unknown until this epoch, has proved a lucrative one; for, spite of the extensive nature of the works which are continually going forward, there are not more than thirty individuals who are entitled thus to describe themselves, including some who are rich enough to contract for the demolitions, necessitated by the laying out of an entire new street, and others who buy up

merely a few houses as they stand. These master demolishers so soon as they have signed a contract convoke a meeting of the little demolishers, who are usually all Auvergnats, and sell the ironwork to one, the timber to another, and the stone and marble, doors, windows, mantelpieces, looking-glasses, locks &c., to others. These materials in accordance with the law imposed upon all matter, have still other duties in store, and ere long are used up again in the construction of new houses. In the neighbourhood of the demolished streets immense sheds are run up, where doors without locks, shutters without bolts, windows without panes, staircases without balustrades, and locks without keys, together with marble mantelpieces and looking-glasses, are ranged in order by the hundred, and almost by the thousand, all having their measurement and price chalked upon them. Hither the small builders and little house proprietors resort to pick up bargains for constructions upon which they are engaged. The wages of the ordinary labouring demolisher in Paris averages five francs the day of ten hours, but skilled hands employed in removing fragile substances of value frequently earn as much as fifteen francs. Lads even earn three francs the day, and watchmen receive two and a half francs the night.

"THERE is a glen in the Highlands," says Christopher North, "called Glencro—very unlike Glenco." Wordsworth and the Scotch guide-books, including Murray's (p. 182), spell these words with a final *e*; and Mr. Friswell, in the second edition of his *Familiar Words*, gives us the unfamiliar word *Glencore*, as the spot where the seat, known as "Rest and be thankful," is to be found (see foot-note, p. 273). This seat was placed at the head of the lovely pass of Glencro, on Loch Long, when the road there was made, in 1746, by the 24th Regiment, in connection with that system of military roads (upwards of 800 miles in extent) undertaken by the government for the primary purpose of checking the Highland feudal system, but, undoubtedly, tending to consolidate Scotland and England in the firmest union of intimate dependence. It was the construction of this system of roads by Generals Wade and Caulfield that gave rise to a couplet, often quoted, or rather misquoted; which, when first published in Grose's *Olio* (p. 185), ran thus:—

Had you seen these roads before they were made,
You'd lift up your hands and bless Marshal Wade.

The author of this couplet was General Caul-

field, who (it is superfluous to say) was an Irishman, and who generously ascribed to his co-worker the whole of the credit that was partly his own due. Wordsworth wrote a sonnet on that "Rest and be thankful" seat, in his *Yarrow Revisited* (sonnet xiii.), and was inspired with some reflections that are not far removed from those of a Tupper. Christopher North, too, in his *Morning Monologue*, has some reflections on this "Rest and be thankful," which might be perused with profit by discontented poetlings. The use that Lord Russell made of "Rest and be thankful," in 1863, has become a matter of political history. Another use was made of the expression, nearly half a century ago, which may not be familiar to the readers of these pages. In the year 1823, a certain clergyman of the name of Plumptre published a volume containing five dramatic pieces, which, by combining pure instruction with rational amusement, were intended to regenerate the corrupted stage. For the most part, the current of these dramatic stories is undisturbed, and even slow, though, occasionally, something sensational occurs; as, for example, in the drama of *Royal Beneficence* (which, strange to say, was rejected by the managers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, and also by the manager of the Norwich theatre), where the hero is drowned and dragged out of the water in the presence of the Emperor Alexander, who orders him to be stripped and rubbed "about his heart, his temples, wrists, and everywhere," as he lies upon the stage,—an appearance upon the boards that would certainly demand the interference of Lord Sydney. In the comedy of *The Salutary Reproof, or the Butcher*, the Rev. Mr. Plumptre introduces a Rev. Mr. Shepherd, who, being shut out of an inn, and also a baker's, seeks the butcher's, where a hymn is being sung to the accompaniment of an oboe. Mr. Goodman, the butcher, receives him kindly, and this dialogue ensues:—*Mrs. Goodman*. Pray be seated, sir; take this great chain. Shall I do you a mutton chop, sir?—*Goodman*. Bring the ease-and-comfort, George.—*Mr. Shepherd*. I thank you; if it will not be giving you too much trouble, I should prefer tea before everything—nothing refreshes me after fatigue like tea.—*Mrs. G.* By all means, sir: the fire is not out in the back-house. Ruth, put on the kettle, it is hot, and get the tea-things.—*George*. (*Bringing the ease-and-comfort*) Here, father.—*Goodman*. Will you rest your legs on this, sir? *We* call it ease-and-comfort.—*Mr. Shepherd*. 'Tis ease and comfort, indeed. I know it by the

name of rest-and-be-thankful. I will beg, if you please, when I go to bed, the patriarchal hospitality of water for my feet, and *that* warm. Mr. Pecksniff was clearly anticipated here. So highly does the Rev. Mr. Plumptre think of the rest-and-be-thankful leg-rest, that he declares that no house is properly furnished without at least one of them. Perhaps some upholsterer will take the hint.

A CORRESPONDENT is horrified that anything should have been said in dispraise of sheep-washing as a pretty sight. "I have always thought sheep-washing," he says, "one of the prettiest and most poetical sights. I cannot tell where the writer has seen the performance that he designates 'as unpoetical a sight as pig-killing;' in a ditch in the fens, I should imagine. If he had been with us to-day I am certain his opinion would have changed. A rippling brook, dammed up for the occasion; the pool overhung with a couple of enormous sycamores, whose roots form the abutments of this dam; the pen, in which the sheep to be washed are confined, fenced with the remains of gigantic thorns, planted hundreds of years ago, and therefore merely marking the outline of the fence, but those yet left covered with white blossom, completely overpowering any offensive odours from the oily wool. A joyous gathering, where every man, woman, and child attended—even a chair placed for the oldest inhabitant, who enjoyed his 'backy' under one of the thorns, and renewed his youth in the scene around him. A man who did not feel the influence of that scene is a stranger to any poetical feeling."

CAPTAIN BRACKENBURY has just published (through Messrs. Chapman and Hall) an admirable lecture on the Constitutional Forces of Great Britain. It was given at Woolwich as introductory to a course of lectures on Military Law and Interior Economy, and should be in the hands of every young officer. I refer to it here because of an anecdote which I find at page 45, and which I do not remember to have seen before. "I have seen in the library of the Frari at Venice," says Captain Brackenbury, "a document, wherein one of our countrymen, in the service of the old Republic, presses the Council to man their ships with Englishmen; and to prove their courage and vigour *appeals to the frequency of murder in England.*" What will the logicians say to this argument? The courage of a nation measured by its propensity to murder!

IN *Table Talk* of May 8th, there will be found some specimens of a species of composition which has been revived by Artemus Ward, and which will be found in perfection in the writings of Horace Smith. There is the famous quatrain in the elegy for Miss Emily Kaye,

When her piano-40 she did press,
Such heavenly sounds did M N 8, that she,
Knowing her Q, soon i U a confess
Her X L N C in an X T C.

I refer to this again in order to introduce an elaborate French specimen—

L N D P Y, L A V Q, L E D C D.
Hélène de Pays Grec, elle a vécu, elle est décodée.

HAS anyone ever found an answer to this riddle? or is it one of those which has been found so hard to crack, that all have voted it a wooden nutmeg? I have heard it ascribed to Mrs. Barbauld—not a very likely person to perpetrate a *sell* :—

In jerkin short and nut-brown coat I live ;
Pleasure to all, and pain to none I give.
Quivers I have, and pointed arrows too ;
Gold is my dart, and iron is my bow.
Nothing I read, yet many things I write ;
I never go to war, yet ever fight ;
Nothing I eat, yet am I always full ;
Poison from herbs and sweets from flowers I cull.
A spotted back I have ; an earthen scrip ;
Black is my face, and blubber is my lip.
No tears I shed, and yet I always weep ;
Sleeping I wake, and waking do I sleep.

IN a leading article (June 9) *The Daily Telegraph* asks how it is that we cannot attain the grand desiderata in a cup of coffee—aroma in the flavour, and clearness in the infusion ; and suggests that it arises from not grinding our own coffee, and not having yet discovered the art of properly clarifying the infusion. As for clearness there ought to be no difficulty whatever ; and as for aroma, coffee ought always to be ground in one's own house, though only in a sufficient quantity for immediate use. As a coffee-mill can be had at a small cost, there is no excuse for a householder being unprovided with so necessary an article. As a beverage, coffee takes a high rank ; and I have been told by fishermen (who were very far from being teetotallers) that in the long and dreary nights when they had to be out at sea with their boats, often in cold and drenching rain, there was nothing so good "to keep the heart and warmth in them" as a pot of hot coffee, taken before setting off from the

shore. The ultra-ritualists, who are given to what they call matins, ought to patronise coffee ; for, according to an old legend, its valuable properties were first discovered by the goat-herd of a monastery, who noticed that his goats, after browsing upon the coffee-berry tree, would keep awake and frisk all through the night. The goat-herd told the prior, who, as the monks were given to somnolency during the matins, thought he would try upon them the experiment of a dose of infusion of coffee berries, and see whether it made them as wakeful, if not as frisky as the goats. He did so, and his experiment was crowned with success. The coffee was found to be a more effectual remedy to keep a monk awake during matins than even mounting him upon a miserere—that twirled-up seat, carved on its underside with grotesque caricatures, which we still see in our old abbeys and cathedrals, and which, when turned up, was so delicately balanced, that if the monk who sat upon its narrow ledge did but venture to seize a tithe of forty winks, he forthwith lost his equilibrium, and ignominiously toppled forward on to his nose. But, according to the legend, the prior found such misereres to be useless, if the monks had breakfasted on coffee before matins.

IN a recent number of *Once a Week* the origin of a popular tradition respecting the smell of the plague is referred to the time of the last great London pestilence. The notion is of older date, and is thus mentioned in Bacon's *Natural History* : "The plague is many times taken without manifest sense as hath been said. And they report that where it is found it hath the smell of a mellow apple, and (as some say) of May flowers. And it is also received that smells of flowers that are mellow and luscious are ill for the plague ; as white lilies, cowslips and hyacinths." Perhaps the custom which prevailed long ago of using aromatic fumigations to counteract infection, had something to do with the notion that the plague had a scent like May flowers : certainly that other similitude, "the smell of a mellow apple," is very suggestive of an atmosphere at once tainted and perfumed.

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

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SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

A Novel. By the Author of GARDENHURST.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"Her eye, her lip, nay, her foot speaks."
Troilus and Cressida.

IT was about two weeks after the fire at Auriel, that, in the words of the Court Newsmen, Lady Diana Merton, Lord Orme, the honourable Mr. Orme, and the honourable Amelia and Rosa Orme, joined the distinguished circle enjoying Lord Airdale's hospitality at Holme Park, county Essex.

Lady Diana had arranged with Lord Orme that she should accompany his party to Holme Park, because she averred it was so dull travelling alone; the truth being that, extravagant to profligacy in the matter of luxuries obtained on credit, she yet had a magpie-like regard for small coins, and hated being obliged to disburse them. Travelling in Lord Orme's society implied that a large portion of the expenses of the journey would fall to him. She appropriated the most comfortable seats in express trains and hackney carriages with an air of unconsciousness which nearly goaded Amelia Orme into rebellion.

"I know she's only coming because Captain Mowbray is to be there," that young lady said to her sister, wrathfully. "I hate such mean underhand ways; and see how she twists papa and Conrad round with her little finger."

And indeed, Conrad, who had moulted short jackets, and was showing first symptoms of long-tailed coats, more than once announced to his bosom friend, young Spenser, Lord Airdale's son, a fellow Etonian, at whose especial request Conrad had been invited to Holme, that Lady Di was "quite his style, by Jove."

Mowbray was not present to welcome his friends when they first arrived. Mowbray was out hunting, the host said, in answer to a casual inquiry from Lord Orme; doubtless

they would meet him at dinner time, as well as Clairveaux, and some other fellows, who had also gone out. But ere Lady Diana had been a few hours at Holme, she was better informed as to the real cause of Thurstan's absence.

What scouts are to a general, so is a quick-witted lady's-maid to her mistress. Lady Diana rarely revealed her own plans of operations to her subordinate; but she made use of her to ascertain those of the enemy. Every one at Holme was talking of the disaster at Auriel. Captain Mowbray's gallantry was the theme of every tongue. Had he not, when taking a moonlight stroll, and while discussing his nightly cigar, been attracted by the sight of the burning house, and entered it at the risk of his own life to save that of the poor girl who was its only tenant. Something was said about that odd man, the schoolmaster, having given Captain Mowbray material assistance; but then the said schoolmaster lost his wits at last, and let the means of escape slip out his fingers; and then, did not Captain Mowbray, having pieced a broken ladder with rope, ascend the walls of the house, and again imperil his life to save that of the poor fool who had been too stupefied to think of self-preservation? Had not the fire-engines arrived opportunely, both must have perished; for it seemed that Captain Mowbray could not persuade his companion to make any exertion to save himself, and both men were half suffocated, and one much injured, when the firemen extricated them from the burning pile at considerable risk to themselves. The whole of the house was not destroyed; the south wing was only partially injured, and the schoolmaster—it was he who had been hurt—was lying there now, attended by the girl who kept the house. The old woman who ordinarily lived with the girl had gone home to her cottage to see a sick grandchild on the night of the fire; and had it not been for Captain Mowbray's timely interposition, the poor solitary inmate of his ancestral home might have become ashes like the family

portraits on the staircase, without any one being the wiser.

All these details were collected by Lady Diana's maid, Letty, and by her repeated to her mistress, while the latter underwent the soothing process of having her hair brushed.

Lady Diana mused deeply on what she heard, then she lifted up the grey eyes, and asked,—

"Is the girl pretty whom Captain Mowbray saved?"

"Well, James" (James was Lord Airdale's valet) "do say she's a niceish sort of looking girl," Letty admitted reluctantly; "but I don't consider he's no judge. Captain Mowbray rode over there to-day to inquire after her."

"That will do; you may go," Lady Diana said, quietly. Then she clasped a necklace of brilliants round her white throat, and went down-stairs to the drawing-room so pre-occupied, that she never observed that she had pinched her fair skin in the fastening of the necklace, and that a tiny spot of blood was staining the brilliancy both of throat and jewel.

Lady Di ensconced herself in one of the old-fashioned sofas which adorned the Holme drawing-room; she was a good judge of effect, and knew how alluring she seemed when the dazzling whiteness of her bust and arms were brought into relief by the dark crimson settee that supported her; when her half averted head showed the exquisite contour of her throat, and her hair made a mellow glow against the cold shadows of the evening.

She was looking more than usually beautiful to-night she knew, and she did so wish that all her admirers in esse and in posse could witness her loveliness. Few things irked Lady Di more than to find her sweetness wasted in a desert drawing-room, wherein there were no men. She felt on such occasions as a Soyer might feel who had provided an exquisite repast of which no guests came to partake; Lady Di's attitude would have done equally well for Thurstan or Lord Orme or Clairveaux. As it happened, Captain Mowbray was the first to enter the room.

Thurstan flushed at the sight of her.

"By Jove," he thought, "she is handsomer than ever."

Lady Di on her part greeted him with genuine satisfaction; all the languor in her eyes, all the indolence of her movements, gave way before the brightness of her pleasure. As she sat there resplendent in her gracious loveliness, bringing to bear on him all the

attractions of her wit, beauty, tact, and experience, Thurstan became fairly dazzled.

"I have never forgotten you," he said, in answer to one of her half-playful reproaches; and Lady Di smiled a little scornfully to herself, for she knew well that her former lover had entirely forgotten her for a space, and it was only the power of her presence now which made him fancy that her attraction had ever been equally strong.

Suddenly Lady Di asked:—

"What became of that man—the school-master, whose life you saved?"

A deep gloom fell on Thurstan's face, as he answered—

"He left Auriel for his own cottage, despite our earnest entreaties, this morning; he was quite unfit to move, but he persisted in going. Do you know, Lady Diana, that man is one of the noblest fellows on God's earth? he saved my life twice. And yet it is very strange, but when I sought to repay him, by dragging him out of the smoke that night, he struck at me fiercely, and said something which sounded like a curse. I think he must have slightly lost his head."

"Very likely," Lady Di said, indifferently. Then, looking keenly at her companion, she added—"And what about that girl?"

Thurstan drew his hand away quickly (it had been resting on the back of her chair, in near proximity with her shoulder), put both hands in his pockets and walked to the window; his sudden recoil from herself was an answer to Lady Di's suspicions; she had judged so many criminals at the bar of her beauty that she was quick to detect the slightest evidences of guilt—she perfectly understood that she had recalled another love to Thurstan, and that sudden remorse at his forgetfulness of the duty he owed that love, prompted the withdrawal of his hand.

"There is nothing to see out of the window," Lady Di said, drily, "it is pitch dark. Do you not think you would be better occupied in fastening my necklace? it is unclasped." She lifted up her chin, still dimpled, and white as that of a child, as she spoke, and he was fain to obey her request.

"You have hurt yourself," he said, suddenly, as his eye fell on the ruddy spot of blood; and as he spoke, his voice involuntarily took that intonation of tenderness which not uncommonly graces a strong man's lips, when he refers to any injury, however slight, done to the beauty of a woman. Lady Di, with half-closed eyes and upturned face, had assumed somewhat of the attitude of a cat, sidling up its head to be

stroked, and Thurstan Mowbray looked as if he were not far off granting the responding caress when the door opened, and Amelia Orme entered the room.

"Let me do that for you," she said to Lady Diana, in a tone of quiet malice, "men are so stupid about such things; see how clumsy Captain Mowbray's fingers are, and what a long while they take to accomplish their task."

"So you found them when he entangled your hair in the clematis!" Lady Di said, giving back the blow with a smile.

"Men's fingers are stupider, but so much pleasanter, don't you think?" she added, placidly. "Please go on, Captain Mowbray."

Captain Mowbray hurriedly clasped the necklace, and Amelia retired scowling. She had all the will but not the ability to cope with the graceful effrontery of the elder woman.

The rest of the guests now entered the room. Any novice in the art of coquetry might have taken a useful lesson from Lady Di's on such occasions as these. Numbers did not dismay her. With exquisite tact she contrived to make each comer believe himself favoured beyond all others; she looked tenderly at one, she murmured to another some apparently trifling words, which in fact had reference to a bygone mutual flirtation. She contrived in the most masterly manner to make all discussions, whether on literature, politics, or fashion, incorporate some personal reference to herself. Did they speak of a new mode of wearing the hair? She managed to remind Clairveaux of a certain day when he had accidentally touched the soft beauty of her own tresses. Did they mention the last new novel? She referred to some passage in it which treated of the desirability of second marriages, and entreated Lord Orme to read it, and when the budget was discussed, and Lord Airdale grew eloquent on the subject of naval estimates, Lady Di imperceptibly led the conversation towards our coast defences. Then she spoke in a low voice to Thurstan of the Sussex coast; hinted of a certain hour when she had stood there in the blaze of noon with her heart cold with despair; hinted of the tears she had shed when she returned to her solitary home, feeling that life had become a weary blank, that all its brightness had passed away after that moment of sun-glow, when his lips pressed her own in the last bitter-sweet caress. She did not allude to the concern she showed at her overdone sweet-bread, or of the useless expedition she made to Italy in pursuit of Lord Orme. Lady Di never talked about her failures.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

JEST AND EARNEST.

THAT night when the party was breaking up Lord Orme came up to Thurstan, and said with some emotion,—

"Did you really save that poor girl's life at Auriel?"

"On the contrary," Captain Mowbray explained, "it was a great friend of mine, a fellow called Douglas, who saved us both."

"But you were the first to enter the building with the view of rescuing her," his host said, eagerly. "It was a noble act, Mowbray; you needn't look so ashamed of it." Lord Orme took the young man's hand and shook it warmly.

"God bless you!" he muttered, and turned away, somewhat confused at his own enthusiasm.

Captain Mowbray stared after him blankly.

"What the deuce was I to say," he thought, ruefully; "it's very awkward being thanked when you don't deserve it; but how could I explain matters without letting the cat out of the bag. Poor little girl, she must be dull now Douglas is gone. I will go there early to-morrow."

"What shall I give you for your meditations?"

Lady Di stood before him with outstretched hand, and the faintest suspicion of a yawn revealing her pearly teeth.

"What shall I ask?" he said, drawing nearer to her.

She looked at him with an indescribable expression: a delicious combination of shyness and passion—of doubt and confidence. Suddenly the expression found voice.

"You know well that aught you chose to do for me would meet with any requital you could name. You know that I cannot forget, that I have never ceased to reproach myself for my folly in letting my happiness slip out of my hands. Can you forgive me, Thurstan?"

They were standing on the landing-place outside the drawing-room door. She herself partly concealed by the heavy curtains of a window near which she leaned; her beautiful shoulders were shadowed by the exotics that were placed on the window-sill; the light of a lamp overhead shed a subdued glow over the fairness of her round arms, half extended in supplication. Thurstan looked at her with a vague idea that some evil fascination was dragging him down to hell. He wondered if the air there was thick with the perfume of

flowers. If the light was dim, and revealed beautiful women instead of ugly fiends. If the music in those lurid glooms, resembled rich low tones, full of subtle temptation, such as had just now trembled in his ears.

Then he grasped her wrists, and cried,—

"You try me too far, Lady Di. You tempt only to disappoint, you inspire hopes only to baffle them. Now, I will be honest with you: not that you deserve honesty of me, but because I will not fight you with your own mean weapons. When you first taught me to love you, I paid back your lie with truth; I loved you as sincerely as ever man loved woman; I would have made you a good husband, although I was, as you *said*, too young, as you *meant* too poor, to marry a woman of your age and prudence. You threw me over because I wouldn't be content with the husks of a heart; because, being a chivalrous young fool, I insisted on an honest, substantial proof of the devotion which you had pretended to feel for me. Well, there's no need to talk any more about the past. Only tell what do you want of me now. If you wish to lure me back to the state of semi-madness about you, you are yet beautiful and charming enough to succeed; but I warn you fairly, I cannot woo you on the same terms, for I am no longer free, and if you tempt me to woo you, I swear that I will win you. Do you think that a man is to be tortured, wounded, and goaded like the poor brutes that writhe under the skill of the Matadore? and do you think the Matadore always escapes without injury? I think it kindest to tell you, without equivocation, that if you persist in giving me encouragement, I shall, whether you like it or no, take any advantage of you circumstances may put in my way."

All the colour had faded from his face. There was a threat in his eyes which she had never seen there before. Lady Di became conscious that she had raised in this man the latent tiger which now and then shows its teeth between human lips, through all the smiles of civilisation. The brute had often showed its face to her before; she rather liked dealing with this savage phase of a man's nature. She showed a certain audacious courage in fighting these iniquitous duels which would have been worthy of admiration applied to a nobler end. Had she been a man, she would have been a great blackguard; or a great hero—perhaps both. History has taught us that the combination is not impossible.

She did not cower before the storm she

evoked; but when she looked up at this man's face and saw how handsome it looked in its menace, she thought that she had never liked anyone so well as she did him. She liked him better in his wrath than ever she had done when he wooed her with smile and entreaty. And he said he was not free! Then her suspicions were correct about that girl; and at the thought of her rival, Lady Di felt as though a knife were thrust into her—heart, I should say, if speaking of any other woman; but in this case I ought, perhaps, to substitute the word "vanity" for "heart."

"Forgive me," she said, beseechingly.

"Bah!" he replied, impatiently; "that's what you always say. Women are the most unreasonable devils in the world; they seem to think that civil speeches will compensate for anything. I daresay that the daughter of Herodias thought that an apology would comfort John for the prospect of her taking his head as a guerdon for that grim revelry of hers. I do forgive you, Lady Di; but I must punish you; and you may be sure that if you offend again, you will not escape so easily."

Without further words, he took her in his arms and kissed her.

Another woman might have reddened under that caress, which was almost as menacing as passionate, but this one paled visibly. Lady Di could no longer blush, although she could fear. She did not fear Thurstan, but she was apprehensive of any one of her admirers appearing suddenly on the scene. She could explain away most things, but even she could scarcely have given a satisfactory reason to Lord Orme or to Clairveaux for her being kissed on the stairs by Thurstan Mowbray. The latter caught her quick glance directed towards the drawing-room door, and laughed grimly.

"I prefer to bully you here," he said, "because you cannot, for your own sake, make a noise. However, I won't be ungenerous, Lady Di. You may go."

He released her, and she looked at him wonderingly. "How changed you are," she muttered.

And in truth Captain Mowbray was far more eloquent in the face of opposition than he ever was when lapped in content. The suspicion of intended injury, combined with the recollection of his past suffering, made him speak in a very different strain from what he usually indulged in. The woman who had said him nay had seen a phase of his character utterly unknown to the single-hearted girl, who had but one word, the ever ready yea of love, for him.

Fortunately, or as Lady Di said piously, providentially, none of her other admirers made their appearance on the scene, and the two parted without their interview being detected.

Thurstan thought a good deal of Azalea to-night, not that he felt conscious of having done her any especial injury in that little matter of the kiss he had given Lady Diana. A man may feel some conscientious scruples when he first goes into debt, but after a certain amount of time and experience insolvency seems a natural and not dishonourable condition. A man when he first goes on the turf may mean to keep on the square, but he must be a very exceptional character if, after a while, he does not trick his best friend, and think himself a very clever fellow in so doing. And a man who has come to look on women in the light in which they were regarded by Thurstan Mowbray would scarcely feel much compunction in adding one more to the number he had already distinguished by his osculatory attentions. Do not think that I defend or admire him: I think that he represents a low type of man. I know that he has nothing but a few ordinary virtues, such as courage and good-nature, to recommend him. Compared to his moral stature, Douglas was as a Titan. But did not Helen prefer that stupid fair-faced boy Paris, to the gallant brother of Agamemnon? Was not Menelaus, vulgarly speaking, worth two of that stripling shepherd? All lovers can't be heroes, nor does it seem that the greatest heroes have been most tenderly loved by women. Did not Marie Louise after having been one with the greatest hero (in a mundane sense) that ever plucked off other men's crowns to place them on his own head, condescend to her chamberlain? Was Cæsar as loveable as Antony? Let the spirit-rappers interrogate the shade of Cleopatra, and hear what the serpent of old Nile has to say about it. Nevertheless if ancient scandals are to be credited, our Laureate has no foundation for calling the head of the Julian family dull or cold-blooded. Perhaps these epithets in Cleopatra's mouth are merely intended as natural expressions of feminine malice uttered in revenge for the imperial contempt.

One of the most distinct signs of Captain Mowbray's moral obtuseness, was his utter innocence of the wrong he was doing Azalea in thus renewing his intimacy with Lady Diana. He would not willingly have vexed that dear little girl who was sitting alone in the Auriel shadows, dreaming of him and him only. Had she known, and seemed much cut up, at any of

his proceedings with regard to other women, he, very likely, would have altered his ways for her sake; but, as it was, the reflection that the heart doesn't grieve for what the eye doesn't see, was an unailing salve to such trifling wounds as his conscience sustained. He was still very fond of Azalea, and you may be sure, he will not kiss her any the less warmly to-morrow, because he has been faithless to her lips to-day.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

OF SWEET CAME SOUR, OF DAY CAME NIGHT.

WHEN Robert Douglas 'recovered his hurts sufficiently to crawl away to his own home, he wrote a few words of farewell to Azalea in which he entreated her not to break in on his solitude for some little while to come.

He avoided seeing her before he went, allging that he was not strong enough to sustain even the slightest excitement. Since that terrible night, when mental anguish surpassed the animal fear of death; when all life's miseries seemed culminated in the burthen of that fathomless despair, Douglas had never spoken to or looked at her, whose very presence was in itself a wound to him; the sound of her voice made him wince. He had come to regard her with somewhat of the shrinking aversion a caged lion feels to the hand which has subjugated it with a burning rod. He turned his face from the light and from her; he would admit of no attendance save what old Sally could render him. He felt that a glance at Azalea's face, insolent in all the radiance of happy love, would madden him beyond endurance; all he asked for was solitude and silence, and these obtained he sat and watched his pain from dawn to eve, his eyes dull with pathos as those of one who cannot turn his gaze from the horror of a corpse. When the sun was brightest his lids were closed; when the air was loud with the ecstasy of birds, he was mute.

A stranded wreck makes no response to the soothing ripple, the whispering kiss of summer-warm waves; the dismantled hull, victim to the brief mad passion of a stormy hour, is merely a sullen blot on the golden sands; personifying disaster, it seems to brood over its tragedy of the past. The desperate effort—the wail of despair—the unhelped supplication; these are its memories, and so it lies between the glows of sky and sand—a darkness in the sunshine—a silence in the murmuring tides. Ever mutable waves play round its despondent sides. The

silver fringe of the surf sports over it ere rushing back to the deep bosom of the parent sea. Grey dawns look coldly on its sombrous shadow; red eves flush it with tawny glory; winds sigh or storm over it; shells cling to it; fresh scented sea-flowers throw themselves into its lap. Ships come and go; greeting and farewell echo over it; but it retains that calm which succeeds destruction, that apathy which marks decay.

It is a pause in the midst of life's eloquence. It is a paralytic mocked by the sound of a dance and song; through all the mutable vitality of nature it is dumb, deaf, and immoveable. It worse than perishes—it stagnates.

Douglas's farewell to Azalea ran as follows:—

“MY DEAR CHILD,

“I am quite well enough to move now, and I fancy that I shall get well soonest in my own little home, so I leave you, and do not think me unkind if I say that, for a time, I shall prefer utter solitude to any society however agreeable. I am much shaken by the terrible events of the last few weeks: and I would fain forget, if possible, some of the horror attached to this place. I do not apologise for leaving you, for a note I received from Captain Mowbray a few days after the fire, informed me of the relation which subsists between you—a woman blessed with a young husband who loves her, and whom she loves does not need to be troubled by the light of a weary old face like mine. I shall so far interest myself in your future as to try and induce your husband to communicate his marriage at once to his family; and in other respects I shall try and fill the place of your dead father—but I need not dwell on these things to you: may God bless you more than he has seen fit to pardon me. If ever you are in trouble—if you ever need comfort or assistance, write but one word “*Come,*” and you may command the presence of

“Yours faithfully,
“ROBERT DOUGLAS.”

Azalea wondered and grieved a little over Douglas's absence. Sometimes when Thurstan was not there to banish the thought, the dreary winds of evening seemed to whisper to her of something which she had lost—something of shelter, of protection and of love, which had passed away into her foster-father's grave, and into that homely cottage in the Auriel Lane. But her lover's voice, her lover's touch were sufficient to woo her back into the beautiful dream, which she, in her ignorance, mistook

for reality; and in that dream the melancholy of her future desolation was not prophesied. How could she guess, inexperienced in all hearts but her own, which was as true as her life had been sinless, that Thurstan was already a little uneasy of the prize he had won without a struggle—that his sometimes restless manner and thoughtful eyes, harboured treachery to herself; that he did not understand her, and that the enigma which had possessed its charms at first became fatiguing in its unintelligibility. Lady Diana was never hard to understand. She had the art of making her own intellect subservient to that of her lover's. She conveyed ideas to him in such fashion that he was deluded into believing that he himself had engendered them. No one can deny that it is far pleasanter to have a mistress who makes you feel her superior than one whose genius is distinct and unsociable as a monolith. Thurstan understood that Azalea was very pretty, and that she worshipped him, in consideration of which he overlooked her peculiarities of mind, but then Lady Di was also very lovely, and . . . at this dangerous point of his meditations, Thurstan would generally walk away from Holme in the direction of Auriel, much on the same principle as that which made the soldier in the fairy tale take a bite of antidotal apple, when he found the influence of the magic pear becoming too serious.

Reader—supposing you to be a man—have you ever suffered the inconvenience of loving two women at the same time? If so, you can sympathise with the perplexity of the ass, when trying to make a choice of thistles; or the vacillating of Alexander between his rival queens. The situation is not an uncommon, although it may be an undignified, and not altogether one undeserving of sympathy.

Meanwhile, when Lady Diana watched Thurstan break away from the toils she was beginning to wind round him with all the gentle tact of an experienced spider making advances to its pet fly, and leave her for the tenant of that blackened ruin at Auriel, she bit her pink lips until they bled, and swore that come what might—whatever trouble it entailed on herself—whatever disaster it inflicted on others—she would win back this man to bondage so complete that he should sicken at every hour spent out of her presence, and weary of the cause which thus detained him.

You see, one of those misfortunes which overtake the most hardened coquette had fallen on Lady Diana. She was really in love—not for the first, or even the second time, you may

be sure, but she felt it none the less keenly for that. After all, she was at this moment more deserving of pity than her younger rival. Love to Azalea was Paradise—to Lady Di, Purgatory. Azalea believed in all things, more especially in her lover—Lady Di believed in few things, least of all in human faith. The rat which undermines many a stout ship can scarcely have much confidence in the stability of timber. Lady Di would have given much to be able to have a good hearty belief in any man. She would fain forget the inevitable decline from the heights of a grand passion to the dregs of a spent one. She knew too well how in the most constant breasts the sweet tumult of passion—passion which is like the beautiful storm of the tropics, where strange phantasms and colours of unspeakable glory are incorporated with the wild splendour of the tempest—dies to calm, and from calm to stagnation. Even in victory she tasted defeat; while in defeat she suffered as severely as though its pangs were unforeseen.

Thurstan's dereliction wounded her vanity—more, it wounded her heart—she loved him. The sight of his face was sweet to her; his voice gave a charm to the day; his eyes haunted her like a pleasant dream; she knew that he would be nothing more than a dream in her life altogether, for she was in truth too old to marry him had he been free (and he had insinuated to her that he was bound by more than ordinary ties to another), and she was too poor to retain him long as a lover, for her pecuniary circumstances were becoming desperate, and every time a fresh dun knocked at the door, she looked at Lord Orme and thought "Marry me, you must—whether you like it or not." So Thurstan would be nothing but a phantasm of pleasure; but when a mirage was lovely to her, she judiciously avoided looking at it too closely. Experience is a lens through which we see with painful clearness all the defects of the present.

Lady Di wisely shut her eyes and opened her mouth to take the bonbon which Fate sent in her way.

AN EVENING WITH A TIGER.

ON the 31st of December, 186-, I found myself encamped in one of the wild forest tracts of India. I belonged to one of those classes of Europeans (commissioners, magistrates, engineers in the public works department, &c.) to the members of which a life under canvas is necessary for some con-

siderable portion of the year; and, whether my duty was to administer justice, or look after road repairs, there I was, on the 31st of December, 186-, encamped at Jollibad. Not very much of a place was Jollibad. A dozen mud huts, with low-thatched roofs, constituted the sum total of human habitation of this modest hamlet. The population consisted of some two score people of all sexes and ages; and the worldly possessions of the inhabitants were almost entirely represented by the few bullocks used in ploughing about twenty acres of cultivation, and a herd of cows which grazed in the jungle around. It was not a very lively place in which to see the new year in. But, then, in India one looks upon the merry Christmas-time with very philosophic indifference. There are none of those associations which mark the Yule tide in England; frost and snow are wanting. It may be too hot to sit within a hundred yards of a fire. There is no circle of near and dear relatives; and it may happen that there is no circle of any kind. And, so, Christmas is, as a rule, looked upon much in the same way as any other season of the year.

At Jollibad my social circle consisted of my own native servants and some of the few male adults of the village. The latter sat in front of my tent staring at the English *sahib*, and relieving the monotony of this proceeding by minute observation of all my property. Having nothing better to do, I fell into conversation with the good citizens of Jollibad. Our discourse was the old old story. They told me a great deal about themselves and Jollibad, but neither knew nor cared about anything beyond their own small world. Half of them had never crossed the boundary of their own village, and were perfectly contented to live with no other ideas than those inspired by Jollibad and the forest. They talked a great deal about the exactions of their landlord, who had, like an unprincipled scoundrel, been guided by the laws of political economy in assessing his fields. They told me how last year cholera had fallen upon them, and how their prayers to *Kali* had been so far heard that they only lost 30 per cent. of their community. They were eloquent about the extortions of the usurer who lent them money at 96 per cent. per annum, and recovered his interest in monthly payments. But they were loudest when they came to the subject of the tigers of the neighbourhood. From their account, Jollibad must have had an indifferent time of it *quoad* the devastations of tigers, as long as the oldest inhabitant could remember. One

man had lost a father, carried off by a tiger; another man had been bereft, in a similar fashion, of the wife of his bosom (one of the wives of his bosom, I should say), and everybody present had to bewail the more serious loss of cows and bullocks. Tigers came upon their herds in broad daylight; tigers crept upon old women picking up fire-wood in the jungle; tigers made the village roads impassable after sunset; and tigers occasionally dropped in upon a family party during the night, and from the midst of the community carried off one of the human ornaments of Jollibad. It was no use attempting to divert the conversation from these local subjects. I talked to them about the wonders of the railway, they said, "Wah! wah! it was very wonderful," and went back to the cholera, or the grasping landlord, or the grinding usurer, or the ravenous tigers of Jollibad at once. I tried to interest them about the electric telegraph, but, again, they said, "Wah! wah! it was very wonderful," and, so saying, finally disposed of electricity and rapid communication. They would not be improved by any idea that I could communicate, so the only thing to be done was to see what benefit I could derive from their topics. I was fond of shooting; perhaps these people could put me in the way of disposing of one of their enemies—the tigers. I suggested this, and it seemed to strike them as quite an original, though by no means a bad, notion. Could they tell me where a tiger was to be found? Well, they could not exactly say where one was to be found at any particular time, but tigers were everywhere some time or other, and, if I went everywhere some time or other, I might come across one. There was too much vagueness about this; everywhere in the jungle of Jollibad meant a good deal, for the forest was several miles long by several miles broad, and very dense throughout. Could they tell me where there had been a kill? Yes, they could and did. One voluble old gentleman went off at score about his cow, which was killed a fortnight (then he reflects, and becoming painfully accurate, says) or twenty days ago. I pointed out that this cow was long since relegated to the kites and crows, to which view he assented. Others told me of equally unsatisfactory and remote kills. But at last one individual remembered to have heard that a bullock, belonging to Janki Dass (the said Janki Dass not being present), was killed that morning. He was not very accurately informed as to time and place, because, the bullock having been the property of Janki Dass and not his

own, he had not been much interested about it, but he would inquire; and he and his companions went off to inquire accordingly.

Some two or three hours afterwards, my tent was visited by the whole male and the greater portion of the female population of Jollibad, including (among the males) Janki Dass. Janki elected himself spokesman and spake. His bullock had been killed a little after dawn at the edge of the jungle, and about a mile and a half from my tent; the tiger had eaten little of the carcase, and would, doubtless, return this evening to eat more. This was satisfactory. The moon, now in the full, would rise shortly after dark and favour me for the rest of the night. I resolved to sit up and watch for the tiger.

Taking an early dinner, I start from my tent in time to reach the place I am bound for before sunset. Upon my elephant I take with me all that I require for my own personal comfort, and the *paraphernalia* necessary for the shooting business before me. And I am accompanied by about a dozen villagers who carry the materials for constructing the *muchaun* upon which I am to sit and watch. In due course we reach the spot where the slaughtered bullock lies; it is situated within a few yards of the edge of the forest, and is immediately surrounded by small trees and thick brushwood. We select the largest of the trees that command a good view of the defunct bullock, and the natives proceed to put up the *muchaun* thereupon. The *muchaun* consists of a small *charpoy* (the rude bedstead of the country, which is simply a rough frame of forest wood or bamboo laced across with rope and supported upon four very primitive legs), and the *charpoy* is fixed upon a fork of the tree by odds and ends of fragile rope and pieces of the long creepers found in the neighbourhood. So constructed it neither looks very inviting nor very safe. It is certainly not the sort of couch upon which the Sybarite who is annoyed by a crumpled rose-leaf would wish to spend several hours, and, being only some twelve feet above the ground, it cannot be said to be quite out of the reach of a full-grown tiger of ordinary activity. To the minds of the natives who put it up it is perfectly safe; but, then, it is *I* and not *they* who have to use it, and, possibly, this fact may influence them to some extent. However, there is no tree upon which I can perch myself in greater security, and so I content myself with the arrangements made for me. I mount my *muchaun*; my property is handed up to me; and I am left alone to perform my task of sentinel, my native atten-

dants being directed to return to me whenever they hear my signal—three shots and a pause of a minute, and, then, three shots again.

Left to myself, I make my preparations for keeping, as comfortably as possible, a vigil that may last all night. My blanket is disposed over the cross ropes of the *charpoy*, my two rifles are placed carefully at one end, and the cartridges are all methodically arranged near the rifles. Around my perch I throw up a light screen of boughs, and, this done, I sit down to watch for the tiger that may or may not come.

By this time it has grown dark. The twilight in India is very brief. The sun went down ten minutes ago, and I can see darkness coming on with rapid strides. Other creatures besides myself are aware that night is descending upon the earth; the birds are twittering and chirping as they settle in their roosts; and, in the distance, the cows are lowing as they go lazily home from their pastures. The lights die out of the masses of tree and bush that shut me in; the shadows grow deeper and merge more and more into one dense shade; the last faint rays of light pale in the western sky—and it is dark.

Very dark indeed, when night has regularly set in; so dark that, strain my eyes as I will, I can only faintly distinguish the white carcass of the bullock that I am to watch. I can also make out where the tops of the trees end, and the sky behind commences; but I can see nothing else. It is very still, too, when the silence of the night is not broken by the drums upon which the villagers of Jollibad occasionally beat monotonous accompaniments to their droning songs, or by the chirping of the tree cricket, or the hooting of the owl. And I begin to realise the fact that it is rather cold; and this is not a pleasant fact to realise, for I have not brought my great coat, and my only blanket is too useful, employed, as it is, to cover the rough ropes of my seat, to be put to the purpose of covering; my position is not altogether an enviable one; my seat is cramped and uncomfortable; I am rather cold; I cannot read; and (tigers having an objection to the smell of tobacco) I may not smoke. When I think of those at home who are sitting in a pleasant circle round a blazing fire, I cannot but feel that they are more agreeably employed than I am. I almost wish that I were one of the Jollibad party, now listening to the music of the drum, and, by way of relief, discussing the probabilities, pro and con, of my killing the tiger, or the tiger killing me. When I think that it is quite within the bounds of

possibility that I may sit here through the night, and see no tiger after all, my frame of mind is by no means a satisfactory one.

Now the sky lights up a little, and I know that in half an hour the moon will be well up. As it rises behind the trees that form the background to the dead bullock, it must be some height in the heavens before it will cast light where I require it. Will the tiger be accommodating enough to postpone coming until I can see properly? A portion of the moon's disc shows itself above the horizon of boughs and foliage; the tops of the trees before me catch its cold light, but the spot where the bullock lies is darker than ever. What was that? The roar of a tiger to my left? No, it must have been one of the cows of Jollibad; but, then, Jollibad is to my right. Perhaps it was some stray cow. There it is again! A tiger most decidedly, and it is beating down this way. It is a race between the moon and the tiger, but the moon does not look like a winner. When first I heard it roar, the tiger must have been about half a mile off. At intervals of a minute or so the roar is repeated, and it is always closer, though not always in the same direct line. The tiger is approaching surely, but by a zig-zag course. The moon is rising surely, and without deviation, but, to my mind, more slowly than ever moon rose yet. I hear the roar of the tiger some two hundred yards off, and after this it is not repeated as usual. There is a dead silence of a few minutes, and then I become aware that stealthy footsteps are falling upon the leaf-strewn ground close to me, and closer still to the carcass of the bullock. I can even now just distinguish the outline of this white object, but all around it is in deep shade, and I know that somewhere in that shade is the tiger. The leaves about the carcass are disturbed, and rustle as they are cast over; there is a sort of snuffing sound, and then there is the noise occasioned by a heavy body being dragged along the ground. Yes, the tiger is not going to give me a fair chance by eating the bullock where it lies; it will drag it into the depths of the forest, to some spot not overlooked by my *muchaun*, and there demolish it. I can see that the bullock is moved; slowly and cautiously enough, as though the tiger were in no great hurry for its dinner, but liked to enjoy the pleasure of anticipation; but it is moved, and in a short time, moved at the present moderate rate, will be out of sight. I see at once that it is no use waiting for the moon. I must have my shot within these two or three minutes, or not shoot at all. I notice that

there is one slight break in the forest, past which it appears that the bullock must be drawn; there the light is slightly better, and I must look out for the tiger when it passes that spot. The bullock is drawn towards this gap; I see indistinctly the dark form that drags it; and I fire, as well as I can, at the shoulder of the tiger. My shot is responded to by a roar, and the tiger makes a rush towards my tree; I lean forward and fire a snap-shot at it with my second barrel: the tiger passes under me into the thick undergrowth of bush and thorn below; and the ropes of my *muchaun* yield to the strain I had thrown upon them, and break. I see the agreeable conditions of my position at once. Below me is a wounded tiger (for its roar told me that I had hit it), and below me, and quite beyond my reach, are my second rifle and all my ammunition; my *charpoy* hangs by one end to a branch; and on that branch I also hang until I can seat myself in the fork from which it projects.

And now, as if to mock me, the drums of Jollibad strike up a lively and triumphant measure. Doubtless the good citizens of Jollibad have heard my two shots, and are canvassing the question whether I have fired to any purpose. Possibly they wonder why it is that I do not fire the signal for them to come with the elephant and relieve me from my situation. But little do they imagine that a wounded tiger has the command of all my ammunition, and enforces silence upon me.

I find the fork of the tree, even with my blanket rolled up under me, by no means a comfortable seat, more especially as I have to hold my empty rifle in one hand. I do not quite know why I retain this in my grasp, but it seems some sort of protection. I know that it tires my arm holding it, but I cling to it nevertheless. The fork of the tree grows intolerable in about ten minutes, and I contemplate the notion of slipping down to the ground, and either making a run for it, or seizing my ammunition and returning to my perch. I do not contemplate this very long, for before I have more than half convinced myself as to the advisability of the measure, there is a rustling in the jungle beside my tree, and I know that the tiger is there and alive. If I could only see the beast it would be some satisfaction, but I cannot expect to do this until the moon is nearly over head. I hear it move; but whether it is turning from side to side in its death throes, or merely changing its position the more comfortably to watch me, I cannot say. I cannot change my

position to a comfortable one by any movement, and I am getting very tired and very sore. Why should I not occupy the time until the moon throws a light upon the proceedings by re-constructing my *muchaun*? I determine to attempt this difficult building performance. I lash my rifle to a branch, and then, two-handed, proceed to tie the *charpoy* up in its original position. It is a work of time, but I succeed at last, and breathe more freely when I sit upon this rude couch. Now I light a cheroot; the objection to my doing so exists no longer, for the fact that tigers object to tobacco is an advantage at present, as I may smoke my enemy out of his lair below me. But when I have finished this I become aware that my neighbour has overcome his antipathy to smoke, and is still there. I light another cheroot, and, when I have got about half-way through that, the moon is almost above me and her soft light is cast all around.

Very carefully do I examine the spot where the tiger was to be heard moving; but the lights and shadows are perplexing, and I see half a dozen objects that may be what I am looking for, but none as to which I can be certain. Almost every patch of shade shapes itself into something like a tiger, but there is nothing definite. If the beast would only move now, and so guide my eye to the spot where it lies, but the beast is altogether unaccommodating, and makes no sign. How long I continue to strain my eyes in this unprofitable way, or how many imaginary tigers I conjure up I hardly know. I seem to have been thus employed for the better part of a lifetime, and the hope of any satisfactory result from my vigilance appears as remote as ever. I have seen a tiger in every bush and tuft of grass, only to find it a delusion which would not bear close inspection, or an object which changed its character when I looked closely into it. But in one spot more than any other my eye has found the semblance of a tiger. Now I have thought I saw there the black bars that streak the yellow coat of the tiger; now those bars have seemed to be fitful shadows, or branches of the forest growth. Again and again have I seemed to make out the marks of my enemy's coat, and again and again have I turned my gaze hopelessly from that quarter. But now the light falls more favourably upon that one point, and I can trace the outline of the beast, broken here and there by boughs and blades of grass. There is no mistake about it this time. It is the tiger—a full-sized one—and it lies stretched out full length, with its head towards me. Very very

quiet is it lying there ; possibly dead, but just as possibly alive, and ready to pounce upon me should I venture to the ground. Oh ! for a single cartridge that I might fire one shot into my recumbent neighbour, and rouse him up if he be in a state to be awakened. It seems so hard that my ammunition, like the beautiful star, should be so near and yet so far. One shot would now settle every difficulty, for I could not fail at this distance to plant my bullet in a vital part ; but that one shot circumstances have placed beyond my reach. As I cannot give the *coup de grâce* that may be required, the next best thing to do is to find out whether it is necessary, and if the tiger be alive, to get it to make off. It would be very pleasant to make sure of bagging the tiger, and so go back to Jollibad triumphant, with my enemy on the pad of my elephant. But placed as I am, I feel that it will satisfy me if I am not bagged myself ; and there is pleasure in the thought of my returning to my camp, albeit no trophy of the chase accompanies me. And so minded, I proceed to take such measures as I can to stir the tiger up. First goes my cheroot-end as a sort of burnt-offering to Diana and the Oceanides, this projectile falls short, and drops quietly into a bush, without any effect ; next follows a small branch which I tear off from above my head ; this also falls short, and in a provoking manner seems to float noiselessly to the jungle, upon which it falls like a snow flake. Other missiles of a similar character follow, and with a similar result. The tiger lies undisturbed, as though a shower of branches fell about his ears every night. Ah ! happy thought, the legs of my *charpoy*. I tear off one and throw it at the tiger's head ; it errs on the side of strength, and goes some distance beyond his tail. I tear off another, which, with better aim, I succeed in dropping somewhere about the tiger's form. He must be dead, I think. The third leg of the *charpoy* proves a "wide ball," and does not give me confidence in the conclusion derived from the effect of the second. But the last leg falls with a thud upon the tiger's back or side, and I am satisfied that the monarch of the forest is no longer dangerous.

I am confident enough on this point while I remain up the tree, but when I commence the descent, doubts crowd upon me thicker and thicker with every foot that I approach the ground. It does not take me long to get down, but in that short time many thoughts pass through my brain. Suppose the tiger is feigning death until it gets me comfortably within reach ; suppose another tiger, the fellow

of this, be hanging about ; and I suppose many other things of an equally cheerful character. Being on the ground I do not lose much time in carrying out what I am resolved upon. I seize as many cartridges, exceeding six in number, as I can lay my hands upon ; I thrust them in my pocket ; and I remount the tree with a celerity that would have reflected credit on the most active chimpanzee.

But being in the *muckaun*, with ammunition for my rifle, is quite another matter to being there without, and I am now comparatively comfortable. Not so comfortable that I should care to remain any longer than I can help, for my couch, at the best, is not a luxurious article of furniture, and the blue vault overhead does not roof in an Elysium by any means. So I fire the signal that is to summon my people with the elephant, making sure with my first shot that there is no mistake as to the tiger having been satisfactorily done for. I then light another cheroot, and then I consult my watch, and find that it is a few minutes past midnight. I have seen in the new year. Perhaps not in a very festive manner, but, nevertheless, with considerable satisfaction to myself in the termination of the night's entertainments.

The natives who are to come and release me do not delay longer than might be anticipated in the people of India. Having heard my signal, they have debated for a quarter of an hour as to whether it was or was not the appointed number of gun-shots ; then, having agreed that it *was* (a fact that none of them doubted), they have passed the *hookah* round, and refreshed themselves with a smoke ; then they have made half a dozen false starts, and, at last, they have got off. By about two o'clock they are with me, and I undergo an ovation at once. My prowess is lauded to the skies ; there never was such a *sahib* ; there never had been such a large tiger (the beast is an average-sized one). Profuse are the blessings poured upon me, and equally liberal in allowance the curses lavished upon the tiger. I am the father of the poor and unprotected ; and the incarnation of *Vishnu* or any other Hindoo deity. The tiger and all its relatives (peculiarly its female relatives) are everything that is vile. And alternate blessings and curses constitute a sort of chorus, which lasts while the tiger and myself are packed away upon the elephant, and until we are deposited at the door of my tent. I am not sorry to get inside my canvas abode once more, and before I turn in, I pour out a libation (*i. e.* I drink a glass of hot brandy-and-water) in honour of the new year, and to the health of all friends.



Once a Week.]

[July 3, 1869.

LED TO EXECUTION.—By S. L. FIELDS.

THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.

IF the examiners who put puzzling questions to candidates for posts in the Civil Service were themselves to be subjected to the ordeal of an examination, and were asked: "What is the history of Hudson's Bay?" "What is the constitution, and what has been the career of the Hudson's Bay Company?" "What are the area, the character, and the boundaries of the Hudson's Bay Territory?" it might happen that instead of passing through the trial in triumph they would make a lamentable exhibition of ignorance. If this supposition be correct, then it cannot be maintained that with respect to these topics the knowledge possessed by the general public is either extensive or exact. Yet this is a branch of knowledge at once as useful and as interesting as that relating to such matters as the names of all the Pharaohs, or the numbers of the just and necessary wars by which great conquerors have achieved immortality. At the present moment this information is of exceptional value. The territory of the Hudson's Bay Company is to form part of the Dominion of Canada. Week after week thousands emigrate to Canada in the hope of obtaining there by industry the comforts which they cannot procure in England. After answering the questions propounded above, it will be seen how far the starving yet honest artisans and labourers who cannot find work here are justified in regarding the Dominion of Canada as the promised land towards which they ought to proceed without hesitation or delay.

Two hundred and fifty-nine years ago, Hudson's Bay was the theatre of a terrible tragedy. Henry Hudson, one of those intrepid and persevering navigators whose discoveries have dowered England alike with prestige and vast possessions, was then about to return home, after having made a fourth attempt to find a North-West Passage. He had sailed through the Straits and wintered in the bay which bear his name. His provisions having been exhausted, and a fresh supply being unobtainable, he had no resource but to return without having accomplished the object of his mission. Owing to some now unknown reason his crew mutinied, placing him, his son, and seven others, in a boat, which they turned adrift. Of the fate of these poor castaways there is no record. Whether they died of starvation, or by drowning, or whether they were killed by the wild inhabitants of the coast which they gained, cannot now be deter-

mined, and need not be conjectured. Suffice it to add, that the mutinous crew navigated the vessel homeward, bearing with them tidings of the discovery Hudson had made, as well as of the treatment he had undergone at their hands. No punishment was inflicted on the mutineers. Some of them were in after days participators in other Arctic voyages, and the agents in making valuable additions to the work Henry Hudson pursued with such enthusiasm.

The importance of Hudson's Straits consisted in their giving access to what was then deemed a channel which led to the Pacific. That the North-West Passage might be found was the conviction of Prince Rupert. He believed, moreover, that pending its discovery a lucrative trade in furs could be carried on with the natives of the region around Hudson's Bay. In order to pursue these two objects the Hudson's Bay Company was founded in 1670. Charles the Second then conferred a Charter on certain of his faithful subjects, empowering them to unite for the purpose of trading at Hudson's Bay, and discovering a passage from the Atlantic to the South Sea. Prince Rupert was the first governor of the committee. Unlike the majority of the commercial undertakings over which men of high rank preside, this company prospered exceedingly. Its proprietors received dividends of fifty per cent., as well as an occasional bonus of new shares. This success excited envy, and provoked rivalry. Attempts were frequently made to share in the spoils which the company's traders collected from the untutored Indians. With a few beads, a little gunpowder, a small quantity of shot, or a rusty gun, they purchased beaver skins which, when sold in England, often yielded a profit of 2000 per cent. In 1676 the company's capital was £10,500. In 1690 this was trebled. The third of the five reasons assigned for this step was, "That our factories at Port Nelson River and New Severne are under an increasing trade; and that our returns in beaver this year (by God's blessing) are modestly expected to be worth £20,000." While the company flourished, others were dissatisfied. An endeavour was made in 1749 to establish a competing trade under the sanction of a Royal Charter. The reasons given by the promoters of this scheme were not that the monopoly was injurious in itself, but that the conditions under which it was conceded had not been fulfilled; in other words, that while the company traded with vigour around Hudson's Bay, it did not prosecute the discovery of the North-West Passage. This allegation was met by a return of the

voyages undertaken with that object between the years 1719 and 1737. That list is a record of failures. These are its items. On the fifth of June, 1719, the Albany, frigate, and the Discovery, sailed from England and never returned. At the same date the Prosperous sailed from York Fort, and the Success from Prince of Wales Fort, returning in the following year. In 1721 these vessels again sailed from York Fort, the former returning four months afterwards, while the latter was wrecked. In 1721 and 1722, the Whalebone made two voyages, and, in 1737, the Churchill and Musquash were despatched on the same errand. The decision was that the company had certainly done as much as could be expected in fulfilment of the conditions under which it was constituted. Nor did the failure of the expeditions by sea discourage those responsible for the conduct of the company's affairs. Its servants made explorations by land which enabled them to ascertain the geography of the greater portion of the Arctic region. As the first discoverers, they took possession in the name of the English Crown of the new lands they visited.

It was by no means a gain to add to British possessions several thousand miles of barren rocks and icebergs. Yet the energy displayed in these researches was not expended in vain, for it testified to the world that the pluck and endurance which had made Britain the victor in many a fight was as capable of coping with the terrors of the icy sea as with the dangers of the burning plains of Hindostan. And thus it was that when Sir John Franklin and his band of heroes were vanquished in the struggle to achieve a still greater triumph than any one had previously achieved, and when they fell in succession in their march from the spot where the Erebus and Terror had been wrecked or abandoned, it was in a region which the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company had visited and traced on the chart that they yielded up their lives, and that, although they died on the shores of the Frozen Ocean, they yet died within the territory of Great Britain.

So completely has the company been associated with the bay from which it took its name, and where its servants first began to trade, and so widespread is the knowledge that Hudson's Bay and the adjoining region is a land of snow and ice, whenever the Hudson's Bay Company's territory is spoken of, it is inferred that this territory is better adapted for breeding bears and yielding ice than for growing corn and feeding civilized men. Hence the public little knows the importance of the

issues involved in the announcement that the Dominion of Canada is about to exercise sovereignty over this territory. The acquisition of Alaska by the United States excited no attention here when it was ascertained that Russian America was a sterile region, peopled by a few wild Indians and a multitude of wild beasts. But, while in this case there are many savage animals and men who will be transferred to Canada, there are also so many other natural productions belonging to the Hudson's Bay territory as to render its incorporation with the Dominion of Canada an incalculable gain to the Dominion in material wealth. Moreover, the transaction is also a gain to the world, inasmuch as rich land which has hitherto been abandoned to the savage will now be thrown open for civilized men to cultivate and enjoy.

The explanation of this is, that the territory in question differs essentially from that which is now occupied by Canadians. The greater portion of the land in Canada has been reclaimed from the forest. Neither Nova Scotia, nor New Brunswick, now included in the Dominion, nor Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland, nor British Columbia, which may hereafter be incorporated with it, can be regarded as offering unusual advantages to the shepherd or husbandman. The north-western territory, on the other hand, is richer in every natural gift than any other part of the Dominion, and is also superior in attraction to the richest tracts on the American continent. To this tract the name of the Fertile Belt has been given. It stretches from the Red River Settlement to the base of the Rocky Mountains, being in length about 1000 miles and in breadth 200. The accounts given of this tract of country remind us of the glowing narratives of travellers after their return from a voyage to some of the luxuriant islands which gem the Pacific. The following extract from an article in the *Westminster Review*, for 1867, from the pen of one who had visited the spot, is by no means the most highly-coloured of these statements: "There are the same alluvial plains, with stretches of woodland, which have attracted such vast numbers of emigrants to the Western States, and speedily placed them in a condition of prosperity which they had never known in the Old World. The country offers not only every advantage to the tiller of the soil, but every charm of soft and lovely scenery to the lover of nature. The landscape gardening is often finished to perfection. Beautiful little natural parks and pleasure grounds continually appear, waiting

for man to step in and enjoy and utilize that which is prepared for him ; a tiny prairie, perhaps, of a few hundred acres, dotted with wonderfully circular patches of birch and aspens, with here and there a dark fir towering up amongst the lighter greens, and thickets of dogwood and hazel ; in the little plain a winding lake fed by a clear bubbling stream, and alive with fish ; resting on its surface are the wild swan and the goose, the mallard, the famed canvas-back, and the dainty blue-winged teal, while the crane and the stilt-plover stalk along its shores. As you walk through the flowery meadow, broods of prairie birds flutter up from beneath your feet, and in the copses, round whose edges the white and purple vetches, tiger lilies, and roses bloom in profusion, the rabbits steal silently away as you enter, and the ruffed grouse darts out with a loud whirr through the trees. Park and garden, shrubbery and lawn, wood and meadow, fish and game preserves, are all complete. The house and its tenant, with his plough, and his flocks, and herds, are alone wanting."

At present, the tenants of this earthly Paradise are savages who delight in bloodshed. Next to slaughtering their rivals, their greatest pleasure is a drunken orgy. They live by the chase or by fishing. The company's servants purchase the skins of the animals they trap or shoot. The more industrious among them manufacture and sell pemmican, a kind of prepared meat, on which the hunters subsist. The flesh from which pemmican is made is that of the buffalo. How this is obtained, and how great is the waste incurred, let Professor Hind bear witness. As the head of an expedition despatched by the Canadian government in order to explore this territory, Professor Hind had ample opportunities for gaining information as to its characteristics and capabilities. Visiting the Crees, he saw them trapping buffalo. The process consists in forming a pound into which the herd is enticed. This is what Professor Hind saw on visiting one of these pounds : "A sight most horrible and disgusting broke upon us as we ascended a sand dune overhanging the little dell in which the pound was built. Within a circular fence, 120 feet broad, constructed of the trunks of trees, laced with withes together, and braced by outside supports, lay tossed in every conceivable position, over 200 dead buffalo. From old bulls to calves of three months old, animals of every age were huddled together in all the forced attitudes of violent death. Some lay on their backs, with eyes starting from their heads, and tongues thrust

out through clotted gore. Others were impaled on the horns of the young and strong bulls. Others, again, which had been tossed were lying with broken backs two and three deep. One little calf hung suspended on the horns of a bull which had impaled it in the wild race round and round the pound. The Indians looked upon the dreadful and sickening scene with evident delight, and told how such and such a bull or cow had exhibited feats of wonderful strength in the death struggle. The flesh of many of the cows had been taken from them, and was drying in the sun on stages near the tents. It is needless to say that the stench was overpowering, and millions of large blue flesh flies humming and buzzing over the putrefying bodies, was not the least disgusting part of the spectacle." These Indians were strongly opposed to any change which might lead to the discontinuance of their barbarous customs. They preferred to have the monopoly of the country. They did not object to trade with white people, "but they insisted that all strangers should purchase dried meat or pemmican and not hunt for themselves." In an interview which Professor Hind had with the chiefs they all made speeches in turn, commencing generally with the creation, then, after giving a short history of that event in most general terms, and after a few flourishes about equality of origin, "they descended suddenly to buffalo, half-breeds, the H. B. Company, tobacco, and rum."

That the Great North-West is peopled with savages is a fact generally known. That huge herds of buffaloes are nourished on the luxuriant grass which covers the surface, is another fact to which exception cannot be taken. But in the all-important matter of climate there is less agreement. It is the belief of the majority that the climate of the tract of country which connects Canada with the Rocky Mountains, is more rigorous than the climate of Canada, inasmuch as the more northerly region must be the colder of the two. Like other pieces of reasoning based on conjecture, and unfurnished by experiment, this argument is as fallacious as it is plausible. The truth is that there are great variations both of temperature and soil in this territory. If we regard it as a whole, we find the same differences prevailing as are to be met with in Europe. Just as the climate of Norway differs from that of the south of France, so does the climate at Hudson's Bay differ from that at Fort Edmonton. Indeed, it is impossible to lay down a rule on this subject which shall be universally applicable. But as

regards the Fertile Belt the general salubrity and amenity of the climate admit of no doubt.

At the Red River Settlement the temperature is about the same as in the province of Ontario. A recent number of the *Nor'-Wester*, the *Times* of the Settlement, contains the following remarks on this subject:—"The great charm of our winter consists in its unchangeability. Winter while it is winter, and no shifting about and humbugging on with thaws, and rains, and sleets. Spring sets in early in April, and the genial rays of old Sol seem to absorb the greater part of the snow by evaporation. Our rivers are expected to break up, as a general thing, about the middle of April; about the same time, the snow disappears from the plains, the spring birds appear in a day or two, and the prairie flowers are in blossom immediately. The quickness of the change from winter to spring is absolutely astonishing to a stranger. One week everything looks as dreary and desolate as in December, and the next finds the rivers open, the snow gone, prairie flowers in bloom; ducks, geese, pigeons, and other birds on hand, and the farmer with his plough in the ground. And the quickness of vegetation! It is like looking upon a magic picture, so sudden is the change from winter to summer."

Proceeding towards the Rocky Mountains the climate becomes much milder. The warm winds of the Pacific sweep down the mountain passes and diffuse a genial warmth. As there is not, on the Canadian slope of these mountains, a barren tract like the Great American Desert which, for 1000 miles, stretches from the eastern slope into the territory of the United States, the influence of these winds is not spent in vain. Moreover, as there is in British territory a pass through these mountains, one half less high than that over which the American Pacific Railway has been carried, and as this pass, unlike the American one, is never rendered impassable by snow, the means of communicating with British Columbia are most favourable for the Canadians. Already a railway has been projected, with a view to give to Britain an overland route, through her own dependencies, between Halifax on the Atlantic and Bute Inlet on the Pacific. If, as has been alleged, this route would shorten the distance, between Liverpool and the East, by 700 miles, as compared with that through the United States, it is clear that the carrying trade between Japan, China, and the United Kingdom, will not be permanently injured by American energy and enterprise, and that the

power of competing with the Americans may yet be retained by our merchants.

In connection, then, with the simple fact of the territorial sovereignty, which the Hudson's Bay Company has long exercised, being transferred to the Dominion of Canada, are a host of considerations, which, whether viewed in their social, political, or economical aspects, are fraught with an interest that cannot be overrated. The point of most widespread importance is the opportunities which, as the result of this change, the industrious poor of Europe will have to earn a subsistence, with little exertion, and to rise to affluence, if they work hard. This fertile plain of the North-West will become a new home for the European wanderer. For some time back the tide of emigration has flowed towards the far west of the United States. Illinois and Minnesota have been rapidly peopled, on account of the natural advantages they offer to the settler. As has been shrewdly remarked, the preference which emigrants have shown for America, is less owing to the liking for republican institutions than to the richness of the soil of the western prairies. These prairies are ready for the plough, or for the rearing of cattle. In Canada, on the other hand, the husbandman has to fell trees and with great labour clear the land for culture. But the formal incorporation of the North-West with Canada not only redresses the balance, but even turns the scale in favour of the New Dominion.

Thousands of lives have been sacrificed, millions of treasure have been squandered, in order to prove the superiority in battle of one nation over another, and in attempts to gain power by the forcible seizure of territory. That the end of these things has arrived is by no means certain; but that a conquest cemented by human blood is less glorious than one gained by moral suasion cannot well be gainsayed. It is in this nobler manner that the Dominion of Canada is enlarging her boundaries and increasing her power. Ere long she may make another giant stride, and bring within her government the whole of British North America along with the British possessions on the Northern Pacific. As the result of this, it may be anticipated that England will eventually possess a powerful ally, and the United States a formidable rival, on the American Continent.

Highly desirable, though it be, that such an alliance should be ratified and such a rivalry prevail, it is still more important that, while the former is based on mutual affection, the latter should be confined to those bloodless

contests which yield profit to the victor without doing dishonour to the vanquished, and, by perfecting the arts of peace, contribute to the progress of the human race.

ARTIFICIAL EYES.

THE manufacture of artificial human eyes is a distinct profession of which Paris, I am told, has the monopoly. The ocularist-enamellers, as they call themselves, of that city have invariably more work on hand than they can accomplish to time, although their number is by no means inconsiderable. First of all, there are ten or twelve principal manufacturers of these clever substitutes for the natural visual organ, and there are between one and two hundred workmen and women in their employ, almost all of whom are well off, or on the way to become so. It is true that English and American enamellers have tried to compete with their Parisian brethren, but never successfully. "You see, sir," said one of the most celebrated Paris ocularists to me lately, "the English have not sufficient taste to exercise this trade. The eyes they try to make for human beings are only fit for stuffed animals."

It must be confessed that Parisian artificial eyes have not only great transparency and a well imitated humidity, but have at times so tender or so lively an expression, that any one might be deceived by them and take them for real. One thing is quite certain, that those who have had the misfortune to lose an eye are very well content with the substitute provided for them, which answers every purpose, except the important one of seeing, for every week there are between four and five hundred enamel eyes made in Paris to order.

The trade resembles all other trades, in so far that there are manufacturers on a large and on a small scale—artists and workmen, skilled manipulators and ignorant ones. These people are packed in two distinct quarters of the city. The important manufacturers, the scientific men, the artists of the profession, inhabit the Faubourg St. Honoré and the neighbourhood of the Madeleine; the others are lodged in the little streets of the Boulevard du Temple. Ordinarily the former add to their title of ocularist that of oculist, which gives them, of course, a much higher standing in the profession.

These gentlemen are perpetually travelling all over Europe, and transport their manufactories to St. Petersburg, Vienna, and even

Constantinople. The sumptuously furnished salons in which they receive their clients in Paris indicate connections among the wealthier classes. They select, when practicable, a one-eyed servant, and their first care is to replace the organ of which he is deficient by an enamel eye of their own manufacture. This does not arise from any absurd motive of benevolence, but with a view to business. When a client, a little frightened, but certainly without reason, at the prospect of the operation he is about to undergo, hesitates and interposes some difficulties in the way of confiding his eyelids to the instruments of the operator, the latter rings the bell, and Jean Polyphème makes his appearance.

"What do you think of this fellow?" asks the ocularist of his client. "Study his features, his look, and say frankly what you think."

"He looks well enough," answers the other, labouring usually under some little emotion.

"Well, Jean, reveal your secret to this gentleman."

Whereupon Jean introduces a knitting-needle under his eyelid, removes his eye, and places it in the hand of the astonished spectator as unconcernedly as though it were a mere shirt stud. How is it possible for any one to resist such a demonstration?

These gentlemen charge from forty to fifty francs for an eye.

The manufacturer of the Rue du Temple has an entirely different way of doing business. He is generally a man pretty well informed, simple, polite, a little of an artist, a little of a workman, and a little of a tradesman. He scarcely employs either apprentice or assistant, except when he receives a good order from some naturalist for animals' eyes for his collection.

All day long seated at a table at one end of his work-room he works by the light of a spirit lamp. Before him are arranged, in either cakes or sticks, the materials used by him in his profession. He takes a little enamel, melts it, and by the aid of a blow-pipe blows it until it becomes a small ball at the end of the instrument. This ball is destined to represent the white of the eye. He next takes some more enamel, which is coloured this time, and lets a drop of it fall upon the summit of the *cornea*. Gently heating it at the flame, it spreads out in a round spot, and eventually becomes flat, and resembles the iris. A darker drop of enamel placed in the same manner in the centre of the iris imitates the pupil. The ball is now detached from the blow-pipe, cut to an oval shape, and smoothed at the edges, so that

on introducing it beneath the eyelids it may not wound any of the smaller nerves.

These eyes cost no more than from twenty to twenty-five francs, which one can quite comprehend, as there is neither heavy rent to pay, nor the wages of a liveried cyclops.

The manufacture of artificial eyes is both difficult and tedious. It suits alike both men and women, and many of the latter succeed well in it; it is, moreover, one of the best remunerated of art industries. Most of the workpeople are paid by piece-work, that is so much per eye, varying from ten to fifteen francs, and a clever workman will turn out his eye per diem. Others receive from the large manufacturers a share of the proceeds arising from the sales of eyes manufactured by them, and have to take back any eyes not approved of by customers. These they put on one side to serve for their stock in trade when they commence business on their own account.

One of these collections furnishes a somewhat curious sight. Reposing upon wadding at the bottom of a drawer, are several score of eyes, ranged side by side, and exhibiting a singular variety of expression. Some are small, others large; some black, others blue, hazel brown, light brown, bluish, and greenish grey: nearly all are brilliant, all have a fixed stare—all are, in fact, looking you through. On one side are laughing children's eyes, next to them the liquid-looking eyes of young girls, the languid eyes of middle aged women, eyes with an amiable or sinister expression, severe official eyes; then come the old men's eyes, slightly filmy; and in a corner are the worn out eyes—eyes that have been already used, and have been returned by the customers as models to make other eyes by. The enamel eye after being exposed to the action of the atmosphere for some months loses alike its colour and its lustre, and becomes opaque-looking; a thick dingy coating of solidified humours spreads over its polished surface, and it has a glassy look, like the eye of a dead person. "Touch them, you will do no harm," says the ocularist to visitors, just as though it was a collection of coins or minerals they were inspecting.

When a workman sets up on his own account he soon gathers a connection round about him. Many of his customers, and these are among the best, hand him on the 1st of January in every year a certain sum, for which he furnishes them with eyes all the year round. He has in his drawers the pattern eyes of these people, who have consequent/ not to go to

him every time to enable him to see precisely the style of eye they are in want of.

The loss of one eye often renders the remaining visual organ remarkably acute. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that a certain fastidiousness prevails among those who have the misfortune to be one-eyed with respect to the exact matching of the artificial and the natural organs, and that they should at times return to the maker eyes they may disapprove of, just as an elegant sends back to Poole a coat which he regards as a misfit. These eyes have to be disposed of at any price, and it is now that the artist disappears, and the tradesman reveals himself. His first thought is naturally of the necessitous classes.

Many individuals, workmen and small tradesmen even, who have lost an eye cannot command the means to pay the regulation price for the enamel substitute that conceals this disagreeable infirmity, and it is to them that the manufacturer first of all addresses himself. Their slender resources render them accommodating as regards shape and colour. What they want is an eye, and a cheap one—brown, blue, black, or hazel, what does it matter? They are quite willing to choose from amongst these waste eyes, rejected by wealthy customers, the best match they can find. It is the cheapness that attracts them. They hesitate a little at first, and linger over different shades of colour, unable to make a selection, but with them an eye is a necessity, two precisely similar eyes a superfluity; and we all know that superfluities are not for poor people.

The ocularist has another resource. A class of customers, poorer than the last, who, unable to buy waste eyes even, are reduced to hire them, by the month and sometimes by the day, doubtless for great occasions. I was shown some of these eyes that were let out on hire, and I must confess they seemed perfectly presentable, although they were not to be compared to the lustrous eyes of the manufacturer's wealthy clients.

There is, however, still another class of customers who are more easy to satisfy than any of the others. These are the defunct, or rather that section of them who enjoy the honour of being embalmed. With the view of mimicking more completely the appearance of life, the operator places under their inert eyelids a couple of glass eyes, which he has selected almost at random from some ensembler's collection. The colour of the eyeball is a matter of perfect indifference to him. He knows well enough that not only dead

men tell no tales, but make no kind of complaints.

Despite, however, of these various ways of getting rid of them, eyes remain in stock which can neither be sold nor let out on hire, nor passed off upon dead people. These are destined to exportation, and are sent to America, Asia, the Sandwich Islands, everywhere, anywhere, in fact. They appear to be quite good enough for Asiatics and people of colour, who do not care so much for a faithful imitation of nature as for something brilliant. To them an artificial eye is an ornament, like a scarlet handkerchief or a plume.

One of the Emperor Souliquet's generals, who was deficient of an eye, determined upon having an artificial one made by a Parisian ocularist. The enameller who received the commission surpassed himself, for he counted upon this order bringing him in numerous others, with possibly some Haytian decoration in addition. As soon as the eye was completed, it was wrapped up carefully in cotton wool, placed in a little box, and sent to its destination. The ocularist waited anxiously for a response, which did not come for nearly six months, when what was his surprise to receive, in lieu of the anticipated cross, his eye back again, accompanied by a letter couched in these abrupt terms: "Your eye is of no use to me. It is yellowish, and recalls the memory of the Spanish flag. I will only wear an eye of the colours of my own country." The ocularist hesitated as to the course he should pursue; then hastened off to the Ministry of Marine, asked permission to see the Haytian flag, and returned home, when he manufactured an eye of the description indicated—a lively mixture of red and green. The ebony general was this time so pleased with our ocularist's workmanship that he refrained from introducing the remarkably brilliant organ under his eyelids, preferring to wear it among other decorations upon his breast.

This profession of ocularists is older than would be imagined. It has its legends, its traditions, and its history. The ancients made artificial eyes, and it was in Egypt, I think, that the manufacture originated. The first eyes were made of gold and silver, then copper and ivory were had recourse to. It is related that at a period of general distress two citizens of Latium carried their artificial eyes to the public treasury, in the same way that the French women offered their trinkets as "patriotic gifts" during the first Revolution. It is to be hoped that these eyes were of the precious metals. Artificial eyes were no doubt rarities

during the middle ages, but became common enough after the invention of porcelain eyes in the sixteenth century. There were certain drawbacks connected with these in later times. The makers, with a view to business, used to insert their names and addresses in the white sufficiently distinct to be deciphered by any one who stared the wearer well in the face. I have before me an eye of this character, on which I read in blue letters, on a white ground, "W. Jobson, Dublin, Ireland." It was in the eighteenth century that the era of glass eyes commenced. They had the advantage of being light, and consequently less fatiguing to wear, and were full of brilliancy. Now-a-days hardly any but enamel eyes are made—enamel being after all but a species of glass. These last for a year at the most. Some of the best among them look so real that the makers of them conceive quite a passion for their productions, like the sculptor of old, who became enamoured of his marble nymph. They pretend even to surpass nature, and their enthusiasm carries them so far that lately one of the craft, when his principal customer, whose sole natural eye squinted frightfully, reproached him with not being able to make him look straight in front of him, calmly proposed to cure the defect by making him a duplicate artificial eye to replace the living visual organ.

FORSAKEN.

SHE stood within the bayed recess,
And gazed out on the sleeping sea
Bathed in the star-light's loveliness,
As still as mortal things may be;
Far off she saw the fisher's sail,
The one lone thing upon the wave,
She murmured: "Ah! the love he gave
Than that slight bark was far more frail."

She leaned against the tapestry;
The vision of a long-lost son
In faded colours curiously
With antique shapes was worked thereon.
Still gazed she—could no more discern
The shadow on the ocean vast;
Beneath the horizon sank the mast,
She whispered, "He will ne'er return."

There came up from the darkened west
A cloud with ever-deepening frown;
The waves awoke, and, from their crest,
Snow-flakes by rising winds were blown.
The white cliffs took a wilder form,
In broken shafts the moonbeams slid,
The frightened stars their glories hid,
She sadly sighed, "There comes a storm."

The fierce night bellowed into day,
 The cruel day thundered into night,
 Till once again the pallid gray
 Wax'd stronger into noontide's light ;
 The wild winds hush into a psalm,
 And softer sounds the Heavens fill—
 A sweet voice whispers, "Peace! be still!"
 She murmured low, "There comes a calm."

God's acre owns another mound,
 The grass with fresh-dropped tears is wet
 Where loving hands have planted round
 The lily and the violet.
 Years pass. There comes across the sea
 A man whose brow is lined with care,
 He seeks that grave—he bows him there—
 "Oh, Lilian! I come back to thee!"

TABLE TALK.

A PARAGRAPH has been round the scientific papers stating that a French naturalist has been measuring the tree-trunks in a forest, and has found them all broader in the east-west than in the north-south direction: the causes of the unsymmetry being ascribed, not very obviously, to the rotation of the earth. Well, another French Arborist has been similarly gauging the trees in the neighbourhood of Toulouse, and he finds that the greatest swelling of their trunks is towards the east-south-east point of the compass. The explanation offered by this second investigator is more philosophical than that of his predecessor. He refers the deformation to the early morning sun, which warms the easterly parts of the tree more suddenly than the rest, stimulates the flow of the sap, which grows sluggish during the cool of night, and draws up the nourishing moisture from the soil in greater abundance on the excited side than on those portions of the trunk where the warming is more gradual and its effects less active. Naturally, increased vitality of one side, be it animal or plant, results in development, or larger growth of that side. There are traditions of some plants turning their flowers towards the sun: the truth may be that the sun only promotes the growth of those blossoms upon which it sheds its direct warmth. As Dulong said, every degree of the thermometer entails a law of nature.

IF you should desire at any time to write a document in such a manner as to render attempts at altering or falsifying your manuscript impossible, bear in mind a hint given in a French paper-makers' journal, that by steep-

ing paper in a very *very* weak solution of gallic acid, you obtain a writing surface upon which ordinary ink makes a mark that defies deceitful erasure or alteration, by rendering any attempt at such easily detectable. We are not told in what way: but it is probable that the gallic acid treatment causes the ink to penetrate the paper so that the writing cannot be scratched out. This hint ought to be of use to novel writers, who hinge the interest of three volumes upon an erasure in a will or a settlement: but it most concerns the law stationers and the bankers' cheque printers.

ADVERTISING is carried to a great excess in Paris; and yet such a thing as a newspaper with a couple of pages of advertisements is altogether unknown. A double supplement of *The Times* is one of those matters which French journalists cannot be made to understand. The man who conceived the idea of the little kiosques on the boulevards, in which newspapers are now sold, but which were originally erected solely for the purpose of displaying advertisements on their glass panes, received a small fortune from the company who carried out his suggestion, and who, nevertheless, pay their shareholders something like a dividend of 20 per cent. It is the success of this speculation that has, no doubt, induced a company to buy up the drop-scenes of certain Paris theatres, which no longer display handsome tableaux in which some of the best known characters of the French stage are represented, but, in lieu of these, are covered with announcements of the merits of the Lait antiphélique, the Chocolat Perron, the Eau de Melisse des Carnes, Machines à coudre silencieuses, the Toile-Cataplasme, the Vinaigre Balsamique, Vélocipèdes inrenversables, the Insecticide Vicat, the Moutarde Bordin, and the other thousand-and-one advertisements that have fatigued the eyes of Parisians for years.

THOSE of our readers who wish to lay out a shilling (or, in point of fact, tenpence) to the greatest possible advantage, are recommended to go to Messrs. Williams and Norgate's, or some other foreign bookseller of repute, and to ask for the *Almanach de l'Encyclopédie Générale* for 1869, price *un franc*. For that trifling outlay, they will obtain a very large octavo volume (almost like a young quarto) of 112 pages, consisting almost exclusively of a series of essays on the progress of everything by some of the most distinguished

French writers of the day. First comes an article on the Calendar of the Republic ; this is followed by a history of encyclopedias and the progress of the special *Encyclopédie Générale* now in course of publication, of which this almanack is a sort of off-shoot ; then comes a glance at the general history of the year 1868-9, with special remarks on internal and external politics, sketches of the progress of philosophy and of public morals, of legislation, finance, working-men's associations, biology (including the history of cells, spontaneous generation, the origin of muscular and mental power, &c.), anthropology (by M. Broca, one of our highest authorities), medicine, the natural sciences (by Marey, the discoverer of the sphygmoscope), the physical sciences (by Guillerin, whose excellent astronomical work, *The Heavens*, has been translated into English under the auspices of Mr. Lockyer), chemistry (by the unbelieving Jew, but admirable chemist, whose trial for conspiracy against the French government excited so much attention about a year ago), the science of language, history, the press (a most useful article, describing the opinions and proclivities of the leading French journals, and what parties they support), literature, the theatre, music, art, agriculture, the industrial and economic arts, and finally geography (by Reclus, the well-known author of *La Terre ; description des phénomènes de la vie du Globe*, a work much more deserving of translation into English than the amusing volumes of Figuier which have lately appeared.

IN price, however, and in handiness the French Almanac is outdone by an English one published for the first time this year, and known as *Whitaker's Almanac*, which contains more than 350 pages of most valuable information, admirably compiled, and furnished with a good index. The first year's issue of such an elaborate little volume can scarcely be expected to pay at a shilling ; but it is to be hoped that Mr. Whitaker has found reward enough in his venture to induce him to go on with it.

FROM a Correspondent.—The mention made at p. 481, in *Snobs at Work*, of the destruction ruthlessly dealt by them in the Earl of Stamford's beautiful gardens at Enville, received full confirmation in *The Worcester Herald*, June 12, 1869. A paragraph there states that Lord Stamford has again granted permission to the public to visit the Enville Gardens, and adds, "It is to be hoped that this privilege will

be duly appreciated by visitors, and that they will refrain from those silly acts of mischief by which so much injury was done beforetimes, and the repetition of which would ensure the closing of the grounds again." An advertisement in the same newspaper, regarding the opening of the gardens, thus concludes :—"Visitors found cutting letters on the seats and trees, or doing any damage to property in the gardens and grounds, will be prosecuted, and the gardens immediately closed. By order, S. TAPLIN, gardener to the Right Hon. the Earl of Stamford and Warrington." If Froissart could read this, he would be of opinion that the English not only take their pleasures sadly, but brutally and senselessly. Lord Shrewsbury is about to open his gardens at Alton Towers, unless deterred therefrom by the wanton and mischievous. The Enville Gardens are within reach of the Black Country people, who ought to appreciate the boon of being admitted to such lovely scenes. The gardens cover one hundred acres of fine upland scenery, naturally varied with hill and valley, diversified with noble foliage, lakes, fountains, conservatories, orangeries, pheasantries, eagle-dens, &c. How many miles of ribbon-borders there are, I am afraid to say ; but, when I last visited the gardens, the bedding-plants required for those ribbon-borders were 150,000 in number, and represented the value of £7000. But the Snob thinks it fun to switch their blossoms with the stick that ought to be laid soundly on his own shoulders.

WHAT strange ideas some folks, who ought to know better, have about the moon and her shinings. They seem never to have seen or learnt that she changes her position and phase every night, and for several nights does not show at all. Once the painter of a famous battle, to enhance his efforts, introduced a full moon ; whereas on the date of the fight it was nearly new-moon. A few months since one of the illustrated monthlies gave a *Romeo-and-Juliet* sort of scene with sunset effects, and a moon ; but the horns of the latter were turned about, and a moon only seen in the early morning—a waning moon—was the result. These cases came to my mind while reading in one of the morning papers a flaming account of the little flash-in-the-pan that occurred in the Paris streets on Thursday, the 10th of this month. The writer said it was a bright, moonlight night, whereas the moon set a few minutes after the sun on that evening, and could not possibly have been seen. They

who want to bring Luna on to their scenes, should follow Nick Bottom's command, "Look in the almanac and find out moonshine."

I WENT into a shop the other day to buy what the drapers call "gents' hose." A smiling young lady was behind the counter; and when I had made an appeal to her to show me some socks, I was somewhat doubtful what course of action I ought to pursue in order to demonstrate to her the length of my foot. As I am not a burlesque writer, it was clear that I could not lay my boot on the counter and say "with all my sole;" nor could I paraphrase Dibdin's Jack Tar, when he spoke of the dancer who "so daintily handled her feet." The little woman, however, speedily removed my first perplexity; though only to plunge me into another. "Will you," said she, "please to double up your fist and lay it on the counter?" I replied that I did not want gloves, but socks. "And I want to take your measure," she said. "But," I urged, "it is the measure of my foot that you require." "Yes," she replied, "and I can get it equally as well from your hand. Once round your clenched fist, at the knuckles, is the length of your foot." And she took the measure of my fist, and I took the socks on the faith of the damsel's representation; and, in due course, I found that she was quite right, and had fitted me to a nicety.

A CORRESPONDENT points out that the suggested derivation of the name of the horse-chestnut, from the figure of a horse's foot seen at the intersection of the twigs, is more ingenious than correct. The prefix *horse* in a number of compound words means simply *large or coarse*, as horse-leech, horse-laugh, horse-fly, horse-radish, and it may in this sense be etymologically identified with *gross*. A horse-chestnut is therefore a gross, large or coarse, chestnut—the resemblance of the fruit to the sweet chestnut having doubtless suggested the name.

THE medical galvanists and all who have any faith in the curative powers of electricity, will be glad to hear that the French Minister of Public Instruction is about to institute some curious experiments, suggested by one Dr. Poggidi, on electrification as a cure for diseases not only of the body but of the mind. According to the doctor, you have only to submit children physically and morally weak to the action of electricity from an ordinary

machine to see them grow and strengthen, and acquire an aptitude for work and a facility of learning to which they were strangers before the treatment. He has tested his system in many cases of youths suffering from mental depression, nervous excitement, and the attendant corporeal evils, and, as he and his supporters say, has been successful to an astounding degree. When he first divulged his system of electrical gymnastics, and told his stories to the Paris Academy of Sciences, he was laughed at. This was three years ago; in the interval he has seemingly gained a better hearing, and now the Lyceum of the Prince Imperial, at Vannes, is to be made a proving-house for his system. May we hear more about it! Meanwhile, if any schoolmaster has an extra complement of dolts on his forms, let him by all means try whether stirring up their brains with electricity will brighten them. The boys will prefer the treatment to flogging.

THE Abyssinian sinews-of-war bill has been paid; and it is found that the rescued Englishmen have cost nearly a million a head! It would be difficult, even for George Selwyn, to extract a joke from such a serious subject, though he was once witty at the expense of Bruce, the traveller, whose Abyssinian experiences were not, in the first instance, received with full belief in their truth. The talk at table had turned on Abyssinian musical instruments; and Bruce was asked about them. "I think," said the traveller, "that I saw one lyre there." Upon which Selwyn whispered to his neighbour, "There is one less now that he has left the country."

LET him be thanked who makes medicine palatable: he may lengthen men's lives by tempting them to take curatives that otherwise they would throw to the dogs; though that point is doubtful. There is not a more useful physic than Epsom salts, nor yet one more nauseous. Think of its nastiness being turned into sweet savour! According to the statement of a German chemist, if ordinary roasted and ground coffee be boiled up with the salt solution, all disagreeable taste is removed, and the mixture becomes actually pleasant. The proportions may be, by weight, one of coffee to three of salts, to ten of water. Boil, strain, bottle and drink *quantum sufficit*.

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK

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SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

A Novel. By the Author of GARDENHURST.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE WOMAN TEMPTED ME.

I SOMETIMES wish that I were somebody else, that I might have the pleasure of finding myself out," said Lady Di, *sotto voce*, the morning after that brief interview with Thurstan on the stairs. She was looking pensively at Amelia Orme, and thinking how very obtuse and slow-witted that young lady was, not to detect in Captain Mowbray's pre-occupied manner and in the stealthy glances he cast towards the object of his thoughts, the real state of affairs. Amelia, happily unconscious of the events of the previous evening, was airing her prettiest allurements to attract Captain Mowbray's attention. She drank her tea with a stratagem, she sighed over her dry toast, played with her butter, and repressed a naturally good appetite in a manner that moved Lady Di's pity.

"My dear child," thought the latter as she composedly made an excellent meal. "It is of no use giving up one's little comforts on the off chance of attracting a lover. I don't believe that a man likes you the better for your abstinence, and if you fail in your designs on his heart it's a painful aggravation to your sufferings to feel physically as well as mentally an internal blank."

Lady Di did not allow her appreciation of her breakfast to interfere with her keen observation of Thurstan's movements. She noticed that he looked moody and troubled, and that the trouble was not entirely of a nature personal to herself. With a little pang of jealousy which all but neutralised her enjoyment of a delicious morsel of pâté, she recognised the probability of his thinking of that other one.

Later in the forenoon she scandalised Miss Orme by the deliberate manner in which she

strolled out on the terrace with the evident intention of joining Captain Mowbray, who was talking over his perplexities with his cigar.

"Shall I go over to Auriel this morning, or shall I stay here, with—with—her?" Such was the burthen of his thoughts. He had half promised he would be with Azalea early to-day, but then he knew he should feel sorry for himself when he found himself walking away from Holme. He knew now that if he sought Azalea's society he should still be yearning after that of Lady Di. "He could see Azalea any time," and herein lay some of the secret of Azalea's failure. With petty natures, security in possession is an antidote to passion; the more he thought he ought to go to Auriel, the stronger grew his inclination to remain at Holme. Nevertheless, so much do men resemble cats, he no sooner caught sight of Lady Di, than he prepared to walk away in an opposite direction, but he moved at a slow pace, and that wily tactician saw through and smiled inly at his feint of retreat.

"Thurstan!"

He turned and bowed gravely, and seemed about to pass on.

"Men's affectations are very clumsy," Lady Di thought; "he wishes to go through the form of staying at my persuasion. Well, we can afford to save their dignity in trifles, when in essentials we grind their pride to powder beneath our heels. I have never yet known a man whom Love could not make a blackguard of."

Unconscious of the self-condemnation implied in this cynical reflection, she proceeded gently with her work of demoralisation.

"Look here," Thurstan said abruptly, after she had urged various pleas to induce him to stay at Holme to-day; "I will stay, but on one condition."

"You are very peremptory."

"No master so brutal as the rebel who has been a slave," he said, with a short laugh. "Come in here, it is raining;" he pointed to a summer-house close by, and his companion obeyed his gesture, partly because heavy rain

drops were beginning to splash her hair and shoulders, partly because she was awed into subjection by his imperiousness. If men and horses were but conscious of their own power, and knew how to use it, it would be a bad time for women and equestrians. The summer-houses at Holme were not the ordinary combinations of mouldy walls, sticky seats, green slime, and earwigs. As a rule English arbours seem built for the express accommodation of centipedal hermits—spiders sulk in the corners, wood-lice lurk under the stones in a perpetual state of squash, and toads meditate in the shadows. But this garden house had more of the house than the garden in it. The floor and walls were dry; there was a comfortable cushioned lounge near the fireplace, and in the grate a low clear fire was burning; a vase of hot-house flowers stood on a centre table.

Captain Mowbray was silent for a space, and stood at the window staring moodily at the squalid landscape, and pulling his moustache.

"I think," said Lady Di, placidly, as she settled herself on the sofa near the fire, "that there is a storm coming up."

Then she unloosened her hair, and shook it down over her shoulders, with the ostensible purpose of drying it.

He made no answer to her observation, but turned and looked at her long and steadfastly. Silence is sometimes full of a mighty eloquence. Passion deepens in its still breath; hate smoulders and love grows mad in that lull of verbal expression.

Presently Thurstan walked up to his companion, and, taking both her hands, looked into her eyes. Lady Di drooped her own uneasily. She never could bear to meet an honest gaze; no one since the days of her childhood had ever encountered any but slant glances from those deep grey orbs.

"Di," Thurstan began, and his voice was husky with agitation, "do you see those woods yonder?" she nodded acquiescence; "there lives a girl who loves me dearly, and to whom I'm bound by every tie of honour and affection. She is young" (Lady Di winced) "and beautiful; but——"

"But what?"

"But I'm mad about you again, and so mad that I'd give up everything if I could only think you really loved me! Di, my darling, I have passed the age of visions. I can no longer woo a shadow. Are you still to be a cheat, or a reality, a glorious veritable joy? Do not madden me by these pretty trickeries of yours if they mean nothing. Will you come away with me, Di? Will you come away to

the continent? I can't be away more than a few weeks, though," he added, with a sudden relapse into the prosaic, "unless, indeed, I sell out."

Lady Di meditated an instant—she could not quite decide what to do—a few moments since and she had caught herself feeling weary of her renewed triumph. But still she liked him—she liked his dark, handsome face; she liked it the better for the strong emotion which was now convulsing it—emotion which she had raised, and she only had the power of allaying. She looked at his yearning face, at his pleading hands held out towards her, and she hesitated—hesitated so long that he turned abruptly away, saying—"I will go then;" and without looking at her he walked towards the door.

In another instant she stood before him barring his exit, with extended arms half veiled by her soft tresses, her eyes shining like stars dimmed by grey vapours, her whole face radiant with an expression which he had never before seen there. It was the expression of veracity—for a brief moment the true triumphed over the false, and, in its broader light, her beauty seemed transcendent. Lady Di had never looked so lovely as now, when, the genuineness of her womanhood asserting itself, she dropped her hands into those of her lover, and whispered "Do not go, Thurstan, for I love you."

Then she disengaged herself hurriedly from his grasp, thrust aside his reluctant arms, and resumed her ordinary demeanour, twisting up the while, with expert fingers, the loose tresses of her hair.

Her sudden movement was explained by the approach of footsteps. Presently Lord Orme, with face innocent and serene, stood at the doorway, placid as a moonbeam playing on a conflagration.

"Will you point me out the way to Auriel?" he asked. "I should like to see how far your father's house has suffered; also, I should like to ascertain if anything can be done for the poor girl you saved. She must be very desolate there."

Captain Mowbray flushed a little, and hastily indicated the direction Lord Orme was to take. He deliberated for an instant as to whether he would not accompany him.

His good angel, as represented by a modicum of conscience, said "go," and for a moment he half yielded to the mandate. Then his bad angel, sitting on the couch by the fire, looked askance at him from under her deep lids, and said, with voice and gesture, "stay."

So he stayed, and Lord Orme went alone to meet the child who all her life had been orphaned, and was now widowed by her husband's faithlessness.

"Poor little dear," Captain Mowbray thought, as he sat at the feet of the lady in the summer-house. "It's lucky she does not know! For myself I am of opinion that ignorance is the basis of nearly all the bliss which we poor mortals enjoy."

Meanwhile, Lady Di smiled at her lover, and then stifled a yawn.

"To what are you listening?" he asked, anxiously, after one of those pauses which were now no longer tragedies, but delicious interludes.

"I thought I heard the luncheon bell," she said. "Shall we go in?"

CHAPTER XL.

AZALEA READS SOME OLD LETTERS.

THE dull, grey day was passing heavily enough with Azalea among the grim ruins of Auriel. During the early morning hours her heart was blithe with the hope of seeing Thurstan. She hummed little wordless songs as she attended to her birds, and made such arrangements in the sitting-room as she thought would tend to Captain Mowbray's comfort; his easy chair and footstool were placed ready for him. One or two books which he had imported to Auriel—an army list—the last published volume of the stud book, and the current number of *Baily's Magazine*—were placed in order on his writing table.

The true woman is maternal even in her love affairs; she delights in exercising little cares for her lover's benefit. Nothing pleases her better than to spend her time in removing the rose leaves that may ruffle her lord's repose. I do not think that her lord adequately returns her civilities; he would fight for her, no doubt, if it were necessary, but he would scarcely resign his easy chair to her, or omit to clatter the fire-irons because she had a headache. Azalea, having completed her arrangements, sat and looked drearily out of window, watching the avenue until her eyes grew pained by the intensity of her gaze, and her heart felt cold and sick with disappointment.

"Lor', miss, don't take on so," old Sally said philosophically. "What does a man matter when you've got a bit of meat for dinner, and a warm fire to sit by. Oh, there's nothing like the pinch of an empty stomach for driving the men folks out of your head."

"But, you see, I never have been so hungry as all that," Azalea objected.

"Then until you have been don't go and fancy you've got all the world's sorrow on your shoulders."

Azalea paid little heed to the old crone, but sat and watched until she grew very weary of her vigil, weary of those copper-coloured leaves that whirled round in the puddles, weary of the wind's ever-recurring sigh, weary of the robin who tried to sing down the noise of falling rain, weariest of all of that long path down which he did not come.

She wondered what had delayed him so long; she thought of business, of illness, of everything but the right cause.

Lady Di would have suspected inconstancy in delay, but distrust is an attribute of age and experience. And we are apt to gauge the faults of others by our own. Sally broke in once more on her solitude.

"Here's a box of papers and all sorts of rubbish I found when cleaning out Master Moore's room; won't you amuse yourself in looking them over, Miss Azalea, and in burning what you don't like to keep? Maybe you'll find some little thing that might be of use—to me," the old woman added, with a longing glance at the corner of a faded shawl which lay at the top of the box.

And Azalea, glad of any occupation which would require no mental exertion, sat down beside the crazy looking chest, and commenced emptying it of its contents.

She removed the shawl with reverent hands, for to it was attached a scrap of paper, on which was written, "My dear Mary's wedding shawl." There were one or two other articles of woman's dress—a neutral-tinted ribbon which had once been blue, and a pair of mittens. There was a bunch of dead flowers, too, which crumbled into dust when it was moved. "The posy she gave me when we made up our quarrel," was inscribed on the paper which enveloped the sapless stalks; then came a tiny shoe, emblem of a bitter pang, the pang which is most grievous of all to endure, the pang which seems to wrench heart from body when the parent sees the flesh of his flesh, and the blood of his blood, wither and pale in death, and his anguish turns to blasphemy, and he rebels against the Providence which seems to him to sin against nature.

"I won't look at these any more," she said; "they make me miserable;" but as she prepared to close the lid, her eye fell on a packet which was labelled "Azalea's mother." Her

mother! her mother whom she never remembered to have seen, of whom Moore would rarely speak, and who had left no trace behind her which her child might cherish. Was it possible that, after all these years of estrangement, she had at last found some link which might bring her nearer to that sacred presence? She forgot Moore, Thurstan, everything, in the surprise which made her thrill with strange delight, the awed delight of one who, after long years, meets with a dear face he had deemed to be sleeping in death. She unfolded a small square paper which held a lock of soft, pale hair, and this she kissed gently, and put in her bosom. Of course it was her mother's hair; it was very like her own, only that it was dull, and hers had all the sheen of vitality. Then she read the letters; they were few in number, but they were the keys of the past, and they revealed to her secrets which it had been well perhaps that she had never known. In searching for memories of her dead mother, she discovered the existence of a living father. These letters had been written by Lord Orme to the love of his youth in years long past, and they not only afforded unmistakeable evidence that he was the father of the girl who bore the name of Azalea Moore, but they also seemed to indicate that the young undergraduate had been bound by lawful ties to the yeoman's daughter whom he had loved so hotly in the days when he had neither wealth nor title. As the truth dawned on Azalea through the confusion of her surprise, her heart grew hot with excitement. She had sought manna, and she had plucked rue; the first blight of age fell on her in this bitter hour of mortification. She had a father, then; not that dear old man who had supplied the place of one, and who lay in the churchyard yonder, but one who living was yet dead to her. It was not death but unkindness which had orphaned her. She had no love, no reverence, to yield to this new found tie; the parent had ordained that he should be a stranger to his child, and should they meet, it was possible that neither would recognise the other's face.

CHAPTER XLI.

FATHER AND CHILD.

AZALEA rose from the perusal of these letters—her eyes dark with wrath. She was angered to her soul's depths. She revolted against the father who had done her the injury of renouncing her, and she felt shamed by the humiliation of his long neglect. As her

eyes grew darker and her face paler with the pain of her thoughts, old Sally broke in once more on her solitude.

"Here's a gentleman wants to see you. Not Master Mowbray; an older man."

Lord Orme followed close behind her, and Azalea, looking up, saw a man hesitating on the threshold. It is possible that even then she might have fallen at his feet and craved his blessing and his love, but his first words fell like lumps of ice on the fever of her emotions.

"I am glad to find you in," he said, suavely. "I hope I do not disturb you, but I so wished to have a little talk with you about your father. He was a very old friend of mine. May I sit down?"

And Azalea, bowing, pointed to a chair, and said, with composure and dignity equal to his own, that she was happy to see him, and would listen to anything he had to say. She seated herself opposite to him, and thus father and daughter met, after an absence of five years.

For a moment there was a pause. For a moment human nature held civilisation by the throat, and choked down the glib courtesy of Lord Orme's tongue. He could see even in this dim light, how fair the girl was—how like her mother in her beauty, how akin to himself in the refinement of her air and manner. Had he followed the prompting of that brief impulse he would have held out his arms to her, and called her to him. Then he remembered himself in time—remembered that such a revelation was not a part of his scheme, and that he was not prepared to lay bare to the world the scandal of his youth.

"I was so grieved to hear of your father's death," he began.

"Thank you!"

Was it his fancy, or did her voice convey an expression of scorn? It was a hard voice, he thought, compared to her mother's; that had ever sounded gently in his ears. He felt rebuffed; he scarcely knew why.

"I knew him so well," he continued, apologetically. "You must allow me to feel an interest in you in his behalf. He was one of my worthiest friends."

"He was my only friend," she said, quietly.

Her companion winced.

"You do not forget that I would have been a friend to you had you permitted it. For your mother's—I mean for your father's—sake, I would have undertaken your education."

"You proposed that which was a sin against nature, my lord. You proposed to separate

father and child. No advantage can compensate for such a disruption of flesh and blood ; no child would willingly consent to such alienation. I had no mother, and so I was less willing to resign the only human love and protection God had vouchsafed me."

Was this stern, beautiful woman, the child who, when he last saw her, had craved a farewell kiss, blushing and trembling at her own audacity?

He guessed nothing of the tie which linked her with Thurstan Mowbray, nor of the discovery she had just made with regard to himself. Love had made a woman of the girl, and the sense of injury had infused something of masculine power into the profundity of her indignation.

"A parent is not always able to be all that he would wish to his child," Lord Orme said, with a flash of self-vindication. He added, more gently,—*"I desired to benefit both yourself and Moore by that suggestion. Had you consented to it—"*

"Had I consented to it," she interrupted, "I should have been a heartless wretch. Surely, Lord Orme, you, who are yourself a father, cannot forget all that the name means?"

He looked down uneasily. He feared to meet her eyes, even though their brightness showed dimly through the shadows. Involuntarily he held out his hand towards hers, and as she felt that contact with kindred flesh and blood, the intonation of harshness melted from her voice, and she spoke earnestly.

"To be a father means, does it not, that a man is responsible for the birth of an immortal soul? Something lives and breathes, suffers or rejoices, is damned or is saved,—which, but for him, need never have existed. His blood runs in the veins of this something ; this duplicate of himself owns his trick of eyes, of voice, of gesture ; his heart beats in its bosom ; his evil passions are echoed in its vices ; or, happily, his virtues are psalmed in its well doing. Can a father pluck this thing from his bosom? Can he cast it forth while yet it is helpless and conscienceless? Can he, who should be its prop and its safeguard, leave it, a chance waif, to be blown about by the great breath of the world? As I was watching at the window just now, I saw a labouring man going home from work. He was tired and stiff with the strain of hours of weariness ; he could scarcely crawl to where food and rest were awaiting him ; but when a child, a few years old, who toddled by his side, cried out that its foot was hurt against a stone, and put up its arms to 'daddy,' daddy shouldered it, with a

look which almost seemed to make ill-favoured poverty divine, so lovely was the love with which he forgot the sore distress of fatigue when he carried the added burthen as though it were a blessing. I think that had I known such love as *that*, it would have pleased me better than all the advantages of the education your lordship was so good as to offer me."

He sat mute, overpowered by shame and wonder. Shame at the keen reproach her words implied, and wonder at the fervour and power of her language.

"It is a pity you were not a man," he muttered at last. Perhaps the thought crossed his mind that it would have been well had foolish, bird-witted Conrad possessed the powers of mind which were so wasted on a woman.

"Forgive me if I have expressed myself too strongly," she said, flushing. "I have only had men to teach me how to think and speak. Is there anything more you wish to say to me?"

"Can I say anything which will give you pleasure?"

He had risen from his chair, but he still held her by the hand.

She bent down her head meekly on his wrist, and wetted it with her tears. There was nothing defiant or stern in her manner now. She was the woman, and filial in every gesture.

"There is one word," she faltered, "which might yet atone for all."

Perhaps he did not hear her, for her voice was very low. She felt shy of asking for what had been withheld from her so long.

"I am intruding on your time," he continued, hurriedly. "I will leave you ; but if you would allow me, I should be so glad to assist you by any means in my power. For your dead father's sake, will you not let me be your banker?"

She recoiled from him with face ashy pale, sick with the pang of this last insult.

"Oh, God, hearken to him!" she murmured. "I prayed him for bread, and he has given me a stone!" Then, with a desperate effort, she regained sufficient composure to speak calmly. "My requirements are not many," she said ; "the poor and the solitary have few expenses. Circumstances have occurred which make me independent of your lordship's bounty. I will now bid you good-bye."

He hesitated. How much did she guess or know? Should he confess all, and ease his conscience of its burthen? He thought he would, if he could see his way to such a course—but not yet ; he would wait a few weeks. Besides, how could he go back to Holme and

announce to his daughters and his friends that the girl who kept the house at Auriel was his eldest and legitimate daughter, and, failing male succession, the heiress to his title. His error had never seemed so black to him as now, when he was most tempted to expose it to the world. He shrank from the idea of such exposure. He could not face it yet, he thought, but he would do it eventually. When he got back to Brighton she should come and stay with him. Rosa and Amelia would become familiarised to her and better able to bear the shock in store for them, and she, on her side, might learn to love him, and forget in that love the neglect that she had sustained at his hands.

Meanwhile, her coldness of manner repressed any further demonstration of interest. He held out his hand, but she did not seem to perceive it.

"You will hear from me again," he said; but she answered not a word. He was too confused and troubled to pay much attention to her manner, but he walked slowly from the house, feeling very much as if he had suffered a severe moral flagellation.

He bowed with mechanical courtesy as he passed the window at which she was standing, and then he went on towards the avenue. He paused once, fancying he heard a cry which sounded like "Oh, father! father!" but he reasoned himself out of the delusion. It was probably a trick of his imagination, or the wail of a bird. He decided that it was a bird, and pursued his way towards the misty gloom of the avenue. He moved towards the gate, and in another moment would have passed it, when she suddenly darted to his side, and clasping his arm with her hands, cried, in an agony of entreaty,—

"Father,—if you be my father,—own me as your child! You have offered me alms when I wanted your love. Cannot you give me a little love? Do you not owe it to me as a sacred right?"

He hesitated.

"Oh, speak!" she urged. "Tell me the truth, Lord Orme; am I an orphan? Will you not own your own flesh and blood? Are you not, in truth, my father?"

"No!"

CHAPTER XLII.

A PAPER DAGGER.

WHEN the day came for Thurstan Mowbray to rejoin his regiment, his faith in Lady Di was re-established, his admiration of her beauty was increased tenfold; and she,

while she could not but scorn him for his folly, was yet sufficiently enamoured of her triumph to wish to retain it a little longer. She left Essex some few days before he did, and, after she and the Orme party had made their adieux to their host, a parting took place in a secluded nook of the back drawing-room, of which no one was cognisant save the two people concerned.

"You will come and see me next week?"

"How can you doubt it; but may I not come sooner?"

"No," Lady Di said, she should not be free to see him alone until then. "Amelia and Rosa Orme are to stay with me," which was true, Lady Di having inflicted herself with the company of the Misses Orme for policy's sake. She wished to keep them out of their father's way for the present; she wished him to feel as lonely as possible for the first two or three days after parting with her.

"I shall write to you," Thurstan said, and then he kissed her, whispering, "the joy of my life has come back to me with you; you are the only woman I ever loved."

She disengaged herself from his embrace, and hurried away. Aloud she said to him,—

"Good-bye, my darling."

In her heart she whispered,—

"What fools men are!"

Captain Mowbray wrote his letter, and, as ill-luck would have it, he wrote it at Auriel, and then he dropped it, and, having some other letters in his pocket, he went off to the post-office, and never missed the most important epistle of the lot. Truly, as Lady Di said, "Men *are* such fools!" As he rode off, old Sally, standing in the doorway, saw the white envelope flutter into a puddle of black mud. She picked it up, and, in her vigorous efforts to cleanse it, she rubbed off nearly all the sodden outside. Having done what mischief she could, she placidly placed it on the table in Azalea's little sitting-room, and retired without waiting to see her young mistress and explain how it came in her possession.

Thus it happened that when Azalea came in from a romp with her dogs, blooming and fresh as any rose that gets brighter and more perfect every day in the sunshine, she saw only a smudged-looking paper, on which was a good deal of Thurstan's handwriting.

It was a long letter, full of adoration to his absent love; slightly tinged by depreciation of the poor little girl "of whom you needn't be jealous, Di, for I swear to you that I never loved any woman as I do you;" it touched on the repentance he felt at having so shackled

himself before he knew that he might yet be happy enough to win the one he most loved ; it deliberated as to whether it would ever be possible for him to get free from this poor child whom he would endeavour to make happy in some other way, anyway in fact, but that which necessitated his being severed "from you who are all in all to me," and it ended with saying,—

"To-morrow, oh my darling ! I shall see you again."

A brutal letter—could he have dreamt of whose eyes would have seen it ; but he did not—and, moreover, he probably did not mean half of what he said ;—the morbid fascination this woman had for him had warped his better nature, but surely he would never have written thus, could he have seen his young wife's face as she read his words and realised what they meant.

Drifts of purple-grey clouds floating over the face of a yellow-wan sky, a blaze of crimson behind the moving shadow of the mill, spectre-like groups of trees, under which were strewn gaunt branches, broken off by the wind's fury ; a throng of rooks blackening the shadowy summits of the elms, and waving slowly to and fro with the movement of their frail homesteads ; all these Azalea saw without heeding. Neither mind nor eye seemed to take note of surrounding objects ; yet for days after she sickened at the glow of sunset, and was haunted in her dreams by the movement of the windmill.

Now as the grey clouds deepened to purple, and the sun passed away for ever from this day, Azalea was only conscious that the night was coming, and that the increased gloom accorded with the darkness of her soul.

Rage, the quick flash of passion which fires a generous heart when it first leaps with anguish at the stroke of unlooked for injury, had died away in her breast, and dull anger smouldered in its place, to pierce its density came such wild thrills of anguish, that she prayed for unconsciousness, for death, that she might lose the knowledge of her pain ; she loathed the quiet pictures on the wall that stared with changeless expression at her hot living agony. She could have beaten the air with her hands, to force it away from her mouth, she pressed her face against the window pane, looking with blank face at the dull sky, and cursed in her thoughts all the past happiness ; all the sweet days of her lost youth. She laughed at their remembrance with a bitter scorn ; the sunshine, the love, the happiness, all had been one vast cheat ; the thought of those old hours might never make her cheek

glow, her eyes shine with tenderness again. She had bartered all, all, for them, and now her own cruel self-contempt mocked her credulity.

The touch of the letter in her hand seemed to wither her heart, as a green leaf is shrivelled by fire. Hours seemed to have passed since she read those few careless words which had changed so her face. Tired out by excess of mental suffering, she lay her head down on the faded sofa, which stood in the window recess, and fell into a sort of stupor. She remained motionless for some little while, listening to the surging in the air, and looking mechanically at the last wan streak in the western sky ; when a distant sound of clattering hoof-treads and the barking of dogs brought back vivid consciousness of her pain.

"How shall I meet him?" she thought, "how look at his face, knowing all I know?"

Her soul rebelled against him, as she heard the cheerful whistle, the quick, light step, that heralded his approach through the long corridors.

She withdrew further into the shadow of the alcove, and watched the door through which he must enter.

He came in speaking bright and cheerful.

"I thought I never should get back !" he began ; "the mare lost a shoe, and—oh, Azalea ! where are you, Azalea ?"

His voice fell at his disappointment at not finding her there. At any previous time she would have felt her heart bound with pleasure at such a tone, and would have rushed to meet him ; with arms clasping round his neck, with lips pressing soft quick touches on his brow, cheeks, and mouth—now she sat crouched in that far off shadow, her hands stiff, her eyes fixed and bright ; and in her mind nourishing an evil thought against the unconscious man who was basking in the kindly light of the fire. Hitherto she had been like one under the spell of a nightmare. In the dark hours of dreams she had often felt her feet and arms paralysed in the face of some awful peril, from which they would fain fly. She had wept and prayed in vain for power to move her helpless limbs, and had only been released from the oppression of her position by waking to the brightness of the morning sun. But this was pain no happy dawn could ever clear away. And when the full consciousness of her position burst on her soul, when the sound of his soft voice broke on the amazed silence of her sorrow, when she knew that for evermore she must loathe that voice once so dear to her, must shrink from that face—for the sight of which she had longed with inexpressible tenderness when ab-

sent—had kissed with kisses that took her whole heart with them to his cheek when present ; then indeed she felt as if the earth had suddenly turned to hell ; that unseen powers were scourging her with pain sharper than she could bear.

"Oh !" she moaned, "let me die, let me die !"

Her hands fell by her side, and the slight rustle of her dress attracted Mowbray's attention. He moved from the hearthrug still whistling a snatch of the air which had haunted him all day ; it was a song Lady Diana had taught him, and the thought of how soon he should meet her, had involuntarily brought this remembrance of her to his lips.

"Azalea !" once more he called ; but Azalea fled by him as he spoke, and although he made a snatch at her dress, he could not succeed in stopping her.

"The little cat !" he said, half amused, half indignant ; "does she think I am going to hunt after her all over the house ?" Then, with a smile of satisfaction, he added, "She will soon come back again ;" he settled himself comfortably in an arm-chair, and as he watched the leaping flames with tired, sleepy eyes, his thoughts travelled pleasantly away in the direction of London. In a delicious reverie he fancied himself sitting near Lady Diana's chair, his arm creeping round her waist, his lips hovering near her own ; then he would start suddenly, fancying he felt Azalea's arms round his neck, and her hand holding his ; but it was only the curtain flapping near his head, and when he looked at his hands they were empty. So he dozed again, and at last settled into sleep with the happy conviction that both women were heaping caresses on him, and that yet he was sorely puzzled, thinking "What a rage they'll both be in when I wake up !"

THE HISTORY OF COURTSHIP.

IN these prolific days of book-writing and book-making, it is a marvel that no laborious compiler has ever presented the world with a *Complete History of the Art of Courtship*. Books about courtship are as plentiful as blackberries, but not one of them has attempted the topic in its entirety ; and the existing publications, from Ovid's *Ars Amoris* down to Defoe's *Art of Religious Courtship*, or the latest *Handbook of Society*, are merely pasturage for the future author.

A matter so vast as the complete history of Courtship is not to be edited as Mr. Carlyle

says the works of Rushworth and Whitlocke have been edited,—“edited as you edit waggon-loads of broken bricks and dry mortar, simply by tumbling up the waggon.” Double and treble distillation will be needed to bring it within compass, while the skeletonizing and ordering of the subdivisions will demand consummate powers of analysis and distribution. The harder the task, the greater the glory. To sketch a plan for the work would be far beyond our present province, but we may at least indicate the headings of a few chapters and imagine one or two illustrations.

The courtship manners and customs of various ages and nationalities will require a searching examination. And it is somewhat strange that Southey, in that delightfully discursive book, *The Doctor*, did not think fit to append a few dozen pages on this head to his lucubrations on the first love and later marriage of Dr. Daniel Dove. But he did not, and the opportunity remains. The knight-errant of old was content to wander the globe cherishing the image of his Dulcinea, amply repaid by the smallest scintillation of an approving smile after years of toilsome travel, and not considering himself entitled even to that—a great contrast to the modern Australian, whose courtship of the girl he fancies consists simply in knocking her on the head with a club and carrying her off stunned to his own tent or wigwam. The Spartan lover will be commemorated, who wooed his mistress by stealth beneath the veil of night, not being supposed to see her face before the pair had become acknowledged man and wife. Nor will the Chinese be forgotten, who is not vouchsafed the slightest glance at his sweetheart until she emerges from her close palanquin at the place of ceremonial. By way of contrast to these methods might be introduced some slight notice of the Dutch usage of Bundling, as commemorated by Washington Irving in *Knickerbocker's Humorous History of New York*, and the old Scotch custom of Handfasting referred to by Scott, in *The Monastery*. Mention might also be made of the ruder usages of certain African tribes, with whom it is accounted the *ne plus ultra* of gallantry if the lover ride into the presence of his fair mounted astride a fine boar pig. There is probably no *Manual of Courtship*, written in any of the Mongolian tongues. If such there were, it might appropriately commence after the fashion of Mrs. Glasse,—“First catch your mistress,”—for the custom among some of these peoples, as travellers have informed us, is that the lover must ride down his mistress,

both mounted on horseback. Should she smile on his pursuit, she allows herself to be overtaken, otherwise she stretches away over the steppes. If, as appears probable, no definite system of handicapping prevails in these regions, the heavier weight of the follower must, in a country where both sexes ride equally well, place the result practically in the option of the flying fair one, and doubtless many a distanced wooer has exclaimed, unconsciously quoting Hood in one or other of the Mongolian dialects,—

It is not my heart that begins to fail,
But I've lost the last glimpse of the gray mare's tail.

A learned and most valuable work, by the way, has lately been written by Mr. Mac-lennan upon this widely prevalent notion of capture in marriage ceremonies, and there are not wanting those who assert that the satin slipper flung after the bride of the present day is but the symbol and remnant of the shower of celts and primitive missiles which once hurtled round the bridegroom retreating with his prize.

Separate divisions would be appropriated to the various methods and incidents of the art of courtship. Thus there would be classifications dealing in distinct sequence with courtship of the lady by the gentleman, and courtship of the gentleman by the lady (which might be distinguished as courtship proper and improper); courtship successful and unsuccessful; for love and for money; by principals and by accessories (including the machinations of mammas as well as the gentle furtherances of young lady confidants); courtship by proxy (which lacks the genuine smack and flavour, and is nearer akin to negotiation); dramatic and novel courtship, and a hundred others.

A collection of the more remarkable precedents of love-letters, well-chosen, would be both useful and interesting; and it would be not impertinent to examine how far the modern facilities of intercommunication may not have induced some deterioration in the style of amorous composition. Southey, *à propos* of the loves of Leonard Bacon and his cousin Margaret, observes that theirs were not times in which a sigh could be wafted across the country by mail coach, at the rate of eight miles an hour. What would he have said of these days in which, for a single penny, half an ounce of assurances of unalterable affection may be transmitted from London to Edinburgh in a few hours; or indeed the sigh (if under twenty words) may be wafted instantaneously

by electric telegraph. Here the author may observe that, in actions for breach of promise of marriage (a separate chapter, of course, on this topic), written evidence of the promise, though its absence may weaken the plaintiff's case, is far from being a *sine quid non*. For example, in a case tried some years ago, in which a marine-store dealer was the defendant, and a damsel of Portsmouth the plaintiff, the defendant's counsel insisting very strongly that not a single scrap of love-letter was produced on the other side, the learned judge warned the jury against attaching much significance to that deficiency, observing very pertinently, that it was absurd to expect that the man would occupy himself with writing love letters to the young woman, when all he had to do was to go round into the next street and put his arm round her waist. A chapter on the law of courtship, including a short summary of the rules of evidence, and measure of damages, and a digest of important breach of promise cases, might be added in the appendix; if separately printed, it would probably sell enormously. And the author must not forget to commemorate the ingenuity of a pair of poor lovers who managed to correspond *gratis*, by a regular system of unpaid letters. The intelligence was conveyed on the *outside* of the letter, by an 'ingenious cipher of ink-blots and variations in the address. After an attentive perusal of the cover, the letter was invariably handed back to the postman, with a gentle murmur at the poverty which forbade the damsel to claim the right of opening it by paying the postage.

Courtship of the gentleman by the lady will require delicate handling. It is to be hoped that the compiler who deals with it, will possess equal tact with an eminent divine who was once subjected to that very trying visitation. This cleric received a call from a lady of rather mature age, who, after some hesitation, informed him that it had been given to her in a vision, that it would be for the mutual welfare of them both, to marry each other. In his own mind he probably thought of her, much as King Pedro did of his wife,—“that she was not so handsome as she might be good.” But he preserved his gallantry, and staved off the evil, by replying very adroitly, that in a matter of such deep moment to both parties, some direct intimation would probably be vouchsafed to him also. He thought they ought to wait for this, and promised to send her word as soon as he had received any warning.

Dramatic and novel courtship will afford an opportunity of measuring the influence of

foreign or obsolete customs, though perhaps little literature of this or any other kind will be forthcoming from those people or ages whose usages have been most eccentric. The plot of scores of plays consists in a young lady being worried by two distasteful suitors, each favoured by one of her parents. If the piece were for a Japanese theatre (and the Japanese have plays, as the Chinese have novels), an excellent *dénouement* might be attained by utilising a well known national usage. The heroine need only promote a quarrel between the two authorised suitors, and carefully foster it until it culminates in a duel. The combat taking place, the challenger would, according to the good old custom of "happy despatch," begin the affray by ripping himself up. His antagonist would, by the Japanese code of honour, be bound to follow suit, and thus at one stroke the lady would have rid herself of both. A novel complication might be introduced here, by making the challenged party, as the villain of the piece, unhandsonely refuse on the fall of his rival to abide by the established usage. Possibly however so great a departure from time-honoured proprieties would hardly be sanctioned by so Conservative a people as the Japanese, and it may be that the Japanese Lord Chamberlain would decline to license the piece, on the ground of the innovation being of an immoral tendency, and in contravention of public policy.

We must, before concluding, direct the attention of the future author who is to profit by our hints, to a MS., little known, embodying the secret instructions given by Henry VII. to the three envoys sent by him to Naples, in 1505, when he thought of marrying the young widow of Ferdinand II. It will fall appropriately in the chapter on courtship by proxy, and affords a notable example of royal caution. The queries are signed by the king, and to each is subscribed the answer returned by the envoys. We select the following :—

"Item, specially to marke and note welle the age and stature of the said young Quene and the feturs of hir bodye." To which the envoys reply, that the young Queen's age was about seven and twenty; as for the rest they could not say with certainty, because when admitted to her presence she was sitting on a pillow, and when she rose they did not know how much to allow for her slippers. Afterwards, however, they obtained an "Ensam-pelle of hir slippers," by which they judged her to be about medium height.

"Item, specially to marke the favour of hir visage, whether she be payntede or not, or

whether she be fatte or leene, sharpe or rownde, and whether hir countenance bee chierfull and amyable, frowning or malincolyous, stedefast or light, or blushing in communicacion." Reply. "As to thys article as farre as that we can persayve or knowe that the saide Quyn ys not payntede and the favore of hirc viasege ys after hir stature of a verrey good compas and amyabille and somewhatt round and fatte, and the contenance cheirfulle and not frowneynge and stedfaste, and not lizghte nor bolde hardy in speche but with a demewre womanly shamefast contenance, and of few wordes."

"Item, to note the clerenesse of hir skynnc."

"Item, to note the colours of hir here."

"Item, to note welle hir ies, browes, tethe and lippes." They answer that she seems "Very fayre and clere of skynne,"—"and by the endes of some of hir heres," which they "persayvide throwe hir kercbewes hit schulde seme hir here to be a browne here of colore,"—"and hir tethe faire and clene, and as farre as that we cowde persayve well sette and hir lippes somewhat rounde and thicke accordeynge the proposhione of hir visage the whiche rizght well becometh the said Quyne."

Then follow a quantity of minute queries, such as—"Item, to marke hir armes, whether they bee grete or smale, long or short,"—"Item, to see hir handes bare and to note the fascione of theym, whether the palme of hir hande be thikke or thynne, and whether hir handes be fatte or leene, long or shorte,"—"Item, to marke whether there appere any here about hir lippes or not,"—"Item, that they endeavour theym to speke with the seyd yong Quene fasting, and that she may telle unto theym some matiere at length and to approche as near to hir mouthe as they honestly maye to thentent that they may fele the condicion of hir brethe, whether it be swete or not,"—"As to thys article" the envoys "cowde never come unto the speiche of the saide Quyn faste-yng," but they consider her "lyke to be of a sewit savor and well eyred."

"Item, to enquire of the maner of hir diet, and whether she bee a grete fedare or drynkere."

Last of all came the most important article,—"To enserche what land or lyveloode the saide yong Quene hathe or shalhave after the decesse of hir mother . . . what is the yerely value thereof, and whether she shalhave the same to hir and hir heres forever, orelles during hir life only," &c.

The return made to the last query does not appear to have satisfied the royal angler, and so the negotiation ended where it had begun.



July 10, 1899.

BASKING.—By S. L. Fildes.

Once a Week.

JUPITER'S COMET FAMILY.

IT is commonly related that, Seneca, the greatest of all the Roman philosophers, anticipated the modern discovery that comets move in periodic orbits. The Chaldean astronomers, even, are supposed to have been acquainted with the regular orbital motions of some comets, whose return they are said to have predicted. But, in reality, so much obscurity rests upon the astronomy of the ancients, we so often find just views mixed up with the wildest and most fanciful speculations, that it is unwise to attribute to them any other knowledge than that which their recorded observations prove them to have possessed. Otherwise it would be possible, by piecing together a correct view here, a just theory there, and a happy guess elsewhere, to arrive at the conclusion that the ancient systems of astronomy were much more perfect than they can in reality have been. The view attributed to Seneca is a striking illustration of this. When we turn to the passage in his writings in which the view is put forward, we find that, so far from leading us to the conclusion that he had clear views on astronomical subjects, the passage affords the most striking evidence that the principles on which he reasoned were illusory. It runs thus:—"It appears that the comets have something in common with the planets; so that if all the stars are worlds, the comets must be considered as such. But if the stars are mere elementary fire, which can last for six months without being extinguished by the rapid movement, then comets may also consist of the same thin and subtle material, without being endangered by the revolution of the firmament." Such is the passage, full of absurd and incongruous conceptions, on which the assertion has been founded that ages before Newton had thought out his scheme of gravitation a Roman philosopher had anticipated one of the most important deductions from that scheme.

Halley, Newton's famous disciple, was the first, then, we may assume, who really placed the periodicity of cometic motions upon a firmer foundation than mere vague guess-work. Halley's comet, which still returns at long intervals—once only in the three-score years and ten allotted to man—was the first of the mysterious family of comets which man has been able to bind down to a fixed orbit, and so to bring into correlation with the orderly scheme of the planets.

But the long oval orbit along which Halley's comet swept, and the wide range which carried it far out in space beyond the orbit of the most distant known planet, were calculated to give the astronomers of Halley's day the impression that the few comets which really return at regular intervals to our sun's neighbourhood must exhibit motions differing altogether from those observed within the planetary scheme. The very fact that this comet went *backwards* round the sun, showed that it belonged to another order of the cosmical family. It was accordingly looked upon as being quite as much an alien and a vagrant, and belonging quite as little to the sun's parochial district, so to speak, as those equally resplendent comets whose paths indicate periods of thousands on thousands of years.

Thus, he would have been looked upon as a bold theoriser who should have put forward in Halley's day the view that there exists within our system—nay, in our very neighbourhood—a multitude of small comets, which seem to have settled down into paths of almost planetary rectitude and regularity, and seem further to form a little family of their own, governed by their own laws, and so far imitating their planetary neighbours as to travel in a common direction around the governing body.

The first hint which astronomers received on this subject was derived from the discovery of one of the most interesting of the family in 1770. There had been, indeed, an opportunity of making the same sort of discovery twenty-seven years before, since modern calculators have found that a comet discovered by Claisen in 1743 belonged to the family we are treating of. But the calculators of cometic orbits were not so strong in those days as in ours. There were no Hinds in 1743 to grasp in a few days all the chief circumstances of a comet's motion, and to trace out the path it should thenceforward pursue. So the opportunity was lost at that time, and it was not till Lexell's famous comet appeared in 1770 that astronomers began to suspect the existence of a new order of solar attendants.

Lexell's comet was discovered by Messier—the celebrated observer of nebulae—in the summer of 1770, between the head of Sagittarius and the northern extremity of the archer's bow. In a month it was lost to sight through its near approach to the sun; but in August it again became visible, and was tracked for two more months, when it became too faint to be seen any longer. So certain were the astronomers of the day that a comet

can only move in a very eccentric orbit that they were quite unable to account for the movements of the stranger. Their perplexity continued not only while the comet still remained visible, but for many years after it had passed away. It was not until the year 1776 that Lexell startled the scientific world by announcing that the comet whose movements had perplexed astronomers, travelled really in an orbit of moderate dimensions and of no great eccentricity, and further, that it completed a revolution in about five and a half years.

When this opinion had been confirmed by other mathematicians, it became the business of astronomers to watch for the return of the comet. It had passed unobserved in 1776, having been concealed by the superior brilliancy of the solar rays; but in 1781 it might be looked for nearly where it had been seen at its first discovery. The return of the comet would have been a circumstance almost as interesting as the first return of Halley's comet. But, unfortunately, astronomers were doomed to be disappointed. The comet has never since reappeared.

Lexell was too confident in the accuracy of his calculations, however, to suppose that the path in which the comet had moved in 1770 had been other than the one he had assigned to it. He therefore ~~to~~ worked to discover the cause of the comet's disappearance from our neighbourhood. It quickly occurred to him that the circumstance of the comet's having suddenly made its appearance in the solar system was at least as remarkable as the fact that it had passed away. For, as it was a sufficiently conspicuous object, there ought to have been accounts of former apparitions, and the fact that there were no such accounts showed that some disturbing cause had been at work to introduce this new body into the solar scheme.

Tracing back the comet's path, Lexell found that, as he had supposed, the first appearance of the comet had been caused by a disturbing planet. It appeared that it had been quietly pursuing its course upon an orbit of wide dimensions, when it was brought into the immediate neighbourhood of the planet Jupiter, the giant of the solar system. The attraction exerted by this enormous planet had for awhile overpowered even the sun's influence upon the comet. Deflecting the comet from its former course, the attraction of Jupiter had bent its orbit into an oval of much smaller dimensions. Indeed, when the planet passed on, the comet was left to travel so far inwards towards the

sun that it actually approached that luminary much more closely than the earth does.

Here was a satisfactory account of the comet's introduction to our system; but how was it caused to pass away again from our neighbourhood? The explanation was simple. By an unfortunate coincidence the new path of the comet was of such dimensions that the period of revolution was almost exactly one half of Jupiter's. The effect of this coincidence will be readily appreciated. When the comet had gone once round its new path and had so reached the scene of the former encounter, Jupiter had only gone half round his orbit, and therefore was hundreds of millions of miles away. The comet was therefore free to come back towards us again. But when it had got back a second time to the scene of the encounter, there was Jupiter waiting for it. And now the nature of the struggle—if that can be called a struggle in which the unfortunate comet had never a chance—was reversed. This is not an idle expression, but exhibits the literal truth. In fact, it may be shown to follow from the laws of motion that if a comet, twisted in as Lexell's was, happened to have a period given to it which was *exactly* half of Jupiter's, the second encounter would be the *exact* reverse of the former, and the comet would be sent upon its original orbit, with no change other than the delay caused by its double swoop round the sun. That this exact interchange happened in the case of Lexell's comet is extremely unlikely; but something very similar was the upshot of the encounter, and to this day astronomers are ignorant of the actual path in which the comet was dismissed upon its wanderings. Had the observations made in 1770 been more exact, we might have formed very definite conclusions respecting the path of the comet before and after its brief career as a member of our system. The great astronomer Laplace supposed, indeed, that this was possible under the actual circumstances of the case; and his calculations seemed to show that the comet both at its first introduction to our neighbourhood, and in preparing to pass away, had approached so near to Jupiter as actually to get entangled among his family of satellites. To use the expressive verbiage of Sir John Herschel, it had intruded, an uninvited visitor, into Jupiter's family circle. But later researches have shown this view to be more than doubtful. Indeed, Leverrier does not scruple to express his belief that had the comet approached so close to the giant globe of Jupiter, its subtle substance must have been forcibly dragged

down to the very surface of the planet. It may be that in this way the comet at its second visit to Jupiter's neighbourhood actually suffered destruction; but the view, as Leverrier says, is not a probable one. It is far more likely that the comet passed wholly clear of Jupiter's family of moons, and has travelled away on an orbit of considerable dimensions.

Now this instance serves to illustrate as clearly as could be desired, the power which a large planet can exercise upon a comet which approaches it. But before we proceed to examine some other cases in which the giant planet's influence is clearly to be recognised in the figure of cometic orbits, it may be well to consider a question which suggests itself at this point. The reader may ask whether Lexell's comet could be looked upon as a member of Jupiter's comet-family *before* the first encounter or *after* the second? It might be reasonable, he would say, to look upon the comet as dependent in a sense on Jupiter, while its orbit clung to the planet's, but before and after this period the relation does not seem so clear.

This view would tend largely to diminish our conceptions of the importance of Jupiter's comet-family. It is, however, a mistaken one; and the answer to it involves a very singular and interesting relation. That answer is, that, if once a comet comes so close to Jupiter as to be very largely swayed by his influence, then for ever and ever afterwards the comet will always have the scene of encounter at some part of its orbit, no matter how that orbit may be varied, unless one or other of two very improbable events comes in to rescue it. This is readily proved. We know that the ordinary path of any body round the sun is an oval curve, so that, if undisturbed, the body would pass again and again continually through each point of its path. Now suppose that at some point in its path it undergoes some great disturbance; well, that point still belongs to its new path, so that it will come back to that point again and again. Now apply this reasoning to the case of a comet disturbed by Jupiter. The place of disturbance still belongs to the new orbit of the comet, and is also the only point where Jupiter can ever again disturb it. So it will go round and round in its new path till it happens to be encountered by Jupiter at the scene of the former contest. Here it is again disturbed, to take up a new path which will bring it back to the same point again. And so on for ever.

But if any of its different orbits should hap-

pen to bring it into encounter with another large planet, as Saturn, Uranus, or Neptune, then it may, by that planet's action, become freed from its allegiance to Jupiter, and take up its place in another family. Also, it *may* be so disturbed by Jupiter as to take up a path which is not an oval, but either a parabola or an hyperbola; in this case it will go off along one branch of the curve far beyond the solar scheme, and in the long run become a member of the family circulating around some far-distant fixed star.

It will be clear from what has been said that Jupiter must have an immense number of cometic dependents which our astronomers have been unable to detect. For there is little chance of our discovering a comet unless it happens when in perihelion to be pretty close to the earth, so that, as a matter of fact, all the members of Jupiter's cometic family, which have as yet been discovered, come quite close to the earth when they are nearing the centre of the solar scheme. But there is nothing in the laws of celestial motion which requires that a comet of this class should approach the earth's orbit, and therefore we are able to infer that the real explanation of the peculiarity lies in the circumstance that we have only been able to detect these particular members of the family, and *not* in the fact that there are no others. The truth is, that in all probability there are thousands of comets belonging to the Jovian family for each one which our astronomers have been able to discover.

The figure on the next page exhibits the orbits of five comets dependent on Jupiter. Number 1 is called Claisen's comet, and was discovered, as we have already said, so far back as 1743. It is, however, only in recent times that astronomers have determined its true path. In 1743 it was thought to have an orbit of far larger dimensions and of a much more eccentric figure. Number 2 is De Vico's comet, discovered on the 22nd of August, 1844. It is chiefly remarkable for the small eccentricity of its figure, and some astronomers judge from the fact that the whole of the comet's orbit is now well within the orbit of Jupiter, that this comet has been for many ages left free from any great disturbance due to Jupiter's attraction, and has been gradually contracting its orbit under the influence of a resisting medium.

Number 3 is the comet whose recent return has suggested the subject of this paper. It was discovered by Winnecke on March 8, 1858, and the same astronomer has also had

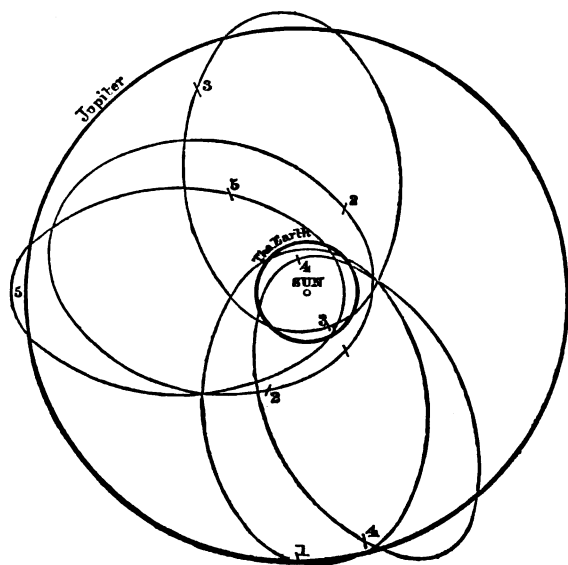
the good fortune to detect the comet at its present return. Astronomers have every reason for believing that the comet is identical with one which was observed by Pons in 1819.

Number 4 is Brorsen's comet, chiefly re-

astronomers term it) is very small indeed. In the path marked 4, on the other hand, the inclination is fully thirty degrees, but in this case the reader will see that one of the places where the orbit is supposed to cross the plane of the paper lies close up to the orbit of Jupiter, so that the great inclination has little effect in separating the comet's path near that point from the path of Jupiter. And in every case yet observed the same sort of relation is always exhibited; in other words, whenever a comet of this family has a great inclination, one of its points of crossing the plane in which Jupiter travels lies close up to the planet's path.

It may be asked whether other planets have their comet-families. The answer must be in the affirmative, though a comparatively small number of comets belonging to the Saturnian, Uranian, and Neptunian families, have hitherto been detected. The reasons for this are clear. For, first, none of the outer planets is nearly equal to Jupiter in volume, and they are so much farther from us that a much more energetic application of their attractive energies

—in other words, a much nearer approach to a comet—is requisite in order that the comet may be sent near enough to us to become visible to our astronomers. One very interesting instance of a Uranian comet must be mentioned before we draw this paper, already lengthened much beyond our intention, to a close. In 1866 a telescopic comet was discovered which has since been associated, beyond all possibility of doubt, with the train of meteoric bodies constituting the November shooting-stars. We do not, of course, say that the shooting-stars are a part of the comet, or that the comet is made up of shooting-stars. But the meteoric bodies travel undoubtedly in the track of the comet, and, therefore, must be held to be associated with it in some as yet undiscovered manner. Now that comet with its train of meteoric followers passes close to the orbit of distant Uranus, so close that no doubt can possibly exist that it belongs to the planet's comet-family. Therefore the meteors which flashed across our skies in such numbers on November 13, 1866, may be said to have formed part of a chain of cosmical bodies uniting the orbit of our earth with that of a planet twenty times farther from the sun.



markable as being one of the few which have been subjected to spectroscopic analysis. That it is self-luminous and gaseous is all that can at present be pronounced with certainty respecting it. No known gas has yet been found to give a spectrum resembling that of this comet; but with the progress of spectroscopical chemistry this gap in the evidence will doubtless soon be removed.

Lastly, Number 5 represents the path in which Lexell's comet was observed to move during the short period of its stay in our neighbourhood. It must be observed that some of the paths here depicted are inclined at a pretty considerable angle to the plane in which Jupiter moves. In other words, the reader must conceive some of the oval paths in the figure to lie partly above and partly below the plane of the paper. Of course, this peculiarity *might* altogether affect the meaning of the figure. For instance, the orbit marked 2 dips below the plane of the paper at one of the cross-lines opposite which the figure 2 is placed, and rises above it at the other. Now if the dip were great the part of the path which is represented as near Jupiter's orbit would be millions of miles away from it. In this case, however, the dip (or inclination, as

YOKOHAMA.

IT had always been a pet idea of mine to visit Japan, and after two awful years' residence in that most unpleasant of settlements, Hong-Kong, my ambition was rewarded, for a convenient attack of fever rendered a change necessary, and one fine morning in July, we steamed out of the Lyemoo Pass bound for Yokohama. Of the voyage, nothing need be said: it was like all trips in a comfortable ship in the East, a rapidly shifting panorama of brandy and soda, cheroots, edibles, and sleep, not very interesting to anyone. After a ten days' run the first visible intimation we had that we were nearing the dominions of his sacred majesty the Mikado, was a Japanese boat coming in sight. Accustomed to the universal Chinese Junks with their three lateen sails, raised poop, and sharp prow, (on either side of which is always painted two large eyes,) this was a novelty. The Japanese boats are raised both at stem and stern, and have only one large square sail set very full, and the whole craft bears a strong resemblance to the pictures of the old Roman galleys. They are not nearly so manageable as the Chinese boats, nor are they so fast, but from their breadth of beam I should think they must be much safer. She came quite close to us, her deck crowded with fishermen, all dressed—or rather undressed, in their peculiar costume, which, like the King of Gondokoro's cocked-hat and top-boots, seems more designed to display than to conceal nakedness.

The next day we came in sight of land, and soon after of Fusi-yama, the sacred mountain of Japan. This mountain (the shape and formation of which has become familiar to Europeans from its being depicted on almost every lacquer article that is made in Japan) is an extinct volcano rising very abruptly from the plain, and terminating in a square cone, that looks as if it had been suddenly cut off with a knife; this is always covered with snow, and at the time we sighted it, presented a magnificent appearance. It was a fine clear morning, and with the sun blazing on its snow-capped summit the mountain (though upwards of sixty miles away) seemed as it were suddenly to spring out of the ground close to us, a mass of purple and crystal against the azure sky. The Japanese apparently invest Fusi-yama with some very holy attributes, as bands of pilgrims flock thither every year, and very few Europeans (and only those of the highest rank) have ever been permitted to ascend it.

Proceeding through the bay of Yeddo, the scenery of which is very like the coast of Cornwall, we soon anchored off the town of Yokohama, the principal settlement of Europeans in Japan. The sea-view of an English settlement in the East never gives the least idea of what the town is like, as the Bund, or sea-wall, is always taken up with European residences which have cropped up among old native buildings, and give a most *bizarre* appearance to the scene. Yokohama is no exception to this rule, for fronting the anchorage is the new club-house and the best bungalows of the European residents mixed up with the old wooden Japanese custom house and some native buildings in the most incongruous manner. The effect, as a view, is very much what would be obtained were one to take a lot of Swiss chalets, and mix them up with the houses in Belgrave Square, with a sea-view in front, to complete the picture.

The same day that we arrived, I found myself (thanks to the kindness of a friend) a member of the club and the possessor of a room in a very comfortable bungalow, so that I was at once able to commence "doing" the town. The whole of the streets of Yokohama are exactly alike, varying only in width; and each dwelling or shop is the counterpart of its neighbour. The style of architecture is very much like that adopted by children when they build card-houses, but nothing can exceed the neatness and cleanliness visible in nearly every dwelling I visited while in the country. The houses are only one story high, the flooring being raised about fifteen inches from the ground and covered with snow-white matting. How this was kept clean in a place that is certainly prolific in mud, was a puzzle to me, till I observed that the natives always remove the peculiar clogs they wear, on entering a house, and go about indoors in their strange stockings (if they can be so called), a sort of white muffler for the foot, the great toe only having a distinct residence of its own.

The streets are always full, and present a wonderfully bustling animated appearance, the crowds of more than half naked coolies, carrying loads or pushing wooden-carts, with their invariable monotonous chorus of "Heh ho, heh ho," (without which, it is said, no Japanese porter would move a tooth-pick); these intermingled with the occasional stately forms of the Yakonins, or two-sworded men, and the groups of laughing and very pretty Mousmees, *i.e.* women, all make up a picture, which, if difficult to realize, can never be forgotten when once seen.

The native dress in Japan is utterly unlike that of China, though the way the hair is worn by the men is somewhat similar, the difference being that the Japanese shave the front part of the head in a horse-shoe form, and the tail, instead of being prolonged down the back, like that of their celestial brethren, is cut short, and doubled over to the front something like the mainspring in a gun lock. The dress of all classes is pretty much the same, varying only in quality; a long robe something like a dressing gown, called a "kivinoe" (at least that is the nearest approach to the word that English spelling will give), reaches to the feet, this is girded round the middle, and a pair of stockings, and sandals, apparently complete the attire. Into the middle girdle the Yakonins stick their two swords; these gentry also wear a lacquered hat somewhat similar in shape to those worn by Greenwich pensioners, if turned upside down. This is the costume of the more respectable classes; of the coolies, there being next to nothing to write about, the least said the better.

One class of these fellows, however, the Bettos or horse coolies, thinking probably that nature can be improved upon, tattoo their bodies in a most extraordinary manner. I have seen some of them on whom the original colour of the flesh could hardly be seen, so covered were they with trees, views, and faces. A man tattooed in this way is a great swell among his fellows, as it takes years before he can arrive at that pitch; very little of the process being done at a time, probably because it is so painful, as I can personally testify, having been insane enough to have it tried (on a very small scale) on myself. There are regular artists in tattooing, who attend their customers at their own houses. I don't know if, like one of their fraternity in Europe, they profess to make their clients beautiful for ever, but if so, they certainly keep their words, as nothing on this side of the grave will remove the device, once it is pricked into the flesh.

The main street of Yokohama, certainly the one best known to European visitors, is Curio Street: it takes its name from its being the chief mart for every description of lacquer or cabinet work, for which the Japanese are famous. This thoroughfare, though always full, presents its busiest appearance when a strange man of war has just come into the harbour, for all the new arrivals seem suddenly smitten with a desire to invest their capital in china, lacquer boxes, cabinets, and ivory, all or any of which may be procured at almost any shop in the road. At such a

time groups will be found gathered in front of every curio establishment, chaffering either in plain (sometimes very plain) or pidgin English, eked out by a tremendous amount of gesticulation. After sometimes an hour spent in this way, the purchaser will march off with a very self-satisfied countenance, a small boy carrying his bargains, (as he thinks them) though in all probability the shopkeeper has just charged him about 50 per cent. more than he would have asked anyone resident in the settlement. The only way to procure curios in Yokohama at anything like their proper value, is to go to a shop where you see anything you may wish, and offer the proprietor rather less than half what he asks for it; the offer is at once and indignantly refused, but repeat the process every day, always going to the same shop, and asking for the same article, and in the end you are pretty sure to get it at your own value. I have never known this rule fail, but it is as well always to suspend one's shopping when a new ship comes into harbour, as during the time she is there, things are sure to be twice their proper value. Almost all the shopkeepers in Curio Street speak English, if their European customers would only let them, but the prevailing idea of an Englishman in a foreign country, where he cannot speak the language, appears to be, to distort his own as much as possible, with a view of making it more intelligible to the natives; it is this absurd custom which originated the so-called pidgin English in Hong Kong. It never seems to occur to visitors that when a native cannot speak their language at all, it will hardly be more intelligible to him, because all the accents are misplaced, and the words put out of their proper order; but somehow new comers always do this, and apparently always will.

To the right of Curio Street is a great institution in Yokohama, the public baths; there are two of these, one for men, and one for women. The fittings are very simple, as the central flooring is only raised a little with an edge round it to prevent the water running off. This flooring is covered all over with little wooden tubs, and beside each of these a bather sits, and either sluices himself or is sluiced by some one near him. There can be no doubt as to the publicity of these establishments, as any one can push aside the linen curtain at the entrance, and walk into either of them without being taken any more notice of than a countryman might be, walking into the Royal Exchange in London. It has often been discussed whether this apparent oblivion

of the claims of ordinary decency arises from utter depravity, or from an innocence which knows no wrong, and therefore feels no shame, but whatever the cause it is certain that the ladies of Japan think nothing of being observed at their toilets in a costume to which even the full dress of a ballet girl of the present day would be heavy marching order.

Passing by one of the numerous native guard houses, which are to be found at the corner of nearly every street in Yokohama, (they are really meant to prevent contraband goods being smuggled in from the country) we came upon the theatre, a large ungainly looking wooden building, without the slightest attempt at adornment either within or without. The interior fittings are simply a lot of wooden benches, a gallery, and a very dirty stage, the front of which is covered with native inscriptions. The performance is pretty much the same as that prevalent throughout the East, consisting of a judicious admixture of devils, and jugglers, gongs, blue-fire, and noise. The Japanese do not appear to be so easily amused as the Chinese, but, when roused into enthusiasm, testify their approbation of any favourite actor by hurling some of their garments on to the stage for his particular benefit. I presume this is meant as a pledge to be redeemed after, by a monetary offering ; but the custom is not a convenient one, as if a spectator happens to be sitting in the front of the theatre, it is not at all pleasant to be suddenly extinguished by the kivinoe of some enthusiastic admirer in the background who has missed his aim. The Japanese are curious in preserving their garments from father to son, and these articles of wearing apparel, though perhaps meant in the same manner as bouquets, are certainly nothing of the sort. At this theatre also the great wrestling matches take place ; the Japanese pique themselves upon their wrestling, but I have seen some of their best professors of the art (heavy unwieldy fellows they are) knocked clean out of time, by a west countryman of not half their size or weight.

TO A COQUETTE.

I WOULD not blame thy changeful spirit,
Thou fairest of thy fickle kind !
For women their uncertain mind
From the first mother all inherit.

I would but warn thee that the day
Of rosy morn and sunny noon,
Melts into deepening twilight soon,—
Then into darkness swoons away !

And not for *us* the bright Aurore
Awakes the wood and gilds the field !
To others shall her beauties yield
What we have lost for evermore.

Press to thy lips this gorgeous flow'r !
Breathe, while thou mayst, its sweet perfume !
Shall thine, too, be the common doom
To find it fade within the hour ?

Youth ! can its buoyant strength decline ?
Beauty ! can ever beauty die ?
Love ! is it possible that I
Can ever cease to sue for thine ?

Ay ! is it ? Soon the waning eye—
The withered brow—the faded cheek—
Shall those unwelcome warnings speak
That tell us of Mortality.

Enjoy then Beauty's domination ;
If any die of pain you give,
The fool does not deserve to live !
Bliss is not measured by duration.

Give but a day, an hour, a minute,
And then withdraw your plighted vow !
What if he's not your lover now,
He should be grateful to have been it.

Yet should he, vengeful, e'er revile
The trait'ress to his perished love,
Such words as these her heart might move
While he could speak them with a smile :

"The fairest fruit on yonder bough
Shall drop the first—and tempt no more—
For it is rotten at the core
Though seeming fresh and tempting now.

"*You*—dead sea fruit ! are also fair,
But in your heart the canker lies,
And, when your outward beauty dies,
You, too, shall wither—in despair.

"Trample and triumph ! slight and scorn
The love your beauties now inspire !
Ere long, ungratified desire
Shall make you rue that you were born.

"The day of Retribution nears,
And, when your cruel reign is over,
Many a harshly slighted lover
Shall find his vengeance in your tears.

"Unpitied sadness ! vain regret !
The spirit soured ! the jaded heart !
Their bitter lesson shall impart,
And make you feel their triumph yet.

"Then, on your knees ! so rarely used,—
And raise to Heaven the humble pray'r
That you may find the pity there
Which here, to others, you refused."

TABLE TALK.

THE vitality of some of the provincial newspapers is really astounding. There are Parrs, if not Methuselahs, to be found in the old files of the country press, at Worcester, Oxford, and elsewhere. They date further back than any of the existing London papers. The first copy of the *Times* was published Jan. 1, 1788; the *Morning Herald* was first started Nov. 1, 1780, and the *Morning Post* in 1781. The *Weekly News* (started by Nathaniel Butler, May 23, 1622,) was really the first English newspaper, the previous publications of a similar character being those pamphlets of news of which Burton made complaint in 1614. The celebrated copy of the *English Mercurie* newspaper, (supposed to be published in 1588, with its account of the Spanish Armada,) discovered by Mr. George Chalmers, accepted by the elder Disraeli, and published in all English and Foreign Encyclopædias, was nothing more than an ingenious fabrication, presumably by the second Lord Hardwicke; for the discovery and exposure of which fraud, we are indebted to the researches of Mr. Thomas Watt, of the British Museum. The two authors of the recently published *Life of Dr. Campbell*, of the *British Banner*, state, that in the passage concerning, "the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time," Shakespeare is "speaking of newspapers." But, although the Bard of Avon did many wondrous things, he could scarcely speak of newspapers, because he died in 1616, six years before the first newspaper was published. It is in the provinces that we meet with the oldest members of the fourth estate. Here, for example, I have now before me, last week's copy of the *Stamford Mercury*, a weekly sheet of news, which has appeared, regularly, since the year 1695, and is now showing unabated vigour in its 174th annual volume. A complete copy of this newspaper would be of great value to the historian; but, unfortunately, no such copy is believed to be in existence. Its publishers, however, possess the full series for the last 120 years, with odd numbers of earlier years; and, in the British Museum, there are the copies of the paper from May 21, to June 12, 1718, and also from the year 1789; and a few early numbers are in the library at Rushall Hall, near Walsall. Here also, before me, is a copy of last week's *Aris's Birmingham Gazette*, established in 1741, and now in its 129th year.

OLD Polonius, with his commendation of "mobled queen," was quite of Mrs. Malaprop's opinion as to the value of a "nice derangement of epitaphs." What publishers call a taking title—and in some cases the sound is father to the sense, by its being a take-in title—is of great importance, commercially if not phonetically; and the public is under a real debt of obligation to the man who can invent a brief name that shall intelligibly represent a more or less complex invention. Now, there are various modes of printing books for the blind, and, just at present, the Worcester society is exerting itself in this meritorious work of providing a system of raised characters, which, when touched by the delicate fingers of the blind, will enable them to have the information conveyed in those embossed surfaces literally at their fingers' ends. I know of no name to briefly but clearly denote these raised characters that is more to the purpose than that of "Tangible Typography." It is the invention of Mr. E. C. Johnson, and was used by him in a small volume published seventeen years since, in which he ably advocated the cause of the blind.

THE famous tenor, Adolphe Nourrit, was in his youth remarkably handsome, but of a singularly feminine beauty, and his features were delicate in the extreme. He was one night behind the scenes at the Théâtre Français when Talma, who was repeating his part to himself, before entering on the stage, perceived him. He instantly called to the Suisse, who was on guard at the side wings during the performance, and very vehemently expressed his astonishment and anger at the carelessness with which the Suisse fulfilled his duties. "How dare you let a woman in here?" "A woman, Sir! but where is she?" asked the affrighted official. "Don't you see her standing there, with her back against that wall?" replied the tragedian. "But, Sir, that is M. Nourrit? M. Adolphe Nourrit; he comes constantly here." "Don't tell me! why, his father is my best friend. That is not Adolphe Nourrit; that is a woman; send her away directly!" Talma's order was obeyed, and the said woman was expelled the house of Molière. The next day young Adolphe's father desired to see Talma, who was not long in perceiving the marked coldness of his old friend towards him. Having at last asked him the reason of his altered manner: "Well, to tell you the truth," answered Nourrit, the father, "I came to see whether you were in your right senses; and

now that I see you are, I wish to know what you meant by causing my son to be turned out of the theatre in so strange a fashion last night?" "What!" exclaimed Talma, "—it was not a woman?" Acknowledging his mistake, however, he made the completest apologies, but never enjoyed hearing the story quoted against him, as it often was.

IF Nourrit was once taken for a woman, Madame de Staël was more than once taken for a man. One evening, in particular, she was going to the *grand' opera* to a fancy ball, in a black domino. Her face was hidden by a mask, but on entering at the door, the gentleman who was her cavalier, paid for himself alone, it being understood that ladies did not pay. The pair were going by, when the comptroller stopped Madame de Staël, seizing on the sleeve of her domino, and telling her he was not to be taken in by such a gross imposition. He was irate in the extreme, and said, "You are a man, and must pay as such." Upon this the celebrated Baroness was at a loss how to prove her identity, so she showed him her hand ungloved. Worse and worse! for the man whose conviction might have been shaken by the warm accent of truth she had put into her defence of herself, declared now that she should either be turned away from the theatre, or pay as a man, for that a man she certainly was. And pay she accordingly did, and *Corinne* was obliged to pass for belonging to that hateful sex against which she waged such war in her romances.

WITHIN the last two years Auber has had to attend a vast number of funerals of men all younger than himself, and all in some way or other his colleagues. At one of the last of these, a friend meeting Auber just leaving the church after the religious ceremonies were over, approached the composer, saying, "Do you not accompany us to the cemetery?" "No," was the reply. "I go no further than this for other people's funerals; it will be time enough for the churchyard on my own account."

WHEN the monthly comic periodical, *The Man in the Moon*, was under the management of Mr. Angus B. Reach, there was a page sketch in it, by Mr. Hine, representing an affectionate father out for "A day in the country" with his two little boys, and saying to them, as he threatens them with a stick, "Now then, my boys, I've brought you out to enjoy yourselves, and, if you don't enjoy your-

selves in less than no time, you'll catch it—that's all." This has been frequently quoted as a happy illustration of compulsory enjoyment. But, it was not a new idea. It was the leading theme in the song of *Vauxhall Gardens* in Mathews' entertainment, *The Comic Annual* for 1830, performed with so much success at the Adelphi Theatre and elsewhere. Mathews, as the father, says, "Come along, Jem, Jack, and Bob: I like to make you happy (*slaps him*): do you hear what I say? * * Hold your tongue or I'll pull the hair out of your head by handfuls: you know I try to make you comfortable. * * Jack, lay hold of Jem: you rascal, I'll knock your two heads together: I brought you out to be happy (*slap*), mind what I say: now, you rascal, what are you staring about for (*slap*): I brought you out to make you happy and comfortable, not to stare at people," &c., &c. And this is continued to the same effect throughout the "dialogue" of the song. It is to be regretted that no more perfect or fuller accounts of the subject-matter of these famous Entertainments are preserved to us than in the publications by J. Duncombe, in which, however, the coloured illustrations by T. H. Jones have helped to hand down to posterity the features, attitudes, and costumes, of the admirable Comedian.

CANCERINE is the latest big-named commodity hailing from America. It does not stand for a pretty colour, like coralline, fuschine, or roseine; but for a manure, a compost of dead crabs. Be it known that the shores of Delaware Bay swarm with crustaceans of a species known as the king-crab, sometimes called, from similarity, the horse-foot crab. The eggs cover the sand so thickly that they are shovelled up by the waggon-load, and carried away to feed chickens. The young fish are taken to fatten hogs; the old ones are gathered into pens, where they soon die, and then they are dried, ground down, and packed up in bags to be sold at the rate of about five pounds per ton for manure. With about four hundredweight an acre applied to the ground the fertilizing power is reported to be double that of guano, and it is asserted that many thousands of tons can be furnished annually from Delaware, if no injudicious onslaught is made upon the crabs to permanently reduce their numbers.

How many ecclesiastical institutions, Romish of course, possess a leg-bone of the ass on which Christ rode into Jerusalem? Enough

to make one suspect that the animal was a centipede, I have heard. How large a cross would be made if all the reputed fragments of the true one were brought together? How many skulls must some of the saints have been blessed with, and how many hundred teeth? These are questions that might be answered by relic makers such as those who turn out thousands of Waterloo bullets and scores of swords and helmets per annum, to be buried on the field, and cast up by the plough just as Brown, Jones, and Robinson are *doing* the battle ground. If you should care to know how many people possess the original hammer that drove the last spike of the Pacific railway, I can tell you. The number is *seventeen*. Seventeen cities of the States claim to contain the identical tool!

As an example of the administrations of Church-Rate funds, I may mention that the churchwardens in a parish of which a friend of mine is rector, pay annually out of the Church-Rate £19 to the parish mole-catcher.

THE sexton in a large town near which I lived was compelled to dig the graves of all the parish poor who died for a very small sum per grave, which he did not consider sufficient. One afternoon he had had to dig four or five graves, and was much out of temper. The parish doctor happened to pass, so he left his work and went up to him, and touching his hat, said, "You're getting through them paupers very quick, sir."

A FRIEND of mine, a clergyman, tried to persuade an old scamp of a fellow to come to church, on the plea that he had seen his wife there the previous Sunday. "I hope you'll try and come now, James." "Well, sir, I think I'll try, for our Mary says you're a hell of a preacher."

THE THREE GRACES.—Three boys were once disputing as to whose father said the shortest grace. First boy, "My father says Thank God." "Oh," said the second, "mine says Amen." No 3. "Ah, but mine's the best of all; he nobbut pushes his plate away and says Theer."

MADAME LA MARQUISE DE B., the great wit and beauty of the early days of the restoration, was often said to have undue influence over Louis XVIII. A great friend of hers one day apprised her that the Countess de C. (a

manner of rival) had said as much of her to him. "Has she indeed!" said the Marquise; "well, I'll make an execution of her, and you shall be a witness to it." A few days later, at a dinner of eighteen or twenty people, the two ladies were in presence, one at one end of the table, the other at the other. "Madame de C.," asked all at once, and in a threatening tone, Madame de B., "is it true that you have said there was a too great intimacy between the king and me?" Here was the execution, sure enough! There was a dead silence, and all eyes were turned towards Madame de C. to see how she would defend herself. "I have said nothing of the kind myself, Madame la Marquise," was the quiet rejoinder; "but others have said it often in my hearing." Where was the executioner then?

A WORD for the National Lifeboat Institution. It can boast of having saved 18,255 lives since its formation. Last year alone its boats saved 603 lives, and in the first half of the present year they have saved 322. That is surely a magnificent boast.

MISS YONGE is writing in *Macmillan's Magazine* some articles on Children's Literature of the Last Century. What she has to say is very good, but I venture to point out to her an omission. I wonder if she, orthodox churchwoman as she is, has ever come across a little work by Janeway, a Nonconformist divine, entitled *A Token for Children*. That book was one of the terrors of my childhood. I rather think it will be found on the list of the Religious Tract Society. It gives an account of ever so many little children who were amazingly good, and most fertile in pious reflections. But the worst of it is that they all died young—at the age of ten or twelve. The book is a good little book, full of tender feeling, but it is rather morbid in tone, and I know it gave me a very distinct notion, in the days of my infancy, that the development of a cherubic nature in children tends to shortness of life. The child who reads this book has two alternatives offered him which are unconsciously presented as incompatible—Will he be a cherub? or will he be a man? If he means to be a cherub he can never grow up to manhood. I have now, in my old age, bought that book and keep it as a curiosity.

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK

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SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

A Novel. By the Author of GARDENHURST.

CHAPTER XLIII.

LOVE TURNED TO TEARS AND TEARS TO FIRE.

AZALEA passed, with stumbling feet and bent head, through the dark passages that led from the room where Mowbray basked by the fire, to the back door of the house; habit, that trick of custom which asserts its supremacy even during those periods when human souls are sustaining the keenest agony they are capable of experiencing,—habit made her put out her hands before her to guard her head from concussion with any unseen object.

She reached the back door at last, and pulling back the heavy bolts, paused on the threshold, awed for an instant by the calm beauty of the scene before her. The moonlight was shining brightly down the court yard; the deer's head, the antlers of which stood in shadowy abruptness over the old fashioned clock, was steeped in the cold brightness; the sombre groups of trees that rose up behind the old fashioned gables; the distant baa of a sheep disturbed in the fold—all spoke of serenest peace.

A heart less bitter would have been calmed by the solemn loveliness of the scene. But Azalea was suffering an agony keener than death. It may be cruelly hard for one who yearns to live, to yield up the last breath that divides the living day and awesome darkness of the night which "knows no morning." But when death is in your heart; when the last throb of faith is sobbed out, and the warmth of a great love turns to ashes, when passion treacherous and subtle still lingers to sting the old wound into agony, is not that harder to endure than a mere sighing out of failing breath, a simple surrender of all physical sensation? Azalea walked quickly through

the court yard. She dreaded observation or comment on her movements. She need not have feared either, her lover was still dozing by the fire. Old Sally was peering over her needle work in the kitchen chimney corner. The watch dog barked as she passed. The cold worm on the path writhed under her hasty feet,—but these were the only living things affected by her movements. She walked quickly through the dew-wet glooms of the avenue, and only paused when she came to a shadow more dense, a spot more secluded than any which she had yet penetrated, and there she flung herself down on the grass, she clenched her hot hands in the cool herbage, and turned the agony of her eyes towards the stars; their serene indifference exasperated her. She asked herself fiercely why all should be so calm when her heart was in torment. She moaned aloud in her pain, and then she cast her face to the earth and cried, "oh, my love, my love!"

The adjuration was addressed to a memory rather than a reality. The words had no sooner past her lips than she knew them to be a lie. She had no love now. All was frustration and barrenness.

"Oh," she said, "is there no end to this? Cannot I die and cease to feel?"

Looking up she caught sight of the light that glimmered in the library window; her eyes softened for an instant as she involuntarily pictured to herself the graceful head of her lover, thrown back on the cushioned chair, the eyes closed in sleep, the full lips half opened under the shadow of the drooping moustache. She was seized with an irresistible longing to go and look in at the window. Her love was outraged, her heart bruised, but she was a woman, and she could not keep away from the hand that had dealt her mortal agony.

Thurstan was still sleeping when Azalea reached the house. She leant back in the framework of magnolia leaves which fringed the casement, and looked at him long and steadfastly. Presently he stirred and called her name.

"Are you not coming?" she heard him say.

A strange smile played round her pallid lips as she passed round the house and re-entered the portal.

"Yes, I am coming," she said softly to herself.

Thurstan was in high spirits to-night. He hummed snatches of song as he lolled on the old damask sofa, his arm folded round Azalea's waist, his head pillowed on her breast.

The fire blazed cheerily on the hearth. The revolving shadow of the mill, the darkening night, and the eerie gusts of wind that wailed through its cloudy gloom, were shut out by the ruddy sheen of high crimson satin curtains.

A faint smell of dead flowers came from a vase that stood on a small table near Azalea.

"You have not put fresh ones in to-night," Thurstan said, referring to the shrivelled leaves he was crumbling in his disengaged hand.

"No," she answered, quietly. "I did not pick any flowers to-night."

"What have you been doing, sweet?" he asked, yawning slightly. He was so good-tempered, he could afford to feign an interest he did not feel in her proceedings; but he might have spared himself this little effort of politeness, for Azalea did not hear, or, if she heard, did not heed his question.

Could any lorn wayfarer have peeped in at the casement, his heart would have throbbed with envy at the apparent luxuriousness of the scene within.

Dusky grapes were piled up in an old china dish near Thurstan's hand; in the exuberance of his content he dangled the misty berries before Azalea's face, rubbing off the bloom against the red lips which refused to open and receive them, and then swallowing them himself, between the pauses of his song.

The room seemed o'erbrimming with comfort. Even Thurstan was dimly affected by the sensuous repose of the hour.

"I almost wish that I were not going to-morrow," he sighed.

"Stay, then," Azalea said. They were the first words she had spoken this evening, but Thurstan had been too pre-occupied to observe her silence,

"Do you wish me to stay?" he looked into her face with a sudden access of passion thrilling his heart and brightening his eyes. He would have drawn her towards him, but she averted her head and quietly disengaged his arms from her waist.

"I do not know," she said, and this time he was struck by the faintness of her tones.

"You are tired," he said, kindly. "It is bedtime. Shall I carry you up-stairs?"

She shook her head, so he passed before her and bounded lightly up the dark oak steps, singing and smiling as he went.

His heart was holding festival that night, while hers was black with storm.

CHAPTER XLIV.

HOW THEY PARTED.

THE night was far advanced, and Thurstan slept soundly, happily unconscious of all the tragedy in the wakeful face bent over his.

She had watched him thus for some hours; he had drawn her head to his shoulder and bade her lie there, and she obeyed at first, but as soon as he slept she sat up again, feeling as if she were suffocated by his touch. The blank dulness of her pain was passing away. She no longer stared at his face without meaning. She no longer asked herself "Is it so?" In those dark hours the doubt had strengthened into terrible distinctness. She looked at his hand still warm with the clasp of her own, at his lips which had lately sought hers with a sleepy good-night kiss; in her heart she repelled the treachery of his caresses and loathed the cheat he put on her.

"You are false—false—false," she said. "Your face is hateful to me."

He turned his head into the line of a moonbeam, that streamed across his pillow, and a wild thought came into her mind.

"Supposing that moonbeam could kill you. Supposing that you were to die to-night, that you could not move again. Suppose, Thurstan, that I were to make you so that she could never hear your footstep, or blush at your voice, or return your kisses excepting in memory. I should grudge her the memory, though, and should have to kill her so that she might not think of you."

How handsome he looked as he slumbered thus—the moonlight shining on his close curled head, round throat, and noble outline of chest. The somewhat stern character of his beauty softened by the pathetic helplessness of sleep.

"He was not meant to die yet," she mused, as she leaned her chin on her hand and watched him with white face and burning eyes.

He was not meant to die yet, she thought, not until he had worn out all that strength, until his full voice was cracked and thin, his bright eyes dull, and his firm steps feeble; but if he died now he would tell no more lies, would die in the bloom of manhood, in her arms, hers would be the last kiss he felt—he should never

rise from that bed to meet another woman's welcome!

The dark thought was standing out clear in her mind now; that which her heart foreboded when she heard his careless laugh by the fireplace down-stairs, was now fashioned into a determination.

"He must die, he must die," she repeated to herself, and the clock that chimed on the stairs, and the branch that beat against the window-pane, seemed to echo her words. She started when she heard a faint chirrup and stir in the elm-tree outside. "It will soon be morning," she thought. She unclasped his hand gently from her arm, and laid it by his side; then she slid away from the bed, and felt her way to the pistol-case that stood on the drawers near Mowbray's head.

"I always said it was dangerous, keeping loaded pistols in the room, but Thurstan liked to have some protection in this lonely old house—he did not think who would use them against him—but then he should not have murdered me first."

She stole back noiselessly, her delicate little hand overborne by the weight of the deadly instrument it carried, and then she crept into bed and looked again at the sleeper.

"Why should he not die?"

This man had been the only human thing she had ever cherished. No mother's hand had ever blessed her head, no sister had laughed and wept by her side during youth's April season of blithe joy and impulsive sorrow. But she did not feel that she had missed anything from her life after she knew Thurstan Mowbray. She revered his slightest word; her vivid sympathies had made his wishes her own. She lowered her fine intellect by striving to bring it to the level of his narrow capabilities. She cared not for heights he could not ascend. She took no pleasure in perceiving a poetical when he could only see the practical aspects.

So far from feeling discomfort at being misunderstood, it was the constant endeavour of her heart to restrain the soarings of a mind that was apt to range above the scope of her lover's mental vision.

Some women had loved Thurstan Mowbray for the benefits they had reaped from his hands; others had fed his vanity with ephemeral devotion, born of lust and idleness; many had given him love-tokens worth gold and silver; but this woman had trampled down her mind at his feet, and every faculty of her being rejoiced in the sacrifice—if sacrifice it could be called; for her whole heart gloried

in its consummation. He was all in all to her; she prized even her beauty only because it pleased him; she exulted in life only when the day was brightened by his presence. She would not have cared if all the hours of his absence had been struck out of her total of existence; without him her heart ached with heaviness; with him she was as a bird mad with joy because spring has come.

All the divine fervour with which a southern worshipper lays her best and purest thoughts at the feet of some imaged deity; all the intense half-savage tenderness with which a wild animal cherishes its young, this desolate woman had lavished on him who was the one life of her life, the alpha and omega of her existence. And now she was watching him there, while the dark hours slipped into grey, and asking her heart why her hand should not murder all the beautiful part of her life, since it had turned into treachery, foulness, and falsehood. Why should those dark eyes open again to look a lie into her own? Why should he ever know light or speech again, since he had made light loathsome and sound intolerable to her?

Between his face and hers kept rising the glitter of two sentences. She could even see the shape of the letters, and recognise his handwriting; but they quivered perpetually, so that they made her eyes ache. So she hid her face in her hands, and, when she next looked up, they were gone; but she heard them singing in her ears, "I never loved any but you:" "to-morrow I shall kiss you again."

"To-morrow I shall kiss you again," Azalea repeated, vaguely; then she touched his lips with a sort of tender pity. "No, they will never kiss living thing again; they will be too cold and stiff; but I shall kiss them, for then they will not be able to stab me with lies, to dishonour me by inconstancy."

The clock struck four. She looked hurriedly round.

"Supposing he were to wake," she thought; "he would not let me do it."

She put her hand on the trigger of the pistol, and lifted it to a level with his breast. She leant over him, so that her hair fell in shadowy profusion over the pistol and over the warm heaving bosom it almost touched.

He had deceived and injured her; but her large heart would have pardoned him that wrong. He might have withered her body with physical torture, and she would have kissed him, smiling the while; he had cramped her mind, and she had hugged the mental fetters, judging them to be sweeter than

crowns of honour ; but against this injury the whole of her passionate nature rebelled ; in proportion to the greatness of her love was the mightiness of its wreck.

When her thoughts first collected themselves from the miserable chaos of confusion and despair in which the discovery of his falsehood had plunged them, she had prayed, "Let me die."

But afterwards, when she again felt the magic of his touch, the caress of his lips, a fierce thrill of jealousy kindled her dull anguish into fury.

"Rather than have you touch her, rather than be left here alone to brood over her love passages with my other self, I would pass eternity in torment."

She never moved her eyes from his face when she put her hand down on that cold little toy of iron, which was to turn sleep into death.

Her pale lips never quivered ; the madness of much thought, the rack of intolerable suffering, had blighted all softer signs of emotion from her face. The tenseness of her agony found expression but in one idea,—

"He shall die !"

He lay there a model of manly strength and human beauty, helpless in his unconsciousness as a feeble infant. She steadied her hold on the pistol, and put the other arm about his neck. She thought she would kiss him and pull the trigger at the same moment. She would have the last embrace of his living lips.

She slid her fingers round his throat, and (Thurstan Mowbray never knew how near he was to solving the great *peut-être* in the grey dawn of this June morning) disturbed by the movement, or stirred by some vagrant dream, he turned towards her with a smile, and putting out his arm, drew her hand and the deadly instrument it held, over his bosom ; then drooping his head on her breast, he relapsed again into deep slumber.

She stared at him with wild eyes while he gathered her in his arms. She felt her hand and that which it held sliding over the beating pulses of his heart. She raised herself and looked first at *it*, and then with a deep-drawn breath she bowed her face on his hands, and covered them with kisses, and her slender form was shaken by husky passionate sobs and tears. The unnatural strain had given way ; the fierce jealousy, the murderous resolve, all melted into a murmurous sound of caressing words, a rush of bitter tears.

"Oh, my love, my love ; how can I help loving you ? Can I tear my heart from my

body ? Can I blot out all the days and hours when I lived, and when you were my life ; for it is I that am dead. I am dead, Thurstan, and you have killed me."

She removed the pistol gently from its proximity, so perilous to the sleeper, and replaced it in the case. Then she knelt down and tried to pray ; to give thanks to Heaven for having preserved her from the commission of a great sin with its inheritance of bitter remorse ; but in her heart she knew that it was not an inspiration of repentance, but her lover's unwitting caress that had held her hand from his destruction, and she did not dare to lift up her face to God, but after murmuring a mechanical formula of prayer, she rose and once more bent over her lover's head.

"I will never see you wake, not that I would hurt you," she added, with a shudder, at the memory of what her thoughts had been half an hour since ; "but because I could not bear to hear your voice or to meet your eyes—the old frenzy might come back, and then you would not be safe from me."

Then her pale face, passion-warped and stained with tears, hovered an instant above the sleeping man, and her lips closed on his in the last kiss she was ever to give human creature.

How much of despair, how little of sweetness lived in that caress, those who have known the sore trouble of a broken heart can best tell.

Later in the morning, when Thurstan awoke and found there was no Azalea to attend him at his morning meal, he was naturally disturbed and irritated. He supposed that she had gone out for one of those early walks she was so fond of ; he thought it very unkind and inconsistent of her. She might have remembered that he was obliged to leave by an early train. He grumbled and fretted all breakfast time ; he even went to the window once or twice, to see if she were coming, and then he swore, drank down his coffee, which was smoked, (this adding to his feeling of injury) and taking out his watch, calculated how long he could afford to linger ere it would be necessary for him to set out for the station. He waited until the last moment, and then started off ; he would much like to have kissed her, ere he went. He would have liked by his caresses to atone in some measure for the injury of which he believed she was unconscious ; but he had appointed with Lady Di to meet her in town at a certain hour, and if he missed this train

he would be too late. So he scrawled the following note to Azalea:—

"Dearest little woman. Why are you not here to bid me good-bye? I miss you dreadfully. If you want to write to me, address to the Club. I would not leave by this train but I have an important business engagement in London," (how mean a detected lie makes a man seem!) *"which I cannot postpone. I do not expect to be able to get away again for some time, as I've had all my long leave out; but be sure I shall come back to you as soon as I can.—Your ever loving, T. M."*

CHAPTER XLV.

THE END OF ALL THINGS.

THAT night Douglas received a scrap of paper on which was written the word "Come."

The only words he uttered when he read this appeal were, "So soon!" and then he hastened to Auriel.

"Miss Azalea seems very ill," old Sally said, meeting him with a face more wearied than alarmed. Sally's life had been such a long continued weariness that she was deadened to any keen phase of feeling. With her, and such as she, the lightning flash of emotion is rarely felt: the cloud only deepens.

The painful excitement of the last twenty-four hours had been fatal to a naturally delicate and highly sensitive organization, and Douglas found Azalea prostrated by the first symptoms of the fever called inflammatory.

"My head aches so, Robert," she moaned, as he stood beside her, "and I feel, oh, so weary."

He offered to send for Mowbray, but she showed such distress at the idea, that he did not again repeat his suggestion. It was not until she had been ill for several days—it was not until the doctor looked grave, and his own heart stood still with fear—that he thought it his duty to acquaint Mowbray of her danger. He wrote to the latter's address in London, but gained no answer, the truth being that Captain Mowbray had by a great exertion of influence, induced the authorities to grant him a week's more leave, which week he was spending pleasantly at Paris, whither Lady Di Merton was also gone.

As Azalea's fever increased and delirium disordered her mind, Douglas could not but rejoice in Mowbray's absence. To grant her a moment's pleasure he would have sacrificed his strongest wishes; but he could not conceal

from himself what little comfort remained to him in this hour of her danger, consisted in the fact of his being her sole friend. In health and happiness she was Mowbray's. Now, in the depths of her physical and mental distress, he could claim her his.

"This fever is technically called Synochres," the doctor said, between his pinches of snuff. "If she has any other friends, I would advise you to send for them."

"Robert!"

"My darling!"

"Send those people away."

"There is no one here, darling. No one but Robert, who loves you."

"Take care of me, Robert."

"I will, I do. You know I do. Look at me, Azalea. See, I have got your hand."

His harsh voice melted into a murmur of ineffable tenderness as he knelt down and clasped his hand in the girl's slender fingers.

She withdrew them slowly; her thoughts seemed variable and insequent as the autumn leaves that whirled past the window. For a while she looked down thoughtfully on some flowers Douglas had placed near her pillow; she drew them towards her, and looked at them with curious intentness, then she commenced hastily plucking them to pieces.

"These are the people who have been unkind to me," she said, hurriedly. "Let us destroy them and fling them away. Not fling them away," she added, suddenly, in a tone of gentle courtesy. "You see, Robert, the scent is oppressive, and it would be better to put them out of the room because I am ill, you know."

These sudden recalls of reason, the struggle of her mind to reassert its power, and the effort to conceal its weakness, were more terrible to Douglas than her wildest hallucinations, his heart felt to be breaking. Flinging himself on his knees, he looked up with all his soul's agony concentrated in his eyes. "Oh Father," he cried, "restore her mind. Give back the one godlike attribute of our nature. How can I comfort her when her thoughts have wandered beyond the pale of human reason? How can I tell her of Thee when she is as heedless of my meaning as the vilest brute creature of Thy earth."

"Are you looking at the sunset?" Azalea said, softly. "I think there will be rain to-morrow; the sun is setting behind a bank of clouds. It is very late. I shall go to sleep."

She turned on her side, and Douglas lifted away, reverentially, the long trails of loose fair

hair that fell over her face with the movement. Her beautiful tresses had the dull blight of illness on them; but to Douglas they were lovelier now than in the old days, when they glistened like spun gold in the sunshine, and danced in every sigh of the wind.

She slumbered for awhile a short uneasy sleep; and Douglas sat watching her, his face calm but dark, with restrained pain. He dared not relieve the savage agony of his grief, by allowing his breast to shake with one sob, or his eyes to be dimmed for an instant, lest she should wonder at and ask the cause of his trouble. He could only sit there, assuming a look of content whenever she turned her face towards him, and meeting the wistful doubt in her eyes with a re-assuring smile.

Such smiles they were!—they seared his face with deeper wrinkles, and mocked him in the opposite mirror with their ghastly reflections of assumed mirth. Such smiles as a mother gives to the terrified glances of her babe when it sobs out its innocent life in the agony of a fell disease;—such as those with which the Israelitish General may have greeted the welcoming eyes of his doomed daughter. Such smiles as are fraught with sharper pain than our hottest tears—were these which this man gave as a tribute to the last and greatest love of his life.

Ere she had slept many minutes Azalea awoke, panting, her eyes dilated and anxious.

"Oh!" she cried, "Topaz is running away with the wind over the hills, and I can't catch him, he goes so fast; he will run into the clouds, and then he will never come back."

"I will stop him," Douglas said, soothingly; "I will go after him at once. But oh, Azalea!" he added, with a breaking voice, "why do you look at me so—don't you know me?"

She turned the strangely lustrous eyes on him, and, staring at him fixedly, said,—

"Not in the least; but I am happy to make your acquaintance. I suppose they have sent you to take me away? It is too soon; I will not go yet."

"Oh! not yet—not yet; God forbid that it should be yet!" Douglas said, bowing his face on her hands, and kissing them with despairing tenderness.

A shy smile irradiated her wan face.

"You must be Thurstan," she whispered. "No one but Thurstan loved me like that; he was my husband, you know."

"It is—it is time for you to sleep," Douglas stammered, as he gently let her hands free.

"It is bed time; try and sleep now."

"I always seem to be going to bed," she

muttered, impatiently. "Why do I never get up in the morning? I shall get up to-morrow, and feed the birds myself."

Presently she flung her arms up in a paroxysm of terror.

"I cannot see," she cried; "take me to the light."

The room was ablaze with candle-light; and Douglas became nearly frantic at the sight of her vehement agitation, and the inefficacy of his efforts to prove to her that she was not in darkness.

"Oh, it is all dark—so dark," she moaned; "and I shall be lost. He will never find me any more."

She struck her arms out wildly, crying that "*It* was coming after her again." Then she clung convulsively to Douglas, entreating him to save her, not to let *it* take her away down the dark road between the clouds.

"Azalea, my child, it is nothing," urged Douglas, in the extremity of his distress. "Nothing shall touch you, nothing shall harm you."

But his heart stood still when he remembered how near the silent enemy was to the shrinking form in his arms—an enemy no prayers could appease, no terror move; an enemy from which not all the dumb anguish of his imploring eyes, nor the passionate throbings of his aching heart, could shield her.

She sank down, at last, shuddering violently; still clutching his hands and entreating to be taken to the daylight. Douglas looked at the dark shadows of the deepening night, and prayed that she might sleep away the long, dreary hours that must elapse before the first grey tint of dawn crept up behind the black fir-grove.

She was quiet at length from sheer exhaustion, but her eyes were still alert and anxious; and the drawn, pale face quivered painfully as her gaze followed every waver of the flickering candle flame. The miserable, heart-weary watcher poured out a few drops of sedative and held it to her lips. The kindly draught lured the troubled spirit to rest, and in a few minutes Douglas had the negative satisfaction of seeing the drawn face relax, and the distended eyes soften in the shadow of sleep.

During the lagging hours that followed, Douglas sat motionless, his haggard face turned towards the window. He dared not look long at the wreck of the creature he so loved, lest his composure should give way, and she be startled from slumber by his passion of lamentation.

He cursed the hours that were slipping away so fast, bearing with them the last minutes of

her numbered hours ; he cursed the darkness that crawled so heavily over tree and meadow, sky and water ; and yet more he loathed the thought of the dawn, which might rise for him alone.

She was dying—his darling “was dying—dying—dying,” he repeated the word to himself in a monotonous whisper ; and as he whispered it, he locked his hands one in the other until the indentation of his finger-nails drew blood. He had seen death before ; he had seen it come by strange chances to men when they had been full of mirth and proud in strength ; he had seen it waste their noble thews and sinews into the weakness of a child’s limbs. He had seen it met with resignation and with blasphemy,—with mad terror and with peaceful joy. He knew its every aspect, and he had learnt only too well to recognise its infallible signs.

He would have given all his worldly wealth to any man who had said to him to-night, “Yet hope ;” but in his heart he knew that the look had come to Azalea’s face which comes but once in life, and that when life is ebbing into death—a look weird-like, but not unlovely—full of strange pathos, as if the perishing flesh rebelled against its approaching dissolution, yet with the foretaste of immortal peace on the serene brow and in the tranced, lustrous eyes.

For some hours she slept quietly, undisturbed by the beating of the ash boughs against the window, or by the loud surging of the rising wind. A storm was thickening the cloudy, dense darkness, and without all was turmoil and confusion. Sudden bursts of rain and hail dashed violently against the window-panes ; streams whirled down the water-pipes, wearying Douglas’s ears by their monotonous splash. With that curious cognisance of detail which a mind tense with supreme suffering sometimes exhibits, he thought how perturbed must be all the thousand tiny inhabitants of the pipe’s hollow, which, having nestled there for warmth and shelter, were now dislodged by this unexpected deluge. How fast the flat woodlouse was running over the leaden ridges—how rapidly the spider was swinging up his flight from that dreadful chasm, leaving his half-dissected fly to be swept away by the torrent !

Then his thoughts wandered away to far-off scenes. He imaged to himself how loudly the sea must now be roaring over sands and rocks. He pictured wild flights of sea-gulls whirling amidst the foam, portents of storm and disaster. He remembered one dark night of storm years and years ago, when he had seen strong

men sucked down like wafts of sea-weed under the great waters. He thought what they must be now, his whilom friends and companions, and shuddered at the thought. At least his darling would rest at peace in an earthly bed ; he would know where to seek her ; her sleep should be guarded by gay flowers and sculptured effigy. Better so than to be tossed in annihilation by the eternal recurrence of moaning waves.

He was aroused from his vague meditations by the sound of a low, mirthless laugh. His heart seemed to grow suddenly numb, and then to bound into a thousand mad pulsations. Azalea was awake, and was pointing with her finger towards a distant corner of the room.

“Isn’t it funny ?” she whispered ; “he dances there every night with the princess. He says he does it on purpose to amuse me, but it does not amuse me ; it hurts me dreadfully.” These last words escaped her lips with a sharp cry of pain.

“Oh !” she moaned, “it hurts me so much, so much !” She put her hand to her side, and panted with agony.

Douglas brought a flannel steeped in embrocation, and placed it gently over her chest.

“That is better,” she sighed. Then she turned herself on her side, and faced the window.

“Open the shutters, Robert,” she said, presently ; “the light is coming. I hear the birds singing.”

It was a dreary scene the opened window revealed to them.

The wind was still storming through the wet leaves, and the rain had settled into a sullen mist, which hung thickly over the upland. The golden-brown and dapple-skinned cattle moved, dull, hueless shadows, through the white denseness of the meadow ; on the lake the flat leaves of the water lilies were ruffled and torn from their stems by the rush of the swollen stream. The moving sound of waters and the faint chirp of a bird were all that broke the stillness of the colourless dawn.

“Will he come, do you think ?” Azalea said, in the hollow voice that had become habitual to her. “Do you see him coming ?”

Then observing Douglas hesitate and look perplexed, she added, with asperity,—

“Take me to the window, and let me look for myself.”

He pushed her bed in the direction she indicated, and she tried to raise herself up, but fell back, weeping with weakness and vexation.

“Lift me up,” she wailed. “I cannot move by myself.”

He propped her up on her pillows, and she inclined her head towards the casement, and rested her cheek on the pane.

"I can't see him," she said, after she had looked some time with eager, wistful eyes, in the direction of the avenue. "But, perhaps, it is because there is no sun."

She drooped down again among the cushions, and cried a little to herself. Douglas bent down to hear what it was she was murmuring. The word was choked by quick breaths and sighs heavy with tears, but it sounded like "Thurstan," and Douglas drew back, stung by intolerable pain.

"Is it always to be so?" he thought, bitterly. "Is love and faith which endure to the end, to be nothing, compared with the passion which glorified an hour, but has left the whole of her life desolate? Will she never repay me for all, by giving me at least one of her dying thoughts?"

He felt stifled and weary beyond the power of endurance. He rang the bell and summoned old Sally to come and take his place for a few seconds by the sick-bed. Bidding her beckon to him immediately, should any change occur in the patient, he ran down-stairs, and went into the wet meadows, keeping, as he had promised, within sight of Azalea's window. The sullen coolness of the dim morning assorted better with his feelings than the gaiety of sunshine could have done. He stooped down amongst the reeds, and dipped his head into the grey waters. Then he went into the old dilapidated conservatory, and felt about the tangles of the vine until he had detected some grapes riper than the others. She could not swallow them now, but they might serve to refresh her dry lips. He did not dare pluck her any of the roses that drooped heavy with rain-drops over the conservatory door. To her distempered imagination, the beautiful playthings of her youth appeared something menacing and fearful.

"Who could ever have thought that Azalea would be afraid of flowers?" Douglas reflected, sadly.

"Sir, she is asking for you," a feeble voice called from above; and in another second he was up-stairs again at her door. He was fain to pause when there. Something like dread held back his footsteps, and accelerated the hurried beatings of his heart.

When he entered he met Azalea's eyes, and understood from their expression that she was conscious.

"I am better," she said, smiling sweetly as she spoke.

The old woman hurried from the room, weeping.

"Oh dear, dear," she sobbed. "To see that poor child smile with a face like that quite breaks my heart."

"Will you please give me a looking-glass?" Azalea continued, speaking the more deliberately from the difficulty she had in articulating.

He brought her a hand mirror, and, taking it between her wax-like fingers, she looked at herself intently.

It was with a kind of wonder mixed with pathetic self-pity that she surveyed the reflection of her altered features. What she beheld were their pinched nostrils; drawn, colourless cheeks; eyes gleaming with unnatural fire from their purple shadows; floats of pale, dull hair drooping forlornly over her shoulders.

"It don't look like me," she gasped. "Take it away."

Douglas removed the mirror, and she fell back on her pillow, and remained motionless for some time. Presently, after murmuring some inarticulate sounds, and with a great effort, she uttered one word distinctly. It was—

"Pray!"

At the same moment she endeavoured to clasp her hands together, and Douglas understood that at last the truth was clear to her, and that she knew she was near to death.

He helped her to twine the poor wax-like fingers together, and then he knelt down by her side. He judged that a familiar, well-loved formula would be sweeter to her ears than any other form of worship, and he said the Lord's Prayer very slowly, for she was following the words with her lips, although they made no sound.

Her eyes half closed, and such a change came over her face, that he leant over her, crying,—

"Azalea! oh, my darling—my darling!"

She looked up at him with a gleam of recognition in her eyes, and, putting out her hand, patted his bowed head kindly.

"Dear—old—Robert," she said, slowly; "God—bless—"

She broke off with a low sigh; but in these few words lay the recompense of all the years of suffering Robert Douglas had endured.

The dreamless sleep was creeping on her very fast now.

She did not speak again until the warm splendour of the sun streamed into the room and over her face.

Then she raised herself a little, and looked out at the broadening day.

"The storm is over," she said; "and even this—oh, Robert—this is death!"

As she spoke her brow contracted and earth's last pang seized her.

BAD HEART AND GOOD DIGESTION.

IN one of Hume's philosophical essays some remarks are made on the compatibility, on the one hand, of a gloomy disposition and dyspeptic frame with moral worth and even excellence; and on the other, of a cheery temperament and beautifully eupeptic apparatus with extreme worthlessness of character, and even absolute villany. "A selfish villain may possess a spring and alacrity of temper, a certain gaiety of heart, which is indeed a good quality, but which is rewarded much beyond its merit; and when attended with good fortune, will compensate for the uneasiness and remorse arising from all other vices." Chamfort speaks of a man of mark, all of whose *amitiés* and *amours ne sont que le produit de quelques bonnes digestions*. Well may Byron speculate on the digestive powers of a certain trafficker in flesh and blood,—meaning by that expression, not the ovine, bovine, or porcine compound, but Mr. Gladstone's sense of the highly philadelphic term:—

I wonder if his appetite was good?
Or, if it were, if also his digestion?
Methinks at meals some odd thoughts would intrude,
And Conscience ask a curious sort of question
About the right divine, how far we should
Sell flesh and blood. When dinner has oppress'd one,
I think, perhaps, it is the gloomiest hour
Which turns up out of the sad twenty-four.

"Talk about a good conscience in this life," exclaims my Lord Crabs, in conference with his son, the Honourable Algernon Deuceace, "a good stomach is everything!" Mr. Thackeray excelled in picturing types of this creed, embodied in systematic practice; men of the make of Captain Howard Walker, for instance, with that happy elasticity of temperament, which so amply warranted his author's belief, "that, in spite of his misfortunes and precarious position, there was no man in England whose conscience was more calm, and whose slumbers were more tranquil than those of Captain Howard Walker." If, forsooth, we were to be sorry when our friends died—these are described as the captain's maxims,—or to draw our purses when our friends were in want, we should be insolvent, and life would be miserable. "Be it ours to button up our

pockets and our hearts, and to make merry—it is enough to swim down this life-stream for ourselves; if Poverty is clutching hold of our heels, or Friendship would catch an arm, kick them both off." In short, every man for himself, is the word, and plenty to do, too.

Did you ever know a thoroughly unfeeling person in your life that did not prosper? is a question put in one of Colonel Whyte Melville's novels. Byron, again, makes out that—

Society itself, which should create
Kindness, destroys what little we had got:
To feel for none is the true social art
Of the world's stoics—men without a heart.

And it is this absence of a heart in the organisation that so facilitates the digestion. Palpitations are so bad for the gastric juices, and so mischievously derange the action of the liver.

We see Lord Lytton's Varney in the full play of those animal spirits, which he owed to his unrivalled *physique*, and the obtuseness of his conscience. Another of his lordship's heartless and well-to-do scoundrels—a very personation of egotistical health; so elegant despite his strength, and so fresh despite his years—is ushered in with the note of admiration, "It is astonishing how well men wear when they think of no one but themselves!" Indeed, the type is a highly pronounced one in Lord Lytton's portrait gallery, first and last. Vargrave, who figures conspicuously in two separate fictions from this facile hand, is a salient example of the well-to-do worldling, who knows not what regret is—it being a condition of life with men thoroughly worldly that they never look behind. But the most finished specimen in the series is Lord Lilburne, in *Night and Morning*: an old man, yet one of whom an acquaintance aptly says, that you can't fancy Lilburne old—his manner is so young, his eye young: "I never saw any one with so much vitality. 'The bad heart and the good digestion'—the twin secrets for wearing well." Lord Lilburne himself, in another chapter, bears witness: "No man has studied the art of happiness more than I have, and I will tell you the great secret; have as few ties as possible." His creed is—and it involves both faith and practice—that there is no such thing as sorrow while one has health and money, and don't care a straw for anybody in the world. If one chooses to love people, *their* health and circumstances, if either go wrong, can make one fret; that opens many avenues to pain. Never live alone, but always feel alone—that is his motto. Even ambition

is to be avoided. Had his lordship indulged in ambition, he might have been a very great man, with a very bad liver. "A little of heart, and his habits would have led him into countless follies and discreditable scrapes. It was the lead and the stone that he carried about him, that preserved his equilibrium, no matter which way the breeze blew." Early in life he had suffered himself to enter the field of politics, and had shown talents that might have raised one of his position to any height; and then he retired at once into his old habits, and old system of pleasure. "I wished to try," he says, "if fame was worth one headache, and I have convinced myself that the man who can sacrifice the bone in his mouth to the shadow of the bone in the water is a fool." The moralist presides over our last view of Lord Lilburne, on the last page of the story, when we see him mouthing the ashes of the Dead Sea fruit which his hands have culled; when he is grown sensibly, unmistakably old,—his infirmities increasing upon him, and his sole resources of pleasure, the senses, dried up: for him there is no longer savour in the viands, or sparkle in the wines; man delights him not, nor woman either: he is alone with old age, and in sight of death. The bad heart remains, and the good digestion is gone.

Beau secret! is Michelet's note of admiration, in regard of a certain historical personage, less notable than notorious, who apparently enjoyed the secret of not growing old. And yet, he adds, the recipe is to be had for the asking: it is, never to be moved at or by anything, to love nothing, to have a real fellow-feeling with nothing—*ne compatir à rien*; to indulge only in those *petites émotions, petits desirs, petites peurs, qui achèvent la digestion*. In short, on one side, "*absence de l'âme; d'autre part, le culte du corps*." Digestion governs the world, according to a philosophic disseminator on the province of cookery: the successful man is the man with a good stomach, the man who has no fits of *mauvaise honte*, of nervous trepidation, of painful irresolution, or more painful compunction; who suffers no delicate scruples, no morbid apprehensions, no tender regards, to disturb his equanimity or arrest his purpose; to whom it is the same thing whether he makes or cuts a friend, whether he throws into his normal laugh the tone of hearty geniality or careless indifference; whose main capacity is to enjoy life, and enjoy it he will in his own way, and at all costs. "He thinks it strange that other men should be shy, or nervous, or scrupulous. He

has none of these feelings, and he believes that he is all the happier for being without them. He has got the one thing needful—the thing which half his friends would give their lives [?] to have, and the other half are losing their lives because they have it not—a good stomach. So he goes on, growing in favour with men and women, till the fated hour when the long-worked liver begins to strike, and the gastric juices to fail, and men and women to smile no more." So again, a shrewd essayist on Bachelors by Profession tracks them in their ways and means, and shows how, if appetite with them is ever impaired, it is the liver and not the heart; late hours, and not blighted affections; how easily their lives flow along,—a mind at peace with themselves and the world leaving them a wonderfully good digestion. Warm affections are recognised as distinctly hostile to longevity: to be thoroughly cold-blooded and selfish is all in a man's favour. "A warm-hearted man will be put out if his wife is dying, and will forget his regular hours for taking his sleep or his meals." Granted that some persons have lived to great ages, in spite of warm affections; but so there are people who have lived in spite of drinking, and filthy habits, and indifference to regular exercise.

"Can sorrow from the goblet flow?" says Jasper Loosely, in *What will he do with it?* "Well, I suppose it can—when a man has no coats to his stomach; but you and I, Dolly Poole, have stomachs thick as pea-jackets, and proof as gutta-percha." Undy Scott, in the *Three Clerks*, is a more polite philosopher of the same school. It was part of his philosophy, we are told, that nothing should disturb the even tenor of his way, or interfere with his animal comforts. We see him over head and ears in debt, and playing a game which, in all human probability, would end in his ruin; the ground is sinking beneath his feet on every side, and yet he thoroughly enjoys his dinner. "His accomplice, Alaric, could not make such use of his philosophy. Undy Scott might be the worse man of the two, but he was the better philosopher." And dare the one, to apply Talfourd's lines, charge the other with baseness?—

Yes; what meaner vice

Crawls there than that which no affections urge . . .
Which from the soul steals mounting impulses,
. and in vile collapse
Leaves the exhausted heart without one fibre
Impell'd by generous passion.

But these Lilburnes, and the like, are often true to the last, and die as they have lived.



Once a Week.]

[July 27, 1869.

THE POWER OF LOVE.—By F. ELTZB.

MY WATERING-PLACE.

I.

IF you wish to know the exact latitude and longitude of the little sea-port town of St. Crabbe's I honestly confess I cannot tell you : I as honestly affirm that if I could I wouldn't ; but I do not mind giving such general indications of the place as will enable any intelligent person to discover it for himself, if he should wish to devote his time and intelligence to that object. Perhaps I am paying it too high a compliment in calling it a sea-port. There is a sea and there is a port ; because there is a confounded bar which is never to be got over when one wants to go a-sailing ; a lighthouse, when no one in particular chooses to light the lamps ; a flagstaff, against which undisciplined ropes beat mournfully in a gale of wind ; a rotten old battery with a couple of old honey-combed carronades in it ; and two or three coast-guardsmen, who from the perfection they have attained in doing nothing whatever in a business-like manner, deserve the best thanks of an ungrateful country. Well, well—if it disappoint the nautical enthusiast, the town itself is clean, cosy, and quiet. In the centre of a crescent facing the sea-board are the Assembly Rooms, a fine building of the Egyptian and partly Ionic order of architecture ; that is to say, a great staring structure with a huge portico and balcony over it, supported by massive stuccoed columns, very classic in design, (that of "our talented townsman," Mr. Nogo Jones,) but now a good deal fallen from their former high estate—which I don't much wonder at, for on rainy days, Major Belcher selects this sheltered spot for his two hours' morning walk, and pokes a piece of plaster with his cane off every other column during his journey, practising what he is pleased to call the *coup de Jarnac*. Between this crescent and the sea is a green space, like that so prettily laid out at Dieppe : to speak more correctly, it might be green, but it is delivered over to the marine population who dry their nets here, while their young barbarians indulge in the various sports of childhood, with an accompaniment of such deplorable language as makes the passing moralist shudder, and think it anything but well for the fisherman's boy that he shouts with his sister at play. It is by no means an unpicturesque sight to walk here on a dull November evening, when the "schools" of herring are in the bay, and the fishermen are casting the seines from their large open boats, in the bows of which they

carry a brazier, with a jolly coal fire, over which they heat their coffee, and other comforting drinks. Forty or fifty of these boats in procession are a pretty sight, making one regret that the herring of these parts is so lost to all sense of decency, that if it has any roe at all, it is a hard and not a soft one.

At the back of the crescent runs the High, and very nearly the only street. Here are the shops and here the comfortable hostelry, the Royal Oak, so ably presided over by that excellent woman, Mrs. Brumfitt. I say Mrs. Brumfitt, advisedly, because her worthy husband combines the highly honourable and lucrative profession of a tailor with that of hotel-keeper, and only leaves his working for the festive board of an evening, when from eight o'clock till twelve, he takes the chief place in his smoking-room, faced by one of the right sort ; where, with an enormous pipe in his mouth, he lays down the law in politics to the tradesmen of the town, who mostly there do congregate. But, mind you, only the *first* tradesmen of the place, and such commercial travellers as are passing through. Next to the landlord the most important person is the postmaster, who, being a furious Radical, is very sensitive on points of precedence, and in exacting that deference to which his rank entitles him. The bar is reserved for the gentry only, who drop in after a day's hunting or shooting to pick up the news or gossip of the day, and exchange a few compliments with Mrs. Brumfitt, who is an exceedingly fine woman, and doesn't mind being told of it.

So much for the town itself. Behind it are various lanes and the high road to London, all leading by an ascent of about a mile and a half to an extensive table-land, half moor and half heath, where on a breezy day you will find some difficulty in keeping your legs, but where on a clear day there are some of the finest views in England. Looking towards the sea, between you and the town are dotted the villas and country houses of the gentry ; and I wish you no worse luck, my friend, than to dine at one of these hospitable and charming retreats on a summer evening, when the dessert is laid out on the lawn, and the moon is rising out of the sea, and *she*, &c.

Let not the possible cynic who pens these lines—no ! not cynic ; I prefer to speak of myself as

The mild-eyed, melancholy lotos-eater,

who, if not "weighed upon with heaviness, or utterly consumed with sharp distress," has been driven to these peaceful shores by circum-

stances, or we'll say companies, over which he had no control,—let him not induce the beloved reader to entertain so weak an imagination as to suppose that if we are not very gay we are very slow. As a moral community, I should say we stand very high. The magistrates sit only twice a month, and the very small amount of law required is supplied by the clerk, who is an estimable bookseller. Our provincial Fouché has but two agents under him, whose chief duties appear to be confined to taking into amatory charge our cooks and nursery-maids; so that whenever one is required for actual business, and is missing, he says, like his great prototype, “*Cherchez la femme.*” Attorneys do not abound; and what there are, appear to prefer riding to hounds and entertaining their friends, to setting them by the ears: so that, on that score, at least, there is no cause for complaint. But inquisitive and impertinent friends have asked me—and in more forcible language than I considered necessary—how on earth I managed to get through the day? It is not every one, like you, Mr. Editor, who knows that a great part of my time is spent in the composition of my great epic poem, *The Pleasures of Digestion*. To gratify, then, what I cannot but consider a prurient curiosity into the private affairs of a distinguished personage, I have determined to give such information respecting my present abode, as may be referred to with perfect confidence when my life and times have become matter for history.

Place aux dames! All I know are charming. *Fuge suspicari*, you rogue! This is not extraordinary. I don't care for a woman, because she is a woman. I like them as I like my champagne, sparkling, dry, not too much body, not highly coloured, and not too much of it and them at a time. You may safely, then, take it for granted, that when I am seen walking with a lady, she fulfils most of the above conditions; and, as I am frequently hospitably entertained by many here, I shall not further particularise, lest I might be suspected of *invidious distinctions*. As for those old harridans, Mrs. General This, Lady Post-captain That, in large mushroom hats and spectacles, who scowl at me, while taking my constitutional, as if I was a criminal of the deepest dye, I should just like to put them all into bathing-machines (where they don't go very often, I promise you), take them up to the top of the cliff, and roll them into the sea!

As for the men, my companions, and, in many instances, friends, it is painfully borne into me and them, that the curate is master of the situation. I, for one, will never endorse

the odious doctrines of the author of the *Girl of the Period*, which make her mercenary, avaricious, and trivial. There is only one man in the world the curate is afraid of, and that is the middle-aged rector. They (the girls) frivolous, because they let down their back hair? Where is Berenice's, I should like to know? I remember seeing it, in 1858, in the shape of a most lovely comet. John Bull object to seeing the fair daughters of his land riding about in Rotten Row? What fair equestrian gave her name to a continent? They not to attend matins, or complines, or vespers at St. Kilderkins! Where could you find ladies of more unblemished beauty and virtue than the Vestal Virgins? The world is becoming too virtuous, and I too classical. Why, only last week, I was ascending the stairs of our Assembly Rooms, to join in the casual rubber which takes place there in the afternoon, and hearing some dulcet tones in an adjoining apartment, generally used for the supper-room on more festive occasions, I permitted myself to glimpse through the keyhole; and there I saw, oh! the loveliest young ecclesiastic holding forth to the most charming audience in this diocese. What about? I scorn the imputation. I did not listen. I hadn't time. Singleton was shouting out, “Come and cut;” and I did, with him—to my sorrow.

Yes! whist is one of our amusements these dark, winter afternoons. Many of us, while carefully guarding ourselves against the possibility of a sad old age, will be the means of preparing a very choleric one for many respectable gentlemen. For instance, I suggested to my friend Seasure, as he had not played the game for many years, that he should invest in the lucid treatise of J. C., and become acquainted at least with the rudiments of the science. In an evil moment (for us) he did. The consequences were more frightful than before. His edition must have contained gross misprints. His game was like a horrid nightmare. When he was fourth player he played as if he was second; when second as if he was third, and so on; jumbling together the play of the different hands, as laid down in that learned work; and when cursed by his partner, chaffed by his adversaries, and derided by the gallery, advanced this sublime maxim, *The first principle of Whist is to confuse the adversaries*. And so he does, but at the same time omits to enlighten his partner. Then there is Jack Muller, who is always imagining he is playing *écarté*; and when his adversaries lead an ace, with great gravity puts his king upon

it, and says, "That's my trick;" Rufford, who glories in leading a single card, and will not be taught the folly of it; Hugger, who is kind enough to place beyond a doubt what cards he holds, as he drops them half-a-dozen times in the course of a hand; and Mugger, who snorts, groans, sneezes, as if in great bodily or mental anguish when he plays his card, throwing it on the table as if it had been a favourite limb he had just detached.

Nevertheless, we have our grievances. Where two or three noble Britons are gathered together, these must exist. How can these be made known save through the medium of the "Palladium of our liberties," the press? But what newspaper would care to print them? What would benighted London care for the exigencies of our enlightened community? Therefore, we boast two local papers, the *St. Crabbe's Mercury*, published on the Wednesday, the ditto *Gazette*, published on Saturday. These journals, conducted with consummate ability, consist chiefly of advertisements, and the names of the inhabitants. Not but what the writers are equal to the occasion when required. Only yesterday we had a soul-stirring leading article on certain commercial delinquents lately before the public; where, with a noble impartiality, the writer, while declining to pre-judge the merits of the case, thundered forth his sentiments in a manner that Cicero would have envied, and Demosthenes admired. Their columns are open to all correspondents, provided they send their names "not necessary for publication, but," &c., &c. There is one terrible gentleman, who conceals himself under the signature of an ancient painter, who—having come here, I presume, in search of the picturesque—finds nothing to please him, provoking indignant replies from the local authorities. There is a poet (he, I suspect, is an amateur, and not on the staff,) who combines the sublime sentiments of Dr. Watts with the simplicity of Wordsworth. I send you a short specimen, as you would not, probably, have room for more:—

How doth the little waddling crab
Walk sideways on the shore,
His daily food with claw to grab,
And fill his greedy maw.

Each has a London correspondent, who possibly resides within two hundred yards of where I am writing. I do not detect in him any exclusive political knowledge; and I presume, from the accident of the days of publication, his general information has been anticipated by the London journals of three or four

days previously. Amongst the most interesting of their articles are those relating to the proceedings of our local parliament. Here, in this sequestered spot, one may learn what Americanising our institutions means. To think that these readers, whose great minds are no doubt pregnant with celestial fire, should haggle, recriminate, howl, growl, threaten to throw each other out of window, over such simple matters as gas, water-rates, town improvements, and the rest, makes the hair of poor Lotophagus stand on end, when he reads of these truculent proceedings. But let me not disclose too much; perchance my water-rate may not be paid some day, and the tax-gatherer, with whom I am at present on friendly terms, call again, and in vain. So, for the present, I must close.

A CICCATA AT ROME.

ON the eve of the year of revolutions, 1848, ere it was the fashion to get up excursions to either the Holy Land or the Eternal City, I chanced to witness at Rome one of the strangest spectacles that ever tourist, in search of the sensational, set eyes on—an unmistakable trait of barbarian manners, dating back, it is said, to the darkest ages of the world's history.

I had been staying in Rome for some time, until in fact I had become intensely wearied with its art monuments and its sacerdotal pageantry, when one afternoon while strolling on the Corso I encountered a former friend of mine, Count Graziani.

"Ah! *poverino*, you at Rome!" cried he; "what are you doing here?"

"I hardly know," I replied; "I was putting precisely the same question to myself the moment I recognised you."

"One is therefore to understand, I presume, that you have been in the capital of the Cæsars a certain number of days, weeks or months—sufficiently long at any rate to feel bored?"

"You have guessed correctly; that is precisely my case. Show some pity for me, and suggest to me a way of amusing myself during the few days I fear I must still remain here for letters from England. You, being a native, of course know Rome well. I have gone diligently through my Murray—seen the Vatican, the Quirinal, and St. Peter's, and one knows not how many other churches; have contemplated what remains of the Capitol—the Tarpeian Rock failed to interest me; have visited the

Sistine Chapel in the morning, the Corso at noon, and the Coliseum at midnight. I have explored the catacombs, seen the Palazzo Doria and all the other show palaces; have been of course to Tivoli, taking in Hadrian's Villa on the road. Thanks to a chance acquaintance, I have also been presented to the Pope; I have seen, I expect, the entire college of cardinals, have admired the pirouettes of one or two celebrated opera dancers, and made the acquaintance of several young and interesting brigands, sojourning at present in the castle of St. Angelo. In fact, I have seen all that is to be seen so far as I know of. Very possibly, however, you can show me something I have not yet made acquaintance with."

The Count considered for a moment, then inquired of me how long I was likely to remain. "If over Thursday," said he, "I can introduce you to a most bewildering sight on that evening. I would ask you to dine with me beforehand, only it is desirable we should not be seen together. I must make one condition—you must ask no questions. Will you come?"

"It is something mysterious, then—my curiosity is already excited. I accept your offer of course, and attend your instructions."

"Well, then, on Thursday evening meet me at dusk in front of the Alberto Theatre—say half-past eight. Come dressed very quietly, so as not to attract attention, and, above everything, keep your own counsel for the sake of your own personal security. Thursday evening, remember, half-past eight, opposite the Alberto Theatre. Silence, mystery, and good luck. Good-bye." And, without giving me time to say a word in reply, the Count walked hurriedly away.

As for myself, I continued my stroll; puzzled, as may be supposed, by the Count's reticence, which had, however, the effect of raising my hopes to the highest pitch, and caused me to look forward to witnessing something which was at any rate not to be found described in any guide-book.

The letters I expected arrived in due course, and on the Thursday I made my arrangements for leaving Rome on the following day. Towards evening I dressed myself in a travelling suit, put a loaded revolver in my pocket in case of its being required, and proceeded on foot towards the Alberto Theatre. It was a little after eight o'clock. I found Count Graziani already at the rendezvous, pacing slowly up and down in company with a young man with whom he was chatting familiarly. Scarcely had I approached the pair than the Count

exclaimed, "I am glad you have come! We'll not lose time, but jump into a carriage at once."

I was rather surprised to find that he did not introduce the stranger and myself. However, once in the carriage we commenced chatting as familiarly as though we were old acquaintances. This friend of the Count's proved a very agreeable young man. Although somewhat effeminate, he had a grand air, and was even distinguished looking; still it is difficult with Italians to guess their birth from their manners and appearance. He was not more than twenty-four years of age, and his raven black hair and moustache set off that peculiar sallowness of complexion which is common among people of the South, who drink nothing but water. Altogether he would have passed for a handsome man among Italians even.

The carriage had been rattling along for about ten minutes, and I noticed that we were traversing dark and narrow streets entirely unknown to me. Although I did not feel in the least alarmed, yet I must confess that this nocturnal excursion awakened in me a kind of uneasy feeling, so that I could not avoid questioning my companions.

"My dear friend," said I to the Count, "I accepted your offer in the spirit in which it was made, and, as you desired, asked no questions; but now that you have me, and I cannot retreat, I suppose you will not object to tell me where we are bound."

"Pardon me," replied the Count; "what I promised was to show you a sight you had never seen before and will probably never see again as long as you live; but I never engaged to tell you where this spectacle was to take place. I counted upon your knowledge of me not only to trust yourself to me with perfect confidence, but to ask no questions. You were in search of something strange. I promise you, you shall not be disappointed; still, if you hesitate, it is not too late to turn back."

"Do not misunderstand me," I rejoined; "I have every confidence in you, and am perfectly certain that in all this seeming mystery there is nothing contrary to the high character you have in everybody's estimation."

The Count simply answered, "You ought to know me."

His companion added,—

"There is nothing to fear so long as you are discreet; only do not speak of what you are about to witness until you are safe back in your own country."

In a few moments our carriage came to a halt in a badly-lighted open space, where four

dark, dirty, narrow streets met. We alighted at once, and before proceeding a single step waited till the vehicle had driven off and the noise of its wheels was lost in the silence of the night. We had scarcely walked a hundred paces before Count Graziani stopped in front of the low door of a suspicious looking house, and said in a suppressed voice,—

“This is the place.”

Gently pushing the door, which yielded without an effort to the first pressure, we all three entered a long, dark passage, at the end of which one noticed a dim light shining through the curtains and glass panes of a second door, which appeared to lead into the only room lighted up in the entire building.

Before we had arrived half way down this passage the door opened and a man made his appearance, who fastened the door behind him with great care. For the moment or two the door remained ajar one heard a murmur of voices which satisfied me that the room was occupied by a numerous company. Upon a signal from the Count we had all three come to a halt. The man, in advancing towards us, hid from us the little light that came from this apartment, and which had served until this moment to guide our steps. As soon as he was face to face with the Count, who was in front of our party, some whispers were exchanged between the two, and a minute or two afterwards a feeble light was seen on our right, and we followed the unknown up a narrow, dirty, slimy flight of steps, which the darkness had prevented one from observing before.

We ascended eleven steps, for I took the trouble to count them, and found ourselves in front of a door, before passing through which the man who was guiding us put out the light, and, in a scarcely audible voice, told us to take hold of each other by the hand and to follow him.

After we had groped for some moments through the darkness, he whispered to us to sit down, which we did upon a wooden bench we felt in front of us.

Whatever was going to happen, and what would it be possible for us to see in the impenetrable obscurity by which we were surrounded? After all these marches and counter-marches, and this air of real or pretended mystery that met one at every step, it was impossible for one's curiosity not to be aroused to the highest pitch; still I refrained from venturing upon any further questions.

From the direction we had taken I felt persuaded that we were almost immediately over the room we had noticed on the ground floor,

and this opinion was confirmed on hearing a loud noise beneath—the sound of numerous voices speaking rapidly and more or less together, varied at times by sudden shouts—yells, one might almost style them—followed by the stamping of feet. Suddenly there rose a curtain, at arm's length in front of us, which enabled one to see that we were in a kind of low, narrow closed gallery, which commanded a view of what was going on below, without its occupants being observed or their presence suspected even.

None of us had spoken. I for my part was taken up with observing the scene at our feet, and trying to detect aught peculiar in it, but all I could make out was about a score of men, and all evidently belonging to the common people, seated drinking at various tables at the further end of the room, and arguing and shouting among themselves with the fury of demoniacs. The Count whispered in my ear,—

“We may speak now, but so as not to be heard; otherwise, I won't answer for our lives.”

“Well then,” said I, “since the spell is at length broken, tell me where we are and why all this mystery to see a score of Italians drinking and quarrelling among themselves. The sight has nothing novel in it, and it is not even an agreeable one.”

The Count, pressing my arm, replied, “Wait a while. Watch attentively for what is going to happen.” As for our companion, the effeminate young Italian, he did not say a word, and one was only conscious of his presence by his occasionally hard breathing.

I examined at leisure all that was passing beneath. The room was lit up by merely four miserable lamps, which gave out a far more disagreeable odour than light; still one could distinguish the countenances of most of the men, all of whom had, more or less, weather-beaten faces and keen, energetic looking eyes. A few of them were already aged and grizzly; others on the contrary were mere youths, but all appeared equally daring and brave. As I watched them attentively I observed one of them mount upon a bench and address the others, who listened to him with marked attention, and from their gestures I gathered that the speaker's proposition was favourably received.

Despite the full and empty jugs upon the tables at which these men were seated none of them appeared intoxicated, though there were, perhaps, one or two whose brains were excited by drink; there was, however, no approach to that stupid and brutal drunkenness to which

many of the working classes of more northern nations habitually give way. You might have taken these men for conspirators or brigands even, but you would never have set them down for drunkards.

"What is going to happen now?" inquired I of the Count, in an undertone.

"You see all these men?" replied he, speaking equally low; "most of them are young, and all are strong and hale. Well, the long and the short of the matter is, they are about to poignard one another with unexampled ferocity."

"Good heavens! what do you mean?" exclaimed I, in an audible voice, which caused the Count to grip me by the arm. Then, speaking low, I continued, "I know they have been disputing among themselves, but the cause of quarrel seems to have passed off. They are evidently comrades of one another, if not friends."

"They are so in fact, and indeed it is necessary they should have a reciprocal esteem in order to join in this singular conflict, the conditions of which they are settling at this moment."

I was stupified. I should have thought my friend was endeavouring to mystify me, but I could see from his manner that he was in earnest. Besides, the various precautions he had throughout adopted, with reference to our presence at this gladiatorial exhibition, convinced me that the Count had told me nothing but the truth.

"And is this to take place before our eyes?" inquired I.

"Let me explain to you the conditions of this singular duel," said my friend, "for it is a duel—brought about, however, without enmity or anger on the parts of those who engage in it, and with the sole view of proving their courage and their contempt for existence. This savage recreation, the origin of which dates from the barbaric ages, is called a *Cicciata*, which comes from the word 'meat'—this is all the explanation I am able to give you. From time to time, eluding the vigilance of the police, a party of individuals will meet at some tavern in the old quarters of the city, and propose a *Cicciata*, usually, as I have said, with the sole object of testing each other's courage, though sometimes with the intention of gratifying, if possible, some hidden revenge. Now," added the Count, suddenly breaking off his recital, "follow all their movements; that tall man you see at the end of the room is advocating the immediate commencement of the combat." Our young companion here began

rubbing his hands, as if with satisfaction at the prospect of what was about to happen.

As for myself, I felt that I ought to retire; still I was, as it were, fascinated to the spot, and watched every movement of these men with increasing interest. A perfect tumult suddenly arose amongst them. The individual whom the Count had pointed out, and who towered above his companions fully half a head, continued speaking with marked emphasis, but the word "*cicciata*" was the only one I could distinctly catch, for he spoke under such excitement and with such rapidity that I was unable to follow him. At the conclusion of his harangue his companions thrust their hands into their pockets and each pulled out a long knife, and we saw a score or more of thin sharp blades glistening in the sinister light.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "they are never going to cut each other's throats before our very eyes, and without any further preliminary."

"Calm yourself, my dear fellow," replied the Count, "you will see nothing worse than this; only watch all that transpires attentively."

The reply of the Count puzzled me. His recommendation was however needless, for, despite myself, my looks were riveted upon the scene beneath. It was impossible to rid myself of the idea that at any moment one might see blood commence to flow, yet the last thing I thought of was withdrawing my gaze.

Suddenly, as though in obedience to some signal, the score of individuals commenced to strip. As a preliminary precaution, however, each placed his long knife beside him; then, with perfect calmness, they removed their garments, one by one, till they were naked to the waist. It was a strange sight, all these robust frames thrown into relief in the trembling light. As they were removing the tables in order to have a clear field, one could not help admiring their energetic heads, their defiant looks, and the quivering muscles of their brawny arms.

"Now," whispered my friend, "the combat is about to begin. The tall individual whom I have already pointed out to you, and round whom they are again gathered, is reminding them of the conditions of the sanguinary struggle. In the first place the lights have to be extinguished, in order that he who happens to get struck may not know who has dealt him the blow, and that he who strikes may be ignorant whom he has wounded—the only way of avoiding revenge on the one part, or repentance on the other. It is formally prohibited, I should

inform you, to strike below the waist, and whatever may be the gravity of the wound, he who receives it is required to suppress any cry of pain that might cause him to be recognised. Further, it is prohibited to strike a man when down, so that he who is wounded or who does not wish to continue fighting has only to throw himself on the floor for his person to become sacred, as no one will then touch him. Every time, however, these men meet one another erect in the darkness, they will strike pitilessly around them, and yet they are all friends, and some of them relations even."

The last table and the last stool removed, every man placed himself, knife in hand, with his face to the wall. The lights had only to be extinguished for the carnage to commence.

I am ashamed to confess that I followed with increasing curiosity each phase of this terrible drama which was about to be performed in perfect darkness, scarcely half-a-dozen yards from the spot where we were seated. The tall man, who had all along appeared to direct the proceedings, now extinguished the first lamp, then the second, then the third; when I saw him approach the fourth and last, my heart palpitated violently, and I thought of revealing my presence by crying out, and so putting a stop to this infamous butchery, but I remembered what the Count had said, and felt that I had no right to jeopardise the lives of my companions. I made, therefore, a sort of compact with my conscience, closed my eyes and placed my hands over my ears, and determined to sit the affair quietly out to the end.

After remaining thus, as it appeared to me, for some considerable time, fatigued with my position, I withdrew my hands and opened my eyes, but all was darkness and the most profound silence prevailed, and I seemed as if under the influence of a dream. At an unguarded movement which I made, I felt the Count grasp me tightly by the arm, as if to imply that I must remain perfectly still. Precisely at the same moment there was a certain agitation immediately beneath us, and I concluded that the combatants were now about to commence the attack. For the next few minutes we heard nothing beyond the sound of suspended respirations, faint breathings that were only perceptible in the death-like stillness that had for some time prevailed. I imagined each individual to be on the defensive, holding his breath, acting with extreme circumspection, and only moving stealthily on tip-toe; as one could see absolutely nothing of what was taking place, the only thing was to guess at it.

Every moment the agitation appeared to increase; the vague, undecided perturbation of the last few minutes had assumed a more positive character, and one was able to distinguish particular efforts made by individual combatants. We could hear them springing from one end of the room to the other, as though endeavouring to strike an adversary on their passage: then, little by little, as the intoxication of the contest in which they were engaged appeared to increase, one heard the shock of bodies coming into collision, and the dead sound of the accompanying blow, followed by falls and suppressed groans. Once, when the carnage seemed to have arrived at its height, there was a tumult of gasping vociferations and stifled cries, seemingly in no known language, and yet perfectly harrowing. This scene, rendered all the more frightful by the darkness, had now lasted for upwards of twenty minutes, when suddenly a voice cried out, "Every one lie down." In a moment or two there was the most complete silence.

The same man who had extinguished the lights relit them one by one. The spectacle we then had under our eyes was painful to behold. Those who had not been severely injured in the general *mêlée* had risen as soon as the lamps were lighted, but seven remained lying on the ground with blood flowing from their wounds, which were at once attended to by such as had escaped perfectly free; others who were not dangerously wounded occupied themselves in examining, with cold disdain, the various slashes and punctures they had received, while one or two of the more indifferent of the party were coolly engaged in wiping their blood-stained weapons on their pocket-handkerchiefs.

This is what is called a *Cicciata*.

TABLE TALK.

THE turquoise is truly a lovely gem; yet how inferior is it in beauty to what Coleridge calls "Hope's gentle gem, the sweet forget-me-not." The blue of its first cousins, the brooklime, speedwell or "bird's-eye,"—members of the graceful *Veronica* family—is also one of those lovely blues that are, this season, among the fashionable colours; but its hue among gems would match it with the lapis-lazuli and not with the turquoise. Forget-me-nots formed the trimming to the blue dress worn by the Princess of Wales at the state ball on July 2nd, and forget-me-nots were also in her head-dress. Out-of-doors they were in full season; and I

had seen large turquoise masses of them within a few yards of the very spot where the lovely Queen of Scots had bared her neck to the stroke of death in the banquet-hall of Fotheringhay. But I have never seen the forget-me-not in more luxuriant beauty than in that river in which the poet Cowper was wont to bathe, and whose sinuous course he has celebrated in his poetic descriptions—the river Ouse. Not only on this river's banks, but marking the tracks of all its tributary streams, are such clumps and beds of forget-me-nots as I have never seen surpassed in fineness of flower and purity of colour; and even every little ditch in the vicinity of the river is glorified by the same wealth of natural gems. Some say that the forget-me-not will improve on cultivation; but I have found that the plants removed carefully from the brink of the Ouse, although they flourish in the garden, are not covered with such fine blossoms. Nevertheless, as it is a free grower, and will take other trimming than that above alluded to in connection with ladies' dress, it is a very useful plant for the garden, and can be used to great advantage in a ribbon-border. I have seen miles of it so used in the gardens of Lord S—, where its turquoise tint had no rival even amid the myriad hues around. Old Gerarde made the flower to be both useful and ornamental; for he says that it is a "remedy agaynst the stinging of scorpions." We may, however, content ourselves with its present loveliness and popular name, whatever its past history may have been in flower folk-lore. Mills, in his *Origin of Chivalry*, has assigned its choice as a token-flower to our own Henry of Lancaster, who, for a tender motive, wore the forget-me-not on his collar of SS.; but the German legend concerning the flower will probably continue to flourish in poetry, notwithstanding varieties in the version, and minor discrepancies in the tale. Thus, one version accounts for the knight being swept away by the stream as he was gathering the turquoise flowers, by saying that he was heavily clad in armour. But among those who have made poems out of this legend is our own Bishop Mant; and I think that he has skilfully accounted for all difficulties by representing the lady as seeing the forget-me-nots gemming a small island fixed in the midst of a rapid river, which, in his endeavours to re-cross, overpowers the knight's strength.

Then the blossoms blue to the bank he threw,
Ere he sank in the eddying tide;
And "Lady, I'm gone, thine own knight true,—
Forget me not!" he cried.

Upon which she cherished the fatal flower, and gave it the name of "Forget-me-not," which certainly sounds much prettier than its proper botanical title of the Mouse-ear Scorpion-grass, *Myosotis palustris*.

THE marking of linen is a very useful if not ornamental exercise of the art of calligraphy; and M. Kuhr, a German chemist, has propounded a new method for the process. He first saturates the linen with a solution of one part of hypophosphite of soda and two of gum in sixteen parts of distilled water. The linen is then ironed, and, when dry, can be written upon with a quill pen charged with a solution of one part of nitrate of silver and six of gum, in six parts of distilled water. If this method should prove a success, it ought to facilitate, not only the ordinary marking of linen for domestic purposes, but also an artistic application of the same principle. I have very frequently found, that among those things that command a ready and high-priced sale at bazaars for charitable purposes, are sets of doilies, on the central portion of which have been drawn designs in marking-ink. For years past I have contributed to bazaars such sets of doilies, which are produced at a slight cost and meet with a ready sale. Of course the drawings must be made by a practised hand, because the materials do not admit of erasure or correction; and, as the marking-ink is almost colourless until after it has been held before a hot fire, the effect of the drawing (as in copper-plate etching) must be guessed and felt before it can be seen. In this respect the German chemist's invention ought to be an improvement. In the sets of doilies drawn with marking-ink I have found that those which sell best at bazaars are humorous subjects and grotesque designs; and, perhaps, they will be found of use in helping a conversationally-lame man over the impediments of the last half hour at the dinner-table. But, for particular purposes, views of particular places can be introduced; and, when drawn for a wedding-present, or for a certain person, initials, coats-of-arms, monograms, and coronets may be added.

AN invention much wanted is a small power generator for household use, which I would call a domestic motor. The machine-tool spirit of our time has invaded the kitchen and the boudoir. Ingenious people have given us washing machines and patent mangles, rotary

knife-cleaners, egg-beaters, fruit-peelers, pea-shellers, cherry-stoners, grinding and mincing machines, and last, and most important for this matter, sewing machines. For many of these, and especially for the last, some driving power is wanted as a substitute for muscle, which all people do not possess in sufficient quantity to do the work they think they can by means of the falsely called labour-saving machines. It is very difficult to make folks comprehend that a certain definite amount of force is required to do any definite amount of work—be it cleaning a knife or quilting a petticoat; and that if you do the job in one-fourth the time by machine that it would occupy by hand, you have to exert four times the strength during the shorter time that you would during the longer. A machine sewer will tell you that she has done a day's work in an hour; true, but in the task she has consumed a day's worth of ordinary hand-sewing labour, and more, because she has had to move a lot of machinery along with her needle. How much energy is required for ordinary hand stitching?—scarcely a measurable quantity. How much power is wanted to run an average sewing machine? No less, ladies, than one-eighth part of the power of a horse. The greater share of this is spent in friction of parts of the machine and in stoppages and startings. If we were to take other cases, such as those of knife-cleaners or cream-whippers, we should find the same disproportion between the nominal and the effective saving of power. I am not decrying these excellent mechanical contrivances—far from it; I only want to show that they are not savers of labour, but only savers of time at the expense of extra labour. If they are to be made real economisers they must be moved otherwise than by muscular exertion; the inventive minds who devise the tools ought to contrive a simple source of power to drive them.

FARADAY and the Spiritualists were no friends in life, but death destroys enmities, and I suppose a medium might now be found who would consent to try if the philosopher's spirit could be coaxed into rapping an answer to the question, Would you like to be publicly monumented? I fancy the reply, were it possibly obtainable, would be, "Preserve me from perpetuation in a style meet only for the vulgar mind. If you would honour my memory place my name over a free school of scientific research, or set up my effigy in a laboratory into which all, and only those, may

enter who will push steadfastly and disinterestedly along untrodden paths of investigation without mercenary hopes or thoughts of monumental glory." The well-intentioned gentlemen who are agitating for a statue in St. Paul's Cathedral, can never have considered whether they are honouring Faraday as he would have wished to be honoured. If he worked for applause at all, it was for that of the select few—you could at any time count them on your fingers—who represent the intellect of the world; the acclamation of the crowd he scorned, for, after all, it can but echo praise. The works of poet, statesman, warrior, common minds can judge, but how many can gauge, or can grasp, the achievements of a Faraday or a Newton? The cathedral statue is the monument for the former, but for the latter some other memorial is wanted. It may be well to bear in mind what Faraday said to Lord Wrottesley about governmental recognition of the cultivators of science. "In respect of honours, I have, as a scientific man, received from foreign countries and sovereigns those which, *belonging to very limited and select classes, surpass, in my opinion, anything that it is in the power of my own to bestow.*" Another point: Faraday's *physique* was unsuited to a stone monument, and where is the sculptor who could symbolize his discoveries in marble?

It seems that there are some really watery stars in the sky though they are not in the constellation Aquarius. M. Janssen, whose forte is the new science of spectroscopy, and who has lately received a handsome prize for his discoveries therein, writes from the hills of India to the Paris Academy to say that he has detected aqueous vapour in some stellar atmospheres; that is to say he has found that certain rays of light are wanting in certain stars, and that the missing beams are just those which he knows water intercepts. Curiously, the stars which exhibit this peculiarity are not the pale blue ones that we might suspect *prima facie* to be humid, but the red, fiery-looking lights such as Betelgeux and Arcturus. The watery element would appear to exist in great quantity, judging from the amount of light it cuts off. Janssen, in 1866, made some experiments upon the absorption exercised by a column of vapour forty yards long; the stars' atmospheres examined intercept vastly more light than this did, and it is necessary to renew experiments through much greater thickness of damp air before any

quantitative estimate of stellar humidity can be formed. Secchi, the Roman Astronomer, thinks he has detected water in the neighbourhood of the spots on the sun.

I HAVE been reading Mr. Ryle's new work, *The Christian Leaders of the Last Century*, which is a valuable addition to religious biography, and has gathered into one readable volume a great mass of information on the little-known lives of the leaders of "the revival of Christianity" in the past century. They who remember Mr. Ryle's prowess on the river, when a Christ Church man, will see that his old vigour and healthy manliness is preserved in this his latest, and perhaps his best work. It tells the really romantic tales of such men as Whitfield and Wesley, and the incomprehensible stupidity with which some of them were fairly driven out of the Church of England. Whitfield, according to his own testimony, was "a professed common drawer for nigh a year and a half" in his mother's inn, the well-known Bell at Gloucester, in which he was born, and of which Mr. Ryle mentions this curious fact. "The inn itself is still standing, and is reputed to be the birth-place, not only of our greatest English preacher, but also of a well-known English prelate, Henry Philpot, Bishop of Exeter." Strange, indeed, that two eminent divines should have been in that same inn, and that one should be Philpot and that the other should have filled pots. Mr. Ryle, however, is in error in thus spelling the venerable Bishop of Exeter's name. His nomenclature is handed down to posterity in the following conundrum, "Why may the Bishop of Exeter be supposed to be a deeper drinker than his brother of Worcester? Because you see the latter only Philpott, while you see the former Philpotts." Mr. Ryle is also not quite correct in saying that the Bell is still standing, because it has been so rebuilt during the past few years that it is no more the Bell of Whitfield than the sailor's clasp-knife was the same old knife after it had been fitted with a new blade and handle. But Mr. Ryle does well to remind his readers (p. 427) that "the common notion that the men who turned England upside down last century were mere common-place, illiterate, ignorant, uneducated, fanatics, is a stupid mistake. So far from this being the case, the eleven clergymen described in this volume were in all probability better read and more furnished with knowledge than most ministers of their day." Nine of the eleven were university men, and had taken their degrees at

Oxford and Cambridge. I may add that, just forty years ago, when the political world was disturbed much as it is in 1869, lampoons of virulent coarseness were permitted to appear in leading newspapers, and the *John Bull* of that day, in its central sheet for February 8, printed a parody on the song, "Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale," commencing, "Dear friends, this smug priest who now foams with sham zeal," and, as a matter of course, perverting the "Toby Fillpot" of the original to—

Dr. Philpotts, as worldly a dean
As e'er bullied papist, or spattered a queen;
In veering about, 'tis his praise to excell,
And amongst rattling parsons he bears off the Bell.

And, in order to give further point to this last innuendo, there was appended the foot-note: "This coincidence is curious—the father of the Very Reverend Dean Philpotts was the appropriately-named landlord of the Bell Inn, at Gloucester. It is probable, therefore, that the very Rev. Dean, although subsequently educated for the Church, was, in earlier life, intended for the *Bar*; at all events, his assumption of the *apron*, like his present conduct, is only a return to first principles. It was in the Bell Inn that JOHN WESLEY was born." Perhaps to the writer, Whitfield and Wesley were all one.

A CORRESPONDENT: "In *Once a Week*, p. 567, the sails of Chinese Junks are spoken of as 'lateen,' whereas they are 'lugs,' or quadrangular sails. There seems to be a misconception in some quarters as to what is a lateen sail. All lateen sails are triangular and affixed to a yard, slung at a greater or less distance from its end. They are used in Egypt, and in greater numbers in the Mediterranean. They are, as their name *voile latine* indicates, descended from the Roman sail, which, however, was slung in the middle, and had the sheet made fast to the lower part of the mast. Even Mr. Charles Reade, usually so accurate, makes a mistake about this sail in speaking in *Hard Cash* of a 'latine-rigged schooner.' A schooner has always two trysails—which are quadrangular and made fast to a gaff—not a yard. All vessels whose names begin with *sc* or *sk* come originally from Holland, as *schuyt*, schooner, scow, skiff, *skokker*, and the Dutch do not use latine sails, which are modified into lugs occasionally, but never into trysails."

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

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SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

A Novel. By the Author of GARDENHURST.

CHAPTER XLVI.

"FOR NOW WE SEE THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY."

WHEN the old servant next came to ascertain if her mistress required her services, she was struck by the solemn stillness that pervaded the chamber; a stillness unbroken by sigh or wail. On going near the bed, she found Douglas lying senseless over the body of the dead girl, his hand twisted in her long, fair hair; his cheek resting on the little, stiff hand.

"How is she?" the doctor asked, as he stood in the hall that evening, taking off his hat and gloves preparatory to making his usual visit upstairs. He had asked similar questions for these last forty years, but his wrinkled face saddened when the woman answered,—

"She's gone, sir."

"How, and when?"

We all like to know the end of a story: from the sportsman, who, from untoward accident, has been prevented seeing the finish of a run, to the Æsculapius who has watched his patient's every halt on the road to death.

"Some time this morning. I can't rightly say when, for I wasn't in the room."

The old doctor gave a sigh, and a reverent thought to the fair dead woman upstairs, and then he turned on his heel.

"No further use for me," he said; "I have some distance to go. Good evening."

"Stop, sir, stop!" the old woman cried, panting after him to the door of his carriage.

"Whatever am I to do with *him*?"

"Him! I suppose you mean Mr. Douglas—he isn't ill, is he?"

"I don't think he is altogether in his right

mind," Sally said, looking uneasily towards the open window above. "When I first went into the room, I found him lying unsensed near the body. My son, Sam, was downstairs, and I got him to come and lift the poor gentleman away, and attend to him while I dressed Miss Azalea for the last time."

"Well, now?"

"Mr. Douglas is sitting by her, and keeps stroking her hand, and talking just as if the poor thing could hear or answer him. I don't feel easy about him, sir. I wish you'd come and look at him; perhaps you could give him something to do him good."

Dr. Randolph shook his head.

"I fear it's a case beyond me, Goody," he said. "The Great Maker will not all at once heal the wounds he thinks fit to inflict on us; however, I will come."

He entered the house again, and the two ascended the stairs with stealthy steps. Any hasty movement or violent sound would have jarred against the deep stillness of those lonely chambers.

They paused at the open door of the room where Azalea lay, and for some minutes stood in silent contemplation of the scene before them.

The time was sunset, and the face of the dead was all aglow with the red light; the fair girlish countenance wore an expression of ineffable pathos. The soft, small mouth was partly open, and drooped at the corners. The brows were slightly contracted. Azalea looked to be weary even in death. Her hands had been crossed over her bosom, but one was now displaced; the other lay on her heart as if enforcing the repose it had so desired.

"Azalea, look at me—speak to me—oh, my love! let me hear one word! Were it ever so unkind I could forgive it, just for the pleasure of hearing its sound. Why do you not speak, Azalea? Are you to be voiceless for ever? What have I done against you or Heaven that I should be cursed with this horrible silence?"

The speaker was Douglas; the harsh broken voice—the wild anxious gaze—the living, suffering, mutable face was his. She whom he adjured had lain before him motionless ever since noon, neither sleeping nor waking, neither grieved nor wondering at the strangeness of her state, neither hearkening to his plaint nor seeing the misery in his eyes.

The old doctor advanced to Douglas and touched his arm.

The latter looked round with his finger up-lifted.

"Hush!" he said; "she must not be disturbed."

"She cannot be disturbed," the old man said, gently. "She is dead."

"So they told me this morning," Douglas answered, with a bewildered look in his big grey eyes; "but how can that be?"

Then he lifted up the lifeless hand.

"It is very odd," he murmured; "the fingers will keep closing as fast as I open them, and they seem, oh, so cold. Will you please feel her pulse?" he added, gravely.

"My dear sir," the elder man replied, much distressed, "learn to know and bear the truth; this poor girl's pulse will never beat again."

"Perhaps you can tell me where she is," the other said. "I do not know where she can have gone. You see she is not here, or she would speak or look at me, instead of keeping her mouth fixed like that, and her eyes always staring the same way. I have fancied that I had made some mistake—that *this* might be some one else; but these are the lineaments, this is the form that was Azalea's, only the face looks strangely sad, and the flesh is shrunk. Yet if this were she, it would arise and sing, and pluck flowers in the garden, and I should hear its laugh afar off, and the sound of its running feet."

"Come with me; come away a little while," pleaded Randolph.

"Excuse me, but I cannot do that," Douglas answered, courteously. "While there is any doubt about it, I must stay and watch, in case it should move, and ask for me. A little while ago," he added, musingly, "I had no doubt but that it was she; but now I almost doubt her identity. If it were she, she would certainly answer me when I entreat it so earnestly. She had a passionate temper before she grew ill; but she was never long sullen. Where do you think she is?"

"With God," Dr. Randolph said, reverently.

"You mean in Paradise; but what is she doing there, and what is Paradise? We people it with earthly symbols, doctor; we imagine

harp and angelic musicians, decked with wreaths of amaranth with which

The spirits elect

Bind their resplendent locks, inwreathed with leaves.

But surely if the spirits are enshrined in earthly forms, no shape could be fairer than was Azalea's. Why should she discard her lovely features here to assume some unfamiliar aspect in Heaven? Why did she not take with her the same face that I so loved? Then I might hope to recognise it in the mighty realms of the awakened dead. How shall I know her, if she is nought but a sunshiny spirit, with lilies trailing in her hair, and clouds hiding her dear little feet? If she is in Paradise, doctor, sentient, loving, and lovable as she was on earth, would it not be kinder of them to let her cease from pulling ethereal harp-strings, and from practising celestial harmony, and allow her to breathe down a few words of comfort to me, just to relieve my troubled heart? Oh, Azalea! my darling, be merciful; speak one word to me to lighten the great darkness of my soul. It is the uncertainty that maddens me."

"Will you come away, just for a few minutes?" Dr. Randolph said, earnestly.

"Why should I come away?" Douglas asked, fiercely. "What is there I should come for? The problem is *here*."

"At least, drink this."

"I would rather not go to sleep," shrinking from him, and looking suspiciously at the proffered draught. "It would be worse to go to sleep, and forget what she has become. What troubles me, doctor, is, that it is all so terribly unmeaning. Her eyes used to be rife with expression, and now they are dim and vacuous; her hands used to be so dainty and clever, and now they lie as helpless as if they were made of marble; her feet were so quick, but they have remained in the same place for six long hours."

He seized hold of her hand and placed it on his forehead.

"Once when I had a headache," he continued, "you put your cool hand here, and the touch was a heavenly balm which cured me; now your fingers are very heavy. I fear they won't make me better. They are more like the leaden weight which is to drag me down to hell."

"You *must* drink this!" Dr. Randolph said authoritatively. "Azalea wishes it."

"If she wishes it, she can't be quite gone away," Douglas muttered. "I'll take it, darling, if it were hell's own fire."

He swallowed the draught, and the old doctor gave a long-drawn sigh of relief.

"I will call again in a little while," he whispered to Sally, "and we will get him to bed if possible."

Then he went downstairs moralizing.

"Had it been a woman, she would have wept away half her grief by this time. Being a man, he has pressure on the brain, poor fellow! I wonder if he'll pull through."

When Douglas was once more left alone with the dead girl, he bent over her, and whispered in her waxen ear,—

"I love you, Azalea, I love you."

And when, after some hours of heavy slumber, produced by the opiate he had taken, he awoke to find himself in another chamber, he arose, and staggered mechanically to the familiar room where the dead lay, calling,—

"Azalea! where are you, Azalea?"

CHAPTER XLVII.

"The rest is silence."—*Hamlet*.

"IT is a dreary hour for her to take her last good-bye of Auriel in," Douglas thought, as he looked out of the window on the morning of Azalea's funeral. "Fate has not been kind to her, even on her burial day. I wish my darling could have been carried away in the sunshine."

He saw one or two dark figures looming through the mist in the avenue, and with a shudder he walked up to the coffin, and kissed the plank that hid Azalea's face from him.

"They are come to take you away," he said. "They will take me too, my own; I shall be buried with you as surely as though I were lying stiff by your side."

There was no father to bow his face in solemn anguish over the shrouded form, no mother to wail tender grief through the empty rooms when the dark burthen had been carried out, and the dear presence had passed away for ever. Only old Sally had placed a few bright flowers in the hands that knew not what they held, and but one token of human regret was pressed on her forehead, and that was the last caress Robert Douglas ever gave to any living creature.

A low avenue of walnut-trees, bare, save for a few yellow leaves that shone and quivered in the stir of rain and wind; a dark shape carried down the churchyard path by men whose footsteps fell softly on the golden drifts of sodden foliage. Tombstones, dull grey in the wet, and vivid hued moss, that had crept over and obscured the humbler wooden records of the

dead. The marble tomb of the Mowbrays, shining white in a small grove of cypresses; an open grave, with fresh scented heaps of earth crushing down the tall grasses by its side, and the low voice of a bare-headed priest, whose prayers were almost inaudible in the sob and rush of the storm. Douglas asked himself was this scene real, or was it a dull hideous dream, from the incubus of which death alone could relieve him?

"He is an old man, that Mr. Douglas. I suppose he has acted in the place of a father to the deceased," the clergyman remarked to his clerk, when disrobing himself in the vestry.

"He did not look so a year ago; he has got shrunk and bent lately. I don't think he's past the prime of life," said the clerk, who was himself about Douglas's age.

"He wishes to remain here alone for awhile; you may leave him the keys, Smith. Good-morning." And as the clouds were darkening, and the rain falling more thickly, the priest and his assistant hurried away as soon as possible to the comforts and shelter of home.

"They have gone to their firesides," thought Douglas, as he watched their receding figures disappear in the mist; "they have gone to be welcomed by the laugh of their children and the loving care of their wives; they have their households on the warm side of the earth; with them the day is glad with sound and light; with you, my poor darling, all is darkness and silence; your home is under wet weeds and sodden mould." For the first time since his great despair had come to him, he burst into a passion of weeping, and flinging himself down on the grave, sobbed out hot tears and inarticulate moans on the heaped mound which was now the only symbol of Azalea's presence. "Oh, child!" he cried, "have we parted for ever to-day? and if not, how will it be with us when we meet again? Will your face be transfigured into an angel's, Azalea? and shall I distinguish the mortal features I loved through the splendour of your glorification? Will it seem but as yesterday that we parted? or shall I run to meet you with the same heart rapture as I should if you came forth from your grave now, and said, 'Robert, take me home again; it is cold.'"

"Oh, God!" he added, bowing his face on his clasped hands, "make my heart strong with faith; let hope redeem the anguish of this hour. I am sickened with fear. My heart has gone down into the grave with this woman. I dread lest infinite ages should roll on, and I still be severed from her. I dread

lest measureless time and impenetrable silence should intervene between us. Thou knowest, and Thou alone, the vast mysteries of the imperishable hereafter. Comfort me, O Lord ! Comfort me and give me light !”

CHAPTER XLVIII.

LO ! 'T WAS A GALA NIGHT.

ORME HOUSE was the wonder and admiration of Marine Parade on this the evening of Miss Orme's wedding-day. The windows sparkled with light, and the air was glad with jubilant music. Even the ragged children in the street were infected by the spirit of rejoicing breathed by the festal strains, and they took hands and whirled round in circles on the pavement in uncouth imitation of the gliding shadows within.

“A prettier wedding, a gayer scene, had rarely been witnessed in Brighton,” old gossips said, with approving nods of the head.

All the near friends of the family were present ; these, of course, included both Lady Di Merton and Thurstan Mowbray. The day had been cloudless ; sea and sky two vast sheets of blue, and in a blaze of sunlight which harmonised well with the exultance of the bridal party, Amelia Orme had passed from her father's door, her fair hair gleaming under clouds of lace-work, which trailed over robes of flowing white, while pure-hued flowers shone like white stars on her head and bosom.

A scent of crushed flowers came from the strewn church-path, a glistening light of flowing draperies moved through the dim aisle, a bevy of fair faces were bent in prayer round the altar, and the ceremony having been performed by the bride's uncle with more than usual solemnity, and more than usual assistance, the Hon. Amelia Orme had returned to her father's house the Marchioness of Grandacre.

The presents to the bride were magnificent. Had she married a poor man, and really required some substantial proofs of her friends' regard, she would have probably been inundated with kettle-holders, inkstands, and many other varieties of such-like “nice useful things,” but the future possessor of the Grandacre diamonds was not to be insulted by such paltry tributes ; her gifts were of the costliest description ; and every woman who looked at the superb bridal declared that Amelia must indeed be happy.

She *was* very happy, and not the sharpest speech from Rosa, who suffered somewhat from envy and its consequent uncharitableness, could ruffle her sister's serenity.

Joy of heart made Amelia amiable and comely. As Marchioness of Grandacre she was pronounced to be beautiful ; while poor Rosa, was fain to remain that ordinary looking girl, Rosa Orme.

Lord Orme looked earnestly after the travelling carriage which bore away the newly-married couple.

“I never saw a better matched pair,” he murmured ; “nor a handsomer.”

“You mean the young people ?” said Lady Diana, coming up to him to see if any advantage could be taken of his apparently sentimental mood.

“No,” he answered, with enthusiasm, “I mean the two greys. I chose them for Grandacre myself. How well they step together !”

All the same, Lord Orme was very proud and happy in his daughter's marriage ; and he did not grudge an item of the sumptuous entertainment given to celebrate the event.

That night, when the festivity was at its height, Lady Diana summoned Lord Orme to her side.

“They are all dancing,” she said ; “come and talk to me a little. I am tired.”

Very lovely in her fatigue Lady Diana looked as she leaned back in her chair ; her shoulders brought into dazzling relief by the dark crimson background ; her eyes half closed, her under lip drooping, and revealing a pearly gleam of teeth.

“You will soon have no daughter left,” she added, with a significant glance at Rosa, who was engaged in an animated conversation with a vacuous-looking young nobleman ; a youth too inexperienced and simple to know how to defend himself from the spirited assault the vivacious young lady was making on him.

Lord Orme followed the direction of Lady Diana's eyes, and for an instant looked pleased ; then his face clouded over.

“No daughter left !” he repeated mechanically ; the echo of her words smote him with pain. Between him and the moving figures of the dancers rose up a pale face, whose questioning eyes seemed to demand, “And where, then, is my child ?”

“Of what are you thinking ?” Lady Di said, gently.

“I was thinking that should I ever meet in Paradise the two women my life was linked with on earth, her whom I most loved I should have most cause to fear.”

“Why ?”

“Because, by some strange perversity of my intentions, I have injured her who was dear

to me, and exalted her whom I ha—I mean for whom I did not so much care.”

“Lord Orme,” Lady Diana said, with sudden energy, “why should you not marry again?”

“Eh! what?”

“And marry me,” she concluded, leaning towards him, and trying, with all the power of each expressive feature, to make him feel her beauty. “You are alone—and I am alone; you are no longer a young man—and I have left girlhood far behind me. We are both of us easy tempered; of equal rank and—circumstances.” (Lady Di hesitated a little, remembering her milliner’s bill.) “I have never liked any one so well as yourself since” (here her voice broke) “I—lost my poor—Steuart;—but that was a long while ago,” (recovering herself,) “and I am sure that if he could look on me now,” here Lady Di gave an upward glance at the brilliant lustres of a chandelier, “he would approve my choice.”

“But—” began Lord Orme.

“I know what you would say,” she interrupted; “my conduct is unwomanly.”

“No, no, Lady Diana, I am only too much flattered—but the honour is so great—I am overwhelmed, and really you are too young and lovely to sacrifice—” he paused. What could he say? and how could he say it? All the ordinary expressions of astonishment would fail to convey his amount of surprise and perplexity.

He was a man averse to innovations. His first impulse was always to reject any proposition which bore the impress of novelty; he hated change; he was unhappy during the late Lady Orme’s lifetime, but he got used to his unhappiness, and was sorely aggrieved when death relieved him of his tyrant. Now he had become accustomed to his liberty, and liberty was sweet to him. What was he to say to this proposition, which took away his breath with its magnitude? Lady Diana had played a bold stroke, but she knew the nature of the man with whom she had to deal. He was too chivalrous and delicate-minded to judge her harshly if she failed. If she succeeded she should not regret the means she had taken to attain the end.

“If there is but one road to a place, one must take it; and in attacking a man who lives in a continual state of mental see-saw, one’s only game is to frighten all the oscillation out of him,” she said to herself. Nevertheless, she was feminine after all, and a genuine blush suffused her face when she spoke the words that were to decide all.

Lord Orme walked up and down with hasty nervous steps.

“I am aware that I ought not to hesitate for an instant,” he said; “but——”

“It would be odd if you did not,” muttered Lady Di.)

“But, I am so unworthy.”

“Not so,” Lady Diana said, rising and edging towards the conservatory. “Blame me as much as you will, but do not seek to escape—I mean, to evade—the position by self-depreciation; remember, Lord Orme, that by so doing you deprive me of the only excuse I have for my conduct. If anything could justify my frankness, it would be my conviction and appreciation of your worth.”

Lord Orme looked doubtfully towards the conservatory.

It was there Grandacre had proposed to Amelia, and perhaps my lord fancied there might be infection lurking in that sweet, heavily perfumed atmosphere.

“You are too beautiful to throw yourself away; besides——”

“Am I beautiful?” she said, softly; “do you really think me beautiful?” a quiver of joy seemed to run through her voice, her lovely grey eyes darkened with emotion. He was too perturbed to appreciate these delicate signs of tribulation, so she recovered herself; then she pleaded earnestly and calmly, as one man might reason with another.

“I am growing old, Lord Orme, and I dread the thoughts of a lonely old age. There comes a season—it is coming to us both—when pleasure turns to pain; when the vigorous grasp on life fails; when infirmities crowd on us in place of the graces of youth; then we wail over our failures, and yet dread their termination. The dark shadow comes near us, and we shrink away yearning for companionship which may give us courage to face the enemy of life. We call the young and happy to our aid, but they are blinded with the glory of their own strength and joyousness. They rush by us, unheeding our plaint, and not perceiving its cause. When you and I grow older, Lord Orme, would it not be pleasant for us to clasp each other’s hands as the darkness gathers? But I forgot—you have children—your fate is happier than mine. When I die there won’t be a single being who will care to listen for my last words, or——”

Here the feminine element reasserted itself, and Lady Diana turned away her head and wept, or at least held up a lace handkerchief to her eyes.

“Upon my word, this is most extraordinary!

I really don't know what to say, Lady Diana. Pray—pray don't agitate yourself. I am not worth it."

"But your wealth and title are," Lady Di murmured, *sotto voce*; and then she wept more. "I tell you what it is," Lord Orme said, desperately; "I will——"

"You *will*? then you do not despise me!" Lady Di cried, ecstatically.

"Dear lady," he said, "I am immensely flattered. I was unprepared, of course; but still your proposition has given me unutterable gratification. I am the happiest of men, and I will——" he paused, he looked at her with tenderness. How could he look otherwise at such a beautiful face? "You will excuse me for a few moments; my guests require my presence in the supper-room. Believe that I adore your frankness, and have determined that I will——"

"What will you do?" she said, eagerly drawing nearer to him, and laying a hand on his arm.

"I will think it over." And Lord Orme vanished in the crowd.

Have you ever seen the baffled face of a cat, when its intended victim slips from under its feline paw and darts into a sheltering hole in the wall? If so, you may picture Lady Di's expression at this juncture.

Nevertheless, she was not altogether dissatisfied.

"It is half the battle to get him familiarised with the idea," she thought. "Hecate might marry him if she only persisted long enough, far less *me*! I shall be Lady Orme yet."

"I want to speak to you, Lady Di!" The tone was imperative, such a tone as no man uses to a woman unless words of love have passed between them.

Lady Di looked up and hesitated.

"Where?" she said, ignoring the conservatory, which she had been so anxious to enter a few moments previously.

"I know enough of the sex by this time to be aware that while no one can make opportunities so quickly as a woman, no one can evade them more dexterously when she ceases to desire them," Captain Mowbray said, rather bitterly. "Did I not see you, just now, signifying by look, if not by word, to Lord Orme your wish to rest yourself on the fauteuil in the shadow of yonder ferns? Come."

He offered his arm, and Lady Diana accepted it with something very like a curse between her rose-pink lips. Your coquette is never very far from hating where she has loved.

Supposing that Lord Orme should return, swayed by his mutable inclinations, and she should miss the treasure!

"This comes of teaching one's mule how to drive," she murmured, discontentedly. "There must be an end to this: he shall have his final congé to-night."

She sat down in the seat to which Thurstan pointed, and he placed himself by her side. For a while there was silence between them, such silence as is sometimes sweeter than speech; sometimes more bitter than the harshest words.

Lady Di was resolved to give her companion no assistance. She sat still, so still that a few over-ripe fuschia blossoms that dropped on to her shoulders rested there; and when he put out his hand towards her own with an entreating gesture, she did not seem to see the movement, for her little wrist never stirred from the fold of the dress where it reposed. Despite her annoyance at her position, she could not help feeling a soft sense of enjoyment in this luxurious atmosphere. The sharp edge of the sea wind was closely excluded from this warm, luscious recess, where the vivid hues of tropical plants were subdued by the dim light, and rare fragrance made the slumberous air heavy with sweetness.

"Will you valse?" Lady Diana said, suddenly.

"No."

She was conscious of the gloom in his eyes, of the harsh intonation of his voice, but she affected to perceive neither. The time was gone when she cared either to lull his doubts or soothe his anger.

"They tell me," he said, presently, in a voice which she felt grated sorely against the harmony of the scene, "that you are going to marry that old man."

"What old man?" she answered, indifferently, toying with the feathers on her fan.

"You know whom I mean. You have given me enough pain of heart: do not hurt me with small meannesses. What is the use of humbugging?"

"There is no use," Lady Diana said, quietly. "The older I get, the more convinced am I that to be thoroughly comfortable, one should never take the trouble to humbug; it's much easier to be lazy, and selfish to tell the truth."

"It cannot be true" (leaning over her, and grasping her arm) "that you are going to give yourself to Lord Orme for the sake of his money?"

"Did he tell you so?" Lady Di asked, eagerly, with a vague hope that Lord Orme

might have been more explicit to his friend than to herself.

"No; it is you who tell me so," Captain Mowbray said, gloomily. "Your own face is an index to the falseness of your heart. You never throw away your wiles. I was watching you just now, Lady Diana. I am only too well acquainted with every variety of lie your mutable features can express; but for once I must force the truth from you. Do you or do you not still love me?"

So strong is the force of habit, and so rarely did Lady Diana ever give such questions a decided negative, that she answered, involuntarily, "Yes." Then she thought better of it, and added, with an outbreak of genuine candour, "It is of no use my nursing any further delusion about myself, Thurstan. I believe I love people sometimes, and a little time ago I quite thought I was very fond of you; but to tell you the truth——"

She hesitated. A glimpse of the young man's wrathful face, gleaming pale in the dusk, checked her for an instant.

"Go on," he said, savagely: "the truth does not often grace your lips."

"Well, then, I care for no one but myself."

And Lady Diana sank back in her seat with a little sigh of relief. She was rather glad to be found out at last. The assumption of many disguises had become wearisome to her.

He looked at her for a while in silence; then he came near to her, and took her by the hands.

"You do not love me?"

"No, on my honour, I don't think I do now," Lady Di said, calmly.

"Have you *ever* loved me?" he repeated, with emphasis. "Are you quite certain?"

"I don't know. I dare say I did, until you began to love me back again, and then it got so monotonous—really, I forget—I wish you would not ask such unpleasant questions, Thurstan."

"Then you have sinned simply for vanity's sake?"

She looked uneasily round.

"Do not speak so loudly," she muttered.

"Do you know what I think of you?" he said, with increased excitement, and tightening his clasp on her hands. "I think that if the Magdalen were living, you would be unworthy to touch the hem of her robe. When the day comes for you to be judged, Lady Diana, I would rather be the vilest wretch that walks the streets than you—you——"

The next word was whispered in her ear, and perhaps was the hardest one that Lady

Diana had ever listened to during the whole course of her evil, pampered life. He kissed her as he spoke it, and in his kiss there was more of contempt than even that bitter word conveyed.

In another instant he was gone, and the sobbing waves and glad music became strangely blended with the harsh echo of that parting word.

Lady Diana looked up pensively at the stars, which gleamed dimly through the thick panes of glass.

"I'll never speak the truth again," she thought; "if I had lied, he would still be thinking me an angel."

"Do you think I had *better* do it?" Lord Orme said, looking rather wistfully at Lady Diana, when, after a short interval, he rejoined her in the conservatory.

His disconnected phrase was perfectly understood by the person to whom it was addressed; but a hovering domestic fancied that he referred to coffee, and forthwith offered him that beverage.

Lord Orme took some, mechanically; but put his hand on the cream-jug when, in the agitation of the moment, Lady Diana filled her own cup.

"That is enough," he said, as he tilted back the cream with a view to its economy. Then he pondered again.

"I am sure it would be for your happiness and mine," Lady Di said, energetically.

"Ah, yes; I dare say it might be," was the doubtful response.

Lady Diana's heart began to fill with anger; but she concealed it under the guise of emotion.

"I am very unhappy," she stammered. "I have forfeited your respect, and——"

Here she sobbed, not knowing well what to say next.

"No—no: don't say that," replied the kind-hearted nobleman, in distress. "Let it be *Yes* (if it will make your happiness); no doubt I shall get used—I mean, no doubt I shall be very happy. Let it be *Yes*! then, Lady Diana."

And, with a deep sigh, he gulped down the rest of his coffee.

Lady Diana dejected and Lady Diana elated were two very different persons. Never was a lovelier or brighter face than that which she turned to Lord Orme now. She caught her breath with a little quick sob of delight, as she leaned on his arm, and murmured,—

"I am so happy."

The game was won. Defeat would have been disgraceful ; but victory brought a thousand honours in its train.

Pacified duns, angry rivals, wealth, comfort,—all these luxuries would be secured when she was Lady Orme.

"I wonder if Amelia has got the family diamonds?" she thought.

Then she gave Lord Orme's arm a little squeeze, and said,—

"I shall tell our friends to-night. Come and dance this quadrille, won't you?"

"Don't tell them until after the quadrille, then," pleaded the other.

And then they went into the dancing-room, and Lady Diana did not tell her friends for the present ; but went through the figures of the dance with a little song of triumph in her heart, and the words of the song were,—

"I am Lady Orme—Lady Orme!"

Her eyes shone, her lips kept moving into tremulous smiles of delight ; her beauty, irradiated by joy, was almost queenly to-night. Her flashing jewels, the sheeny sweep of her robes, the undulating grace of her movements, all that pertained to her, seemed enhanced by the charm of her triumphant loveliness.

Lord Orme looked at her with mild satisfaction. He was glad she was fair, as she meant always to live with him. He hoped she wouldn't want to ride—he hated to see women knocking about valuable horses ; and he should stipulate with her she wasn't to make the tea. Women were so wasteful—spilled the tea all over the place, deluged it with water, then said it was weak, and rang for more.

And then there was one other thing he determined on. He would fetch Azalea home to live with him ; the long endured and unsuspected wrong should be atoned for at length. With Lady Diana to watch over and protect her, scandal would be in a great measure averted. His new wife could help him to place the neglected girl in her proper sphere. He would no longer be burthened with the sickly feeling of remorse which had haunted him since he rejected the duties of a parent, and cast his own flesh and blood away from the shelter of his love.

"Azalea shall come home," was the refrain of his thoughts as he walked restlessly through the great saloons with Lady Diana on his arm.

"Ought I not to tell dear Rosa?" the latter whispered, as they drew near a brilliant group, in which Rosa's sharp eyes and Rosa's shrill voice were prominent.

It was indelicate of her, this precipitation ; she felt that ; but, then, she dared not let Lord

Orme "sleep it over" without his making his decision public.

"I will have that pleasure myself," Lord Orme said, with a certain grave dignity not unbecoming to him.

He put his hand gently on his daughter's shoulder.

"Rosa," he began, "I have something very agreeable to tell you."

He paused, as a servant drew near to them, and presented him with a letter.

"If you please, my lord, a person left this here just now, and was particular about its being delivered to you at once."

Lord Orme glanced at the letter. "Immediate" was written outside ; and he stepped quickly up to a small table where candles were burning.

"Pray excuse me," he said to those near him ; "but it may be from my stud farm. I will only just glance at it."

Rosa and her friends moved away. Lady Diana alone remained near him, furtively watching his face as he tore open the packet.

Then she suffered her glance to wander round the richly appointed rooms ; and her little foot beat time with the music as she exulted over the luxuries of her new home.

"Look at Rosa ! how much she is enjoying the dancing, and how devoted her partner seems. Unless I am much mistaken, Lord Orme, you will soon rejoice over the bridal of another daughter."

She turned laughingly towards him, and was about to put her hand on his arm to attract his attention ; but when she looked round and saw his countenance, her heart quivered with a great pang of nervous terror.

"What is it?" she cried. "Oh, tell me, what is it?"

Lord Orme did not speak. His face looked shrunk and livid ; his eyes were fixed on the paper, which his fingers held with a stiff grasp, like hands that are dead.

The dance music swelled into a frenzy of jubilee ; the dancers whirled faster and faster. Rosa and her partner circled near them, in a perfect whirlwind of diaphanous skirts. The girl's eyes were shining with happy excitement. As she passed near her father, she gave him a bright look of recognition, not observing the expression of his face.

"What is it?" Lady Diana reiterated, her alarm increased by a silence which seemed so full of pain.

"It is God's justice, I suppose," Lord Orme said, slowly, his words coming out, with an effort, from his drawn lips ;—"and my punishment."

Then he put the letter into her hands, and turning away as one who cannot endure that his face should be seen, because of its sore trouble, he abruptly left the room.

She looked after him blankly, and then her eyes fell on the letter. It ran as follows:—

“MY LORD,

“Your daughter Azalea is dead. She died in my presence a week since, and I saw her buried this morning. The only reproach she ever made against you consisted in her not mentioning your name during her last hours.

“Her last words were for me who loved her; but she did not speak of the man who was once too dear to her, nor of the father who was as nothing to her.

“Her foster-parent, George Moore, told me before he died, that he believed in his heart that you were married to the dead girl's mother. Whether this be true or false matters little now; for even were such the truth, and I forced you to own it, not all the honour of your name and wealth could reanimate my girl into the beauty of life.

“That she should never move again seems to me more wonderful than that she should have ceased to speak; for lately she had grown very silent, but her fingers were always restless, and her eyes continually sought the window, as though she expected some arrival that might bring her happiness; but no one came, excepting the old doctor.

“I am, my lord, your obedient servant,
“ROBERT DOUGLAS.”

BRAINS BY THE POUND.

IT would be rather humiliating to the pride of an author to find literature estimated at so much per pound avoirdupois. To be sure, there is the analogy of pictures. Sir James Thornhill received forty shillings per square yard for the paintings in the inside of the cupola of St. Paul's Cathedral. There is one mode of looking at the matter, in which weights and measures furnish a superb standard for payment; as in the case of the exquisite little Correggio at the National Gallery, which cost us at the rate of something like ten thousand guineas per square foot. But, however much genius may desire to be freed from such gross modes of measurement, the Board of Trade and the Board of Customs refuse to be convinced.

A recently-issued parliamentary paper gives

some curious information concerning this ponderable estimate of literature. So far as concerns books printed in the United Kingdom, and purchased for our own reading, the Return is silent; but it communicates facts worth knowing, in reference to the export of printed books and the import of foreign books. To ascertain how far international reading, (if this be a proper term for it) has extended within certain stated periods, the quantities are given for the years 1828, 1838, 1848, 1858, and 1868.

Now we find, among the long columns of figures in the Return, that in 1828 there were about 3300 cwts. of foreign printed books imported; whereas last year (1868) the quantity was 10,700 cwts. This is rather more than trebling the quantity in forty years. Is the increase more or less than we might have supposed? Let every one decide for himself. As to the chief sources of supply, we can pretty accurately make a guess at them—France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, and the United States. France, last year, sent us four-tenths of our entire foreign supply, and Germany nearly three-tenths. The northern countries of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, the wide spreading Russia, the southern lands of Turkey, Greece, Italy, Spain, and Portugal, sent us comparatively small quantities. China seems to be “looking up;” for, whereas in 1828 she figured only for 4 cwt. of books, in 1868 the quantity was 99 cwts: and Egypt is improving in the same way; and so is Canada.

Of course our own printers and publishers are interested in increasing the export of British publications, rather than the import of works printed abroad; and here there is unquestioned evidence of a wonderful augmentation. What the Hoe and the Applegarth machines, the straw and the Esparto paper, the establishment of the penny post and the book post, and the removal of the paper duty, have effected towards the increase of the newspaper trade, we have many and frequent means of ascertaining. An equal degree of increase can hardly be looked for in the book trade; because the paper and the printing must necessarily be better for books than for the penny newspapers. But still there is a rapid progress. When a publisher achieves so daring a thing as to issue a complete *Shakspeare*, *Byron*, or *Longfellow* for a shilling—nay, issue it at such a price that a bookseller can retail it at ninepence,—we may be quite certain that he will endeavour to find customers in every part of the world where the English language is spoken. The spread of the trade is certainly immense.

In 1828 all the books we exported to all the countries in the globe barely exceeded 4000 cwts. ; in ten years' time it rose to 7000, in another ten years to 12,000, and in another to 27,000 ; while in the year 1868 the quantity actually reached 61,000 cwts.—fifteen times as many as were exported forty years ago. Australia and America run so close a race, that the quantities exported to those countries are almost exactly equal—18,000 cwts. to each. By America we here mean the United States only, seeing that British America sweeps off another 7000 cwts. These figures refer to the various regions in which the Anglo-Saxon has pitched his tent ; but it certainly does not speak much for the perusal of English printed books in foreign countries, that we only sold about 6000 cwts. in 1868. Most likely Brussels and Leipzig could tell us why that is ; for the printers and publishers in those two cities put forth vast numbers of books in the English language, of course without any outlay for copyright. Our smallest achievements last year were 80 cwts. to Brazil, and 70 to Mauritius.

We have said that literature is here estimated by the pound avoirdupois, irrespective of the difference between one man's brains and another's. The Customs do not ask whether the *honorarium* per page paid by the publisher to the author is estimated by pence, shillings, or guineas ; all are equally grist for the tax-collector's mill, fish for the Chancellor of the Exchequer's net. There is, however, a further item of information supplied to us. The "Real Value" of the book is stated. It would be interesting to know what this Real Value means. Is it supplied by the consignors, or guessed at by the Custom House officers ? Is it the retail selling price, or the trade price, or a still lower price ? The Real Value, "so far as it can be given," we are told ; as if there were some little difficulty in arriving at correct figures. Well, then, so far as this Return tells a tale, how many pounds avoirdupois of literature are worth one pound sterling ? According to Cocker it comes out thus. 10,695 cwts. of books are set down at 137,580*l.* : this is equal to about 2*s.* 4*d.* per lb.—foreign books imported into England. Next for English books exported to foreign countries. The figures here are (for 1868) 61,408 cwts., value 684,243*l.* ; these ratios give about 2*s.* 0*d.* per lb. There is a Customs' complication here, about which we need hardly trouble ourselves ; the import value being *Real* value, "so far as it can be given," while the export value is *Declared* value.

The Customs' people seem to have made

an attempt to ascertain the weight and value of books imported into and exported from each foreign country ; but the attempt is only in part successful, seeing that Russia, Sweden, Belgium, and the United States, give the values but not the weights, while Germany gives the weights but not the values, and Spain the exports but not the imports. So far as concerns our next-door neighbour, France, the books which she imported from all other countries in 1867 amounted to 12,000 cwts., for which she paid just about 3*s.* per pound ; while those which she exported to other countries amounted to the very large quantity of 41,000 cwts., at an average value of 2*s.* 4*d.* per pound.

We might puzzle ourselves with the question—how is it that these various estimates of value arise ? Some 2*s.*, some 2*s.* 4*d.*, some 3*s.* per pound. A part of this difference is traceable to the cause already mentioned—the use of *real* value in some of the tabulations and *declared* value in others. Another part may be due to the fact that some countries print on thinner paper than others, thus giving a greater number of pages to the pound weight. But the greatest portion of the difference is probably to be attributed to the fact that exports are valued *minus* the cost of freight for a sea voyage, whereas imports have the burthen of that cost imposed upon them ; and there are also extra profits to be brought into the account.

Setting aside, however, these causes of difference in value, our figures, as they stand, give us a few wrinkles of wisdom on a somewhat curious subject. If we see half a ton of new English books about being packed for the foreign market—Froude in company with Trollope, Frazer with Macmillan, Shakspeare with the latest sensational novel—fair exemplars of a bookseller's miscellaneous parcel—we may make a pretty good guess at the value, somewhere between five and six pounds sterling. Paper-makers tell us that they cannot very well work up printed paper again into pulp on account of the oil in the ink ; and, therefore, very few old books see the pulp-vat again. According to the traditional idea, an unsuccessful book has a sort of natural affinity for the trunk-maker. It is just within the bounds of probability, and quite within the range of manufacturing operations, that an author's book may be printed on paper containing some of the linen rags of his own worn-out shirt, and that then some of the sheets may form the lining of the trunk with which he travels.



Once a Week.]

[July 24, 1869.

THROUGH THE CORN.—By THE LATE E. SHEIL.

MY WATERING-PLACE.

II.

I THINK that no one can accuse me of being personal in my descriptions of the celebrities of this place. In sooth, my pen is not made of steel, nor my ink of gall. It is tipped with the softest of feathers, and dipped into the rosiest of rose-water. It would not knowingly wound the most delicate susceptibilities. Personalities and scurrility are a mistake; they don't pay. In the one case you are liable to be kicked, which is unpleasant; in the other the law looks after you, which is expensive. Better to be thought an ass than a knave, and to be loved than feared. I walk about with my eyes and ears pretty wide open, I promise you, and my mouth closed. No one, for instance, imagines for a moment that I am the author of these sketches: indeed, I heard the first part attributed to Lady Saliva Pump, who is at the bottom of all the mischief here; but some one immediately said they were too good-natured. My friend Seasure, after committing the most deplorable *brioche*s at whist, (by the way, look out shortly for my new treatise on that game as practised in the provinces,) is perfectly convinced that I don't know as much of the game as he does, and that he commits them with impunity. It is by his adversaries that he is reviled, not me. While they are wrangling, I, haply, am looking on with a face of hopeless imbecility, but in reality thinking of another whist in another place, where Cavendish is considered an authority.

But when a man is a public character, when he aspires to be Prime Minister, takes the chair at a meeting, is colonel of a regiment, a policeman, a crossing sweeper, an ambassador, or what not, then he becomes public property, and if he slips *gave à lui*, then pin him like a cockchafer. It is not, therefore, unfair to criticise the hilarious proceedings which are reported weekly in our press of the local board. The *naïveté* with which they permit their absurd squabbles to be published is delicious. The two or three gentlemen who have had the extraordinary courage to join it, must have the greatest difficulty in restraining the fiery sentiments, the thirst for vengeance on inoffending noses, which animate the breasts of these provincial Hotspurs. They regulate our water, they mete out our gas, which they turn off at midnight, thinking, I presume, with the Honourable Crasher that there is always a moon after that hour; they

pave our streets, inspect our drains, and fight over a new lamp-post, as a congress over a slice of territory. "Sir," said the undaunted Blazer, the Rupert of the board, on one occasion, "I have yet to learn that the pavement outside this window is harder than the skull of the honourable member who has just declared, that my objection to have an important sewer opened in front of my street door in the dog-days is frivolous and untenable; but that experience I shortly intend to acquire, unless the honourable member withdraws his offensive observations." The intrepid, though puny-bodied Jowler immediately threw himself on the chair. "Hactuated as he was by the purest motives, were the private feelings of a murderously inclined individual to outweigh the public welfare? Were is mangled remains, and the hhhonourable gent had had, no doubt, great experience in mangling, (this was a tremendous home-thrust, for Blazer's mother had been a washerwoman,) to lie beneath that window as he had had the audacity to suggest, the very stones would bear witness to his (Jowler's) efforts in the cause of progress and freedom; and whether or no he was to be a martyr to that cause, he begged all present to bear witness that he defied Blazer," and with a shriek worthy of Freedom when Kosciusko fell, invited Blazer to come on, and moved that a policeman be sent for. The affair was, I believe, eventually compromised by a resolution being carried that operations should be begun by night, and opposite the house of an inhabitant lower down than Blazer, who was not a member of the board, and whose remonstrances would be futile, as the business would be effected before he woke in the morning.

My friend Blazer (I have not the honour of his acquaintance, but, as he affords me so much innocent gratification, I hope he will permit me to call him so) takes also a prominent part in politics. He is the Beales of St. Crabbes, and assumes to be the director of the consciences of the mob. He was popularly supposed to have instigated and obtained the consent of our gifted townsman, Mr. U. D. Brass, to be put into nomination for the north-southern division of Dampshire. I wonder whether the present sitting members were aware of the peril they stood in last summer when that gentleman, unanimously supported by a few of the newly enfranchised fishermen and bargees, and the entire body of non-electors and small boys, announced his intention of coming forward. His graceful and youthful presence, his burning gifts of eloquence, a pretty wit untainted with vulgarity,

the consciousness of being able to plead in a noble cause; not unacquainted with misfortune, having learnt to sympathise with the unfortunate—such an one was eminently qualified to represent that portion of the population which promised to bestow upon him their suffrages. Scorning, very properly, to pledge himself to anything in particular, in one of those long-winded addresses generally affected by candidates, and which so inconveniently fix a man to one party and certain measures, he declared that he would be bound by no promises, fettered by no engagements, but would enter parliament a free man, anxious only for the advancement of that great, glorious, &c., &c., the requirements of which, he, and the free and enlightened, &c., &c., were better capable of judging than the unprincipled, venal, &c., &c., statesman who is at the head of the Inside party. This soul-stirring, free-spoken, honest, and unusual manifesto, naturally produced much effect, and an afternoon was appointed when he was to address the electors and explain more fully his ideas on the amelioration of everything.

I am no politician, thank heaven! I care not whether Tweedledum or Tweedledee be at the head of affairs; therefore the above manifesto did not excite me, and on the afternoon I betook myself to the beach with a book, proposing to pass it after the manner of my ancestors, in dreamful ease. I had not long composed my limbs to rest, when I was startled by hearing two guns fired in front of the Assembly Rooms. I rose hastily, and, running to the spot, found the hustings were being erected. These were composed of two barrels across which a plank was placed. The honourable candidate speedily arrived, accompanied by his most influential supporters. He was loudly cheered, and was evidently the favourite of the ladies, if the enthusiasm of the fishwives might be taken as a fair indication. Amongst the *flâneurs*, I am sorry to say, there was an irreverent disposition to chaff, and shouts of derisive laughter greeted him when he had attained his rather insecure position. However, nothing daunted, he began an exposition of what he was pleased to call his principles. Into these I do not propose to enter, because, to tell the truth, I could not quite make them out. This I do not attribute so much to a want of mental power on my part, as to a general haziness of expression on the part of the honourable candidate himself. I was enabled to gather that he would give a general support to Tweedledum and the great Outside party, and would devote his best

abilities to the extinction and annihilation of Tweedledee and the Insides. Then he announced himself ready to answer any questions that might be put to him. To these his answers were eminently satisfactory. Their general principle appeared to be, that everybody was to have everything for nothing. At last a very ill-favoured gentleman in the crowd ventured to ask him, "Does your mother know you are out?" To which he replied with some smartness, "Yes, she does; but she would be very much grieved if she knew I was talking to such an ugly beggar as you are." This created a bad feeling, and a slight scrimmage ensued, during which some wag kicked a barrel away and the honourable gentleman came to grief, and was hurried away by his supporters, with whom, no doubt, he subsequently partook of refreshment.

Shortly afterwards, after a most successful canvass, to the astonishment of every one, he withdrew. And *O tempora! O mores!* and oh! for the mutability of human affairs and the weakness of human nature, the honourable gentleman trimmed, and actually his name appeared on the committee of the candidates in the Inside interest! And on the day those two gentlemen were declared at the head of the poll, a bloodthirsty and ungrateful mob smashed his windows.

What is there in sea air, I wonder, which conduces to religious vagaries? Whenever any new sect, or scandal, or feud arises, in nine cases out of ten it has its origin in a seaport town. Have we not just seen the end of the Hull Convent Case? Nor are we here exempt from these weaknesses. We have High Church, and Low Church, and Slow Church, and No Church, and temples where each one may hear his favourite doctrines. We all know which is the favourite amongst the young ladies. The dear little moths flutter round the candles of Rome, and play at Popery in the prettiest manner possible. When I first arrived here in midwinter, great was my astonishment (I am an early riser) at seeing the charming Miss This, and the lovely Miss That, as punctual as clockwork out every morning at eight o'clock. "Eureka!" I exclaimed, in my ignorance, "here, at least, no girl of the period leads a lazy and bootless life. Behold these young ladies," I said to Mrs. L., "in training to make good wives. While papa and mamma are in bed, they doubtless are making the rounds of the tradesmen, ordering the daily supplies, chiding Mr. Bones maybe for inferior bull, or Figgs for tea in which the stalk of the quick-set had been

detected. Ah ! fortunate youth of St. Crabbes if they knew their luck !" I was for at once writing off to the editor of the *Saturday Review* to implore him to pay me a visit, and see with his own eyes these admirable lasses with a view to their rehabilitation. But Mrs. L. smiled, and shook her sagacious head, and after breakfast, induced me to accompany her to the delinquent Bones. After transacting ordinary business, she asked Bones if the young ladies were not very difficult to please.

"Not as I knows on, mem," said the astonished flesher.

"Why, ain't they out shopping every morning very early?" I said. "I always see them about before eight o'clock."

"Loramercy !" says the brutal Bones ; "that be a gude 'un. Why they bees tu St. Simeon, th' 'igh choorch passon's, every morning," and a great guffaw inflated his beefy jowls.

And so they are, during the Lenten season, and I don't know how many times a day besides ; but all I do know is, that if Mrs. L. indulged in such luxuries, the unfortunate Lotophagus would feed at strange and dyspeptic hours, and his shirt would have to tarry long for its buttons. It is the old story,

Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitia :

and so long as there is a calendar for millinery as well as for feasts and fasts, so long as it is considered correct to wear the neatest half-mourning during Lent, and to don the loveliest of new bonnets at Easter, their vanity gets the better of their reason, and their minds are bent on gaudy missals and trumpery decorations, instead of preparing themselves to make good wives, by studying an honest cookery-book, and taking part in the house duties, as their grandmothers did before them.

"Confound it, yes," says my friend De Boots of the Queen's own, with whom I have been discussing the subject, as we turn into the Royal Oak for a sandwich and glass of ale, "I don't approve of the birch, but, 'pon my honour ! if those mammas I read about the other day as wielding that instrument in the privacy of their boudoirs had any such provocation, I hope they didn't spare it ; as I wouldn't, if a daughter of mine made such a fool of herself."

With which ruthless sentiment he opened the glass door leading into Mrs. Brumfitt's sanctum, and instead of that buxom lady, we found ourselves face to face with—the Blighted Barmaid.

I have some indistinct recollection that a great heathen philosopher, I think it was Plato, said, there was no man so miserable as

he who had never experienced affliction. If this proposition be true, and by the inductive process we are permitted to assume that the most miserable are the happiest, then, indeed, Miss Gampton (according to her own account) ought to be the blithest of women. To have loved and been loved ever so many times, to have bestowed the first, second, third, fourth, and I don't know how many more fruits besides, of a loving and tender heart on ungrateful recipients, would, one would have thought, been sufficient to have conducted any other formed in softer metal and a less well-set mould, to the solitary tomb. But far from this, the blighted spinster is fair, fat, and—no ! never shall it be said that the Lotophagus ever attempted to solve that impenetrable mystery. But it is a painful fact, that pale ale and passion, sentiment and spirits, are highly incongruous. It is not pleasant when you come in after a long walk and ask for a glass of ale, which you drain supernaturally, at the same time making a facetious remark about the extent of your thirst, to be met with some such remark as this, uttered in a sepulchral voice, and with a mackerel-coloured eye cast up sentimentally to the ceiling, "I, too, have" (pronounced harve) "drained the bitter cup to its utmost dregs." "Good gracious me !" said De Boots, when he heard a similar heart-rending observation for the first time, "what on earth does the woman mean ?" But indeed she is the Byron of barmaids, pointing the moral and adorning her tale from every tumbler she hands you, the *memento mori* of marriageable maidens, and realising in her solitary self the description of Goldsmith's Traveller,—

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow !

But I must not harrow the feelings of my readers ; so draw a veil over her undeserved fate, and naturally proceed from the bar of the public to that of public opinion, which is a great power here. It is the distinguishing characteristic of the present writer that, as our lively neighbours say, he mocks himself not badly of the Areopagus of old women of both sexes, who spy out and sit in judgment on the actions, motives, dinners, bonnets, noses, purses of their fellow-creatures. Why can't these filchers of character, and purveyors of mischief, devote their energies to some decent employment, the making of their *salut*, for instance ? I am sure it would "binifit the sow!" of old Lady Saliva Pump, who is the wickedest old woman in Europe, and has gone through life as if the Decalogue never existed. I hate

scandal myself, and never spread it, and I merely ask for information how it was old Sir Marmaduke was popped into his coffin with such indecent haste, and what was the meaning of that peculiar tint which, *they did say*, came over his face soon after he died? There is old Mrs. Kleptowe, too, who is always wagging her old head over the delinquencies of the youth of this place. She has a perfect menagerie of dogs, which she airs at an early hour of the morning, and was the cause of her discovering young Spoonbill and Miss Lovesey having a *tête-à-tête* behind the lighthouse, and a pretty row was occasioned by that dear old thing spreading it all over the town. I was enabled to revenge them, however, for one afternoon Mrs. L. returned home in tears, because she had lost her favourite poodle Cancan. I immediately went to the police, and, from information I received, called on Mrs. Kleptowe, and told her I should be much obliged if she would return Cancan when she had quite done with him. Mrs. Kleptowe said the dog had followed her home, and that she was just going to send for the crier! She was going away by the afternoon express; and I boldly stated everywhere that she had stolen the dog; and when she returned, and old Lady Pump told her what I said of her, *she never even asked for an apology!* I must, however, do her the justice to say that she pities my wife, who is, she believes, the most ill-treated woman under the sun, and who hides her misery, my dear, under the most angelic of smiles; but what can you expect of a man who gambles night and day! This, of course, is *à propos* of our poor little sixpenny whist. But the amusing trick that was put upon them by your humble servant it is impossible to avoid telling.

It was on this wise. A lovely morning early in May afforded an admirable opportunity for having a row up the Bart, which flows into the sea at St. Crabbes. I persuaded a certain lady to accompany me. The sun was bright, the air was laden with a thousand perfumes, the cuckoo was—what shall I call it, singing?—however, making his peculiar noise, which I think very pretty,—“the untaught harmony of spring.” I confess I was in good spirits; I had a charming companion holding the tiller-lines, and there are worse moments in life than being on a river, with a strong tide under, and a pretty woman opposite you. Half-way up the river, before you come to Crankton, is a little inn on the bank where the jaded oarsman pauses for five minutes’ refreshment, and where the beer is

excellent. Or, if he prefer to elaborate a feast, the tender mollusc is ready to his mouth. Here we halted, and while our lunch was preparing I proposed a stroll in the garden behind. It is a painful confession to make, but as I thought I was alone I did put my arm round that lady’s waist; and, as she had a blue veil on to protect her face from the sun I had my face pretty close to hers that what I was saying might reach her ears, when, on turning a corner, we came suddenly on an arbour in which were seated three of the most notorious scandalmongers of St. Crabbes, partaking of the humble periwinkle, the juicy cockle, and what I still maintain was gin-and-water. However, I turned and fled, little thinking what was going to happen. The next morning my wife had an anonymous letter, recommending her to ask her husband who it was he was in the habit of taking in a boat to *sequestered* nooks up the river. Poor dear souls! how we laughed. It is needless to say the lady in the blue veil and the boat was my wife herself. You should have seen Lady Saliva Pump’s face when I called there the same afternoon, and told her the whole business as a capital joke.

But after all, when one has the last and the best of the laugh, these little matters only add a zest to the agreeable independence of our life here. We are so dull that it would be insupportable without these tempests in teapots. For the amiable cynic, the not too wearied man of the world, their feeble squabbles, jealousies, heart-burnings, and scandals contribute an endless fund of amusement.

A FORGOTTEN QUACKERY.

MANY who have had occasion to look through files of old newspapers, may have noticed in those ranging from the date of 1770 till 1820 the frequently recurring advertisement of “Betton’s British Oil.” In this it is affirmed that the oil was a universal panacea in cases of rheumatic affection, lumbago, stiffening of the joints, and skin diseases; and its popular use through a lengthened period were a sign of real utility, this patent medicine was no mere sham. Its sale, for many years, was great; and, for at least a portion of them, it vied in notoriety with Bishop Berkley’s Tar Water of an earlier, and Solomon’s Balm of Gilead of a later day. Some curious particulars connected with this bituminous, and, probably, gaseous oil may be worth relating, as the sources from whence it was procured may

prove—at no late date—that Midland England possesses oil-wells of great value and utility.

About the middle of the last century a gentleman of Welch extraction, but whose family had long ranked amongst the old territorial aristocracy of Shropshire, fell ill of rheumatism, whilst travelling in the Levant. His servant, who was a Turk, enquiring of the country-people as to some remedy, was supplied with a dark-coloured oil, which, they said, dripped in large quantities from certain porous rocks, lying at no great distance. The servant diligently applied the oil as directed, and with an effect so salutary, as to enable his master to leave his bed in the course of a few days, and, in a week or two more, to resume his journey. The effects of the unctuous liquid—if bad in smell and colour—were so magic, as to lead Mr. Betton to procure a small supply prior to leaving the neighbourhood; and this he used, both as a preventive and a cure, in his subsequent travels.

At length, returning to England, he married a lady of his own rank, and went to reside near Shrewsbury, on an estate he had either inherited or bought. Of this, a portion of the land was broken by large masses of a soft rock or stone: in fact, a schist of a greenish-grey colour, fracturing sharply, and into laminæ. Amidst these soft rocks lay a pool of considerable size and depth, and picturesquely shaded in by a fine breadth of woodland. One hot summer's day, whilst sauntering in the shadows of this wood, Mr. Betton cast himself down on the margin of the pool. As he lay thus, some sunlight flickering down through the boughs rested on what seemed dark spots floating on the water. At first he took these spots for leaves; but their size and varying shape soon convinced him to the contrary. He rose and examined the nearest mass, and, to his surprise, found it was composed of some oily substance, which, lighter than the water, floated on it like a scum. What was it, and where did it come from? He looked about him, and soon saw that this oil had oozed from the masses of soft rock on the far side of the pool. Then it was that he recollected his rheumatic affection and its cure whilst a traveller in European Turkey. He collected some oil, and, testing its efficacy amongst his neighbours, soon found that this mineral liquid bore a striking resemblance to that he had used in the Levant. What immediately followed is now unknown; but at the distance of some two years from the period of discovery, "Betton's British Oil" was to be found in all the Patent Medicine shops throughout the king-

dom. It was vended in small square bottles, at three shillings and sixpence each; and the owner, as a matter of course, was soon a wealthy man. He kept his carriage, visited Bath, and was amongst the notabilities of the Pump Room, at the period when Beau Nash was in his glory, and Wedgwood and Bentley were selling their fine productions in a shop they had hired in a fashionable range of buildings.

Whether Mr. Betton had more children than one is now unknown; but at least he had a daughter, who, as she approached womanhood, became famous for her beauty. She is said to have sat more than once to Gainsborough, whilst he resided at Bath. Like the ladies of her time she passed her days in a round of frivolous pleasures, and subsequently married a person of the name of Mellor. What he was has now passed human knowledge, and whether he or her father dissipated any gathered wealth that might be, is equally a mystery; but when she is seen again it was under very different circumstances. She was now poor, very old, and very eccentric, yet still retaining traces of refinement and great beauty.

She then occupied a small mean house in Claremont Street, Shrewsbury. Of this the rent was not, probably, more than twelve pounds a year, for its accommodation did not exceed four rooms and a cellar. You entered from the street into a narrow brick-laid passage, and from this into a small parlour. The floor was covered with a shabby, dusty carpet; a great show of China monsters, bowls, and teacups, adorned the mantelpiece and a spider-legged beaufet; old-fashioned tapestry pictures in oval frames hung round the walls; and a veritable spinet stood along the wall beside the door. It was open, and quills, instead of hammers, bobbed up and down when the keys were touched.

Mrs. Mellor kept as her servant an old woman, who generally answered the door with her bonnet on. When the mistress was inquired for, the guests were ushered into the parlour, and after long delay Mrs. Mellor would appear in the full costume of the days of George III. Her dress was tucked up, her apron frilled, her arms bare, with ruffles at the elbows, her waist long, and covered by a pinned kerchief, and her white hair was dressed over a cushion. On her wrist dangled a fan, and her steps were followed by a small Blenheim dog. She wore rouge, and her wrinkled skin was the colour of a shelled walnut. When she had made a curtsy *à la minuet*, she would sit down and converse pleasantly with her guests, and, were her dog referred to, she

would make it go through divers tricks which she had taught it, one of which was to ring the bell by jumping up and seizing hold of the bell-pull.

The oil at this date was extracted from the stone, on a piece of waste land, facing the Severn, and abutting on Coleham-bridge. It was a "no man's" slip of ground, though at an earlier period, when as orchard or pasture belonging to the Abbey-mill, it was, without doubt, from its situation, a picturesque spot. Now, any man might take advantage of its site. The pedlers left their carts there, children played at prison-bars, women hung their clothes to dry, and the scavenger and road mender covered certain portions of it with heaps of dust and stone. At one end was Coleham-bridge and the ancient mill-brook, at the other a house and blacksmith's smithy. Near this latter was a large shed with a tall chimney, and heaps of gray and riven stone lying without told what every townsman knew, that within "Betton's British Oil" underwent the process of extraction. The stone seems to have been roasted in a furnace, and the oil dripping therefrom was at a certain stage of heat gathered into a receiver. From this shed it was conveyed in stone bottles or cans to Claremont Street, there to undergo certain occult processes, as it was said, at the hands of its owner. Of these processes she made a great mystery, performing them in her cellar; admitting no one therein, not even her grimy and bonneted attendant. But the mystery was probably a very shallow one, though magnified for the sake of preserving a secret. The oil might be boiled and clarified, and drugs or spirits added thereto. Nothing more than this could have been done, for an aged and feeble woman would have been unable to carry on alone any elaborate chemical processes. In her cellar she even filled the small square bottles, and corked and sealed them. They were then packed in cases and consigned to her wholesale agents in London. Even in roasting the stone caution seems to have been employed. The old man who attended the shed and furnace appeared half witless, as though, like the Staffordshire potters of the first half of the eighteenth century, the patentee would confide no portion of her business to the young or the acute.

But time wore on, and Mrs. Mellor began to feel the effects of extreme old age. She had outlived all her relations and connexions, and she appears for some years to have sought intimacy with several persons, with the view of bequeathing to them her patent and its profits.

But the business was neither cleanly nor lucrative, and her friends shrank from the confidence she sought. At length she made the acquaintance of a gentleman possessing some little property, and who was the holder of two responsible appointments. She thus, happily, fell into good hands, and to him and his wife she ultimately disclosed the largest portion of her secret. *But not all.* With astute cunning, a fraction was reserved. To the last day almost of her life she went into the cellar and gave some last finishing touch to "Betton's British Oil" alone. Only when she lay dead was the full secret, *written on parchment*, unsewn from the bosom of her innermost garment. Like a true patentee she devoutly believed in the efficacy and virtue of her patent. Daily the unctuous liquid was applied to her skin in the place of water; hence her face, arms, and neck looked as though stained with walnut juice. She attributed her good health and longevity to its account, with what truth we know not, but she was ninety or more when she died, in 1826 or 1827. For some time prior to her death the sale of the oil had become infinitesimal. There was a growing difficulty in respect to the rock or stone from which it was extracted, as the land from whence it was procured had long passed into other hands. A less and less amount was made, and the new owner of the patent dying somewhere about 1850, the secret died with him. He resolutely, and perhaps wisely, refused to bequeath the secret to his son. The day of quackery and nostrums was over, and he showed good-feeling and wisdom in reticence. Yet, strange to say, the oil bears still a name in remote parts of the kingdom, and could yet be sold, were it procurable.

Whilst physical ability remained Mrs. Mellor claved to two passions of her young days. She sedulously attended auctions, and never without buying. Unable to spend pounds in china dragons, or Indian screens, she invested pence in old saddles, gridirons and other worthless lumber. At the sale of her household goods after her death more than fifty saddles, and many pairs of rusty spurs, procured in this manner, were sold. As to cards, she played high and well. On winter nights she and her dirty-faced attendant, might be seen threading the little retired streets and courts of the town by the aid of a lantern; and on grander occasions when her *toupee* was higher, and her fan more brilliant, she went grandly to the houses of her spinster, or widowed friends in a sedan. For the sedan and its attendant chairmen lingered long in

the town of Shrewsbury. At rare intervals she returned these entertainments on an economical scale. Her parlour was put *en beau*, and her friends warmly welcomed. After many courses of tea, in tiny cups without handles, and plates full of bread-and-butter, of wafery thinness, the inevitable rubbers came. Then followed the sandwich-tray, a real Wedgwood sandwich-tray, the dishes forming an oval when set together, segments of an oval when separated. One dish would hold a tiny fowl, another three or four minute tarts, a third some subdivided oranges, and so on. A child might have eaten the whole, and not felt repletion. When Charles Lamb and his sister resided at Islington, they were often invited to a starvation supper of this character. Though not a gourmand he liked enough and to spare. He therefore vowed he would and could eat up one of these suppers at once. He therefore on one occasion retired on some pretence to the supper-room ere the rubbers were over, and finished up all that the sandwich-tray contained. Presently the guests appeared, "will you take a little fowl; will you try a cheese-cake?" simpered the hostess, complaisant with the odds she had won. The covers were lifted, but lo! the viands had flown. Whither a merry laugh soon indicated. But it was a dear supper to the wit! It cost him a thousand pounds! for to that amount was he a legatee in the spinster's will. Next day the legacy was struck out. And precisely of this frugal character were Mrs. Mellor's suppers.

At the present day, when with blind and suicidal policy we export our coal—on a principle somewhat analogous to a man opening a vein in his arm, and whilst bleeding, expecting to retain strength, or reach old age, would it not be well to look to the source here indicated, of an oil which might answer for many purposes of combustion and lighting? Some three or four years ago, it was stated in a paragraph of the *Times*, that a natural oil possessing many—if not all—the properties of petroleum, existed under certain strata of Midland England. The source whence "Betton's British Oil" was derived, may be one of these; and this real history of an obsolete quackery will not be told in vain, if it directs the attention of practical chemists and engineers, to products which may economize the consumption of coal, and so preserve it, as much as possible, for its legitimate purpose, that of warming the hearths of Englishmen, rather than contribute to the wealth of foreign nations, and the increase of competitive manufactures.

RELICS.

WHAT is this the writer said?
The ink is pale! the paper rotten!
Loving vows?—how soon forgotten!
And the fickle writer? Dead!—
Shall I keep the record? No!
Let the broken promise go.

Look again! a waving tress,
Severed in the days of old
From a spendthrift wealth of gold,
With a loving, sweet caress.
Shall I keep the record? Nay!
All the gold has turned to gray.

See! the face was bright and kindly!
Or the picture of her youth
Fails, like her, to show a truth.
Or, perchance, I loved too blindly.
Do I need such record? No!
I remember!—let it go.

This recalls the great blue eyes,
Brimmed with laughter—dimmed with tears,
As alternate hopes and fears
In the infant bosom rise.
Burn it!—what have I to do
With a poor dead baby's shoe.

See what once were blushing roses!
Withered—never to revive!
She who gave no more can give;
And so—that foolish record closes.
A faded leaf—a scent of earth
Is all the treasure now is worth.

What's here—so heavy—chill and worn?
Is this what I have known to rise
Responsive to the ecstasies,—
Once full of love, now full of scorn!
Let that go, too! I have no part
In a so cold and weary heart!

TABLE TALK.

THE supreme house of the legislature is, perhaps, the very last place in which we should look for a parish-clerk: yet, in the debate on the Irish Church bill amendment, on July 9, Viscount Lifford remarked that he believed he was the only parish-clerk who had a seat in their lordship's house. And he explained his position by saying, that the clerk of the church which he attended was so intolerably useless, that, on a vacancy occurring, he got himself appointed to the post. I imagine such a circumstance to be unprecedented, although quite legal, and in conformity with the terms of the 91st Canon. Lord Lifford's discovery of himself in the character of an ennobled parish-

clerk, was due to a speech made by the Bishop of Peterborough, who, in a few incisive sentences, delineated a truer picture of the modern parish-clerk than could probably have been painted by any other hand than that of Charles Dickens. Dr. Magee said, "The parish-clerk is of the least possible advantage to any clergyman, or to any human being except himself. His function is to say for the people that they are 'miserable sinners'; and of whatever other earthly use a parish-clerk can possibly be, I cannot say." He further said that the parish-clerk was of no use to a clergyman, who, in his disestablished and disendowed state, would as soon think of setting up a carriage-and-four as such a functionary. The Bishop, of course, remembered the 18th Canon, which directs each person in the congregation to say the responses, and the duty of the clerk (whether clerical or lay) is merely to lead and assist in the responses and singing. By the way, when Dr. Magee protested against being compelled to be the chaplain to the House of Lords, did he recal to mind the anecdote of the Bishop of Durham, who, finding himself suddenly asked to read prayers to their lordships, retired from the House in great dudgeon, exclaiming, "No junior bishops in the House! What is that to me? Do they think I am going to do their dirty work for them? Not I, not I!" But, in those days, the holders of the See of Durham were something more than Right Reverend Lords—they were Princes Palatine.

ARTISTS, architects, land-surveyors, and all who have occasion to make use of tracing-paper in their professional duties, will be glad to know that a new method has been promulgated by our clever neighbours across the channel, for rendering any paper capable of the transfer of a drawing in ordinary ink, pencil, or water-colours, and that even a stout drawing-paper can be made as transparent as the thin yellowish paper at present used for tracing purposes. The liquid used is Benzine. If the paper be damped with pure and fresh-distilled benzine, it at once assumes a transparency, and permits of the tracing to be made, and of ink, or water-colours, being used on its surface without any "running." The paper resumes its opacity as the benzine evaporates, and, if the drawing is not then completed, the requisite portion of the paper must be again damped with the benzine. The transparent calico, on which indestructible tracings can be made, was a most valuable invention, and this new discovery of the pro-

perties of Benzine will prove of further service to many branches of the art profession, in allowing the use of a stiff paper where, formerly, only a slight tissue could be used.

A CORRESPONDENT: In your *Table Talk* on newspapers you have omitted to mention *The Northampton Mercury*, which has been in existence since May, 1720, with this peculiarity, unexampled I believe, that its proprietorship has always been in the same family—that of the Diceys.

THE following beautiful effusion was composed by a "person" who chanced to be behind the obnoxious grating on Friday, July 9th, during the debate on Mr. Herbert's proposal:

What do ye dread?—an agitating tear
In a discussion upon Woman's Right?
A slighting shrug when reasons are not clear?
A smile of scorn when worsted in the fight?
A daughter's yawn? A wife's contemptuous sneer
At used-up arguments, well-worn, and trite?
A crimson flush of pitying chagrin?
That thus you sentence us to blush unseen.

Or is it but a tribute to our charms,
On which to gaze 'twere ruin, while debating?
Well, you've more cause, I own, for such alarms;
For, if you should remove the envious grating,
The sight of flashing eyes and snowy arms
Might set the readiest speaker hesitating.
And laughter from a pretty Liberal throat
Might influence the stoutest Tory vote.

While you consider us the weaker sex,
I'll fight the matter with you, tooth and nail;
But if you place our feet upon your necks,
And own the weakness of the genus male,
Which eyes like ours can torture and perplex,—
(As Hope did, when he told his flattering tale.)
I yield the point. Our wishes shall be curbed,—
We'll leave the poor weak creatures undisturbed.

I WONDER if the old monks suffered much from agues and intermittent fevers; and I further wonder whether they were given to the cultivation of sunflowers. I think that an answer to the first wondering question would have to be given in the affirmative; for the sites for abbeys and monasteries were always selected on low-lying lands, adjacent to water in which fish food could be preserved: and the undrained soil fed the moist atmosphere with marshy exhalations that were provocative of those sharp rheumatic twinges which were supposed to proceed from evil spirits and lubber fiends. But as to the sunflowers, we know not if the monks cultivated them, or recognised them as possessing medicinal properties. Yet, if we are to credit a tale that

has just reached us from the Continent, a sure specific against the plague of intermittent fevers is the culture of the sunflower. So alleges M. Martin, in a paper read before the Société Thérapeutique de France; and he says that the experiment of planting sunflowers on a large scale has been found successful in the fenny districts by Rochefort, and has been proved by the Dutch to be beneficial in neutralising the deleterious effects of marshy exhalations. Whether this is effected by the production of oxygen or the emission of ozone is uncertain; though M. Martin states that it is a proved fact that the sunflower possesses the power of freeing the atmosphere from those germs, animal and vegetable, which are supposed to constitute the miasms that are productive of fever. If this be the case we may, therefore, expect to see the sunflower more largely cultivated, especially in fenny districts, than it has hitherto been. At present it is one of those old-fashioned flowers that are relegated to cottage-gardens, where its broad discs, so like to the popular representation of the luminary from which it takes its name (*helianthus*, or sun-flower), are greatly beloved by the bees. But not only is the sunflower to be valued as an adjunct to the hive, but also as a valuable help to the poultry-yard. For many years past I have cultivated the sunflower for this purpose, preserving its seed, and letting the poultry feed upon the ripe grains. Besides being an excellent fattener, it is thought to give a gamey flavour to the flesh of poultry; and, from my own experience, I believe this to be (slightly) the case; though a correspondent of *Paxton's Magazine of Botany*, 1834, (Vol. I. p. 218,) says that she had given it a trial, and that the result proved the inaccuracy of the assertion. I can, however, agree with that same writer of thirty-five years since, in saying that it is a popular fallacy to imagine that the sunflower keeps its face invariably turned to the sun. Dr. Hales and Sir James Edward Smith, with others, have asserted that such is the case, and have explained that the sun's heat contracts the stem of the plant, and compresses it in some degree so as to facilitate the movement of the flower, which, after following the sun all day, returns after sunset to the east, by its natural elasticity, to meet his beams in the morning. And it was on this idea that Moore based his pretty fancy:—

The heart that has fondly loved never forgets,
But truly loves on to the close;
As the sunflower turns to her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

The same idea is repeated, though in a weaker form, in a poem to *The Sunflower*, by Edward, Lord Thurlow, the early friend of Cowper. Although many of the compound-radiated flowers,—such as the daisy and marigold, which, like the sunflower, imitate in their shape the popular idea of the form of the sun,—seem to be very susceptible to the effect of light, yet it will be found, on careful examination of a large bed of sunflowers, that their glaring discs of blossoms do not invariably face the sun, but are directed to every quarter of the compass. Therefore, it follows that the idea that the sunflower always turns its blooming face to the sun, must be consigned to the limbo of vulgar errors.

AN advertisement, which is at once amusing and depressing, appeared the other day in *The Athenæum* (July 10), from a second-hand bookseller, who offers to supply to his customers several hundredweight of magazines and reviews at so much per lb. Thus, of *The Quarterly Review*, he offers, "2 cwt. 1 qr. 8 lbs., at 2d. per lb.," a statement which is almost enough to wake the ghost of Mr. Croker, though it might be laid again on being told that there was more than a hundredweight of *The Edinburgh Review* to be disposed of at the same rate. *The British and Foreign Medical Review* and *The British and Foreign Quarterly* are also estimated at "2d. per lb.;" but *The North British Review*, *The Westminster Review*, and *Colburn's United Service* are valued at 4d. per lb., while *Colburn's New Monthly* comes in at the intermediate 3d. per lb. "The highest price given for old Mags." might be placed over the advertisement of this second-hand bookseller, and the highest price at which he vends them is 6d. per lb., at which tariff you may, if you wish, secure some hundredweight of *The Cornhill*, *Temple Bar*, *Blackwood*, *Bentley's Miscellany*, *The Fortnightly Review*, *Fraser*, *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and other magazines.

HELIOCHROMY is a name that photographers coined years ago for a process not then invented. Of course it signifies painting by the sun, or photographing in natural colours. This has been a dream since the days of Niepce and Daguerre; not a baseless one, though, for I have seen some very promising attempts to reproduce the tints of nature in a light-picture. But the colours obtained have been dull and transitory, no means having been found whereby to fix them. Just now a

new idea has been hit upon in France for procuring photographs in colours, without, however, making the light directly impress the tints. The principles of the method consists in photographing separately the yellow, red, and blue parts of an object—these being the primary colours which, in combination, will produce all others—and then producing a distinct print in a correspondingly coloured pigment from each *cliché*, the prints being formed upon a transparent medium, and these monochrome transparencies being superposed to yield the final polychromatic picture. The trick is in the isolation of the colours of which each negative is to shew the gradations: this is effected by the interposition of stained glasses, which cut off all the tints that are not wanted and let those only pass which are to impress the plate. The separate negatives thus become analogous to the blocks of the typographic colour-printer, or the colour-stones of the chromolithographer. In the present early stage of the trials, only patterns painted on paper have been copied, but the results from these promise higher achievements.

AN American chemist has been demonstrating that Dame Nature is ever faithful to her green robes, and that whenever they assume an autumnal tinge of red, it is merely from the chemical action of an acid. He has proved this, by placing under a receiver shreds of Nature's robe which have been tanned and sunned to a ruddy brown or rosy red; and by the aid of ammoniacal vapours the browns and reds have disappeared, and have given place to the original verdant hue.

A CERTAIN lion, too free with his tail, thrust it one day out of his house into the window of his neighbour's. This neighbour was a tiger, who resented the intrusion by severely mauling and gnawing the intruding member. In consequence, the lion fell sick, and his owners judged that, to save his life, the injured tail must be amputated. But how to overcome the leonine antipathy to human surgery? Chloroform offered its assistance, and was tried. Five ounces of the sedative did his beastly majesty inhale, or imbibe, and then he fell into a deep sleep. The surgeons entered his cage and, with knife and saw, took off the diseased appendage close to the body. Then it was thought that the beast had died from his dosing, he could not be made to breathe, and his lungs had to be pumped into action by mortal aid. At last he shook off his sloth

and stalked his cage in grateful acknowledgment of man's lordship of creation, the only lion in the world who had been curtailed like a christian. This is no fable. The animal belonged to a menagerie in Madras, and the operation was performed only a few weeks back by one Dr. Miller. Does the case suggest anything towards the humane slaughter of beasts for food?

SOME weeks ago (June 26) I gave a curious specimen of enigmatical writing—L N D P Y, &c. The enigma is a very old one, and I did not give it complete. A Correspondent sends the subjoined version, which is, I believe, correct:—L N N E O P Y, L I A T T, L I A V Q, L I A M E, L I A E T M E, L I E D C D, A G, A C K C, which being interpreted signifies, *Hélène est née au pays Grec, elle y a tété, elle y a vecu, elle y a aimé, elle y a été aimée, elle y est décédée, âgée, assez cassée.*

LORD ROSSE has been measuring the heat that comes to us from the moon. Using one of his great reflecting telescopes as a burning mirror, he has condensed the moon's rays upon one of the most delicate of heat-gaugers—a thermo-pile. Without being able to determine by what fraction of a Fahrenheit's degree the lunar warmth increases the temperature of the terrestrial atmosphere, he has found, as an approximation, that the radiation from the moon is about the ninety-thousandth part of that from the sun. He conceives that the variation of heat from one satellite follows the same law as that of its light; *i.e.*, that we have most warmth from the full-moon, and least from the nearly new. By comparison with a terrestrial source of heat, Lord Rosse estimates the actual temperature of the moon's surface at lunar mid-day to be about 500 degrees Fahrenheit. This scorching results from the slow rotation of the moon, which makes its day equal to our month, and from the absence of any atmosphere to screen the lunar world. Years ago Sir John Herschel, who has more than once proved himself a prophet by his sagacious inferences, remarked that "the surface of the full moon exposed to us must necessarily be very much heated, possibly to a degree much exceeding that of boiling water." Fontenelle and his followers to the contrary notwithstanding, the moon can be no place for living beings, unless they are salamanders.

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

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SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

A Novel. By the Author of GARDENHURST.

CHAPTER XLIX.

A STRICKEN CONSCIENCE.

LADY DIANA read the letter of Robert Douglas with a look of strange perturbation in her face. In this letter, written under the influence of strong feeling, Douglas had departed from the form of caligraphy which for a long time past had been adopted by him, and these characters resembled some which Lady Diana remembered to have seen many years ago.

As she held the letter under the lamp, that she might discern the words more clearly, a throb of fear came to her heart, and the fingers holding the paper trembled exceedingly. Doubt did not strengthen into conviction until she turned over the letter mechanically and caught sight of the seal on the envelope. For a moment or so her eyes stared at it with painful intensity; then she moved quickly towards an alcove and seated herself on a sofa, for her feet seemed failing her, and she felt a proud horror of letting her suffering be even guessed at by the spectators.

She knew the seal well; she was only too sure she did. She had a keen memory for trifles, and she remembered how, when, in the first sweet hours of their wedded life, she tried to wile his signet-ring from her husband's finger, he had laughingly repulsed her, saying that "not even Ana should deprive him of his father's last gift."

There are many things pleasant enough to have recalled to one's mind in a chance pang of recollection,—the air of a sweet old tune associated with a vanished hour of jubilee,—the smile of your lover when he turned his head to give you that parting look,—the crow of your babe when it welcomed home your face,—the last words of your first love-letter;

—each of these reminiscences are fraught with an exquisite delight; but to believe for a long number of years that you are eternally free of the companionship of one whom you had feared rather than loved—to be seized by a fearful suspicion that the unloved dead are not, in fact, supine in death's helplessness, but live,—live to judge, to condemn, and perhaps avenge!

Lady Di was brave even in this extremity. She nerved herself to answer with apparent gaiety the light remark of one of her admirers who presently approached her. She accepted his escort to her carriage, and she gave him a parting smile of such sweetness, that he involuntarily stopped to look at himself in a mirror on his way back to the ball-room.

Although some knew, and many suspected, that the news of some affliction had come to Lord Orme that night, no one guessed what a terrible anxiety was consuming this fair, gay-mannered woman.

"I must make sure—*make sure*," she iterated, in the solitude of her own chamber. "Another man might inherit and wear that ring; but how should any other possess *his* trick of handwriting?"

She sighed heavily as she dragged herself towards her bed.

"I have a great mind to say my prayers," she said, ruefully.

Habits enforced in early youth frequently recur, after long disuse, in hours of trouble. Lady Diana had been taught by her good old nurse always to pray fervently when any affliction impended over the household, that it might be averted.

She could not sleep. The pillow might have been bristling with spikes for all the comfort she could find in it. In repose the dread seemed to grow stronger, the fear bigger. With a groan, she arose from her bed, and paced up and down the room. She caught sight of a dim, ghastly face as she passed by her mirror, and shuddered to think how soon such wearing anxiety would make her old and ugly.

"I *must* ascertain the truth," she muttered. "Suspense is the worst phase of sorrow. Tomorrow—or rather to-day, for those wrangling church clocks are all chiming five together—I will go down to Auriel, and see this Robert Douglas."

There was something Roman and heroic in her, after all. She preferred to invoke her own fate to waiting for the creeping progress of Atropos' scissors.

CHAPTER I.

MOWBRAY.

WHEN Captain Mowbray left Lady Di Merton's presence, he walked down the stairs at Orme House, feeling very much as if some one had dealt him a blow in the face.

"Idiot! fool that I was ever to dream that woman could have even an interval of veracity! D—n her!"

His heart felt very sore as he looked up at the brilliantly lit windows, and imaged to himself how she, who caused his grievance, was probably breathing more freely in his absence.

I do not expect the reader to sympathise with his pain; in novels we only condole with the sorrows of the virtuous; but the sorrows of the vicious are none the less acute for the absence of commendable motive.

Thurstan had simply *forgotten* his beautiful young wife during the fluctuations of his hopes and doubts concerning the evil-hearted syren who had wiled him away from the thought of Azalea.

He felt additional bitterness when he reflected on that useless journey to Paris. "So expensive, too, and one can't get railway tickets on credit," he growled. To do him justice he would not have grudged his last sovereign (pennies do not enter into the calculations of spendthrifts) to secure him the woman he longed for, but the most extravagant do not like to feel that they have thrown their money aimlessly at a phantom target.

Thurstan did not go back to barracks at once; there are moments when solitude is the most grateful salve that can be applied to a sore heart, so he turned from the lights of the town and set his face towards the sea.

"I'll go to Azalea," Captain Mowbray said suddenly. "She will be glad to see me." It was always "me," with Thurstan now-a-days. So Captain Mowbray thought of Azalea, not as one injured, but as one who was to comfort him for his injury. His letters had not been forwarded to him from London. He remem-

bered this *now*, and remembered to curse the club-porter for having failed to send them on; not that it was of so much importance after all: he could calculate tolerably well as to what description of missives awaited him; a tender little coo from Azalea, several sulky croaks from irritated creditors, a duty letter from his sister, hoping that he was well, commenting on the weather, and sending him a good deal of italicised love.

With a sudden blank he thought,—

"There will be no letter from her,"—"her" meaning Lady Di.

However, he kept to his decision about going to Auriel, if only for a few hours; he thirsted for the solace of Azalea's presence, a presence which was in itself a caress. His wounded vanity yearned for the balm of her devotion, he looked on her in the light of a superior sort of cigar, something to sooth his irritation and dull his pain.

"Yes, he would go to her." He imaged to himself how she would glow at his approach, how she would run to welcome him with eye, lip, and voice! He knew nothing of that fresh-raised mound in the Auriel churchyard; he could not guess that the colour had gone out of her cheeks for ever, and that a narrow strip of moonlit earth, slanting between two sullen stunted cypresses, shielded her from further unkindness.

The wind rose and the sea grew more troubled. He turned his steps homewards; and as the clouds thickened over the moon's face, he could no longer see his way clearly, but moved through a dark guideless space which was filled by wild hints of storm and shipwreck. He was glad when he had got away from that dismal shore haunted by cold touches of spray, by the brackish scent of deep-coloured sea flowers, by the ominous moan of the rising wind, and by the sting of the pang which he had brought with him to the water's edge.

The more he pondered over the wrong done to him, the stronger grew his longing for her who was to palliate the smart.

"I will run down to Auriel to-morrow," he thought; but the next morning, when he was on the point of starting for the station, the servant of a brother officer came with a message, asking him to be so good as to step in and see the major before he went.

The major was Major Welter, the "Gentleman Jock" of the regiment, and one of its most popular officers; young, (as majors go,) handsome, bar a broken nose, honourably gained in a fall over a stiff flight of post and

rails; rich and popular. What more could a man desire to ensure his happiness? Major Welter did not desire more, but to be something, or rather somewhat less, was necessary to his peace of mind; he had an unhappy propensity to grow,—not fat according to the Banting standard, but heavy in a handicap point of view.

On this particular morning anyone uninitiated in racing mysteries would have viewed the gallant major's appearance with concern and alarm, fearing that he was the victim of some prostrating distemper.

When Thurstan entered the room nothing was visible of his friend save the tip of a damp-looking nose. The mother that bore him would scarcely have recognised her son in that heaving mass of yellow flannels which represented or rather misrepresented the manly outline of John Welter.

Mowbray exhibited neither surprise nor commiseration. He was accustomed to these desperate attempts at liquefaction of the "too solid flesh" of thirteen stone men.

"Been wasting, I see. What have you brought it down to?"

A faint voice answered from under the blankets, in a Desdemona like tone of pathos,—

"It's no use, Mowbray. Five pounds off yesterday, four pounds off to day, but there's still eight pounds too many on me which I *can't* get down. Just ease off one of the blankets, will you?"

Mowbray obeyed his friend's behest, and the voice was heard rather more distinctly.

"I've tried all I know. I've shut my eyes at mess so that I shouldn't be tempted by the joints, I've resisted my liquor, I've qualified for an anchorite, by Jove! I've walked, looking like an animated turnip until I nearly dropped, and now after all my exertions, after all my abstinence, I weigh, and find myself eight pounds too heavy—it's enough to break a fellow's heart!"

And something like a tear shone in the eye which peeped out above the shining nose. Scoff him not ye who have never known what it is to strive against the misery of "superincumbent flesh," and to fail in the strife.

"I was going to ride my chestnut horse, Piff Paff," the major continued, dolorously. "I've backed him for a heap of money. You see, he's such a queer tempered beast I couldn't put an ordinary amateur on him. I wish you'd ride him, Mowbray."

"When is it to come off?"

"To-morrow, it's the Wharneshire Hunt

Steeplechase. The horse will go on to-night; we can go down to-morrow morning, and if we catch an early train back, we'll have such a jolly dinner in town!" and the speaker's eyes glistened once more, this time with pleasurable emotion.

"I'll ride him for you with pleasure," Mowbray said; "but I shall have to leave town in the evening. I'm going down into the country."

Captain Mowbray's heart was still very sore, and as he had not fasted, he did not feel that a dinner would afford him any especial consolation.

After a brief consultation, the friends arranged that they would go together to Wharneshire that night, and that Captain Mowbray's servant should call in town for his master's letters, and follow the latter down to the race meeting on the following morning. Was there in Thurstan's mind a lingering hope that Lady Diana might repent her decision, and dispatch some sign of grace in pursuit of him? If he did nourish any such hope, it was faint and fine as a spider's thread, and he himself was hardly conscious of its subtle existence.

"That boy, young Orme, is going to ride a mare of his own, which he has hunted once or twice. I do not fancy his father knows he is out on this occasion. Belton of ours is up too, and Flitter rides Antelope."

Flitter was a professional, and he, the major added with solemn emphasis, "was dangerous."

CHAPTER LI.

THE STEEPLECHASE.

AT an early hour on the following morning six men might have been seen studying the topography of the Wharneshire Hunt Steeplechase course with somewhat of the solemnity of chiefs of an army surveying a proposed field of battle. These were Mowbray and Conrad Orme, (riding under the name of Emro to evade paternal scrutiny), Major Welter and Captain Belton, Flitter the "dangerous," and Mr. Knowlton, a well-known performer in the pigskin. Four of the faces looked anxious. Major Welter's alone was serene; he was not going to ride, and the fences didn't look nearly so big to him as they did to the others.

"Do you think your little mare is up to this, Orme?" Mowbray asked anxiously of Conrad Orme. "And won't there be the deuce of a row when your governor hears what you are going to do?"

"If the governor chooses to quarrel with me, I can't help it," young Conrad said, grandly; "a man must have his amusements, and I've every confidence in the mare."

"Rather creepy, don't you think?" Captain Belton suggested to Flitter, with a look of sick aversion at a wide double.

"Not a bit of it, sir," the professional said, not understanding the speaker's meaning as to the danger's making his flesh creep; "as nice a flying country as you need to ride over."

His cheery voice was felt as an insult by the others as they gloomily scrutinized a stiff flight of posts and rails.

"Piff Paff, if I remember right, gave me a crumpling over a low gate last year, when I rode him to hounds for you," Mowbray said, with an uneasy twist of his neck, and a vivid recollection of the fall which kept him silly for ten days after.

"Yes," Major Welter answered, gaily; "and I got over so well on my second horse."

Captain Belton looked uncomfortable, and suggested an adjournment to the paddocks, and to brandy and soda.

It was not until an hour or two later, when Captain Mowbray had been lifted on to the queer-tempered chestnut, that his servant made his appearance, holding in his hands his master's letters and papers.

"Clear the way," the rider cried, angrily, as Piff Paff essayed to go out of the paddock human-wise on two legs. "I can't look at them now; or stay," (the "queer-tempered" had altered his tactics, and preferred to stick his forefeet into the ground with a look of stolid determination in his wicked-looking eyes and ears), "I might as well see the outsides."

Thurstan hastily scanned the handwriting on the various envelopes. There was none from Lady Di, and in noting the omission, he felt conscious of feeling a little more heavy at heart than he had done two minutes before. There was, however, an envelope marked *immediate*, and this he tore open, taking advantage of the chestnut's temporary quiescence.

Major Welter coming up to give his friend various hints as to the best modes of outwitting, coercing, and cajoling Piff-Paff, was struck with consternation at the sight of the rider's face; all the bloom of colour had died away from it—it was dull and heavy-looking as lead; his head drooped on his breast; his hands were trembling; his eyes glazed. Had the chestnut but known it, he might have shaken his rider from him as though he were a dead leaf.

"Surely he don't funk," the major muttered, in his dismay.

"Here, Mowbray, shall I bring you some brandy?"

"Yes, brandy!" Thurstan echoed, mechanically.

But the brandy did not bring the colour to his cheeks, nor the light to his eyes.

"There are some things brandy can't get at," the major said, reflectively; "funk is one of 'em; but I never should have believed Mowbray could lose his nerve."

Here Piff Paff, tired of a resolution which no one tried to induce him to alter, began to walk quietly forwards, and Mowbray was awake by the movement to the necessities of his position.

"Don't be afraid, I'm not nervous," he said, in answer to his friend's anxious glance; "only I have some bad news, and it rather upset me, that's all."

"If he makes a mull of it, I shall have to bolt over seas," Jack Welter thought sadly; and then he turned and looked at the rival mounts for this race.

There was Conrad, the feather of the race, who at ten stone, and in the airiest of breeches and the most impossible of gossamer boots, so fragile as to put a thorn or a rough bush out of the question, was to ride his own little mare Primrose, and we may be sure that with all the lad's faults he will ride boldly if not well; Captain Belton was there adjusting his horse Greyling's double bridle with a somewhat tragic expression of countenance.

"I don't fancy myself a bit," he explains candidly to Flitter. "This violent, lurching brute will never get round the first turn, but will bolt away heaven knows where."

Mr. Knowlton looks at his sweet-tempered Madonna, and inwardly passes a vote of confidence in her. She and her rider are well acquainted, and have mutual trust one in the other.

The glare of the white booths, the gay colours, the discordant sounds, the course itself, dimly indicated in the distance by the double posts with blue flags, the eager faces of the crowd, the dark, shining shadows which seemed like horses passing out of the paddock in line,—for an instant or so all these appeared blurred and confused to Mowbray; he was blind and deaf in the first stun of that grievous surprise.

"She is dead!" he muttered; "she is dead, and I have killed her!"

For Douglas had not spared him the truth

in the brief letter in which he told him of Azalea's fate.

"She is dead, and you have murdered her. I have seen a letter you wrote to that woman. She—your wife—had seen it; it appears that you accidentally lost it at Auriel; Azalea saw it, and she never ceased to see it until she died; the thought of you troubled her to the last. I am thankful that her pain is over."

The sound of a crazy bell now compelled an interval of natural attitudes on the part of the acrobats, silenced the voices of the itinerant musicians, and that of the gipsy who was promising immense returns in the shape of blue-eyed sweethearts and large families for the small outlay of one sixpence. The last old woman has been run nimbly off the course by the assistance of two policemen, when Captain Belton comes sailing along on Greyling. He has his hands full, and is doing all he knows to restrain his impetuous brute, who feeling the curb brought to bear, answers by mad plunges and bounds in the air; by dint of hauling his excited head round till it almost brushes his rider's knees, Captain Belton at length reduces Greyling's movements to a rational canter, and the horse subsides into a walk, just as the rider, his arms cramped and numb with pain, is mentally vowing Greyling as a sacrifice to dogs.

Meanwhile, Conrad and Knowlton have taken their canters past the stand and over the bushed hurdles in front of it, their nags going fluently and easily, Conrad a little excited, and eager to be first over, his bright boyish face and yellow curls making him the especial favourite of the ladies in the stand.

Flitter now catches hold of Antelope; he is a little anxious to know what sort of a performer he has under him. The horse and the rider have never met before to-day; but experience is the schoolmaster of sympathy, and the jockey feels, rather by instinct than anything else, the almost imperceptible protest, lodged by his lean, wiry-looking thoroughbred, against the object before him.

A firm vice-like hold of the horse's head, and a sudden grip from the knees, and Antelope is brought up to the hurdle with such a determined rush that he gives up all idea of his meditated rebellion and flies his obstacle in such style, as (combined with his rider's close seat and steady hands) confirm him more strongly than ever in his position of first favourite.

Lastly came Thurstan Mowbray—his cheek was flushed now, and his eyes bright with unnatural excitement. He meant "to ride like

the devil," he told himself. He shouldn't care if he got spilled, or even had a very bad fall; this world was a bothering world after all. At any event he should get free of the burthen of intolerable self-reproach. He dare not dwell too long on the horror of that letter, he feared he might lose his head altogether. As it was, Azalea's white, dead face kept rising before him, and once he even lifted his hand to put it gently away.

"I wish you'd take it away until the race is over," he murmured half aloud; and Major Welter thinking his friend alluded to the brandy flask put it out of sight, and perhaps it was well he did so, for Captain Mowbray had already consumed a considerable amount of its contents.

At present, however, his judgment was not one whit impaired by the stimulant he had taken, nor by his mental distress. The force of habit is a strong controlling power. It is said that men in battle sometimes sit their horses with consummate grace and skill, even while Death is in their hearts. Mowbray, with a growing madness in his brain, sat and handled the uneasy beast he rode with all his usual ability.

He walked Piff Paff slowly up to the hurdles, and flapping the reins loose upon his neck tried to pat and talk the chestnut into a belief that nobody wanted him to jump.

"What's your jock about, Welter?" asked a horsey-looking man, clad in the costume supposed to be identical with a taste for sport—*i.e.*, tight trousers and stunted coat.

"Can't tell, can't tell," was the hurried reply. "Never interfere with another man's riding, especially when he knows as much as Mowbray does."

Meanwhile, Mowbray having approached as near to the hurdles as he dared, veered his horse round, and picking up his reins, quickly darted off in an opposite direction for a brushing spin. The spectators looked blank at being baulked of the anticipated jump.

He of the tight trousers who had watched the proceeding with undisguised scorn, shouted in derision,—

"Five to one against Piff Paff."

"Put it down to me, sir," coolly rejoined Major Welter.

"To a £100, if you like," said the other.

"It's a bet," replied the major; adding to a keen-eyed bookmaker standing near to him,—

"I only got four to one from you."

"No, sir, and I wouldn't give you three to one now."

The horses now walked quietly down to the post, where Lord Pastern, who as the "correct card" affirmed, was acting as starter, had already arrived.

"Come back behind the post!" shouted my lord, who had taken some lessons in the art of starting; "I won't start you till you're all behind the post. Now, Captain Mowbray, why are you hanging back? Come up, come up."

Piff Paff makes a few steps in a forward direction, and Conrad, taking this as a hint to be off, digs his spurs into Primrose, and jumps away; the others, infected by his example, also spring forward till they have gone about 200 yards, when Flitter who feels rather than sees there is something wrong, pulls up and returns. Conrad Orme and Knowlton soon follow his example, and so would Captain Belton if Greyling permitted it, but the latter bolts as far as the stand, where he stops short, like one of those wilful toy-mice, which when once wound up run their own way or none at all.

"Get inside him, captain."

"Really, sir, how much start do you want?"

Amidst such like derision, Captain Belton "winds his solitary way" back to the starting-post.

"What, Flitter, you here?" cries Lord Pastern, as the jockeys rejoin him. "Why, what on earth makes you poke your nose in here, as the doves in the dovecot said to the eagle, 'I suppose you've got a certainty.' What's your nag?"

"He's a four-year-old, my lord," whispers Flitter, mysteriously. "He's by Thunderbolt; they tried him to be a fairish horse last year, but he turned cur, so they put him to cross country work. He's as clever a fencer as ever wore a bridle, but I'm sadly afraid he'll cut it to-day if there's anything good enough to stretch his neck. Still his owner has backed him for a heap of money."

"Well, he has to carry ten pound extra for professional assistance, Flitter; but I fancy you can give away that little lump."

"Not to Captain Mowbray, my lord. I don't know who can give him weight over a country he knows as much as most of us."

By this time the horses were nearly all in a heap, and Lord Pastern dropped his flag with a hearty "go!" The three bounded away in close order and kept pretty well together until the hurdles at the stand, a quarter of a mile from the starting-post, were nearly reached, when Captain Belton shot to the front, and with outstretched neck and star-gazing head his hasty brute, never rising, smashed through the hurdle in front of him; almost simultaneously, Con-

rad, Flitter, and Knowlton topped the gorse, while Mowbray quietly slipped through the passage cleared by Greyling.

Passing the stand and betting ring, the riders catch occasional shouts of five to four against Antelope, two to one against Piff Paff, and poor Captain Belton, if he were still within ear-shot, might have heard the mocking cries of fifty to one against Greyling; the latter never slackens as he draws near the fence in front of him, but taking off out of distance crashes down to the bottom of the ditch and there reposes. His jockey has just time to arise and swear that he is a dead man, when Conrad, by this time two lengths ahead of the running horses, hurries down to the obstacle; Mowbray and Knowlton take the jump shoulder to shoulder, while Flitter easing his nag, shaves the flag in cutting off the corner. A beautiful piece of sound turf succeeds, and the four sail away as if the field had no boundary, Flitter holding Antelope hard by the head, as much as to say,—

"Now, this is the finest fun in the world, and if you don't take care I won't let you have the spree of going at all."

Thereby deceiving the wily nag and infusing courage into his cowardly heart.

The exit is at last arrived at, and a trumpety little thing it looks—so insignificant, that Conrad's mare blunders on to her head and throws him on to her neck, so that he has to work back by degrees and fish uncomfortably for a lost stirrup, which seems like a stirrup possessed, and flies up and down, banging his leg thinly encased in his riding-boot. Seeing the consequence of Primrose's inattention to the ditch, Knowlton pulls round Madonna opposite to a small thorn bush which he thinks will make her rise.

His ruse succeeds. Meanwhile Piff Paff, who is in an unwontedly gracious mood, thanks to the soothing influence of Mowbray's delicate yet firm handling, simply strides away, and seems not to see the gap he flies over, while Flitter, with a "come up, horse," also follows in safety.

They now cross a deeply-ploughed fallow field, which necessitates some holding together, albeit the land is so dry that the horses move in a cloud of dust; and Flitter, who is lying back, blinks his eyes uncomfortably at the showers of clods and small stones thrown up by his predecessors. Antelope also shows his disgust by shaking his head from side to side. Catching sight of a cross-furrow, Knowlton drops Madonna into it, and, feeling the relief of coming on to firm going,

sends her along at a rattling pace, immediately followed by Mowbray. The mishap at the gap had dispossessed Conrad of the lead; but he now works his way to the front, and pounds along, regardless of the furrow, thinking only how to regain the foremost place, which object he achieves, not without trying poor Primrose severely. The fallow runs out into a green lane, patched by an encampment; and the tawny children, who resemble the received notion of imps, shout with glee as Primrose, springing to the summit of the opposite bank, disappears in the meadow beyond.

Madonna, Piff Paff, and Antelope follow, and the pace improves with the horses' appreciation of the elastic sod.

"Hang it," ejaculates Conrad, "what a deuce of a wind there is." The lad thinks he is in a gale, from the pace at which he is tearing along; but, in fact, there is not a breath stirring. "I must keep my mouth shut," he thinks, "for my tongue feels like leather. What wouldn't I give for a wineglass of water? Hold up, old woman," he cries to Primrose, who is getting careless in her fatigue, and, putting her foot into a water furrow, threatens to summersault.

The game little mare cheers up at the sound of his voice, and changing her leg, gathers herself together for the post and rails, which now show new, hard, and forbidding at the bottom of the pasture.

"Well, there's no breaking *them*," thinks Flitter; but he yet resolves that the other three shall have the first chance.

Mowbray clenches his teeth as he mutters, "I wonder if—," and sits back on the chestnut, prepared to rouse him with the spurs at the very last moment.

"Yoi, over," screams Knowlton to Conrad, whose answering cheer rings in the air as he lands well in the next field, succeeded by Madonna, both horses performing faultlessly. Mowbray draws Piff Paff nearly into a trot until close up, when he drives the sluggard at the timbers vigorously, his tactics serving him so well, that he gets over with a bang which reminds the horse that oak rails carry *noli me tangere* plainly on their faces.

"Lucky I didn't lark over those hurdles at the stand," thinks Mowbray. "He'd have been sure to sweep them away, and to have tried the same game here."

Flitter, not daring to check his uncertain Antelope too much, rises simultaneously with Mowbray and gets over with the same luck. The brook is swung over without a mistake,

greatly to the disappointment of the crowd. Steeplechase brooks are not as hunting brooks; and afford no fair trial to a hunter's water-jumping abilities. In the steeplechase brook the take off and the landing are ensured sound, and a low flight of gorsed hurdles conceal the sheen of the water from the horse until it is too late for him to retreat. A few more fences, chiefly bank and ditch, and the competitors near the stand once more. Flitter glances his eye along the cords to catch the eye of Antelope's trainer, while Mowbray listens mechanically to the changes in the betting. The twenty to one against Primrose conveys no warning to the excited Conrad, who cannot resist urging his mare to "leave those duffers standing, and win in a walk." Poor lad, poor horse. She does try her best; but though her rider has sense enough to save her a little by selecting the sound furrow in the fallow field, and although he does continue to lead first out of the lane, this time lined with the noisy expectant children, the jaded mare reels over the bank, and is passed immediately by the other horses. Ah! Primrose, passed by those you led so gallantly, who shall tell the pain you feel?

Mowbray now takes up the running: he conjectures that to tire faint-hearted Antelope will be his most workmanlike plan. He sees Madonna has done her best, and that henceforth the race lies between Piff Paff and the favourite. Calculating with reason that the previous bruises over the timber have taught his horse a lesson he faces the posts and rails confidently, and gets over cleverly, succeeded by Antelope, who raps all fours, and Madonna, who follows suit. Conrad comes labouring on, the mare struggling painfully to keep her companions in sight.

"I may yet do it," the lad thinks; "they may all come to grief afterwards; and if I can but get over *this*, I may win even now. Forrad, forrad," he cries; "once more, old girl, it's the last time!"

And hand and heel go desperately to work. Primrose looks helplessly from side to side as though seeking an alternative, and then, game to the last, although she feels her strength is utterly spent, she gives a pitiful spring, catches both fore-legs on the top rail, and crashes headlong down on the grass beyond. Presently the exhausted mare struggles up again, but the rider does not move. The ladies in the stand see through their *lorgnettes* that a huddled heap of pink and white hoops is lying like a crumpled rag on the green meadow, but fortunately for them they cannot distinguish the face of the pretty boy-jockey.

The sun shines down fiercely on him, but his upturned eyes do not shrink; awe-stricken men whisper questions to him, but he preserves an ominous silence; his cheek is stained by something redder than a blush, and his features have lost their shape under the imprint of his horse's feet.

But just now and he had flashed through sun and shadow a gracious living presence; now he lay stiff and ungainly with the ugliness of death creeping on him. A few moments' since and he had passed the grand stand a gay-hearted lad, his cheeks glowed by the wind, his bright short curls glistening in the sun, and with no more solemn thought in his mind than that "If he won, perhaps the governor would not so much mind his having ridden."

Now he was something which could not even think; something with a face which was a fearful parody on *הַמַּבְרָא*; something which every instant was going further away from the world without being able to breathe it a farewell.

"Breathing still, but senseless, breathing stertorously," as the doctor expresses it, who is one of those quickly collected round the fallen youth; some half-dozen men take off their coats with eager kindness, and stretching them over the hard bars of a neighbouring gate, carry the body to a farmhouse, where the doctor and a few of the farmer's friends keep watch over the unfortunate young gentleman living still, but too true a prophet when he shouted to Primrose, "for the last time."

Unconscious of Conrad's fate, the other three pursue their way; Thurstan increasing his lead, Flitter waiting with the bravest patience, for he knows he dare not press Antelope, and Knowlton gradually tailing off; the *lorgnettes* at the stand can now discern the state of the race, and the most practised eyes begin to discredit Antelope.

"The favourite's beat," roar the bookmakers. "Piff Paff *walks* in," they add.

But Mowbray is not yet over the brook, and meanly as he thinks of it he would be more cautious and less confident if he saw a staring white greyhound, which, puzzled at the numbers of people, and the open space left for the steeplechasers, comes bounding along and arrives on the opposite bank just as Piff Paff is making his spring. It is too late to make any effort to avert the catastrophe, and in an instant dog, horse, and rider are rolling in the mud. Thurstan holds on to the reins, and taking them over Piff Paff's ears strips off the bridle, but rising immediately throws his arms

round the horse's neck, while a by-stander assists him in readjusting the bit.

In the interval Flitter gets over the water, followed by Madonna, and dreading Mowbray's re-appearance, makes play at the best pace his tiring horse can raise, having too a conviction that even the slow but honest Madonna may, if she can only get alongside of him, snatch the victory in the last few strides.

Layers look black, and backers rejoice.

"The favourite wins easy," shrieks the crowd, and in that moment of excitement, even women forget to wonder if that dear little boy, carried away on the litter, was much injured.

"Is the other fellow coming on," shouts Flitter to a countryman, staring with all his might at the closing issue of the race. But Antelope has swept yards away, before the meaning of the query reaches the stupefied yokel.

The other fellow *is* coming on, hand over hand, knowing his horse will try, and that Antelope will show the white feather if Piff Paff can but collar him. Mowbray does all he knows, and clearing the last fence is soon within fifty yards of the leader. Catching and passing the beaten Madonna, he creeps up inch by inch; at the distance he is within ten lengths, and resolves to wait to the last. They are now close to home. Antelope gives an uneasy whisk of his tail, a symptom of defeat not lost on Mowbray, who calls on his horse with all the power he is capable of. Flitter finds Antelope sinking, and almost against his better judgment, picks up his whip; he finds no response from his exhausted nag. Giving in at once on the exhibition of punishment Antelope lets up Piff Paff, whose final rush lands him at the post, a clever winner by half a length.

"You have ridden magnificently, my boy," Major Welter said, shaking his jock's hand energetically, "and by Jove! it's the making of me, Mowbray."

Later he added,—"Don't go down into the country, Mowbray; stay and make a night of it in town with me."

"No," Thurstan said, with an odd look on his haggard face. "I shan't go down into the country, I'm going abroad, Welter. Between you and me, there was a dead woman holding her face close to mine during all that race and I want to get away from her. I shall go home to my people."

Late that night Lord Orme bent over his dying boy, yearning for one look, one word of recognition, but "For the last time, for the last

time," was all that Conrad said ; and these piteous echoes of his fatal encouragement to poor Primrose were the only coherent words that passed his lips.

When the sun next dawned the lad was at peace, and Lord Orme, bitterly stricken by the unexpected anguish of this last misfortune, kissed the poor bruised lips with his face streaming with tears, and asked himself if this were retribution !

GROUSE DISEASE.

SOMETIMES the grouse disease exhibits itself epidemically, devastating a whole district : on other occasions endemically, raging on one side of a river, intersecting the moorland, and passing innocuously over the other. Such was the case in Aberdeenshire in the year 1867, on opposite sides of the river Don. On the north side the disease prevailed to such an extent that it nearly cleared the ground, whilst on the south side grouse were perfectly healthy, and in sufficient abundance to afford good sport. These distinct manifestations of the disease would lead to the conclusion that it arises from local causes, which is partly true, if, as is reasonably supposed, its origin may be attributed partly to bad food, and partly to atmospherical influences. The doctrine is supported by the fact of the periodical appearance of the disease, subsequent to the existence of the alleged causes. This opinion is founded on some statistics from a moor of 20,000 acres in Scotland, which extend over twenty years ; and as they come from a sportsman of intelligence constantly resident on the ground, their accuracy may be implicitly relied on. Between the years 1849 and 1868 the disease exhibited itself three times, and *only* three times ; the first occasion was in the year 1855, the second in 1861, and the third in 1867, and possibly it was worse on the last occasion on most moors than in any previous year. On the moor to which reference has been made, the devastation was so great that there has since then been no shooting ; but after two years' abstinence from the use of the gun, and no symptoms of a return of the disease having yet manifested themselves, the prospects for August 1869 are good, though not brilliant. The season of 1866 was a first-rate one, so that on 20,000 acres 2800 brace of grouse were killed. The season preceding 1855 was a bad one, that preceding 1861 a moderate one on the same moor : attention is specially invited to the consideration of these facts, because to

a certain extent they dispose of the doctrine of over-stocking as a cause of the disease, as twice out of three times, when the disease appeared on this moor, it is shown that the stock on the ground was a moderate one, and consequently that the disease could not have arisen from over-stocking.

One prominent fact cannot fail to attract attention, namely, the interval of six years which on each occasion existed between the returns of the disease. The regular occurrence of these similar intervals of six years' duration, might, at first sight, seem mysterious ; but possibly a satisfactory explanation will suggest itself if inquiry be made into the state and the condition of the food on which grouse live, immediately previous to the breaking out of the disease on each occasion. At the commencement of the year 1867, grouse, on most moors, were abundant and healthy, and the prospects for the ensuing 12th of August had never been better ; the birds had paired, and all parts of the ground were occupied by as many brace of healthy birds as could have been desired. All went on prosperously till the 28th of April, when severe easterly gales arrived which lasted several days, during which time the heather was blighted and dried up, and the frost so severe and withering that even the larch trees were blasted. The effect of these insalubrious cutting winds was to render the heather, on which grouse live, hard, sapless, and indigestible ; disease ensued, grouse died by hundreds, and when opened exhibited diseased livers as black as pitch, and emitting a foul odour ; in their crops large lumps of undigested heather were found. On each of the previous occasions of the appearance of the grouse disease the heather was in a bad condition from the same atmospherical influences. Without asserting that the bad food is the direct cause of the disease, it must be admitted that its existence previous to the appearance of disease merits attention. What shall we say to the "shot theory" of the disease ? This theory suggests that the ground being so thickly covered with shot, owing to the excessive shooting which has occurred during many years past, grouse easily find, pick up, and swallow it, and the protoxide of lead contained in the shot produces the disease. In the first place it may be pertinent to inquire whether any one has ever seen grouse picking up shot ? It is not asserted that shot has been found in the crops of any diseased birds which have been opened ; indeed, there is no mention of the ceremony of

any post-mortem examination having been made by the advocates of the shot theory. The writer of this article has opened and examined the crops of numerous grouse and black game, and never found a single shot. Besides, it is a well-known fact that the grouse disease has been as bad in deer forests as elsewhere, and as there is comparatively little grouse-shooting there, the alleged cause of the disease is absent. Moreover, admitting for argument's sake that grouse could find shot, and did swallow it and poison themselves, how are these long intervals of six years occurring three times in twenty years to be explained? For if, as alleged, the presence of shot is the cause of the disease, why is not the effect as continuously and constantly apparent? In the moor of 20,000 acres to which reference has been made, 2800 brace of grouse having been killed in the year 1866, between the months of August and December, and consequently plenty of shot having been scattered over the ground, how did it happen that no disease was visible till after the appearance of severe frost on the 28th of April, an interval of four months? One would fancy that the protoxide of lead had plenty of time to produce disastrous effects in four months before the appearance of the frost. In fact, this shot theory is not to be sustained by either reason or common sense, and there is no one single fact in its favour.

Another doctrine equally absurd is that of the sheep wash with which the sheep are anointed once a year, as it is alleged that this poisons the heather, and that the food of grouse thus affected produces the disease. There are several satisfactory answers to this theory; in the first place, the ointment used on many moors is composed of tar and butter, which is not poisonous; and if it were so, and did poison the heather, the sheep as well as the grouse would be injured by it. The fact also that there are no sheep in deer forests, as we have already mentioned, is a further answer to this, as well as to the shot theory, as the disease has been as bad there as elsewhere; consequently grouse in any deer forest could not be poisoned by any sheep wash or ointment.

In conclusion, if the severe easterly blasts, accompanied by frost, which render the food of grouse unwholesome and indigestible, have not been the cause of the disease in those years in which they have immediately preceded it, it is difficult to say what was; at the same time it must, however, be admitted that easterly blasts are not exclusively the cause of

a malady and disease amongst grouse, as extreme heat, occasionally prevalent throughout some summers and autumns, by drying up the heather on high ground, and on other localities, has been found to have had as injurious effect on the health of the birds as severe frosts. This was the case in some districts in Scotland last season, as in lieu of live grouse, numerous skeletons of dead birds were found on high ground, whereas on some low, boggy, wet moors, coveys were large, plentiful, and healthy. Hence it appears that whatever interferes with the food of grouse is prejudicial to their health.

A further extravagant doctrine is that of the destruction of hawks and other birds of prey, inasmuch as by removing these birds the balance of nature is interfered with, and that sick and disabled grouse, which would have been killed by birds of prey if they had not been destroyed, are left to propagate an unhealthy race; hence disease ensues. There are several answers to this doctrine; the first is that which has already been given in reply to the shot theory and sheep wash, which is simply that in deer forests no hawks or birds of prey are killed; and as the disease, as before stated, has been as bad there as on other moors, the absence of birds of prey could not have been the negative occasion of disease, as they abound. In the next place it does not follow that the peregrine falcon, or merlin, or hen harrier, would take a sickly bird in preference to a healthy bird, when they could capture one as easily as the other; neither does it follow that sickly birds, if spared, should necessarily be the occasion of a disease which devastates whole districts for miles; and that it should break out just at a time when birds appear to be most healthy, as was the case in the commencement of the year 1867, for then there was the largest stock of healthy birds which had been known for years. They continued healthy up to the time of the arrival of severe easterly winds on the 28th of April, accompanied by cutting frosts, after which they became sickly and died; their food, which had been previously good and wholesome, being green, tender, and full of sap, under the influence of the blight became hard, dry, sapless, and indigestible; disease ensued, and grouse died by hundreds. Would it not therefore have been rather a subject for surprise if they had maintained their health and survived this adverse condition of circumstances, than that they should have succumbed to it? Cause and effect seem to be pretty closely allied here.



[July 31, 1869.]

GOOD CHEER.—By F. ELTZ.

Once a Week.]

TO THE CAPITAL OF THE EXARCHS BY RAIL.

THE railway whistle shrieks its announcement that we are nearing the crumbling walls of Ravenna, as the train dashes past the mausoleum of Theodoric the Ostrogoth, the first Gothic king of Italy!

Were ever the very remote past and the most new-fangled aspect of the present more strangely and with more violently contrasted effect brought into the immediate presence of each other!

Well! yes, they have, for that matter! When the navy finds solid lying for his sleepers on the madrepore prepared for his use by the insect workers of how many tens of thousands of years before man made his appearance on this globe, what shall we say! All the past,—the past which is past beyond the ken of man's imagination even,—is constantly brought into immediate contact with the present, if one comes to think of it.

But then those swarming Ostrogoth creatures, who built that tomb by dint of the labour of thousands of them almost as durably as the madrepore insects built their rock, were men,—human beings,—and, in a great degree, fellow-creatures of our own! And that makes all the difference! Men! Why they were even Arians!

Theodoric, the great Ostrogoth king, was an Arian; and his remains were, before long, turned out of his tomb, as those of a heretic! Not the less, however, does the wonderfully massive building still stand in its old place outside the walls of the city he conquered; and not the less does it serve as a monument to his name! He died on the 30th of August, 526, in the sixty-ninth year of his life.

But Ravenna was then an ancient city, when Theodoric wrested it from Odoacer. Strabo, writing some five centuries earlier, says, that it was then a very large city, situated amid marshes, and all built of wood. He adds, that it was considered a specially healthy residence, insomuch that it was particularly appointed as the place for the bringing up and educating of gladiators. The cause of its salubrity he attributes to the fact, that from the wash of the sea inwards, and the flow of the rivers outwards, the whole mass of mud is cured of its evil odours. It might, perhaps, seem to modern notions that a place where there were no evil odours would probably be more healthy still. Vitruvius, however, equally declares that Ravenna was very healthy. About eighteen

hundred years later in its history Lord Byron also praised its admirable climate. And, perhaps, if the assertion of its healthiness be strictly confined to the streets of the city itself, there may not be much to be said against it. But it is unquestionable that all the surrounding country is now very far from healthy in the summer and autumn.

The marshes with which it was, and still is in a great degree, surrounded, were, however, as was the case with Venice, the main cause of its early greatness, for they formed a very secure defence against attacking foes. The Gothic kings, the early Emperors, and the Exarchs found in the marsh-girdled city a safe refuge from the inroads of the barbarians. The fever which lurked in the balmy autumnal breezes they could not see; but the danger from barbarian violence was visible enough! Ravenna became the capital of the empire because it was very difficult of access; and now we are speeding up to the new station beneath its walls in an express train!

All one's ordinary chronological notions have to be strangely stretched and newly adjusted in this extraordinary place. On the left hand of the traveller arriving by the rail is the mausoleum, which has been already mentioned. On the right hand, at a somewhat greater distance, is an ancient column, which marks the spot where Gaston de Foix fell, in the moment of winning the great battle fought between the allied armies of Louis the Twelfth of France and the Duke of Ferrara, on the one side, and those of the King of Spain and Pope Julius the Second on the other. An ancient column! Well! Henry the Eighth was in the fourth year of his reign when the battle of Ravenna was fought! Of all the dwelling-houses which existed in England at that day there is scarcely one yet remaining! We are apt to look upon those times as ancient. But that mausoleum of the Gothic king, which is yet in a better condition of repair than Gaston de Foix's column, had been standing there a thousand years when the blood of the 20,000 Frenchmen and Spaniards, who fell at the battle of Ravenna, was drunk up by the same sandy soil into which that of the legions of Odoacer had sunk!

The mausoleum of Theodoric—though it is, in fact, visible from the railroad—will scarcely, perhaps, have been observed by an arriving stranger, unless it is specially pointed out to his attention. And in truth, to one coming thither with his mind filled with the annals of the old glories of the once imperial city, and with the fame of the wonderful monuments of

those glories, which it has yet to show, the first appearance of Ravenna is singularly disappointing.

There is scarcely another, even among those cities of the Papal dominions, which all show on the first aspect of them more or less markedly the fatal effects of priestly rule, which tells so unmistakably the tale of ruin and decay. Yet the Ravennati hope that the lowest point of their adverse fortune has been touched. The railway, which put them within two or three hours of Bologna, and connects them with the rest of the kingdom, ought to do—and no doubt has done—much for them. The Austrian Lloyd Steamer from Trieste touches at a little port, the nearest point of the now some three miles distant shore of the Adriatic; and it is hoped, that the water communication between that point and Ravenna, which already brings small coasting vessels up to the walls, will shortly be so far improved as to allow the steamers to come up to the city. There is already a considerable trade in rice and other grain, and cattle, between Ravenna and the various ports of the Adriatic, and even occasionally with Naples. And though the old landlord of the ancient hostelry, the Spada, complained bitterly that he now paid three hundred francs in taxes, where, under the past Papal régime, he only paid twenty, the above improvements have put some heart into the people, and lead them to expect a better future.

As yet, however, Ravenna has not put off her Papal aspect. Poverty, squalor, meanness, dilapidation, decay, stagnation, are the characteristics which have already impressed themselves on the observation of the stranger by the time that he has reached his quarters at the Spada.

There has recently sprung up a new rival inn—the San Marco—which, as far as outside appearance goes, is fully equal to the ancient Spada. But the latter fails not to convince the wandering Briton or American (for the cousins from different sides of the Atlantic are quite alike in this matter), before he has reached the top of the dirty stone stair, that he has come to the right house for him, by the exhibition of a long series of painted escutcheons of kings, dukes, and serene highnesses, who have honoured the Spada by lodging there. The last royal occupant, save one, is the “Principe di Galles, Erede della Corona d’Inghilterra.” So the new-comer advances, nothing doubting, well content to suffer all that has been endured by such antecessors. The Spada is not, as the red guide-book says, a “very good” inn; but neither is it a very bad one, as

Italian inns go. The beds are clean; the food is decent. And if the host did, on complaint being made that a bit of an old iron hoop would cut as well as his knives, reply, with a shrug, “Cut! oh, for cutting, they won’t any of them do that!” who would feel aggrieved when he remembered all the serene highnesses who doubtless maintained their serenity under similar trials!

A first walk through the city confirms the impressions which had been obtained from traversing the small portion of it which lies between the railway station and the inn. Poverty-stricken streets wind irregularly among mean dilapidated buildings, the bricks of which are continually visible in patches through the covering of plaster and whitewash, and produce that most depressing and ugliest of all appearances, the look of new ruins;—houses looking like unrequited and ill-conditioned old men, decayed before their time, infirm without being venerable, showing all the ugliness and none of the beauty of age. One enormous palace, the largest probably in the city, equal about in size, perhaps, to a cut of six houses out of Portland Place, has a huge board on the front of it with “Vendesi” painted on it in letters a foot high. All the life of this vast and once magnificent building seemed to have concentrated itself in the first-floor, in which the windows were still entire and filled with glass. The ground-floor was in a half ruinous condition; the second-floor nearly as bad. The whole of this “desirable freehold property” including large ranges of buildings at the back, was to be bought for two thousand pounds,—probably for considerably less. “But,” said the Cicerone, who gave the information, “at least sixty thousand francs would have to be spent in repairs; then the purchaser would have a very magnificent palace.” But Ravenna does not look as if there were any further need of magnificent palaces there!

Even the wonderful ecclesiastical buildings, for the sake of which the stranger comes to Ravenna, contribute little or nothing towards relieving the generally wretched appearance of the city; for the astonishing remains of Byzantine art which they have to show are all within. Exteriorly the churches of Ravenna are not only not magnificent or interesting—they are mean and poor. Either they have, as in the case of the cathedral, been miserably restored in the worst style of the architectural taste of the two last centuries, or, as in some other cases, the dilapidated brick fabrics are scarcely distinguishable from the crumbling masses of brick around them.

A few names of streets and districts of the city, painted up at the corners, recall the pretention of the Ravennati to the possession of their old memories, and read strangely in conjunction with others dictated by their most recent patriotism. The Via Galla Placidia, named in honour of the Empress, the daughter of Theodosius the Great, is close to the Via Cavour; and from the Rione, named from Theodoric, it is but a step to the Corso Garibaldi!

But it is only on entering several of the dilapidated old churches that the visitor begins to form an idea of the real wealth of ancient art which Ravenna has so wonderfully preserved through all the changes of the thirteen hundred years which have elapsed since the most remarkable of them were executed. It is then that his imagination realises the truth of the remark that has been made, that at Ravenna one may fancy oneself to be at Byzantium, as it was before the Moslem had obliterated every trace of Christian art.

Not that these churches of the fourth and fifth centuries are specially fine buildings, in any architectural point of view, even in the interior. The triumphs of the architects of a race, which was barely capable of raising one stone upon another at the time these Greek builders wrought,—architects for whose poems in stone the world was yet to wait for a thousand years,—have spoilt us for the simpler and less ambitious structure of the old Ravenna pilers of brick on brick. That for which these churches are truly remarkable, and the like of which is not now to be found on any other spot of earth's surface, is the wonderful wealth of mosaics of the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries. There are at least seven buildings rich in these most curious and interesting decorations;—the churches of St. Vitale, St. Apollinare nuovo, and St. Apollinare in Classe; the Catholic Baptistry, and the old Baptistry of the Arians, long since turned into an orthodox church; the exceedingly interesting mausoleum of the Empress Galla Placidia; and lastly, the private chapel of the Archbishop's palace.

It is not necessary to attempt any detailed catalogue or description of the mosaics contained in these buildings, for to do so would be merely to copy from the guide-books. Perhaps those contained in St. Apollinare nuovo are the most striking, from the extraordinary extent of them. Let the reader imagine the whole of the upper portion of the walls of the nave of a large church entirely covered with pictures in mosaic. The colour of the ground-

work is green; and the figures on this mainly white, with much of gold in the edges and embroidery of the garments. The faces imitate, as nearly as possible, the natural colour. The mosaics in St. Vitale are, perhaps, finer in design than those in St. Apollinare. "Such," says Valery, quoted by the guide-book, "is the perfect state of preservation of these mosaics, that the figures, as all the works of this kind, which exist in Ravenna, are truly living!" But this must be accepted as the outpouring of the very natural enthusiasm of an antiquary in extacies. The state of preservation of the mosaics is indeed perfect; and when the huge tract of time during which they have existed, and all that has happened around them during that long series of ages is borne in mind, it is truly most extraordinary. The pictures are, in very many cases, really as fresh as on the day when they were first executed. But—they have not, and never had any pretension to seem living figures. They are scarcely more like living figures, as regards the features of the faces and the attitudes, than the wooden carvings in a child's Noah's ark from Nuremberg are like living representations of the animals they profess to resemble.

In St. Vitale, on the vault which covers the choir, a very fine mosaic of immense size represents on one side Justinian, in whose reign the church was built, surrounded by his courtiers; and on the other side, the Empress Theodora with her ladies. And they are works of the highest degree of interest in many points of view. But M. Valery says, that "the features of the Empress,—of that comedian, who passed from the throne of the theatre to that of the world,—have still a certain wanton air, which recalls her long debaucheries." But no such expression, it may fairly be surmised, would have been detected if history had not directed the antiquary to look for it there. The hair is certainly dressed differently, perhaps it may be said, more coquettishly than that of the long procession of virgins in the church of St. Apollinare; and it may be noticed that whereas the eyes of the latter saintly personages are represented as long and narrow, with partially drooping lids, those of the Empress are widely opened.

The costume of all these figures is a point of higher interest. Looking at the representations of the human face, which the artists have been able to give with the extremely unmanageable materials with which they worked, it is to be feared that we must not flatter ourselves that we can find in any of these mosaics any of the interest attaching to portraiture;

though a series of mosaics in the choir of St. Apollinare in Classe professes to be portraits of the earliest bishops of Ravenna. But in matters of costume the representations of persons of the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries have a real historical interest.

That which will most strongly strike the artist, however, is the singular similarity in merit and demerit of these mosaics to those which may be seen in the churches of many parts of Italy, especially of central Italy, belonging to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Certainly no progress had been made in all the intervening six or seven hundred years. Comparing the earliest works executed after the midnight of the dark ages with these Ravenna mosaics, the comparison will be found to be somewhat in favour of the latter. But it is very curious to observe how the workers of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries took up the traditions of their predecessors of six and seven hundred years before them, just where the earlier artists left them! The Ravenna mosaics are the last works of the old civilization. Those on the walls at Pisa, Sienna, Florence, &c., are the first attempts of the new civilization beginning to awaken after its long and profound sleep. What was there between? Nothing! A blank! It is a favourite theory with some in these latter days that those centuries, which we have been wont to call the dark ages, were not so wholly dark as we have been inclined to imagine after all. But as far as art is a manifestation of civilization, the comparison which has been suggested above, very sufficiently proves that all that went between was an utter blank.

These Ravenna mosaics may also be held to prove that the decline of ancient art was much slower than the rise of modern art. We have the sculpture of the Augustan age. From that, art had come down to these mosaics, (making always some allowance for the unmanageable nature of the work and the material) in the course of six hundred years. But from the earliest mosaicists after the midnight of the dark ages, to the days of Ghiberti, Ghirlandaio, and Leonardo da Vinci, only two hundred years had past. And the course traversed in that time must be held to be a yet longer one.

The difference between these old Byzantine mosaics and the works of Giotto, the Tuscan shepherd boy, which are yet to be seen on the walls at Ravenna, is indeed immense. It is a difference, not only in ability and the means of execution, not only in the power of making the hand manifest the idea within, but in the nature of the thought itself, and in the nature of the mind which conceived it.

Of course nobody thinks of quitting Ravenna without first visiting the ancient church of St. Apollinare in Classe, and the much celebrated Pineta; the old church and the younger forest, whose huge pines have lived and died through a hundred generations since that ancient church was built.

To the skilled student of ecclesiastical antiquity, the very ancient church of St. Apollinare in Classe, built on the site of a yet more ancient temple of Apollo—in *Classe*, i.e., at the port where the fleet was moored—is a most interesting subject of study in many respects. But to the unlearned visitor, whose eye and imagination are open to the impressions which the building and the surrounding country are calculated to produce, the scene is one not readily forgotten. Truly, if ever, the "abomination of desolation" was emblematically figured forth to the fancy, the objects and circumstances here combined are fitted to produce such an impression! There are spots of earth far more utterly abandoned by men, and more unfitted for his presence. The "dismal swamp" of evil fame on the Atlantic seaboard of the Southern States is such. But to produce the fullness of the effect that the scene around St. Apollinare produces, it is essential that man should have left his traces there; that the evidences of former life, activity, and industry, should be there to point the moral of the tale, and furnish a contrast to the existing absence of all these!

The position and circumstances of this very ancient Basilica, remind one much of those of the more celebrated church of St. Paul outside the walls of Rome in the Campagna. The site of the latter is yet more fatally unhealthy than that of the Ravenna Basilica, and the country around it is more wholly uncultivated and uncared for by man. But the church itself is new, and in perfect, well-cared for, repair, and good condition. There is strong contrast between the splendid and successful building and the miserable desolation around it. But here at Ravenna the church and the surrounding scene are in perfect accord and melancholy harmony.

It is a huge building—by far larger than any of the churches within the city walls—consisting of a nave, side aisles, and small raised choir, terminating in a semi-circular apse. A modern gate of iron rails keeps the half-wild cattle, that wander over the marshes around, from entering at their pleasure, and this is opened to the visitor by a solitary lay guardian, whose lot in life must have been,

indeed, a hard one to have induced him to accept that piece of preferment.

Of course the best and safest time for a visit to St. Apollinare is in the winter. For the demon of Malaria is then laid. But the cold within the old walls is death-like. Neither door-keeper, nor visitor, Catholic or heretic, nor cicerone, dream of taking off their hats, though the desolate place is still in every respect a consecrated church. And, once a year, on the anniversary of St. Apollinare, a single priest comes hastily from the neighbouring city to mutter a mass at the high altar. Unfortunately the 23rd of July is the day appointed by the Roman Church for doing honour to St. Apollinare; and the fierce mid-summer sun is then sucking up essence of pestilence from the marshes around, and loading all the air with it.

Yet when the church is visited in winter it seems as if a ray of sunshine were sadly needed to modify the deadly cold and damp of the air within the walls. Often in the year the pavement of the church is flooded with water, and it is always green and slimy with damp. The vast nave is wholly empty, save the little massive altar in the centre of it, beneath which the body of the saint was originally laid, and which still bears an inscription telling how St. Romuald, praying by night at that altar, was thrice blessed by a vision of St. Apollinare, and thrice directed by the older saint to assume the monastic habit. One other exception to the otherwise complete emptiness of the desolate nave is seen in the presence of four or five very curious and interesting stone coffins with semicircular covers, containing the remains of some of the earliest bishops of the church.

Beneath the high altar, which stands raised on several steps in front of the semicircular choir, there is a crypt, or rather a passage only,—for it is not more than seven or eight feet in width. And it was startling as one was about to enter this to hear a warning voice coming out of the darkness and declaring that the crypt was full of water. It was the voice of the door-keeper, who, unobserved, had entered the passage from the opposite end of it, and was speaking across the pool of water, which rendered it impassable.

Kneeling for a minute before leaving the church at that naked stone altar in the centre of the dreary nave, it seemed not impossible to fancy with some degree of resemblance, what must have been the thoughts that passed through the mind of St. Romuald when he prayed there by night, while the moaning of

the night wind from the Adriatic among the pines was wandering around the solitary church, and making all the silence vocal. To quit or not to quit a world which ignorance, dirt, disease, wrong-doing, violence, and masterful tyranny were making into the semblance of a hell on all sides? That was the question before St. Romuald. Perhaps it hardly required much strength of self-denial in one who had acquired sufficient culture to have been able to conceive a better ordered and more human life than this, to decide on abandoning it. And so St. Romuald decided—not by any means selecting the spot for his retreat among the pestilence-stricken plain and shore where he whose spirit warned him thus to choose had lived and died, but on the healthy, breezy summit of the Tuscan Apennine, among those beautiful streams and woods from whence the latest of his successors has, within these few months, been expelled!

The church of St. Apollinare does not, strictly speaking, stand, as the guide-books say, "on the skirts of the forest." The situation would be a less utterly dreary one if it were so. The edge of the Pineta is from a quarter of a mile to half a mile, perhaps, nearer to the sea. All around the church is a wilderness of swamp, partly turned into rice-fields, which deteriorate rather than improve the sanitary conditions of the spot.

To enter the Pineta, this belt of swamp is crossed on a narrow causeway running by the side of one of the numerous embanked canals which carry the waters of this half-drowned plain to the Adriatic. And when the limit of the storied forest has been passed, the change of scene and of impressions is truly wonderful. A very few minutes of wandering among the pines suffice to shut out the stranger from all sight of the outside world beyond the woodland as completely as if there were a hundred miles of forest between him and the open plain. Sweet aromatic scents float around him instead of the sickening smell from the swamps. Nothing can be more lovely to the eye than the turfy avenues and long vistas which open on all sides. The present writer has wandered through many a mile of the primeval American forest, but has never seen there aught to compare in beauty with the loveliness of the Pineta on the shores of the Adriatic. It is no wonder that every poet who has been led to visit the place has sung its charms.

There is much underwood, thick in places, and sufficient to give all that beauty and appearance of greenery and luxuriant growth

which forests of firs are mostly wont to lack. But this undergrowth is not thick enough to prevent the eye from wandering at will to great distances among the trunks of the lofty trees which are spreading their shade far above, or even to interfere with the abundance of paths (if not such in esse, yet in posse) which exist in every direction. One special beauty of this greenwood world is that the entire ground is richly carpeted with turf, bespangled in spring with myriads of wild-flowers.

One pleasant circumstance attending the entering the forest on a bleak day in January is the marked change in the temperature. Within the limits of the wood the temperature must be on such a day several degrees above that on the plain beyond it.

Almost immediately on entering the Pineta, or very shortly afterwards, the voice of the Adriatic becomes plainly audible, though one may wander almost infinitely, if one takes no heed to the points of the compass, and about two miles and a half if one advances in a direct line eastwards, before coming within the sight of the sea. The distant song of the waves mingling with the sough of the wind in the umbrella-like tops of the spreading stone pines far over head, and in summer with the hum of insects, and specially with the sharp cry of the cicada, makes a pleasing music. Byron in his lines on the Pineta—lines too well known to quote—speaks of the cicada as “people of the pine,”—a phrase which might lead readers not so thoroughly acquainted with southern climes as he was to imagine that the special and peculiar habitat of the cicada is the pine forest. But this would be a mistake. They are as commonly heard among the vineyards, and olive-groves, and corn-fields of other parts of Italy as in the Pineta.

The drive—or walk, or ride—in the Pineta which lies to the southward of Ravenna, in the same direction as the Basilica of St. Apollinare in Classe, may be diversified by an excursion to the other similar forest to the northward of the city. The first mentioned, however, is perhaps the finer and more picturesque of the two; but the latter may be traversed in its entire extent as a commencement of the journey to Chioggia, and by the lagoons to Venice—an excursion well worth making, if the traveller will face the delays and difficulties of numerous embarkations and disembarkations of himself, his carriage, and his goods, for the crossing of the numerous streams and lagoons with which the country is intersected.

Of course, should any such expedition be undertaken, the lighter and rougher the carriage used for the purpose, the better.

TEA.

PERHAPS there is no familiar mis-quotation more perseveringly used—especially by the reporters of country newspapers—than Cowper's well-known and highly popular

Cups

That cheer but not inebriate.

The Task, Book IV.

The newspaper correspondents, together with many a writer who has higher flights, reduce the nouns and verbs to the singular number; and, out of Cowper's two lines, construct one that runs thus:

The cup that cheers but not inebriates.

It is a shame to alter even one word of that delightful passage, in which the home-loving poet has so faithfully described the indoor pleasures of a snug winter evening. We can fancy him in the comfortable parlour at Olney, the curtains closely drawn, the bubbling urn upon the table, Lady Austen and Mrs. Unwin at work, and the poet of *The Task* reading to them the news just brought to them by the late postman, in that folio of four pages which not even critics criticise. It is a delightful picture that he has drawn in that well-known passage; and there is a fellow to it in the third book of the same poem, where the self-sequestered man is shown at breakfast in

His warm but simple home, where he enjoys
With her, who shares his pleasures and his heart,
Sweet converse, sipping calm the fragrant lymph,
Which neatly she prepares.

I suppose that it was these descriptions of the tea-table which drew from Mr. Swinburne the sneer, “Happy is the country that is fed with the tea-pot pieties of Cowper.” Certainly Mr. Swinburne does not attempt to feed his country from the tea-pot. The fragrant lymph is not in his line; though he will find a flavour of his own alliteration in that passage from Cibber's *Lady's Last Stake*,—“Tea! thou soft, thou sober, sage, and venerable liquid; thou female tongue-running, smile-smoothing, heart-opening, wink-tipping cordial, to whose glorious insipidity I owe the happiest moment of my life, let me fall prostrate.” The poet of *The Rape of the Lock* has chanted the praises of Coffee, which makes the politician wise; but who but Cowper could have sung so pleasingly of those simple tea-table joys in which his gentle spirit found so much

to cheer him? Tea ought to be the beverage of the poets, according to Waller, who says,—

The muse's friend, tea, does our fancy aid,
Repressing vapours which the head invade.

Byron preferred gin-and-water; nevertheless he did not forget to celebrate the Chinese nymph of tears, green tea; and lamented that

Wine should be so deleterious,
For tea and coffee leave us much more serious.

But he had no ideas of snugness and cosiness in connection with tea; nor did he drink it from sheer fondness, as did Bishop Burnet, who tells us that he drank sixteen large cups of it every morning; though we must bear in mind that a large cup then would be but a small cup now, the precious beverage then being served out in mere thimbles-full. Dr. Johnson, too, avowed himself to be a hardened and shameless tea-drinker; who diluted his meals with tea, amused his evening with tea, solaced his midnight with tea, and welcomed the morning with tea; and of whom it might be said,—

Tea veniente die, tea decedente bibebat.

Indeed, the Doctor, who loved a ponderous pun, himself said to a fair lady who accused him of taking too much tea, *Nec cum te, nec sine te, vivere possum.* But the tea-parties of Mrs. Thrale, with all their literary surroundings, would have had but little attraction for Byron, who, when he drank three cups of strong tea, abused the herb for always making him ill, "unless when qualified with thee, Cognac;" from which confession it is clear that the noble poet preferred his tea made according to Mrs. Gamp's recipe, in which the milder infusion could be combined with "the benignant influence of distilled waters." The elder Mr. Weller's description of the tea-party at which his son's mother-in-law assisted, must not be forgotten in any talk about the tea-table. It may be accepted as a representative account of those peculiar gatherings of which *The Saturday Review* once wrote in an article entitled *The Theology of the Teapot*, in which the writer says, "The cup which cheers without inebriating has attained, no less than the port-wine bumper, a theological significance of its own." The biographer of Mr. Tozer and the other attendants at Salem Chapel, has also, in her pleasant but incisive way, shown us the connection between tea and sects—to say nothing of sex.

Between Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Pepys there is a wide gap in every way; though, in the matter of tea, the former lady had the advan-

tage. Mrs. Gamp could indulge in her dish of tea to an unlimited extent; but Mrs. Pepys could only afford a mere taste of the new Chinese drink, as her gossiping husband calls it. He first drank a cup of tea, a China drink, on September 25th, 1660; though it had been introduced into England in 1657, either by Garway (the founder of the celebrated coffee-house known as Garraway's), or, as some say, by Lord Arlington and Lord Ossory, who brought it from Holland where the Dutch had used it since the year 1610. Sixty shillings a pound was the price at which it was first sold in England; and Mr. Pepys notes in his *Diary*, how Mr. Garway was at length enabled to sell it at prices ranging from sixteen shillings to fifty shillings a pound. In 1660 tea is mentioned with chocolate and sherbet in an Act of Parliament of Charles II., and a duty of eightpence per gallon was laid upon the tea that was sold in the coffee-houses. In 1662 tea was brought into fashion by Catharine of Braganza; and Waller, in his verses on Catharine's marriage with Charles, compliments Portugal for giving to England "the best of queens and best of herbs." Five years later the use of tea was slowly spreading in the homes of the upper ten thousand; for, under date 1667, Pepys writes: "Home, and there find my wife making of tea; a drink which Mr. Pelling, the Potticary, tells her is good for her cold and defluxions." That was only the second time that Mrs. Pepys had tasted the fashionable China drink.

In the days that Tennyson calls "the teacup-times of hood and hoop," there was too much modish formality to admit of an evening being passed in that homely and comfortable state of English snugness described by the poet of *The Task*. When Dean Swift, in his *Journal of a Modern Lady of 1728*, says

But let me now awhile survey
Our Madam o'er her evening tea;

he has to surround her with a clamorous crew of prudes, coquettes, and harridans. We might have imagined that Swift's rhyme, in this couplet was due to his Irish pronunciation; but Mr. Croker, in his notes to Boswell, says, that it was formerly the fashion to pronounce tea as *tay*. This is borne out by the rhymes of the polished Pope:

Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.

Here thou, great Anna, whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

The tea that Queen Anne drank at Hampton Court cost thirty shillings a pound; and the

Government duty imposed upon the dry herb—for the duty had been removed from the liquid tea—caused its price to be so high that it long remained an expensive beverage. Johnson says that when Garrick had “begun to feel money in his purse and did not know when he should have enough of it,” he grumbled at Peg Woffington for wastefulness in making the tea too strong. Wesley, at the age of forty-three, began to denounce tea as the cause of injury to his health. His mother, on the contrary, alleged that his failing health was to be attributed to his wearing long hair, for which he had been remarkable when an Oxford undergraduate, and which he refused to cut short and hide with a fashionable peruke. Cowper’s cups that cheer were denounced by Wesley as cups that were to be shunned equally as much as wine-cups; and tea was placed much on the same footing with all those stimulants that were variously regarded as innocent or the reverse, and which ranged from tobacco and opium to hemp and betel-nut. Many grouse-shooters have said that the best beverage for a hard day on the moors is cold tea, without milk or sugar; and, that a pound of tea at three shillings and sixpence will go as far as a gallon of whiskey at sixteen shillings. Before tea was known in the Western Highlands, a sailor, on his return home, brought a packet of tea as a present for his mother. Not knowing how to cook it, she put it in a pot of hot water, then strained off the water, and pounded the sodden tea with a potatoe beetle, as though it had been kale. She then mixed it with meal, milk, and butter, and in that state partook of it, but pronounced it to be “nane sae gude as kale.” A similar tale is told of an old woman in Northamptonshire, who boiled her tea with a piece of bacon, eating and treating the former as cabbage.

Thus, within the past two centuries, those two familiar articles of consumption, tea and coffee, have become necessities of life to the poorest as well as to the wealthiest. At the present time they form the indispensable beverage of two-thirds of the great family of Man; and they have very materially assisted to revolutionise the habits of society. Denounced though tea has been, again and again, and that so recently as by Cobbet and the Edinburgh Reviewer of 1823, yet, soon after that, so great an authority as Liebig, pronounced it to be a necessary of life. Cheapened as it has been, yet both it and coffee might be made more cheap; and Mr. Bright has started a good and popular cry in his demand for a free breakfast-table.

TABLE TALK.

THE hay crop has this year been unusually plentiful, a great contrast to the burnt-up pastures of last year, when the parched cattle wandered over brown fields, seeking in vain for a tiny green blade of grass; and, for the most part, the hay has been well got in. Of course, the grass that was out during the cold and wet fortnight was somewhat damaged; but Mr. Mechi tells us that such a thing need not again occur, and that hay and corn may be gathered and garnered without any reference to the state of the weather. A machine has been invented, after nine years’ study, by which the hay and corn is subjected to a blast of hot air, which rapidly dries it, without deteriorating its quality. Dr. Voelcker testifies to the hay being improved by the quick drying; and the Society of Arts, after investigating the discovery by means of a competent committee, has rewarded the inventor with its gold medal and a prize of fifty guineas. Roots and vegetables can also be treated by the same process, which is as follows:—A rapidly revolving fan, driven by horse or steam power, (two horses are sufficient), is attached to the smoke-box of a coke furnace, and, withdrawing all the heat that would be carried and wasted up the chimney or shaft, drives it through a gauze screen upon the grass, corn, or roots. Mr. Mechi says that this process of harvesting is cheaper as well as better than the old method, even as a £300 steam-engine is, in the long run, more economical than the shilling flail. But what a revolution does this new hay-and-corn drier indicate in agricultural operations! Very soon we may expect that every process of rural husbandry as described by Thomson, Bloomfield, and Clare, will have been so completely changed, that their poetic descriptions will seem as antiquated as the Georgics of Virgil; and, if hay and corn is to be cut and carried without reference to the weather, we shall never again hear of an old farmer telling his rector that it was of no manner of use his reading the prayer for fine weather so long as it was a wet change of the moon, and the glass kept low, and the wind was in a bad quarter. The farmer will now be able to make hay whether the sun shines or no.

A CORRESPONDENT:—The anecdote referred to at p. 559 of the previous volume of *Once a Week* of the two poor lovers whose

system of correspondence was confined to an ingenious cipher of ink-blots on the outside of the letter, is told by the poet Coleridge. In one of his walks in the Lake district, he saw the postman offer a letter to the servant-girl at a village inn, who, after carefully looking at the address, returned the document to the postman, telling him that she could not take it in, as she was too poor to pay the postage. Thereupon, Coleridge stepped forward, and, giving the postman the shilling required for the letter, handed it to the girl. To his surprise, she did not appear as pleased as he had expected; and when the postman was out of hearing, she explained the matter by confessing to the poet that the whole of the letter consisted in its address and certain exterior blots and marks, and that it was the method adopted by her lover and self to keep up an unpaid-for correspondence in the days of dear postage.

THE following are literal translations from essays composed by Kafir boys at St. Matthew's Mission Station, Keiskamma Hoek, South Africa :—

THE RHINOCEROS.—The story of the rhinoceros. The rhinoceros is a very angry beast. The horn of that beast is one. It is said that when it sees a man it pursues him till he climbs into a tree, that he may escape from that beast. And if he does not run, he is torn to pieces by it; but if he ran, and climbed into a tree he will escape, because that the rhinoceros does not know how to climb. But it is said that then it sits underneath the tree where the man has climbed; but I do not know whether the man has come down, or whether that rhinoceros is sitting there still.

THE HYÆNA.—The hyæna is a very greedy beast. It is said that when thou seest its den, there are old garments of people, and people's beads and bones. It is said that it is ensnared thus. If a goat should die, there are sought small stones—let them be many—and they are daubed with blood, that it may eat them. For it is said that it does not chew, but when it finishes and wishes to run, the stones rattle in its stomach, and it stands listening till the morning, and people come and kill it.

IN some well-deserved strictures on the recent disgusting Baby Show at the North Woolwich Gardens, *The Daily News* truly observed, that although the smile of innocence and the sleep of innocence are pretty as

poetical figures, yet that the exhibition of three hundred innocents smiling and sleeping is an attempt to convert poetry into hard matter-of-fact prose which must fail. I was forcibly reminded of this conflict of poetry with prose the other day, when calling at a farmer's house in my parish and being requested to look at the new baby. It was fast asleep in its cradle, and as I looked at it a sweet smile irradiated its face. The germ of a sonnet to a sleeping infant was already in my mind, when, unfortunately for the sonnet, if not for poetry, I made a casual remark concerning the smile to the professional Gamp who was in attendance. Whereupon, Mrs. Gamp delivered this opinion,—“It's the wind, sir! Bless their little 'arts! whenever they smiles in their sleep, you may always know as they're troubled with the wind!” It was impossible for me to gainsay this, although it proved the death-blow to my sonnet. In fact, who can gainsay it? I cannot see how such a question can be tried upon its own merits, and then finally decided. Yet this Gampian female was a nurse of great experience, and, as she herself argued, “If I ain't able to per-nounce an opinion on them infants, I should like to know who is?”

KONEWKA'S silhouettes, to illustrate the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, may possibly help to revive a peculiar art, which, of late years, has chiefly been confined to small designs in humorous publications, although, a generation back, it was a popular method for producing portraits, and few families are, probably, without some specimens of these profile presentments of their pig-tailed grandfathers or large-capped grandmothers. Flaxman improved upon the style by his wax medallions, but these were too costly to be widely diffused, and the little sticking-plaster-looking likenesses held their own until photography elbowed them out of fashion. Though even the first trials of the “Pencil of Nature,” as the new sun-process was called, were very like to silhouettes; for, when Flaxman's friend and fellow-genius, Wedgwood, published (in the Journals of the Royal Institution) his *Account of a Method of Copying Paintings upon Glass, and of Making Profiles by the Agency of Light upon Nitrate of Silver*, the result of his experiments was nothing more than the black shadow of that form, into which, in 1827, M. Niepce, of Chalons, was the first to infuse any gradations of tint, and which Daguerre and Mr. W. H. Fox Talbot afterwards lightened and improved. In fact, those sil-

houettes take us back to the infancy of painting, which, according to the pretty Grecian legend, was invented by the lover who traced upon the wall the profile shadow of the sleeping maiden. And such a performance is not quite so easy in its execution as it would appear to be, as I know by experience, for I have, at intervals during the last thirty years, taken shadow portraits of friends and relatives. This is the process : buy at your bookseller's a sheet of paper which is black on its one side and white on the other ; nail or pin the paper to the wall with its white side towards you, let the shadow of the person fall in profile on the paper, by the light of one candle or lamp ; then trace the outline on the paper, which can then be carefully cut out with scissors and pasted on white cardboard with its black side upwards. The difficulty, however, is in the sitter preserving an immobility that will not disturb his shadowed profile, for even the breathing is sufficient to do this. If a photographer's vice or head-rest can be used the difficulty would be overcome, though it is needless to say that the shadow of that appendage must not be represented. Within the last fifteen years, the art of silhouette-making lingered on board the penny steamers on the Thames, feebly, though bravely, endeavouring to obtain a footing on decks where photographers were not. An ingenious gentleman, furnished with a pair of scissors and a sheet of black paper, would walk towards a passenger, dexterously snip his profile likeness, offer him the same for threepence, or sixpence framed, and, if he did not wish to invest in its purchase, scramble it up, throw it overboard, and go on to another passenger, rapidly repeating the snipping, and, usually, disposing of the likeness. The largest and most remarkable collection of silhouettes that I ever saw are in the building called The Shepherd's Lodge, in the grounds of the Earl of Stamford, at Enville, Staffordshire. The Lodge is a large building, in the Horace-Walpole Gothic style, beautifully situated on the rise to the famous Sheep-walks, in the midst of the most lovely scenery. The adjacent plantations and cascades were planned by the poet Shenstone, and, in a rare volume now before me, published in Shenstone's life-time, and giving *A Description of Hagley, Envil, and the Leasowes*, is the following passage from the account of the Shepherd's Lodge at Enville : "One of the rooms of this house is decorated with shades of his lordship's family and friends in profile ; this has a whimsical appearance, and the likenesses are so exact, that every one

acquainted with the living objects, immediately know and point them out" (p. 129). The shades in question are full-lengths and of life-size, and are fixed upon a white ground. They occupy the four walls of an upstairs-room of considerable dimensions, in which, in former days, pic-nic parties were allowed to take their refreshments, and the effect of their black figures was somewhat startling, though there was much in them to interest and even amuse the spectator.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Times* (July 15) writes of the beautiful effect produced, on July 12, by the phosphorescence of the sea off the Eastbourne Coast, Sussex. Scott has well-described the luminous appearance of the marine animalculæ, *Noctiluca miliaris*, myriads of which microscopic animals of the Medusa tribe will, as Macculloch says, make "all the sea muddy for miles in breadth and fathoms in depth," and render the whole water, from Shetland to the Mull of Cantire, "a body of light." (*Highlands and Western Isles*, vol. iv., chap. 1.) Scott's lines are these :—

Awaked before the rushing prow
The mimic ocean-fires glow,
Those lightnings of the wave ;
Wild sparkles crest the breaking tides,
And flashing round, the vessel's sides—
With elish lustre lave.
While far behind their livid light
To the dark billows of the night
A gloomy splendour gave.

In the *Ancient Mariner*, Coleridge has powerfully described the same phenomenon as seen in tropical latitudes on a larger scale. For, in tropical waters, the acephalæ, or jelly-fishes, are the cause of much of the phosphorescence ; and they, together with the minuter Medusæ, will create the effect described by Coleridge. Darwin, in his *Voyage of the Beagle*, speaks of similar phosphorescent effects. Professor Edward Forbes made a special study of the Medusæ ; and a beautiful passage concerning their luminous appearance will be found in Mr. Charles Kingsley's *Miscellanies*, vol. ii. pp. 189-202. It is in warm evenings at the close of summer that this appearance is chiefly seen on the English coast ; but out at sea the passage of a ship through the water is often marked by a long and luminous phosphorescence, the sparkling scintillations of which are due to the *Noctiluca miliaris*.

The Authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

JANUARY



ONCE



A
WEEK



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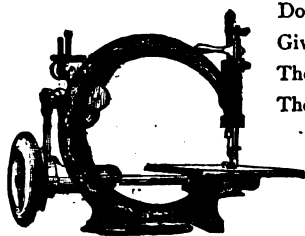
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